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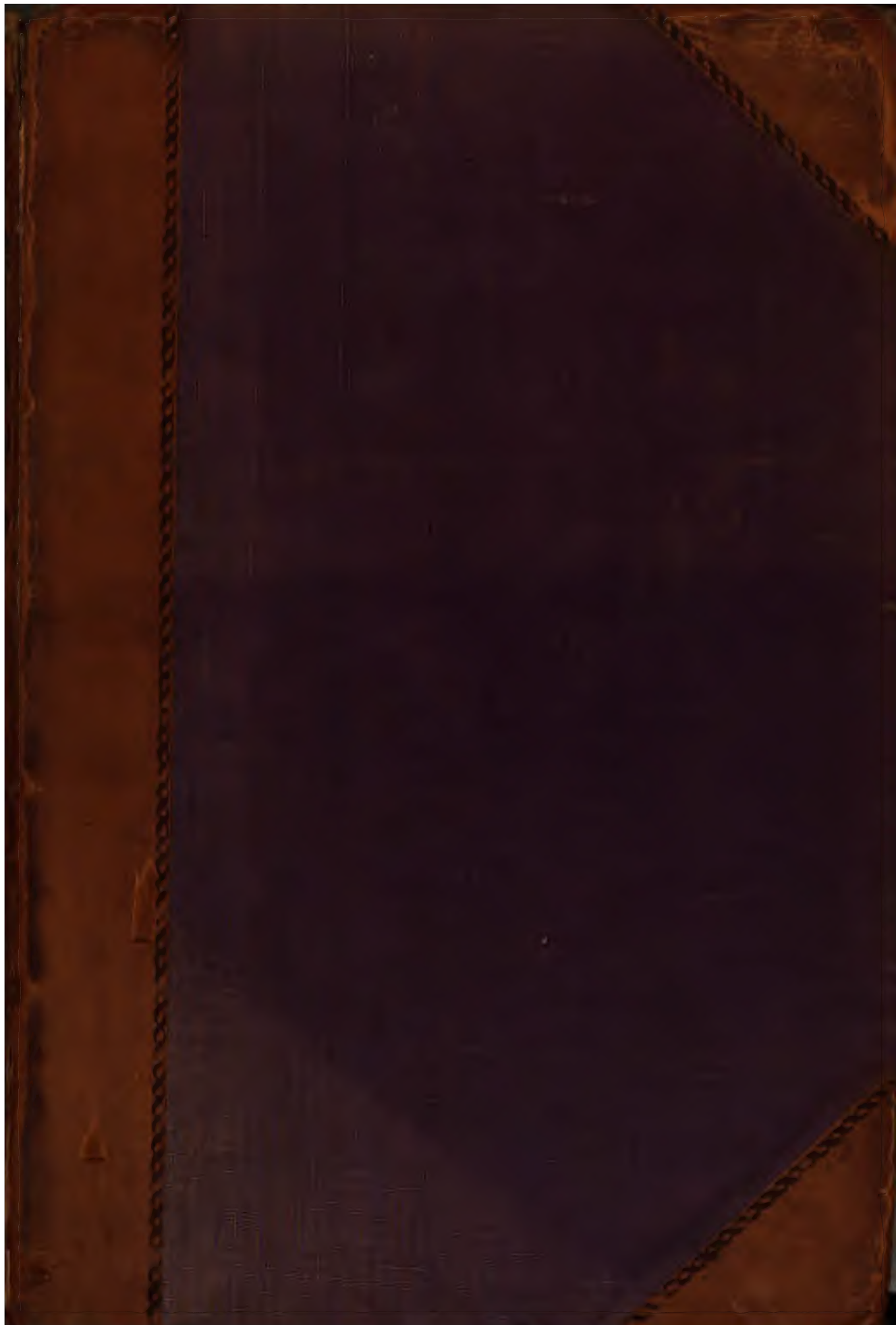
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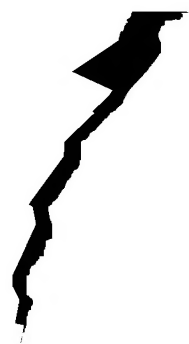
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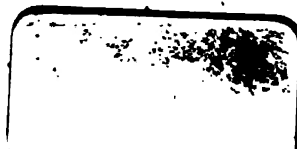
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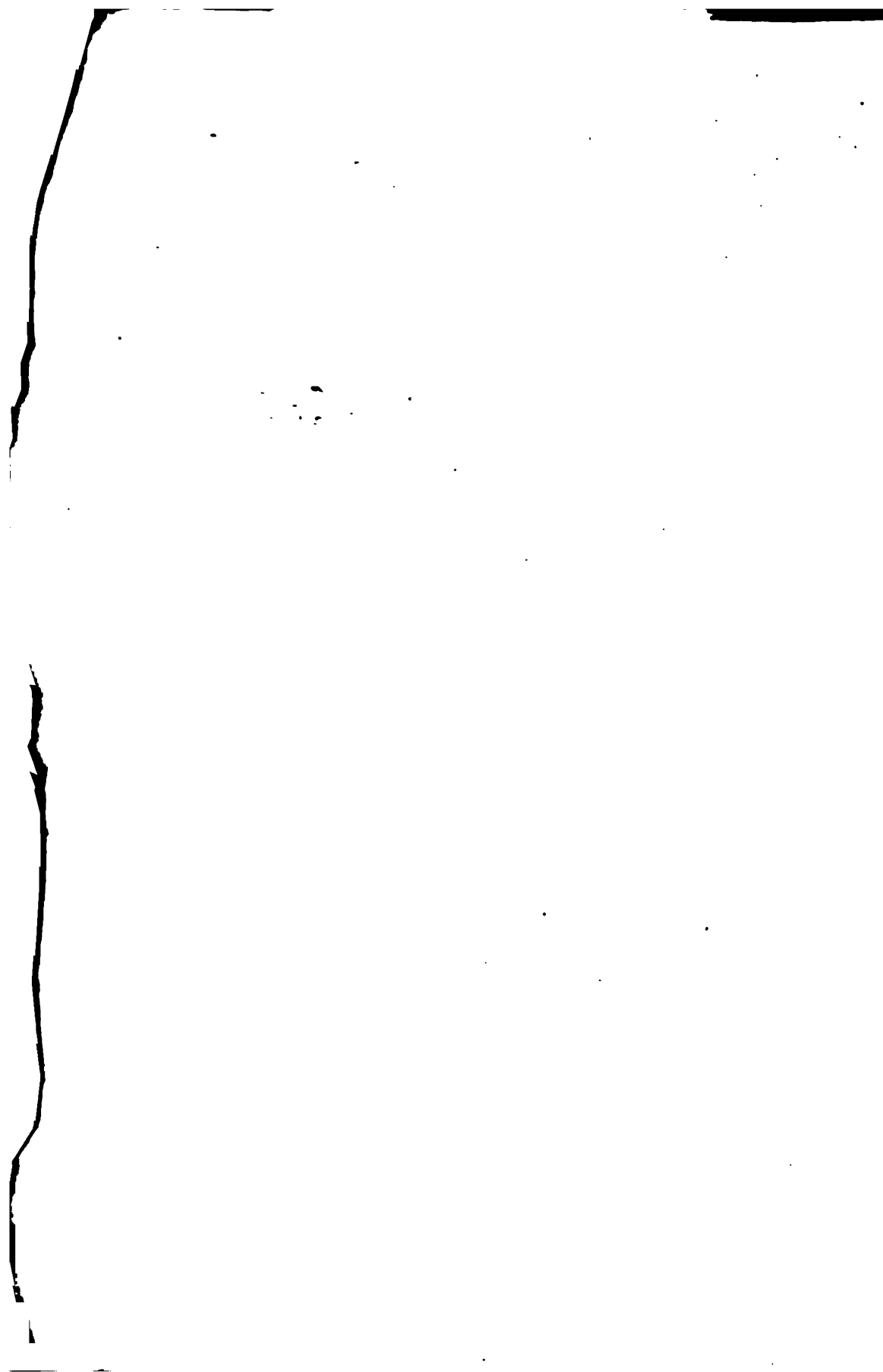


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From Sir E. Landseer's Painting.

DIGNITY AND IMPUDENCE;
OR,
HOME DEFENCE BUT NOT DEFIANCE.

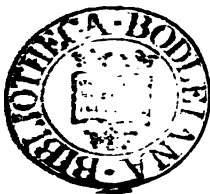
Our Own Fireside.

EDITED BY THE
REV. CHARLES BULLOCK,
RECTOR OF ST. NICHOLAS', WORCESTER;
AUTHOR OF "THE WAY HOME," "SIN AND ITS CURE," ETC.

VOL. IV.

"Behold, how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity."
PSALM CXXXIII. 1.

"Gentle words and actions, telling
Day by day of holy love,
Make the humblest earthly dwelling
Image the pure Heaven above."
REV. T. DAVIS.



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OR,
PRAISE AND BLAME.

BY MRS. ELLIS, AUTHORESS OF "THE WOMEN OF ENGLAND," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

COME out into the garden, child," said Mr. Anderson to his niece, "and I'll show you a curious sight. Look yonder, along the cliff, where the sun is shining so brightly, and the tide washing up in silver foam amongst the crags. Do you see something white?"

"Like a flag waving?" asked the little girl, who looked earnestly towards the place pointed out by her uncle.

"Yes, like a flag," he replied. "An old woman lives there in a cottage on the cliff—a foolish old woman, who waves her white apron in the air whenever she sees a ship sailing past."

"What does she do that for?" inquired the child, wondering exceedingly; "and why is she foolish?"

"She waves her apron," said the gentleman, "in order that it may be seen by those on board the ship; and she is foolish, because she continues to expect, year after year, that

her lost son will come back again from sea—that perhaps he may be on board one of those vessels, and so will see her signal on the cliff."

"Perhaps it makes her happy to think so," observed the child.

"I dare say it does make her happy," replied Mr. Anderson; "but she is a very foolish old creature, or she never would expect to see her son again. Why, it is at least fifteen years since he went away, and ten or twelve, I understand, since the vessel was heard of."

"Oh," said the child, "but he may be on some island, like Robinson Crusoe, or in some prison or hospital, or among savage people who will not let him go. I would do the same. I would never give him up without really knowing that he was dead. I would do just the same as that woman does; because, you know—perhaps—perhaps he may come back at last."

Margaret spoke so earnestly, still stretching her gaze into the far distance, and she laid

such stress upon the words which implied a possibility of the wanderer's return, that her uncle turned and looked into the little serious face of his niece, and there he saw for the first time an expression which indicated a kind of far-reaching thought, beyond what is usually found in the happy heedless countenance of childhood.

Margaret indeed was already past the age of absolute childhood. She had attained the dignity of a little maiden of twelve years' experience; but she had never, up to this time, distinguished herself by saying or doing anything very remarkable, either at home or at school. Nobody thought much about her beyond the few kind relatives who regarded her with compassionate interest as an orphan child. Amongst these, her Uncle and Aunt Anderson were the practical caretakers. They had, in fact, adopted the child into their family, and having no children of their own, were prepared in all respects to supply, to the best of their ability, the loss of her own parents.

When first left motherless, Margaret was too young to understand her loss; but on the death of her father, a few years later, she was for some time inconsolable. She and her father had in a manner grown together, as a widower and his one child sometimes do; and being a man of amiable as well as truly Christian spirit, the father had imparted many of his own opinions, and even principles, to his little daughter, almost unconsciously to himself, and at the time entirely so to her.

Could the mind of the child have been examined, and rightly understood, at this period of her life, it would have been found to be the subject of strong and indelible impressions in relation to things as yet dimly, if at all, comprehended. The impressions themselves were true and deep, but their real meaning and their just application remained to be explained by the after-circumstances of life. They were like the alphabet of a language which can only be truly read in the book of experience. Thus it was that the child would sometimes appear old beyond her years; while at other times her thoughts appeared to be confused, incomprehensible

even to herself, and consequently such as admitted of no definite expression to others.

When labouring under these fits of bewilderment, Mrs. Anderson was apt to grow impatient with her niece, thinking her both silly and stupid, and, what is very provoking to practical people, absent, wandering, and dreamy. Certain subjects, too, would sometimes take entire possession of little Margaret's mind for days and weeks together; and as these were often such as her aunt did not consider worth thinking about at all, many vain endeavours were made to call her mentally into the business occupations of the moment, and to drive away altogether those absorbing matters upon which she would still ponder in secret, after she had found them annoying and vexatious to her aunt. Such proved to be the case with the old woman watching and waiting for her son, and waving her signal to every passing ship, however distant it might be.

"My dear," Mrs. Anderson was obliged to say at last, "don't tease me any more about that poor crazy woman. I am tired of her very name. Everybody knows she is only a stupid, silly old creature. Her son will never come now. How should he? He was shipwrecked and drowned long ago."

And then little Margaret would again ask, though in a low quiet way, "Does anybody know, so as to be quite sure, that he really *was* drowned?" Indeed, she would not give the matter up; and in spite of all that her aunt and people generally said about the poor woman and her crazy notions, a kind of mysterious reverence for her grew in the mind of the child, who, on some occasions of dispute, even showed symptoms of leaning to the idea that old Peggy was the wise woman, and her accusers foolish.

Altogether life was becoming, about this time, a great mystery to little Margaret. She found it impossible to reconcile people's sayings and doings with those rules which her father had impressed upon her mind as the right rules to live by. About faith he had said a great deal to her, and had endeavoured to make her understand not only

the true meaning, but the right application of that word, by many explanations which she remembered distinctly; but how to use the word, and to use it rightly, was the cause of much perplexity to her young mind; and especially so in relation to the strange woman in her solitary cottage on the cliff. On this subject, then, she inwardly resolved to seize the first opportunity which might occur for seeing and judging for herself; for why the mother should be called crazy, foolish, or obstinate, for persisting in the belief that her son would return, Margaret was at a loss to imagine.

"The place is not far off; I will see her some day," said the child to herself; and in the meantime she formed many plans for carrying out her purpose, none of which she communicated either to her uncle or aunt. Very naturally, she did not wish them to go with her. She wanted to see the woman by herself, and for herself. There was, besides, this feeling operating with her, which comes from living with kind people whose ideas and modes of reasoning and feeling all run in a very different channel from our own, that we learn in time to be quiet, and to dwell in silence upon our favourite thoughts, rather than bring them forward to be constantly found fault with, or treated with contempt. I say *kind* people, because if they are not kind and good, we care less about carrying on a battle of opinions with them; but with the kind and good, such battles are always painful; and Margaret, though naturally persistent in whatever notions she took up, owed too much to her worthy relatives, not to be a little careful how she annoyed or vexed them.

Mr. and Mrs. Anderson were extremely kind and good people in their way; and it was a very common and very generally approved way—just that way which a large proportion of our friends and neighbours would speak of as the *best* way. At all events, it looked outwardly to be a very safe way. They were highly respectable people, did nothing new or eccentric, took care of their own, subscribed largely to public charities, and even in private would assist others when quite sure that it was right and safe to assist

them; and, beyond this, they were almost painfully solicitous neither to trouble nor offend any one, scarcely even venturing so far as to be of a different opinion from those to whom they looked as the highest authorities in matters social, political, and religious. "Excellent people" they were called. Let us call them at present simply good and kind, a distinction which they richly deserved, because they had adopted their little orphan niece, and were really caring for her as if she had been their own child.

It may readily be supposed, from the strict and rather narrow line of respectability which these worthy people marked out for themselves, that they were guilty of no extravagance either in word or act. They had perhaps a little tendency to look rather sharply after receiving their money's worth for their money; and they wondered exceedingly at others, and sometimes blamed them, if they did not do the same. It must in justice be said of them, however, that their household and personal arrangements were conducted on an extremely comfortable, if not a liberal scale. Their residence, when at home, was the very neatest and most complete of suburban villas, situated within a mile of a genteel county town in the south of England. Here it was generally remarked of them that they had the best of everything; and in having always the best, Mr. and Mrs. Anderson considered that they had their money's worth for their money.

As already said, these worthy people were not backward in relieving cases of distress, where they had reason to feel sure that their kindness was well deserved, and that their charity would be well spent. But then they must be *very* sure on these points; and the necessity of making themselves so, involved them in so many curious investigations respecting people's character, conduct, and modes of living, so far as to ascertain what they did with their money when they got it, and what they had done on former occasions when receiving help from others, that the result was far from satisfactory to their own minds, or beneficial to their own habits of thought and feeling. As is too frequently

the case in pursuing such minute and personal investigations, these good people, being often vexed and disappointed, became in time more and more disposed to put their hands into their pockets without drawing anything out.

This also was a mystery to Margaret, and it perplexed her beyond measure. Her father had been a country curate, with a very limited income; and yet she had a strong conviction that he did more good with his small means than her uncle and aunt with their abundance. She had another strong conviction in her mind. It was that if her father had possessed mines of wealth, he would have been always helping others with it, always making somebody happy, doing more and more good. It had been Margaret's glory at all times, and occasionally her boast among her young friends at the boarding-school to which she had been sent by her uncle, that her father had helped many poor people out of his small means. But now, in her present home, when she spoke of these things, her worthy relatives would sigh as if they pitied some weakness in her father; or, if she pushed the matter too far, they would give utterance to words that were very hard for her to bear. So, on this point, as well as on many others, Margaret grew silent, and kept her feelings to herself; but on this point she was especially perplexed.

It was now the summer holiday time with Margaret. Her uncle and aunt had come, as was their habit every year, to spend a month or two beside the sea; and this time they had chosen a place that was new and strange to them all. It was further north, wilder in scenery, and much more retired than any to which they had been accustomed. The manners of the people were more rough and free, and their characters perhaps a shade or two more strongly marked. Hence the peculiarities of old Peggy Rushton, her openly avowed confidence that her son would return, and her habit of hoisting her white apron for a signal, were regarded as nothing to wonder at by her neighbours, who being chiefly a population of fishermen, with their wives and families, were not strangers to the

adventures of seafaring life, and could most of them tell of themselves or their relatives stories quite as extraordinary, and many of them more disastrous, than those of the mother and her long-expected sailor son. If at any time they singled out this woman to speak of her as remarkable, they did so with less of contempt for her harmless delusion, than of respect for her great faith. To them there was a touch of sacredness in this enduring faith; for Peggy was a God-fearing, prayerful woman, and her life had been not only unselfishly devoted to those whom she loved, but innocent of offence to all. Hence the worst they ever said of her, when they saw her white signal waving from the cliff, was, "Poor thing! she'll never see him again; but it pleases her, and keeps her heart up to think he'll come back, and I wouldn't like to be the one to undeceive her."

On first arriving at this place, the rough manners and outspoken words of the people rather startled Mr. and Mrs. Anderson, but they soon learned to understand that no offence was intended by such plainness; and by degrees they came to believe and trust in these homely people more than in those to whose comparatively polished manners they had been accustomed on the southern coast. That which reconciled them more to this place, however, was the near neighbourhood of an old friend and distant relative of Mr. Anderson's, who had come with his wife and family, like themselves, for the sake of quiet.

This friend, Mr. Dunlop, had been for many years a resident in Canada. There he had married a wife much younger than himself; and finally settling there upon an extensive farm, was now a prosperous man with a large family of what Mr. and Mrs. Anderson thought must be very ill-managed and turbulent children, judging by the specimen of three boys whom they had brought with them. Indeed, they were supposed by this sedate and orderly couple to be living in their Canadian home in a somewhat wild and scrambling way, with very little idea of comfort; but they might be worthy people for all that; to which charitable allowance

Mrs. Anderson would sometimes add a remark or two of her own by no means complimentary to the shoes worn by the children, or the dress in which the mother appeared at church.

These and many similar remarks which continually suggested themselves to Mrs. Anderson, were, however, made in an under tone, and still more frequently were made only in her own mind, her real opinion of the habits of the Dunlop family being confined to the secret chambers of her own heart. She was a good wife, and knew better than to be often uttering such opinions in her husband's hearing, the family being related on his side. He might say what he liked about his own people, and he did speak sometimes in relation to the children rather strongly. "Perfect wild animals," he called them; "as untrained as polar bears. As to that second boy, Harry Dunlop, he was insufferable. George, the oldest, might perhaps be made something of, and Archy, the young one, would be a nice enough little fellow if Harry would let him alone. They would all be brought to their senses at school, however; and Cousin Tom, the father," he said, "had never done a wiser thing than to bring his children to school in England. It would cost him a pretty sum to be sure, but such money would be well laid out, and might bring back to them its full worth at some future day."

Mrs. Dunlop, it must be confessed, had not much skill in the management of children. She had never been managed herself, and had married when little better than a child. "The lads were too many for her," the kind-hearted husband often said; but he said this not unfrequently while laughing at some of her vain attempts to keep them in order; for, to tell the truth, he did not care very much about the matter of order himself. They had plenty of room in their Canadian home, and plenty to do, so that the wild energy of the boys was turned to good account upon the farm, as well as in many an act of thoughtful kindness within the house.

Situated as the Dunlop family had been on their arrival in England, first in an hotel,

and then in what seemed to them close pent-up lodgings, it must be confessed that the boys had conducted themselves in a manner by no means satisfactory to those who shared the same habitation. So frequent, indeed, had been the complaints made against them, first by the occupants of the hotel, and then of the lodgings, that Mr. Dunlop at last hurried off with his family to Brighton. Here, however, the state of affairs was worse instead of better, because the wild freaks of the boys were more conspicuous. In fact, they were continually being complained of, and on one alarming occasion the police had actually interfered. The poor mother then became so distressed, that a plan was at length adopted for getting them into better training in some more remote situation; and the little fishing town already described, having risen of late into some notoriety, Mr. Dunlop had communicated with his relatives, the Andersons, and both families had agreed to make the experiment of a few weeks' residence in this quiet spot, preparatory, on the part of the Dunlops, to placing their boys at school.

With all this turbulence of spirit, however, so remarkable in the young Canadians, there was nothing seriously or intentionally wrong about them. Perhaps in no family could there have been found a more sincere reverence for what to them was invested with importance in a religious point of view. Of the boys, in their wildest moods, it could never be said that they were guilty of profane, untruthful, or even unkind expressions. Their ideas of duty were based upon those immutable laws which their parents had impressed upon their minds from God's own Word; and their deviations from these laws, when they did occur, were chiefly under circumstances to which they did not understand them to apply. It must be confessed that they were sadly at fault here. Their own surroundings at home were so different from those of English society, especially in city life, that they were really ignorant on many points how they ought to conduct themselves; and their law of liberty at home had been so wide, that they were unacquainted with the exact limits of social pro-

priety as applied to this new kind of intercourse with people and things. Hence it was often from absolute ignorance, certainly not from moral insensibility or perverseness, that the boys were guilty of *getting into scrapes*, as they called it; though, perhaps, it was more than all from the exuberance of their own wild spirits, which did not allow them time to think, nor patience to inquire exactly what they ought to do, or to leave undone.

It may easily be understood that to a woman like Mrs. Anderson, a little disposed to be precise and prim, these boys were a great nuisance; and scarcely less so to her husband. Yet at the same time, had she wanted a little service doing for her, or even a very great one, so that it was within the range of their ability to do it, the Dunlop boys would have flown with alacrity to serve her, even at the cost of considerable sacrifice to themselves.

"There is something noble about the lads," Mr. Anderson was heard to observe one day, after about a week's acquaintance; "only that second boy, Harry, is still intolerable; and how he is ever to come to any good, is more than I can imagine."

Mrs. Anderson was at the time too much engaged to make any distinct reply to these remarks. The opportunity for making them was not the most auspicious. She was carefully applying a soft napkin to some dark wet patches upon a new tablecloth, which evidently caused her much anxiety; but she did murmur audibly, so soon as she felt herself sufficiently at liberty, "I don't see that Harry is worse, or indeed can be worse, than his brothers; they are all as bad as they can be. Do you see what they have done? Upset this glass full of flowers; and now the water has taken the gloss off the tablecloth, and we shall have to pay for it, and all owing to their riotous and insufferable ways."

The boys were quite aware of what they had done; but not attaching the slightest importance to the scattering of a small quantity of water upon any tablecloth which they had ever seen in Canada, they had just gathered up the flowers, stuck them

again into the glass, some of them stalks uppermost, and were off again in a moment, entirely unconscious of the disturbance of temper which they had left behind.

The fact was, they had run into the house in search of Margaret, but not finding her in the parlour where the unfortunate flower-glass was standing, they rushed about hither and thither, very much in the style of terriers hunting a rat, until at last they found her sitting quietly, with a book in her hand, on a seat near the edge of a high part of the cliff, which commanded an expansive sea view, as well as a view of old Peggy's cottage, on a point of land which stretched out on the opposite side of the bay to where the little town was situated.

"We want you to take a long rambling walk with us," said all the boys at once; each giving to the proposal his own enticing epithet; for Margaret had already become a great favourite with the family. Perhaps the more so with the boys, because they had a little sister at home to whom they were always tender and kind, lifting her over the difficult places in their rambles, and guiding her steps with the gentlest care; for besides her childish helplessness, was she not a little woman? And the very idea of a woman needing assistance, made them tender and thoughtful at all times. Thus, when Margaret hesitated about going with them, they assured her again and again that she would be perfectly safe under their care; that she could not come to any harm while they were with her; that their parents trusted their own little sister with them for whole days together, and she was much younger and weaker than Margaret—so why should she be afraid?

"Afraid!" said Margaret, a little touched in her dignity, "I am not at all afraid." But she still hesitated, and even blushed, as she added, "I don't quite know that my uncle and aunt would like me to go. I must ask them first."

"You can't do that," exclaimed the boys, "for they have all gone out—your people and ours. The carriage was standing at our door, and we saw Mr. and Mrs. Anderson crossing the street. They are gone for a

long drive, and won't be back again until four o'clock. We shall have plenty of time for a nice ramble; so come with us—*do*."

This last little word was spoken in a manner so earnest and imploring, and the bright faces of the boys at the same time looked so encouraging, that Margaret made up her mind to go, and she at once proposed that they should take the path along the cliff towards Peggy's cottage.

This was not exactly the excursion which the boys had planned for themselves, but they complied without a moment's hesitation, and the little party set off, the boys carrying out their promise of protection to such an extent, that Margaret laughingly told them she had never been so kindly cared for in all her life. "At least," she added, and then her voice grew low and sad, "since I lost my own papa."

The boys on hearing her say this, struck perhaps by her tone and manner, almost as much as by her words, became also grave and quiet for a little while, for it seemed very shocking to them to have no good kind father; and when they recollected hearing that the little girl beside them had no mother either, they became still more tender to her, especially Harry, who had the reputation of being the wildest of the three. But on this occasion he came nearer, and took hold of the little girl's hand, and did not speak again for a good while; not, indeed, until the flight of some seagulls from the high cliff over which they were walking, startled them all out of the reverie into which they seemed to have fallen, and made them run to the edge of the cliff, hoping that by looking over they might see the seagulls' nests, for it was partly with this object that the boys had come out, only their excursion had been planned for a more distant and rocky portion of the shore.

It was a glorious view to the boys as they gazed around them from that projecting height; and glorious too was the wild screaming and the circling flight of the birds, disturbed by the sudden appearance of the little party, and by their loud shouts and gesticulations, which nothing but Margaret's earnest entreaties and the distress written on

her countenance, could restrain. Her quick eye had detected what the violent gestures of the boys had prevented them from seeing, and she remembered at the same time what her father had told her about the habits of these birds.

"Don't you see," she exclaimed, while endeavouring to hold back the boys, "that they have little ones? Don't you see those tiny specks upon the edge of the rocks?"

"What of them?" asked Harry, more impressed by her manner than by any concern about the birds.

"Those," replied Margaret, "are baby seagulls I believe, just hatched. Papa used to tell me about them, that the old birds, so soon as they believe that their children can float upon the water safely—I say *believe*, because you see they cannot really know; they can only have *faith*,—as soon as they believe, then, that their little ones can swim, they push them off gently from the edge of the shelving rocks where their nests are made, so that they fall directly down upon the deep water; and here it is very deep. Oh, see! there is one just gone! perhaps frightened off before it was ready. Oh, no! there it is again, sitting on the waves beside its mother, looking quite proud and happy. And see how kind she is, keeping close beside it, to encourage it. I wonder what they will do all through the dark night, or if a storm should come, for you see it is impossible that it should fly up again."

"I think," said Harry, looking very thoughtfully down upon the water, "that God will take care of it. If He has taught the mother to do as you say for her children, He will keep them safe through the night, I feel sure."

"But I wonder how," said Margaret; still looking anxious and disturbed.

"I don't think we ought to wonder and perplex ourselves about it," said Harry, "at least we ought not to doubt, nor to make ourselves unhappy. God has ways of His own; and they are so much better than our ways, that I think we ought to have faith, at any rate so far as to trust the little seagulls to Him."

While saying this, the boy's face looked

so serious, and his voice was so grave and so different from what it had been before, that Margaret turned and looked at him inquiringly. Her own earnest expression, when she did so, made him smile; but he did not return again to his usual boisterous, noisy way of conducting himself. He spoke rather in undertones, and seemed to be regarding the curious birds with a kind of reverence, because, as he said, "God had taught them such wonderful things."

After this the walk was much more quiet for awhile, and by the time the little party had reached the spot where old Peggy lived, Margaret had begun to feel a little tired with constant climbing over hill and hollow. It was therefore proposed by the boys, and readily agreed to on her part, that she should remain and rest at the cottage while they pursued their walk.

Margaret would not allow her companions to leave her, however, without endeavouring to bind them by one promise. She knew the danger of these cliffs, perhaps, better than they did; at any rate she had listened with more apprehension while an old fisherman, with whom they had become acquainted, had described to the little party, as he took them one day in his boat below the rocks, the dangers to which men and boys sometimes exposed themselves in clambering after the seagulls' eggs. Margaret remembered well some sad accidents occurring to such adventurers, which the fisherman had told them of that day; and now, when the birds were startled from the rocks, she read something in the looks exchanged by her young companions, which awoke her apprehensions as to their prudence and caution; indeed, as to the actual exploits which they might be contemplating.

"You must make me one promise," she said, holding fast by Harry's hand.

The boys perhaps guessed what it was, for they remained silent.

"You have taken care of me so far," she added; "now I must take care of you."

The boys exchanged meaning looks with one another, but still remained silent. What could she do? She tried again.

"Just think," she said, "I have come out

with you quite on a venture. I came without leave; and if any accident should happen—if anything should turn out ever so little wrong—just think how I shall be blamed!"

"Oh, then we won't—we won't!" cried all the boys at once.

"You won't," said Margaret, "clamber either up or down the cliff at all, so as to get to the seagulls' nests?"

"I promise you we won't," said Harry; and Margaret, looking into his face, believed him, and let him go.

Margaret was now at liberty to turn her attention to her own situation, and the ardour of her long-contemplated enterprise became a little damped on a nearer view of its completion. The way to the cottage of the solitary woman led up some steep rocky steps, which she ascended, wondering as she went what she should actually find, and considering still more what she should say. She had set out with no definite purpose as regarded her own part in the interview, and it was now some relief to feel that she could really say she was tired, and would like to rest until her companions should return. Still her case was not a very strong one, and altogether the place looked so strange and uninviting that, little as she had previously been disposed to listen to what was said about the woman having lost her reason, she could not entirely get rid of some apprehension that possibly she might find in this lonely spot some wild, demented creature, who would be enraged at the sight of a stranger venturing so near her home.

Such thoughts were very natural under Margaret's circumstances. She wondered now that they had never come before, and she almost wished they had. She had warned the boys, and here she was rushing into danger herself. But still her purpose did not fail her. Margaret was no coward; and, as already said, she was habitually persistent in anything upon which her heart was set.

At last the extreme height was reached, and here stood the low-roofed cottage, scarcely distinguishable in the distance from the rough ground by which it was surrounded. One small plot of earth afforded

soil for a scanty garden, and it was beyond this, immediately overlooking the sea, that a kind of mound had been raised, with a few rails at the edge by way of protection, against which the old woman supported herself when waving her signal.

Peggy was at her faithful duty now, when Margaret entered noiselessly the little plot of garden in front of the cottage; and, seeing this, the child advanced with a kind of awe, treading softly, in the hope of not disturbing what to her wore something like the aspect of a religious solemnity. She need not, however, have been so scrupulous about the sound of her footsteps, for when engaged in hoisting her signal, Peggy was not easily disturbed.

The woman herself, though a strange, was not a frightful object. She was a worn, anxious looking creature, somewhat tall and gaunt, but with nothing repulsive in her appearance—rather the contrary, Margaret thought, for the very earnestness and force of her longing desire after her lost child, brought many Scriptural images and expressions to the mind of the child, illustrative of the depth and strength of a mother's love; and these brought also the remembrance of her father's voice and manner when he taught her, in his loving way, those Scripture lessons which filled up so large a portion of her intelligence.

Extremely anxious not to be the cause of any disturbance to the poor woman, Margaret seated herself upon a stone or mass of rock jutting out against the path which led to the cottage door; and here she also watched,

long and silently. But it was the woman who occupied her thoughts, and formed the central object in her picture—the woman who heeded neither sight nor sound which bore no relation to the object towards which her eyes were strained.

A strange contrast in regard to the experience of human life was presented by these two figures. The girl with her bright, healthy face, its colour heightened by the morning's exercise, had thrown off her straw hat, which she held loosely by the strings, letting her abundant hair fall loosely round her neck and shoulders—not beautiful, perhaps, in the usual acceptation of that word; she had still such a freshness and glow about her, and looked above all things so earnest and so true, that she was eminently beautiful in one sense, and her appearance had the effect of beauty upon all who loved her. Life was still untried with the child, to whom it was beginning to look wonderful, and at times mysterious. But the woman had reached the utmost limit of what life, in one sense, is capable of enduring, and she still held on unshaken. Simple and homely in her general appearance, her attitude on this occasion gave her something of the dignity of a prophetess of old. Her figure in its present attitude was remarkably upright, her gaze far-reaching, clear, and full of purpose, while the scattering of her grey hair in the wind gave additional wildness to her eager and expectant face.

Margaret sat very still. She was saying to herself, "Surely he *will* come at last!"



THE MIDNIGHT BELLS.

I. A MUFFLED PEAL FOR THE OLD YEAR.

THE poet rings a muffled peal
While the old year is dying,
In sympathy with all that feel
Deep throbs of bitter anguish steal
Over the memories of the past—
Shadows from some great sorrow cast—
That set their hearts a-sighing.

Sighing for what? for brothers slain
In war on the Bohemian plain;
For fathers well last New Year's Day,
Whom death has snatched away;
For loving mothers, in the prime
Of womanhood,
And daughters, beautiful and good;
The grandsire, patriarch of his time,
And dear old grandmother, who stood
Last year, for us to love her,
Three generations round her, there,
The branch of mistletoe above her:
But now, we see the empty chair!
All gone! and many a hearth is bare
That rang with joy a year ago,
And many a storm-cloud, dark and dreary,
Hangs o'er the homestead, once so gay,
And thousands groan, in sickness weary,
Longing for day.

And so the Old Year dies,
And so time flies
On to the rapids, and the mighty "fall"
Where death and doom await us all!
But hark! the New Year knocks!
No longer for past sorrows delve,—
Big Ben and twenty City clocks
Strike twelve.

II. A MERRY PEAL FOR THE NEW YEAR.

Oh, the concert of bells! the beautiful bells!
From thousands of towers, in cities and towns,
In gentle vibrations,
And sweet undulations,
Now soft, and now loud, in passionate swell,
Midst city crowds, on drearish fells—
Everywhere bells—musical bells!
On moors, and in woods, where nobody dwells,
Ringing in concert, old English bells.
From rugged old belfries, in cities and towns,
Ringing together, ringing for joy,
Millions of bells—millions of bells!
How they joyously swing, and merrily ring
The Old Year out, and the New Year in!

Ring for what? For what, I pray,
Should the bells ring on New Year's Day?

For the land that we love, which puts forth her
might
For the conquest of wrong, and the triumph of
right;
For the Queen on her throne, whose sceptre is
swayed
O'er millions at home, and millions abroad.
Mildly she reigns, and her laws are obeyed—
Firmly she rules, and tyrants are awed.
Over the land, or over the sea,
Wherever he goes, a Briton is free!
And the flag of old England, unfurled on the
wave,
Still humbles the despot, and shelters the slave!

So we ring the joy bells for our island home,
For England, no longer the vassal of Rome,
For the Family Bible which lies on the stand,
The charm of our homes and the light of our land.
We ring for our Sabbaths calm and sweet,
With their whispers of love
From Heaven above;
And the hallowed shrines where households
meet,
Under the wings of the Holy Dove;
And festive groups, and kindly greetings,
Hands grasped, long severed, reunited,
And lamps of youthful love new lighted;
And children, dancing in their glee
Around the Christmas tree;
And the Prodigal, come home again,
And bowing at his Father's knee,
His pardon to obtain;—
That's why the bells so merrily ring;
The prodigal son is forgiven!
And an angel spreads his snowy wing,
And carries the news to Heaven.

But the bells suddenly cease;
All is peace—all is peace!
Over the landscape silence reigns:—
Deep solemn silence, like the still of death,
As though Earth held her breath,
Or drew, with mighty inspiration,
Life in a new creation!
And on the threshold of the opening year
Stands Time, unwrinkled, and with look serene.
Upon his brow, nor smile or frown appear,
But with grave gaze he views the mingled scene
In pondering thought, and lest the merry chimes
Should make us all too blithe,
Behold him stop our music and our rhymes,
Sharpening his scythe.

BENJAMIN GOUGH,
Author of "Lyra Sabbatica."

EARTHLY STORIES WITH HEAVENLY MEANINGS.

BY THE EDITOR.

I.

INTRODUCTORY.

THE papers which I hope to present to the reader in this series of "Earthly Stories with Heavenly Meanings," are designed to illustrate and enforce in the simplest style and manner some of the more prominent Gospel lessons contained in the Parables of our Lord.

In carrying out this intention, there will be little room for originality of thought or comment, and I shall not hesitate to make what use I can of the contributions of other writers who have laboured before me in this field of Scripture exposition; but as men are wont to look and look again at the masterpieces of our illustrious painters with an interest that never tires, and are ever discerning some fresh development of the touches of genius, demonstrating that

"A thing of beauty is a joy for ever,"

so I trust it will be profitable to direct the reader's attention, if only from another point of view, to the study of some of the wonderful word-pictures which are so prominently and so attractively portrayed on the page of Inspiration.

I have entitled the Parables "Earthly Stories with Heavenly Meanings." The definition, I believe, was given by a child, but a better it would be difficult to find. The Parables are illustrations gathered from things earthly, adapted to the purpose of conveying, as by a picture, conceptions of things spiritual. Almost exclusively peculiar to Christ as a mode of instruction, they seem to bespeak the Divine condescending to the human. Truth is clothed in attractive attire. The language of Simplicity commends His teaching to the understanding; the language of Sympathy commends it to the heart.

The Parable is the essence of simplicity. It is teaching by likeness. Familiar and

common subjects and objects were made to act the part of interpreters of a heavenly language. The natural world supplied the fount of types with which the words of Jesus were printed, in order that they might be intelligible to the whole human family. Nature became the handmaid of Revelation. Alone, without an interpreter, we know she is dumb. The practical atheist rejects her testimony to a God. The heathen blinds himself to the rays of light that would penetrate his darkened mind from the external creation. But at Christ's touch the dulled ear regains its power of hearing; the scales fall from the filmed eye; nature becomes eloquent of truth. Responding to the Divine Teacher, voices innumerable, from the heavens above and the earth beneath, unite—"a great company of preachers." The seed, the bird, the flower, the vine, the branch, the harvest, the sun, the moon, the stars,—every object becomes significant of some spiritual lesson. Christ spiritualized nature, and hence the simplicity of His teaching. In the simplicity of nature the simplicity of truth was reflected. So true it is, the hearing ear and the observing eye of a man spiritually taught and spiritually enlightened,

"Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything."

This characteristic trait of Christ's teaching may well remind us that our progress, as learners in His school, does not depend upon intellectual powers, or length of application. "The wisdom of this world," as a means to a spiritual end, "is foolishness with God." It is of no service in making men "wise unto salvation." Were it otherwise, the poor man, the unlettered man, might complain that his circumstances hindered him from becoming acquainted with the truth. But this cannot be. The Bible is the book that all may read and understand. The Gospel is wisdom to the

simple; it may be preached to the poor. "The wayfaring man," although ignorant in other respects, need not "err therein." God reveals His truth to babes. Men are on a level here. There is nothing to prevent the poor and unlettered from being far advanced in the knowledge which gives peace to the conscience, and hope and confidence to the heart,—the knowledge of the love of God in Christ Jesus, "which passeth knowledge."

The *sympathy* of Christ as a Teacher is equally prominent in the Parables. His earthly stories are homely, and they appeal to home affections and sympathies. The voice of the Teacher was ever the voice of tenderest compassion. Sometimes He rebuked faithfully, when only reproof was likely to impress, but still the element of sympathy was not absent. He solemnly warned that He might effectually win. From the heart He spake to the heart. His aim was not merely to reach the intellect of His hearers, but to stimulate dormant affections, and subjugate the will. The Teacher cannot be severed from His teaching. Almost the Teacher is merged in the Exemplar: He acts, rather than teaches, the lessons He inculcates. It is the *life* of Jesus which speaks to us in sublime and stirring eloquence. To awaken responsive love in the sinner's breast, by bringing His own love to bear practically on each individual case, is the ever-pervading feature of His mission of mercy. His doctrine is not far above out of our reach. He makes truth familiar: He brings it home to our experience. The feeblest comprehension can catch the general idea, not only because of the simplicity with which it is expressed, but because it fastens upon some feeling that is common to our nature. The key of sympathy is in His hand, and with it He unlocks the heart of His audience.

Very striking are the words of Arndt, enforcing this view of Christ's parabolic teaching: "Christ made it His business to speak in parables; and, indeed, one may say, the whole visible world is only a parable of the invisible world. The parable is not only something intermediate between history and doctrine; it is both history and

doctrine—at once historical doctrine and doctrinal history. Hence its enchaining, ever fresher, and younger charm. Yes, the Parable is nature's own language in the human heart; hence its universal intelligibility—its, so to speak, permanent sweet scent, its healing balsam, its mighty power to win one to come again and again to hear. In short, the parable is the voice of the people, and hence also the voice of God."*

Yet let it not be forgotten, the Simplicity of the Parable and the Sympathy of the Teacher, do not necessarily ensure the profiting of the hearer or the reader. The Parable in its very nature is a test—a test of disposition and character. Whilst it makes spiritual truth more simple and attractive to all who "will do the will of God," it also possesses the function of concealing the doctrine in judgment from closed eyes and hard hearts. "It is like the husk which preserves the kernel *from* the indolent and *for* the earnest." Spiritual things are spiritually discerned. In order to discern spiritual truth in the Bible as a whole, or in the Parable as a part of Divine Revelation, we must be "taught of God."

In one sense, the teaching of Christ could scarcely fail to awaken interest and attention. Even the officers of the Chief Priests and Pharisees sent to arrest Him, were so impressed with awe and admiration, that they returned without their captive, exclaiming, "Never man spake like this Man." Hence the measure of popularity to which He attained. The gracious words that proceeded out of His mouth caused the people to press upon Him, in order that they might hear Him. The same influence, the same measure of popularity, still attend His teaching. Those portions of the Scriptures particularly which record the parables and discourses of Christ, and exhibit His character, His conduct, His life and death, call forth expressions of admiration, and emotions of sympathy, even from avowed unbelievers; and, of course, the feeling is stronger in the case of professors.

Far be it from us to undervalue this appreciation. It is a cause of thankfulness

* Die Gleichnisse-reden Jesu Christi, von Fred. Arndt, Vol. I., 2.

when *any* degree of feeling, any manifestation of interest, is excited by the simple, majestic, moving eloquence of the Man Christ Jesus. But, in very faithfulness, the warning must be given; this *alone* is not sufficient. The religion of emotion or intellectual assent is not the religion of a man who, in the Scriptural sense of the words, confesses Jesus to be the Christ. It is the human responding to the *human*, but it is not the human responding to the *DIVINE*. It is the religion which may cry *Ecce Homo*, but fails to add with equal distinctness *Ecce Deus*. It is the recognition of Christ as the Philanthropist, but not the recognition of Christ as "the Way, the Truth, and the Life," the Incarnate Deity, Emmanuel—God with us, the Priest to atone for, the King to rule over, as well as the Prophet to teach His people.

We cannot insist too strongly upon this distinction, for it affects the spiritual or non-spiritual vitality of the Oracles of God—those Oracles delivered by the Word of God Himself.

As a principle of Interpretation, it is Christ the Divine Saviour of sinners, not merely Christ the Philanthropist, whom we must know in order to a right understanding of His mission and teaching. If we regard Him only as the Philanthropist, there will be no *spiritual* power in His words. Like the Pharisees and Scribes, we may listen to them, and, as far as our human sympathy is aroused, no doubt be the better for them. We may learn lessons of morality, lessons of forbearance, forgiveness, meekness, tenderness, whilst thus sitting at the feet of Jesus; but we might learn almost the same lessons at the feet of the heathen philosophers. The *power to practise* what we know, even the precepts of the second table of the Law, is man's great necessity; and no mere human teaching can supply it. And if this be true of the second table, how much more of the first table of the Law? How speedily *both* tables were violated by the multitude, whose hosannas greeted our Saviour on every side, when He made His triumphal entrance into Jerusalem. The same multitude cried out, "Let Him be crucified!" And are we not

constantly witnessing similar revulsions of feeling on the part of many who, in the moment of enthusiasm, hail Christ, "Lord! Lord!" and yet, in the moment of temptation, commit *wilful sin*, and so rank themselves *in spirit* with that frantic mob which surrounded the Saviour on Calvary, and cry with them, "Not this man, but Barabbas!"—not Jesus, but the world;—not the reproach of Christ, but the treasures of Egypt.

These considerations should be brought to bear upon every portion of our Saviour's teaching. Nothing should satisfy us unless we can express our deep sense of the infinite value of that teaching in the language of His disciples, "Lord, to whom should we go? Thou hast the words of *ETERNAL LIFE*." This deep-seated conviction is something far beyond that feeling of interest which men in general evince. They have what may be termed the casket only in their hands. This they admire, and worthy of admiration it truly is—the workmanship is exquisite. But the casket contains the Pearl, "the Pearl of great price," and that they never seek. And the treasure unsought is "a hid treasure"—hidden from the necessity of the case, if not hidden in penal judgment because the eye refuses to admit spiritual light.

In expounding the Parables, let it be understood the spiritual Pearl is the main object of our search. Whilst many incidental lessons will be suggested, the paramount thought must be this—the Earthly Stories have a Heavenly Meaning; and for a right comprehension of the heavenly, spiritual meaning, a receptive heart is a qualification more indispensable than a penetrating understanding.

"Every word of God is good; but some persons maintain such an averted attitude of mind, that it glides off like sunbeams from polar snows, without even obtaining an entrance to melt or to fructify. To one or two persons who stand in the same room, gazing on the same picture in the sunlight, the beauty of the landscape may be fully revealed, when to the other, on account of a certain indirectness of position and view, it appears only as an unpleasant dazzling glass. So of

two Jews who both eagerly listened to Jesus as He taught from the fishing-boat on the Lake of Galilee, one found in the story the word of the kingdom, refreshing as cold waters to a thirsty soul; while the other, hearing the same words, perceived nothing in them but incoherent and tantalizing enigmas. It is the method, not unknown in other departments of the Divine government, of making the same fact or law at once profitable to the humble, and punitive to the proud. Not only the Lord's Word, but also the Lord Himself, partakes of this twofold character, and produces these diverse effects; the same rock on which a meek disciple surely builds his hope, is also the stone over which scoffers stumble in their final fall."*

May spiritual discernment, "the hearing ear, and the understanding heart," be vouchsafed to the writer and readers of these papers. It is a responsible privilege we enjoy when we listen to Him of whom the Father said, "This is my beloved Son." With lowly reverence and a teachable spirit, let us sit at Jesus' feet, and learn of Him.

II.

THE PARABLE OF THE PRODIGAL SON.

[Having published a lengthened exposition of this inimitable Parable in "THE WAY HOME,"† that I may not repeat what I have already said, I prefer commending to the reader the following exquisite lines, as illustrative of the accompanying engravings. A more impressive comment on the Parable—which Lange beautifully terms "a gospel within a gospel, a universal text for preaching about the lost and recovered sons of our heavenly Father"—could scarcely be found.]

COMING TO HIMSELF.

And art thou he! But ah! how changed
Since last I looked on thee;
Ere from thy father's house, estranged,
Thou soughtest to be free.
With love as with a garland crowned,
Light rested on thy brow,
And joy was in thy footfall's sound;
There's sadness in it now.

* "The Parables of our Lord." By the Rev. W. Arnot.
† "The Way Home; or, The Gospel in the Parable.
An Earthly Story with a Heavenly Meaning." London:
W. Macintosh.

That quivering lip, that clouded eye,
That pale and wasted cheek,
Oh, what a tale of misery,
And sin and shame they speak!
Ay, speak of thee, o'er whose young head,
Ere yet by guilt defiled,
An honoured sire his blessings shed,
A holy mother smiled.

And where is now the siren throng,
So full of mirth and glee,
Who filled thine ear with wanton song,
And spent thy substance free?
Oh, they merrily laughed as the cup they
quaffed
Till they saw thy wealth run dry,
Then flung thee off, with taunt and scoff,
And bade thee work or die.

W. L. ALEXANDER.

THE WAY HOME.

Return, return,
Poor, long-lost wanderer, home;
With all thy bitter tears
And heavy burdens come:
Worn with sorrow, stained with ill,
There is One who loves thee still.
Lo, the Father comes to meet thee,
And from mercy's opening door
Words of life and promise greet thee:
Ah, return, delay no more.

Return, return
From strife and tumult vain
To quiet solitude
And silent thought again;
Then the storms shall sink to rest
That now war within thy breast.
Lo! the Spirit long neglected,
Waits with joys before unknown,
And the Saviour, long rejected,
Claims to seal thee for His own.

Return, return
To thy long-suffering Lord;
Fear not to seek His grace
And trust His faithful word;
Yield to Him thy weary heart;
He can heal its keenest smart,
He can soothe the deepest sorrow,
Wash the deepest guilt away;
Then delay not till to-morrow,
Seek His offered love to-day.

Return, return
From all thy wanderings home;
From vanity and toil
To rest and substance come.
Come to truth from error's night,
Come from darkness unto light,
Come from death to life undying,
From a fallen earth to heaven:
Now the accepted time is flying;
Haste to take what God has given.

AN EARTHLY STORY WITH A HEAVENLY MEANING.



Coming to Himself.

"And when he came to himself, he said, How many hired servants of my father's have bread enough and to spare, and I perish with hunger."—ST. LUKE xv. 17.



The Way Home.

"I will arise and go to my father, and will say unto him, Father, I have sinned against heaven, and before thee, and am no more worthy to be called thy son."—ST. LUKE xv. 18.

THE STAR SHOWER.

November 14, 1886.

CH, to raise a mighty shout,
And bid the sleepers all come out!
No dreamer's fancy, fair and high,
Could image forth a grander sky.
And oh, for eyes of swifter power
To follow fast the starry shower!
Oh, for a sweep of vision clear
To grasp at once a hemisphere!

The solemn old chorale of Night,
With fullest chords of awful might,
Re-echoes still in stately march
Throughout the glowing heavenly arch:
But harmonies all new and rare
Are intermingling everywhere,
Fantastic, fitful, fresh, and free;
A sparkling wealth of melody,
A carol of sublimest glee,
Is bursting from the starry chorus,
In dazzling exultation o'er us.

O wondrous sight! so swift, so bright,
Like sudden thrills of strange delight;
As if the stars were all at play,
And kept ecstatic holiday;
As if it were a jubilee
Of glad millenniums fully told,
Or universal sympathy
With some new-dawning age of gold.

Flashing from the lordly Lion,
Flaming under bright Procyon,
From the farthest east up-ranging,
Past the blessed orb* unchanging;
Ursa's brilliance far out-gleaming,
From the very zenith streaming;
Rushing, as in joy delirious,
To the pure white ray of Sirius;
Past Orion's belted splendour,
Past Capella, clear and tender;
Lightening dusky Polar regions,
Brightening pale encircling legions;
Lines of fiery glitter tracing,
Parting, meeting, interlacing;

Paling every constellation
With their radiant revelation!
All we heard of meteor glory
Is a true and sober story:
Who will not for life remember
This night-grandeur of November!

'Tis over now, the once-seen, dream-like
sight!
With gradual hand, the clear and breezy
dawn
Hath o'er the marvels of the meteor night
A veil of light impenetrable drawn.
And earth is sweeping on through starless
space,
Nor may we once look back, the shining
field to trace.

Ere next the glittering stranger throng
we meet,
How many a star of life will seek the
west!
Our century's dying pulse will faintly beat;
The toilers of to-day will be at rest;
And little ones who now but laugh and
play,
Will weary in the heat and burden of the
day.

Oh, is there nothing beautiful and glad
But bears a message of decay and change?
So be it! Though we call it stern and sad,
Viewed by the torch of Love, it is not
strange.

'Tis mercy that in Nature's every strain
Deep warning tones peal out, in solemn
sweet refrain.

And have not all created things a voice
For those who listen farther—whispers low
To bid the children of the light rejoice
In burning hopes they yet but dimly
know?

What will it be, all earthly darkness o'er,
To shine as stars of God for ever—
evermore!

FANNY R. H.

* "That admirable Polar Star, which is a blessing to astronomers."—Prof. Airy's Popular Lectures on Astronomy.

DECAY OF LOVE IN MARRIED LIFE.

MEN do not always realize how much a woman's affections are bound up in home; how much she needs the daily tendernesses of love to lighten her daily cares—how *with* love she can bear *anything* cheerfully, while *without* it she droops and becomes a disheartened, disappointed creature. They do not know—perhaps they would hardly believe—how women, prematurely old and careworn from this cause alone, would, by a few words of endearment, such as they never expected to hear again, be brought back almost to youth and beauty—at least, from bare existence to happiness and life. How can a man be willing to bind to himself a body of death—to walk through the dreary years with a heavy-hearted, duty-bound, care-burdened, disappointed woman, to whom life has become a monotonous round of uninteresting necessities, when, by a timely thoughtfulness, a little attention, a little love lovingly expressed, he might secure the constant, healing, beautiful ministrations of

“A spirit bright
With something of an angel light”?

Oh, the phantoms of dead joys that flit through unhaunted houses! Oh, the hopes that lie buried under still lighted hearthstones! Oh, the murdered possibilities strewn thick along the ways, over the lowlands and the uplands of life!

It is sorrowful indeed to think of the decay of love that once defied both time and change—of the bitterness and strife which have succeeded to the deepest tenderness. It is sorrowful, and it is humiliating: for we involuntarily ask ourselves the question, If those who would once have scorned to think that the least shadow could ever rest upon their mutual love—whose protestations of affection were so ardent, and whose early married life so bright—if *these* can change, what security, what hope is there for others? Must we conclude that love is a delusion; or that, if real, it is

“Momentary as a sound,
Swift as a shadow, short as any dream,
Brief as the lightning in the collied night,
That in a spleen, unfolds both heaven and earth,
And, ere a man hath power to say, Behold!
The jaws of darkness do devour it up.”

And yet we cannot think of it so, nor is it right that we should; for the fault is not in love, but in our treatment of it, or else in our mistaking that for love which is only its counterfeit.

We are inclined to believe that not the least portion of unhappiness in married life is assignable to the latter cause. It cannot but be evident to all persons of the least reflection, that many of the attachments resulting in marriage do not deserve the sacred name of love. A young man sees a young woman, or *vice versa*, and is, in common phrase, *bewitched*; and verily the attraction does not deserve a better name. A fair face, agreeable manner, an indication of preferences—any sensuous charm—suffices for its cause.

If the impression has been mutual, the fascinated pair surrender themselves at once to the sweet delusion, fancying that it will last for ever, abandoning all doubts, listening alone to the voice of passion, or, as they fondly term it, “the language of the heart.” They dream through a six months’ engagement, and a blissful honeymoon, and wake at length to the realities of life, and, alas! too often to a sober consciousness of their unfitness to meet them together.

It might yet be well, if recognizing this, they should set themselves courageously to work to remedy, as far as possible, their mistake; to become assimilated by introducing some common principle of thought and action—to draw near each other in drawing near to God. But few comparatively have the courage and strength to do this. Most commonly, the gulf between the married pair widens with the lapse of time, each casting the blame of the separation upon the other, and brooding over uncongeniality and the want of appreciation, through a lonely life. Or it may be worse than this. A man or woman in this condition is in a dangerous state. Either may meet with a person truly congenial, fitted to call forth a *genuine* love, and in the light of this experience the chain of bondage shall seem even heavier than before, the separation wider. Poor, tempted, aching hearts! Great, very great, is the strength required for the struggle. Let us mingle large measures of pity with our censure of those who fall in it.

Impulse is not affection; mere passion is not

love; nor is that marriage "honourable" in the sight of God which is entered into only to legitimize the indulgence of passion. "Can anything manly," says Coleridge, "proceed from those who for law and light would substitute shapeless feelings, sentiments, impulses, which, as far as they differ from the vital workings in the brute animals, owe the difference to their former connection with the proper virtues of humanity?" Friendship and love must unite in every married union where happiness can be reasonably expected or truly deserved; and by friendship we mean an affection arising from pure sympathy of spirit, independent of aught else. Let none look for happiness in marriage, who are unable deliberately and firmly to declare that it would be a happiness to live together for life, though they were of the same sex. We state this with some breadth, and do so with consideration; we point to a hidden rock round which the ocean seems to smile in sunny calm, but on which many a noble bark has perished.

There remains yet one more reason for the decay of love in married life which we would speak of: it is the want of a common and adequate object of interest, and the steady, persevering, mutually assisted pursuit of it. We will explain our meaning by a quotation from the journal of John Foster; and it may not be impertinent to remark, in passing, that Foster's own married life furnishes a most beautiful comment on his theory: "I have often contended that attachments between friends and lovers cannot be secured strong and perpetually augmenting, except by the intervention of some interest which is not

personal, but which is common to them both, and towards which their attention and passions are directed with still more animation than towards each other. If the whole attention is to be directed, and the whole sentimentalism of the heart concentrated to each other; and it is to be an unvaried 'I towards you, and you towards me,' as if each were to the other, not an ally or companion joined to pursue happiness, but the very end and object, happiness itself; if it is the *circumstance* of reciprocation, and not *what* is reciprocated, that is to supply perennial interest to affection; if it is to be mind still reflecting back the gaze of mind, and reflecting it again, cherub toward cherub, as on the ark, and no *luminary or glory between them* to supply beams and warmth to both, I foresee that the hope will disappoint, the plan will fail. Human society is a vast circle of beings on a plain, in the midst of which stands the shrine of goodness and happiness, inviting all to approach. Now the attached pairs in this circle should not be continually looking at each other, but should turn their faces towards this great central object, and, as they advance, they will, like radii from the circumference to the centre, *continually become closer to each other, as they approximate to their mutual and ultimate object.*" To conclude, in the words of Saint Augustine, "If souls please thee, be they loved in God, for they, too, are mutable, but in Him are they firmly established, else would they pass away. In Him, then, be they loved; and carry unto Him along with thee what souls thou canst, and say to them, 'Him let us love! Him let us love!'"

J. C.

LIGHTS AND SHADES OF LIFE.

BY THE REV. J. B. OWEN, M.A., INCUMBENT OF ST. JUDE'S, CHELSEA; AUTHOR OF
"THE HOMES OF SCRIPTURE," ETC.

I.—SAILOR-BOY WILLIE: AN INCIDENT ON THE THAMES.

SOME months ago, on one of my weekly runs down the river to Wapping Church, three passengers embarked with me in the steamer from Hungerford Pier. A rather dirty-faced, draggle-tailed, rumped-looking young woman of thirty, officiated as travelling foil to a neatly dressed, pale-faced, comely widow, apparently of the same age. The latter was carrying an infant. Between the two, with a

hand clasped in each of the females, sat a slim and singularly handsome lad of about ten years old, "all a-taut" in sailor-boy trim, whose close resemblance to the widow bespoke the pair as mother and son.

I took a fancy to the young salt from an act of agile civility which he showed me. As we stopped alongside London Bridge, I wished to buy an *Evening Standard*, but the boat was not near enough to the landing to exchange paper

for penny. As I reached over, the little powder-monkey suddenly took the penny out of my hand, leaped from the taffrail on to the pier, bought the paper, and leaping back again into the boat, placed it with a grave nautical salute into my hands. It was done in a moment, the boat being in motion, and the thing was certainly not worth the risk, but it showed the sailor pluck in the lad. I so admired the boy's spirit that, though I would not have allowed him to make the venture had I known his purpose, yet, being done, I could not but reward him for his gallant courtesy to an elderly stranger.

It opened some conversation between us. I asked him, good-humouredly, in sea-going phrase, "Whither bound, my young craft?"

"Chaynie seas, sir."

"When d'ye weigh anchor?"

"In the morning, off Gravesend, sir."

"How long d'ye expect to be out foreign?"

"About four years, sir."

"Your mother is seeing you off, I suppose?"

"She is, sir, and my Aunt Helen—*this* is my mother, please, sir," said the little tar, proudly and fondly, taking his mother's hand, as if he had rather not she should be mistaken for Aunt Helen; though to do Aunt Helen justice, she seemed prouder of either of them than of herself, for she volunteered the remark, jerking her eye towards the widow—

"Her lost her husband, sir, as was my brother, out in Chaynie, and they buried him in Hong Kong; so the little chap's a goin' out thereaway; leas'tways that's why he's chusen the Chaynie line, to go and see arter his father, where he lies out among the salvages. Yes, sir, that's about what it is, ain't it Willie, boy?"

"Jest that," said Willie, looking up lovingly at his mother, in whose eye a widowly tear was beginning to well up at the allusion to her dead husband.

"He was a sore loss to me, sir," said the widow. "Never a better husband had a wife to be proud of, nor a widow to mourn; and, bless God, my Willie is jest his father over again."

Willie wasn't ashamed to kiss her before the passengers and crew, as if to acknowledge his mother's compliment. That lad would be proud to own her if he were an admiral, I thought.

My interest in the little party taking their farewell trip down the river grew as we talked on. I got familiar enough to call the lad "Willie," as they did. I asked him if he had a Bible and Prayer-book.

"Yes, sir," said he, "I got father's."

"Good sign," I thought again.

"Yes, sir," said the widow, as if she read my thought, "my husband's messmate brought it home in his kit, and now the precious book that was a blessing to his father, will do a good turn for his son, please God. But I *was* loth to part with it, because it was my husband's, and because he had written out our marriage lines in it, and Willie's birth; and he would have written baby's too, only she was born after he started on his last cruise. He was dead before this orphan babe was born!"

The widow looked down tenderly at the infant on her knee as she said this, and the little creature laughed outright, as a tear tumbled on its cheek, as if she thought it was dropped for fun,—a misapprehension greatly strengthened by Willie's punching her chubby cheeks with his fingers, and then snatching her bodily out of his mother's arms, and scampering off with her to the other end of the deck, like a monkey dancing her whelp.

"You little live doll!" cried Willie, kissing his baby sister with the utmost fondness. "You pretty doll! O my babbie, what shall I do for a plaything when we're big seas apart?"

That prospect evidently damped his spirits, for sitting down in the steerage, where there chanced to be no passengers, the little cabin-boy hid his face in baby's dress, and broke out crying. Baby, though she *was* a baby, could see no fun in that; besides, the tone of Willie's childish cry was too like one of her own to mistake it for anything but a cry: so the tiny condoler looked round uneasily, grew frightened, and missing its mother, instinctively coupled Willie's lamentation with the maternal absence, and the least she could do was to fall to and help the signals of distress,—so the two cried lustily together.

"Poor children!—baby fourteen months—boy ten years, sir," said Aunt Helen in a tone of plaintive apology for the crying, as if it was a liberty on board a steamer. But the mother, with an exertion of strength which did not seem to be in her, picked up both children, and setting the little loving duality on her knees, just as they were, tied and folded in each others' arms like a live knot, fondly embraced them, though she let no tear be seen, not to break her lad's spirit. Mother's kisses are sweet anodynes: they stopped both the weepings as suddenly as they started,—like spring showers, as soon turned off as on.

"Willie," said I, "leave your father's Bible

with your mother, and here's what will buy you another at Gravesend," putting money into his hand.

Willie got off his mother's knees, cuffed off his tears with a hearty swab of his jacket-sleeve, as if they weren't ship-shape, touched his cap, and said,

"Thank'ee for me, sir! Oh, won't you like that, mother?"

He immediately untied his kit, took out the dead father's Bible, as if he would let me see he fairly did his part of the bargain, and handing it to his mother, reverently kissed the book, with a look that meant it was something he loved and felt parting with; and I inwardly prayed he might love both the Heavenly and earthly Father whose book it was.

"Willie, you'll promise me to read a chapter every day, won't you?"

"I always do, sir," said the lad, looking proudly at his mother, as much as to say, "She taught me that, sir."

"Shall I tell you how you will get to understand, and like what you read, Willie?"

"Please, sir."

"Whenever you open the book, say, 'O God of orphan boys, give me Thy Holy Spirit, through Jesus Christ.' Repeat these words to me, Willie."

"O God of orphan boys give me Thy Holy Spirit," the boy said, softly and solemnly, and then paused.

"Through Jesus Christ," I prompted.

"Through Jesus Christ," said he, gently and reverently.

It occurred to me that he had, perhaps, belonged to one of the London parish schools; so I asked him, and he replied,

"Yes, sir, I was at St. B——'s, and here's my character, please sir," he added, as he produced out of the side pocket of his jacket a printed paper signed by the schoolmaster, and by the rector. The blanks were filled in with the customary forms, and the paper differed little from the general run of such documents, except by a special *nota bene* under the rector's autograph, which briefly added, "N.B.—A thoroughly truthful child."

"There, Willie," I exclaimed, pointing to his Minister's note, "that's worth all the rest of the paper. Let your captain write 'Amen' to that, boy, when you come home, and won't mother be proud of your father's son?"

Willie looked hard and wistfully at his mother, not knowing what to say, or rather how to say it, for he thought, "She shan't be

ashamed of me, if that's all." At least I so read the boy's handsome, ingenuous expression, and I don't think I misunderstood him. Not a bit, I felt sure, if ever truth, as the boy's minister certified, basked in the clear, sunny light of young, beautiful eyes.

What that boy was at school I would have gone bail for him he would be in the world. His mother could part with him without trembling, if she couldn't help weeping. She could all the better trust her lad to God, because the poor lad had learned what was meant by his own trusting himself to God. Yet she must pray for him. That I also found the widow knew, and I inwardly rejoiced that a pious mother's intercessions would stand, as an invisible shield, between the little sailor and the temptations and perils of a sea life.

Tiny tar! jot of a Jack! chip of the fine old block that lay mouldering in the cemetery at Hong Kong! may the blessing of Him who turned a great storm into a greater calm, embark with the good ship that bears an orphan from his mother, and bring him back again as pure a young God-fearing child of many homely prayers, as he leaves her!

Mothers of England! don't fear to trust your stalwart boys to your country's armies or navies. The sons of gentle and noble, and even princes of the Blood Royal, freely share their hardships and dangers, and make the national service honourable. So long as the world is a fighting world, the country must have soldiers and sailors to protect her commerce and defend her frontiers. Only train them up first in Christ's service, and the ship or the camp will be divested of their worst perils, and mothers may commit them to their callings, whether afloat or ashore, with the assurance of the blessed guardianship of the Pilot of Gennesareth.

If she who gives us birth, "remembereth no more her anguish, for joy that a man is born into the world," the poorest mother in England may well dry her tears in parting with her boy, at the consciousness that she has given another brave fellow to man the deck or mount the breach in the service of her country.

As I chanced to return home up the river by the last steamer that evening, I again fell in with the widow and Aunt Helen on their homeward trip, after having left Willie on board H.M.S. *The Coromandel*.

The mother told me he got his Bible at Gravesend, and that they had a farewell cup of cocoa on board, and that Willie kept up

manfully till they bid him good-bye. Only when baby cried to stop with him, as if the precocious young navigatress preferred ship-biscuits to her mother's milk, Willie gave in at her kindred demonstrations in favour of sea-life, putting it all down to the love of her brother, because his own love for his wee sister deceived him into the figment of its reciprocity; so the two children sobbed nearly as loud as one another, though neither of them half so loudly as our demonstrative Aunt Helen. The separation, the cocoa, and, as I fear, the rum which a seaman had poured into it, was altogether too much for Aunt Helen's soluble nerves, and, in point of fact, the noise she made occasioned the rather abrupt dismissal of the shore party, at the instance of the indignant mate of the vessel. The widow waved her farewell blessing from the wherry that took them ashore, weeping silently, "but not as one without hope," as she spied her last loving gaze at the broken-hearted boy, standing there in the desolation of a child, among strange scenes and faces, on the crowded poop.

When I saw them, baby had dropped off to sleep, and perhaps by that hour little Willie too had hushed his first great sorrow in the same natural oblivion. The widow had gallantly recovered the shock, for she had other sharp battles in store to win for her own and Baby's meal-tub. Unless I mistook her gentle intrepidity, hers was the sterling every-day

bravery, in God's tender mercy, to "have gotten her the victory," though she had to fight it out single-handed. She had already done no little that way, as became the widow of the stout mariner who sleeps in China, and the mother of the fine young salt just off on his first "roughin' it" "over the seas and far away."

Poor Aunt Helen, alas! has more duplicates than her sister has, though God's grace alone made them to differ; and that would have done for the one what it had done for the other. Is not that grace well worth seeking for, which makes such characteristic differences in the sisters and brothers of this vast family of ours? Its presence interpreted even the whiteness of the widow's cap, its absence the squalor of Aunt Helen's duds.

I lost sight of the sisters in the hurry of the passengers off Hungerford Pier, but Willie and his mother are both photographed on my memory, for as fair a specimen of English widow and orphan as I have ever fallen in with.

Should this sketch at any time catch the eye of either of them, or of poor Aunt Helen, I shall be glad to hear of their whereabouts, and lend a hand to promote their welfare. I omitted to ask the widow's address; but the God she loves and serves has a precious address she will never, I trust, forget—as the "Father of the fatherless, and the God of the widow, even God in His holy habitation."

TIME.

BY THE REV. ROBERT MAGUIRE.

TIME—what is it, gently stealing,
Gently moving from the main?
'Tis a ripple in its rising,
Soon to ebb away again.
Time—'tis something ever moving,
Wildly whirling on its way;
Staying never, ever onward:
'Tis the passing of a day.

Time—a river in its flowing,
Downward rushing to the sea;
Till the angel's trumpet sounding
Tells that time no more shall be.
Lost amid the waves of ocean,
Lost amid the deeps below,
Yet existing, but to know it
Is eternity to know.

Time—a fragment, rent and riven,
On the everlasting main;
Fleeing, fleeting, onward driven
To its continent again.

'Mid the context of th' eternal,
This parenthesis to scan,
Is to read within its limits
All the history of man.

Time—a season ever ranging;
'Tis a stage, a varied play;
Man, the actor, ever changing,
Ne'er continues in one stay.
Time, the firstborn of creation,
First to live, and last to die:
'Twixt his first and last pulsation
Time transacts her mystery.

Time—a treasure rich and costly,
Now entrusted to thy care;
Now to use it or abuse it—
'Tis a priceless thing and rare.
Shall we not, then, learn to cherish
This provision that is made?
Seasons pass, and moments perish,
And to our account are laid.

LABOUR.

"In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread till thou return unto the ground."—GEN. iii. 19.



HE curse is to a blessing turned :
Toil on, brave hearts, toil on !
Sweet is the bread that's hardly earned,
The rest that's dearly won.
For health, and strength, and energy,
Are theirs whose nerves are strung,
To act their part right manfully,
Stern labour's ranks among.

And toil was sanctified and blest
By Him who came to save,
Who sought not here an idler's rest,
Nor filled a sluggard's grave.
His hands have grasped the workman's tool ;
His brows have sweat with toil ;
Though born the universe to rule,
And Death and Hell to spoil.
Then still toil on, ye sons of earth,
Until the respite's given,
And God completes your nobler birth,
And hails you sons of heaven.
E'en though life's little hour you spend
In toils and conflicts sore,
Your labour soon will have an end,
Your rest will end no more.

THOMAS RAGG.

THE BIBLE AND OUR FAITH.

BY THE REV. S. WAINWRIGHT, VICAR OF HOLY TRINITY, YORK; AUTHOR OF
"CHRISTIAN CERTAINTY," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

"Can length of years on God Himself exact,
Or make that fiction which was once a fact?"



R. LESLIE, if Christianity be true,
there must be some shorter way of
showing it to be so than those now
commonly used. I wish you would
think it over, and let me know the result."

Thus spoke the Duke of Leeds to the Rev.
Charles Leslie : who did think it over, and three
days afterwards presented to the Duke a rough
draft of the argument which has ever since
been known by his own name, and which not
all the ingenuity of infidelity has ever been

able to answer. Of its effects upon the Duke
himself, we may judge from his own words on
reading it :—

"That Christianity is true, is what I have
always believed; but now I no longer believe,
I *know*."

And such has been its general, if not its in-
variable effect on the mind of every reader
open to conviction. And even on minds of an
opposite class—on minds not open to conviction
—its effect has been not less complete and
striking. Dr. Middleton furnishes an illus-
trious example. Feeling how absolutely neces-
sary it was to the maintenance of infidelity,

that Mr. Leslie's argument should be refuted, he set himself to the task of searching for some means by which it might be done; but after twenty years' continued application, he found it labour in vain. The argument was perfect; it contained no flaw. It was adamantine, and incapable of disintegration. Like the unbelieving emperor who brought the resources of imperial power to aid the devices of his subtle intellect, nerved with all the hate of an inveterate hostility to the name and faith of Christ, and yet with his dying breath was constrained to confess, "O Galilean, Thou hast conquered!" so this unbelieving scholar, and all his school, have been compelled to acknowledge the irresistible power of the Lesleian argument for the truth of Christianity.

Briefly stated, that argument stands thus:

Christianity is something more than a system of doctrines—it is also a series of facts; and between these two, the connection is indissoluble. The facts gave rise to the doctrines; the doctrines rest upon the facts. And this mutual relation is such that the truth of the doctrines is demonstrable by the truth of the facts. If the doctrines are not true, then the facts are not true; but with the truth of the facts once established, the truth of the doctrines remains for ever unalterable. The question, then, is narrowed to this, How shall we test the truth of these fundamental facts?

In his search for this grand crucial test, our author went to work like a true Englishman. We have all heard of the three "representative men," who engaged in the competition for the prize to be awarded to the sculptor of the finest African lion; how the Englishman commenced his preparations by a voyage to the Cape, that he might study the noble animal in his native jungles; how the Frenchman studied him from a painting in the nearest picture gallery; how the German, with a month's supply of tobacco (*ex fumo dare lucem*), retired to his Studirstube, where, plunged in deepest thought, he lost himself in the vain attempt to excogitate from the profoundest subjectivities of the inner consciousness the true idea of an African lion. Not so our author. Discarding all idealistic theories, rejecting the most specious resemblances, he set himself to discover the invariable marks by which historic facts may be infallibly distinguished from all such as are merely legendary, mythical, or otherwise fictitious. These marks he found to be four:—

1. That the fact be such as men's outward senses can judge of;

2. That it be performed publicly, in the presence of witnesses;

3. That there be public monuments and actions kept up in memory of it; and

4. That such documents and actions shall be established and commence at the time of the fact.

And these four marks—which are not found in the history of Mahomet, or in those of the Pagan deities—which cannot possibly co-exist with any imposture whatsoever—are all found in the Biblical histories of Moses and of Christ. In this single fact we possess an unanswerable demonstration of the truth of Christianity.

To assist our perception of the force of truth, let us for a moment imagine Brigham Young addressing the inhabitants of the metropolis, producing his book of Mormon as a Divine Revelation, asserting his own character as a divinely commissioned prophet, and appealing for evidence of the truth of his assertions to simple matters of fact which were within the knowledge of every individual whom he addressed. Would he venture to tell his audience that on a certain specified day he had led the whole population of the city, including every person then present, through the Thames to Southwark, on dry land, while the river on the right and left stood still—two watery walls? Or would he dare to affirm that from the first institution of Mormonism, every man in the nation, at the age of twelve years, had had a joint of his little finger cut off, as a perpetual recognition of the Divine origin of his creed, and that consequently every man then living actually lacked that joint of that finger? To questions such as these, the common sense of mankind pronounces that there can be but one answer. It is not the trick of an impostor to appeal to notorious matters of fact within the personal knowledge of those whom he is endeavouring to deceive. For such an appeal to fact renders deception impossible. He who asserts as true that which every man, woman, and child knows to be utterly false, may indeed be sent to the County Asylum, but he will make no disciples. And on the other hand, he who gathers disciples by appealing to facts—facts plain to the commonest understanding, palpable to the outward senses, permanently embodied in the national institutions—such a man must have truth on his side. Such are the facts, such the appeals, and such the evidences which at once attest and demonstrate the truth of Christianity.

Now I am not going to substantiate this statement by any quotations from Scripture. Such a course would indeed be perfectly legitimate; but there is a certain class of gainsayers with whom it would fail to be perfectly conclusive. We are not now considering the case of those who acknowledge the Divine authority of Holy Scripture, and who consequently accept its dicta as infallible decisions from which there is no appeal; our present argument reaches those who reject that authority; and with them we join issue on their own ground. Let them account for existing facts.

Take for example the two sacraments, Baptism and the Lord's Supper. They may be denounced as superstitions, they may be designated by any name our opponents please; but there they are,—two most unquestionable matters of fact—kindred institutions, carefully guarded and religiously observed in every Christian community throughout the world. Whence came they? This question presents no difficulty to a believer in the Bible; but to the unbeliever it is a question absolutely unanswerable. He makes his boast of a philosophy which professes above all things to accept facts and to account for them, and yet when confronted with the simple fact of the existence of Christian institutions, he is compelled to own that he cannot possibly account for them without admitting the truth of Christianity.

Or again, take the Christian observance of the Lord's Day. Trace it, as you would some noble river, to its source. Go back for seventeen centuries, through the dark ages of mediæval superstition and the lurid fires of pagan persecution, to the spot where "the first day of the week," hallowed "in memory of Christ's resurrection," is reflected with photographic vividness from the pages of Justin. Ascend yet a century higher. See how the "beloved disciple," venerable with the snows of a century, and already crowned with the halo of a survived martyrdom, is carried on "the Lord's Day" to the Lord's house, to repeat once more the apostolic exhortation, "Little children, love one another!" Pass by that memorable Sunday with St. Paul at Troas, and take your stand in the streets of the Holy City on the very first day of this long and singular series. What has happened? These Galilean peasants were in hiding yesterday; and to-day they walk as if they trod on air! How strangely eloquent are their looks! What a wonderful mingling of love and joy and

tenderness; and above all, what a triumphant consciousness of power! What does it all mean? They tell you what it means as they clasp each others' hands in the bonds of a fellowship till then unknown, and in tones tremulous with the thrill of an irrepressible exultation, exchange greetings such as the world had never heard before: "The Lord is risen!" "He is risen indeed!"

In that single fact we have the cardinal doctrine of Christianity: the one great central truth which accounts for all the rest. To that single event "The Lord's Day" owes its existence. From that event, as from some inexhaustible well-head, there has flowed forth a river of the water of life, on whose broad and placid bosom the priceless argosies of Christian enfranchisement and Christian philanthropy have made the circuit of the globe. The Christian character of "the first day of the week" is attributable solely to the nature of the event at first impressed upon it; and after the wear of eighteen centuries, the impression of that event is seen to be indelible. In the Pyramids we have a standing monument of the power of the Pharaohs. But the Christian Sunday is a monument more imperishable than the Pyramids. A monument of what? Do men rear monuments in memory of *nothing*? Until they do, it will be impossible to deny that in "the Lord's Day" we have an "infallible proof" that "we have not followed cunningly devised fables." The religion of the Bible—whatever it may be—rests simply and solely on demonstrable matters of fact. The faith of Christian hearts, the achievements of Christian enterprise, the monuments of Christian history, all combine to attest the great foundation truth, "The Lord is risen indeed!"

In its wide comprehensiveness, in its conclusive finality, in the invincible might with which it repels the assaults of disbelief, and allays the disquietude of doubt, the argument of this chapter has a royal pre-eminence. Some man comes and tells me that I may depend upon it, Colenso is right and the Bible wrong. If I ask for the weighty reasons which can warrant an opinion fraught with such tremendous consequences, I am referred to some imposing piece of verbal criticism, or some alleged scientific discovery. It is true, indeed, that the criticism is hypercritical, and that the discovery is merely conjectural: nor would it be difficult to strip them of their pretensions and expose their true character; but there is a more excellent way. These objections

are irrelevant to the matter in hand. They are more than irrelevant, they are absurd; and they are so because they are in antagonism with notorious matters of fact. It is not Peter or Paul, but Pliny who tells us, that at the beginning of the second century, the pagan temples of Pontus and Bithynia were almost deserted; that the new faith had spread from the cities to the country places; and that persons of both sexes and of all ranks had been carried away by it. When we read in Tertullian, "We are but of yesterday, and we have filled your cities, islands, towns, and boroughs, the camp, the senate, and the forum;" or when Origen, in the third century, tells us that in spite of torture and death, immense multitudes in every part of the world had left the laws of their country and the gods of their fathers for the laws of Moses and the religion of Christ; we are dealing with statements independent of the Bible: historic records which would continue to exist even if the Bible could be annihilated to-morrow.

But we point to the fourth century, when, having conquered the fierce persecution of Diocletian, the faith of the Galilean fishermen received the homage of the masters of the world, and we ask our critical objector for an explanation of that fact. CHRISTIANITY EXISTS, AND MUST BE ACCOUNTED FOR. It existed before the New Testament was written, and consequently no criticism of the Book which records its origin can possibly affect the thing itself. It rests on certain great Facts, extraneous and antecedent to the writings in which those facts are narrated. It is attested by public institutions, established to perpetuate the memory of the facts, and in full vigour at this day. The institutions are a guarantee for the truth of the facts. And over that truth the lapse of eighteen centuries has no power; true once, they remain true for all time. And with these eternal truths for her credentials, Christianity may well claim to be the work of Him who "came into the world that He might bear witness to the Truth."

HEART CHEER FOR HOME SORROW.

THE COMFORT OF THE INCARNATION.

When I was recovering from the loss of my foot, you can well believe that there were many weary, wretched, sleepless hours, particularly during the darkness. Especially dreary was the first waking in the dull grey morning. Despair seemed ready to overwhelm me.

It was then I fully realized the unspeakable preciousness of prayer, and that not to an overwhelming mysterious agency, such as electricity or gravitation is, but to an *Agent*, a *Person*, and He not separated from me by all that intervenes between God and man, but possessing, as I possess, a HUMAN NATURE; though, unlike mine, His nature is sinless, and is unspeakably glorious. It would be no comfort to think that His nature was sinful or corruptible; that would lower Christ to me, not lift me to Him. Here was the precious thought: "We have not an high priest which cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities; but was in all points tempted [or tried] like as we are, yet without sin."

There was no kind of trial I had, or you have, which Christ had not; He could understand it from a fellow-feeling as man, apart from discerning it as omniscient God. He heard my prayers; He loved me with His great love; and His good Spirit reminded me that the Saviour said, "Lo, I am with you alway." And He is as willing to be your Saviour as to be mine. We are told that Jesus put on a human nature that He might suffer death—the object of His suffering being "that He, by the grace of God, should taste death for every man." You have the fear of death and of judgment before you. Christ died, "that through death, He might destroy him that had the power of death, that is, the devil, and deliver them who, through fear of death, were all their lifetime subject to bondage."

Think of Christ as an elder Brother, gazing down from heaven with more than an earthly brother's love. Think of Him also as divinely omnipotent, and "able to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by Him, seeing He ever liveth to make

intercession for them," and go to the throne of grace, asking for mercy and forgiveness. Wait not till you love the world less, and hate sin more. God will not accept you because you hate the world or sin. Between your great lovings of the world and your little ones, there will never be much more than an insignificant difference. Even your own heart tells you that; much more does God know it. The only wages man can ever earn, and ask from God as his of right, are the wages of sin, *i.e.*, death. Eternal life is the *gift* of God. Make no conditions with God, or think to recommend yourself to Him by wishes or merits. Far less wait till you realize, if possible, commendatory merits, or despair because these merits are not realized. Go with all your sins, without a moment's waiting. Go as a sinner, and because you are a sinner. Christ "came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance." It was not while we were righteous, but "whilst we were yet in our sins," Christ died for us. "Herein is love; not that we loved God, but that He loved us, and sent His Son to be the propitiation for our sins." "We love Him because He first loved us." *Counsels of an Invalid, by*
 GEORGE WILSON, M.D.

MYSTERIES.

I met a child amidst a deafening maze
 Of wheels, and bands, and engines loudly
 wrought;
 On which the child fixed a bewildered gaze,
 Viewing such products rare, so strangely
 brought.
 The master of the work stood by, and
 taught,
 How this revolved, whence that its action
 drew;
 The child looked up, with eye of pure clear
 blue,

And ne'er the while but half his meaning
 caught;
 Yet was his smile so sweet, his mien so kind,
 The child believed it all, nor held one doubt:
 Then I, whose faith in Thee was nigh worn
 out,
 My God, went from the spot with bettered
 mind.
 I am that child, content Thy word to take,
 For all Thy world holds strange, for Thy
 love's sake. LORD KINLOCH.

THE MOURNER'S TEXT.

"'Twas the Lord gave;
 The Lord hath taken away;"
 So at the grave
 I stand, and strive to say—
 Yielding, O God, although with struggling
 groan,
 Thy right to take Thine own.
 'Twas the Lord's gift:
 I muse on sunny years;
 And heart I lift,
 With thanks amid my tears:
 Lord, Thou conferr'dst on me beyond my
 share
 Of good, and dear, and fair.
 'Twas the Lord took,
 Hence I have pledge most sure
 Again to look
 On smile so sweet and pure.
 Thou tak'st not to destroy, but to restore,
 More bright, and loved much more.
 So, as it hoards
 Together joys and woes,
 The text affords,
 O Lord, the fitting close.
 I say—and turn to leave the hallowed sod—
 "Blest be the Name of God!"
 LORD KINLOCH.



Pleasant Readings for our Sons and Daughters.

MISS VIVIAN AND HER RELATIONS.

BY A. G., AUTHOR OF "AMONG THE MOUNTAINS;" "MABEL AND CORA;"
"BEECHENHURST," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

"The elements
That formed the soul of each, were utterly
Incongruous." C. B. MACREADY.

THE Rookery was a low-built, wide-spreading country house, in the centre of a large and prettily arranged garden, at about ten minutes' or a quarter of an hour's walk from the lively, bustling little town of Rookdale. Roses and creepers grew in luxuriant loveliness over the walls, lending a rich fragrance to the surrounding air. Flower-beds of various shapes and sizes were tastefully laid out upon the large smooth lawn in front of the house, and the outside wall of the garden was almost concealed from view by thickly growing shrubs, laurels, lilacs, and laburnums. At the back of the house, a group of small trees gave pleasant shade to some rustic seats that were placed beneath them, and formed altogether a most tempting spot for working or reading.

The western wing of the house had been built later than the rest. It consisted solely of the drawing-room—very pleasant, light, and airy, with a large bow-window at each end. In this room a lady was seated in a low easy chair, working some delicate embroidery in a rather slow and listless manner. She looked still young, fair and pretty, though her features were too wanting in animation and expression to deserve the term of beautiful.

Suddenly the door opened, and a young slight girl of about sixteen ran lightly into the room. She was very unlike her mother, much less regularly pretty, but the eager warmth and animation of her face and manner, the soft shining light in her dark eyes, the bright and variable flush upon her cheeks, made her far more interesting in appearance.

"Mamma—oh, can you tell me where papa is? I want so much to find him."

"Your papa? No, my dear, I do not remember seeing him since lunch," was the answer, in slow quiet tones that tallied well with the speaker's general look and air. "Constance, will you be so kind as to hold this skein of silk while I wind it?"

"I wanted to ask him something. Oh, dear, I thought I was sure to find him here," said Constance, tapping her little foot upon the ground, and impatiently twitching the ribbon ends of the hat she held in her hand. "Oh, please let me go, mamma! Won't it do to wind the skein by-and-by?"

"If you wish it, dear, but really, Constance, you look quite heated. You should not excite yourself so. What is the matter?"

"Only, dear mamma, I want to ask him—there he is!" and, breaking off abruptly, Constance ran out of the room and flew into the garden.

A middle-aged gentleman was walking quickly up one side of the broad path that surrounded the grassplot in front of the house. His rapid and somewhat impatient step, and still more his countenance, marked his resemblance to Constance. No one that saw them together could for a moment have doubted the relationship. There were the same irregular features and full overhanging forehead, only redeemed from positive plainness by the same warm bright smile, sparkling eyes, and vivid constant changes of expression.

"What is it now, Connie?" he asked, as she took his arm, looking up in his face with an eager smile.

"Papa, I am sure you will help me, but I don't know what to do. There is a poor—oh *such* a poor woman, outside the back gate in the lane, and I told her to wait a minute. She has a little baby in her arms, and they both look so ragged and wretched and miserable, that I could have cried. It is of no use

to tell mamma, for she will only send word to Robertson to see about it, and Robertson will decide at once that the woman is an imposter, and no help must be given her. And I haven't a penny in my purse, papa, or I would not ask you."

"Not a penny, Constance! Where have those last four pounds gone?"

Constance coloured.

"I don't know exactly, papa. In various ways. Money, somehow, never does last long with me. But I am sure you would not like the poor creature to be sent away. You will let me have five shillings for her, papa?" This was said coaxingly.

"You extravagant young lady!" returned Mr. Mansfield, smiling, but drawing out his purse.

"O papa, you don't call it extravagant to give to the poor; but I know you don't really mean it. Please give me the money, papa. Oh, one half-crown isn't enough!"

"Here is another, then," and he patted her flushed cheek. "Shall I cut it out of the next month's allowance?"

"If you like, papa"—with a half-saucy glance and smile that showed she knew how likely he was to do so! In twenty-four hours he would have forgotten the whole affair as completely as she would have done herself.

"Run to the gate and give it, Constance, and then come back to me."

Constance obeyed, and hardly three minutes elapsed ere she was again hanging on her father's arm, with her eyes full of tears.

"Papa, she was so thankful and pleased. I am sure she is half-starved, from her looks. She will have a good meal to-night for once. Poor thing! Oh, I wish I could give enough money to every single poor person in England, to keep them in comfort all the rest of their lives,—I do, papa," she repeated earnestly.

"My generous girl likes to help every one, I know," said Mr. Mansfield, looking down upon her with a gratified smile, and perhaps forgetting at whose expense Constance had that moment imparted aid. "Ah, Constance, it would be a happy thing indeed if we could relieve all the distress in the country. But that is far beyond any power of yours or mine."

"People ought to give more than they do, though," said Constance, flushing. "They care so little for the wants of the poor, and dole out their sixpences and shillings with such a magnanimous air, that it puts me out of all patience."

"All cannot afford to give equally, Constance."

"But more than they *do*, papa; very often indeed people could afford to do *that*. Look at old Miss Vivian—why, she never gives a single penny in charity, and yet she must be two or three times as rich as you."

"Perhaps we are mistaken in thinking so, Constance. Some people prefer to give it secretly."

"But Miss Vivian openly declares that she never does, papa. We know that from Beatrice. And then look at Mrs. Wentworth——"

"The Wentworths are not very well off," interposed Mr. Mansfield. "They cannot possibly spare the same amount that we can ourselves."

"No, not so much, papa; but surely she might spare more than she does. Mrs. Wentworth thinks nothing of expensive dress, and spending a great deal on herself, but she can hardly ever spare a shilling for the poor. Do you think she is right?"

"I do not consider it necessary to decide the question as regards Mrs. Wentworth, Constance. I prefer to look upon the matter as it concerns myself, and to decide how much I ought to give, not how much Mrs. Wentworth ought to give. It is neither wise nor right to compare ourselves with our neighbours, at the expense of the latter."

Constance hung her head, somewhat abashed at this implied reproof.

"I was praising you, papa, not myself," she said presently, in a low tone. "At least, it is you that I was thinking of."

"Better do neither, Constance," he replied. "See, here comes Bertram and Mr. Wentworth."

They had been crossing over one of the broad grassplots, intersected by paths, and dotted with standard rose bushes, that flanked the house on each side, and were now turning the corner to the back. Two figures were advancing to meet them—one a mild-looking gentleman of middle age, with a rather bald head, and spectacles on his nose—the other a youth of about seventeen or eighteen. The latter was Constance's brother, but not the slightest resemblance could be traced between them. He inherited his mother's pretty, fair features and quiet manner, but to a keen physiognomist there was something unpleasant in the cool calculating and almost hard expression of his blue eyes and small mouth. A few months previously he had been compelled, on

account of ill health, to quit the large public school in which he then was; and though now quite well again, he had not returned, but was studying with a tutor at home for a year or two before entering the University.

"How do you do?" said Mr. Wentworth, shaking hands with Constance. "I thought I would come in as I was passing, to see how Mrs. Mansfield was to-day."

"She is much the same as usual," said Constance. "I don't think mamma ever will be very strong, Mr. Wentworth; but she isn't ill at all."

"Not in the least," was Mr. Wentworth's reply, and Constance was satisfied.

The gentlemen began to talk together, and Constance withdrew her arm from her father's, and fell behind with Bertram, who remarked,

"By-the-bye, Constance, did we see you just now patronizing a ragged woman over the gate?"

"I didn't know you saw me," replied Constance. "I was speaking to her, and giving her some money."

"Without knowing anything about her, of course," remarked Bertram. "I wonder you have the conscience to do it, Constance. A regular vagrant—most likely an impostor."

"Most likely nothing of the sort," said Constance, warmly. "And as to her being a vagrant, I suppose you wouldn't have me give only to respectable people with comfortable homes, would you?"

"I don't like indiscriminate giving," returned Bertram, rather loftily. "I have no doubt that the money you have given to-day will be spent at the gin-shop before many hours are over."

"You have no reason for thinking any such thing, Bertram."

"A great deal of reason," coolly replied Bertram. "Not one in a thousand of such people is really deserving of help. I never help beggars, and I never intend to do so—never," repeated Bertram, with all the decision of at least fifty years' experience. "I know very well that I should only be encouraging idleness, and drunkenness, and vice of all descriptions."

"Take care, Bertram." Constance's cheeks were scarlet. "Papa gave me the five shillings himself for her."

The gentlemen had both overheard Bertram's last remark, which was delivered with considerable emphasis, and they turned round, Mr. Mansfield remarking,

"Neatly expressed, my boy; but it sounds better in theory than it works in practice. You must remember that by never giving at all, you injure the deserving as much as you punish the undeserving."

"There are not many deserving," muttered Bertram.

"I do not say there are," said Mr. Mansfield gravely. "But surely, Bertram, it is not for us to decide which of our fellow-creatures is worthy of receiving our aid. All we can do when we see another in distress, is to attempt something, however small, to assist and relieve. If we all had according to our deserts, we should have little indeed."

"But a great many pretend to be in distress who are not," persisted Bertram, "and money is only thrown away on them."

"I grant it; yet surely that is no sufficient reason for refusing in future to help those who are truly in need."

"No, papa," said Bertram rather unwillingly. "Only one never knows that it isn't all an imposition. There is always reason to suspect it."

"Bertram is more cautious than Constance," remarked Mr. Wentworth. "Never mind him, Constance. Generosity and open-handedness are much to be admired; though it is not every one that can afford to give five shillings to whoever asks for it, as I know you like to do."

"I don't give for admiration," bluntly returned Constance. "I only do it because I think it right, and—and because I like it," she added frankly, drawing a smile from her father.

"I am afraid, Constance, that it is quite as much from instinct as from principle," he said.

"Papa, would you have that different?" asked Constance wistfully.

"I would have the natural instinct subordinate to principle, Constance," he replied seriously, almost sadly. "There is more truth, perhaps, in Bertram's words than either you or I are at first inclined to allow. I am sometimes afraid that I may have done almost more harm than good in my lifetime by such indiscriminate alms-giving. Yet it is hard to refuse aid to those who ask and appear to need it. It may be weakness, but I can seldom resolve to do so."

Constance's lips quivered and her eyes flashed, as she looked up in his face, with a mingling of admiration for the true and generous humility which formed so large a

feature in his character, and of anger towards Bertram for having said anything to pain him.

"Papa, I only know you have done a great, great deal of good, and I wish every one in the world were like you. I can't bear precise, cold-hearted, calculating people; and what is more, I don't believe they are right. I am sure they are not. Every one ought to be ready to give to every one. The Bible says so. You know, papa, the verse, 'Give to him that asketh thee, and from him that would borrow of thee turn not thou away.' It is all very fine to talk about encouraging vice, as Bertram is so fond of doing, and as most people are who prefer to keep their money to themselves; but I don't see that anything can possibly be plainer than that text. And I am sure there is nothing there about encouraging vice."

"Such injunctions as that you have quoted must be taken rather in the spirit than the letter," remarked Mr. Wentworth.

"So I know every one says," returned Constance; "but I don't understand what they mean, and I don't believe they do themselves. At least it always seems to me that their way of taking it as you say, is just to disobey the command altogether. And I would rather be guilty of going too far, I mean of taking it too literally, than not literally enough. But the stingier people are by nature, the more they preach against helping the poor, because they don't like doing it themselves."

"Gently, Constance; that is uncharitable," said Mr. Mansfield, quietly; and Bertram remarked,

"Constance thinks every one stingy who isn't ready to fling a sovereign to every beggar he passes."

"No, I don't," began Constance warmly, and then paused and bit her lip to keep in the sharp retort that had almost escaped her. A minute's silence was broken by a question from Mr. Wentworth.

"What was your last news of Captain Vivian?"

"It is a month since we have heard anything," said Mr. Mansfield. "I was rather hoping to have a letter by to-day's post, as I believe the mail is in."

"A whole month since you last heard! I did not know it was so long as that. And that was a bad account of him too. Jungle fever, was it not, that he had had?"

"Yes, poor fellow! He has had such repeated attacks of fever, that he must be terribly pulled down. I wish we could have him

home, but as yet we have hoped in vain. He applied once for leave, and was refused."

"I suppose Constance has quite forgotten him. How many years is it since he went out? It seems a very long time."

"Just seven years. Constance was only nine years old then, and Leonard was seventeen."

"And a very teasing, troublesome child I expect he found me," said Constance, laughing. "However, he used to pay me back by plaguing me about my dolls. But of course he has grown old and sober now, and I dare say we should get on better together."

"As far as the dolls are concerned, I should say there was no doubt of it," remarked Bertram drily, and Constance burst into a merry laugh.

"Poor Leonard! I remember tormenting him terribly when he was deeply engaged over his lesson-books, and I used to interrupt him and make noises to disturb him, just for the pure love of making him angry, though I was generally rather frightened when I had succeeded. I am always very curious to see what he has turned out after all these years."

"A man of sterling character and principle. That may be seen from his letters," said Mr. Mansfield. "There is your mother at the drawing-room window, looking out for us."

They had been pacing slowly round the back of the house, and had now reached the front. Constance saw her mother beckon to her, and ran into the house, followed more quietly by the others. They had hardly arrived at the hall door, when she appeared again, eagerly exclaiming,

"News, papa! The mail has come in."

"A letter from Leonard? What does he say?" hastily inquired Mr. Mansfield.

"He is coming home, papa. I don't know any particulars yet. There are just a few lines to you, which mamma opened, as you were out. I haven't read the letter, I was in such a hurry to come out and tell you about it. How nice it will be to have him back!"

They were all close to the drawing-room by this time, and in another minute were in possession of details,—at least of such meagre details as Mrs. Mansfield was able to impart. Very little information was to be gained from the hurried feeble scrawl, beyond the fact that Captain Vivian's health had at length completely broken down, and he had been ordered home without delay. This, with the information that his return would be by the overland route, and

his arrival in England he hoped no long time after their receipt of his letter, was nearly all it contained. The conclusion was in these words:

"Has Constance forgotten her old playfellow of seven years ago? I am afraid she will herself be grown 'out of all knowledge.' Many thanks, my dear father, for your most kind and cordial letter of April 10. It came at a time when it was peculiarly welcome. I have always, indeed, felt that I had a home at the Rookery, but it is pleasant to have assurance made doubly sure by such a letter. Thank dear Mrs. Mansfield too for her kind message."

"At last!" said Mr. Mansfield. "I am very glad of it. But I am afraid he has been seriously ill. I hope he has told us all," and he took up the letter again, glancing anxiously over it. "The tone is cheerful, only I do not like that trembling hand."

"England will soon set him up again," said Constance, confidently. "O papa, what will Miss Vivian say?"

"Why should she say anything?" quietly asked Mrs. Mansfield, who had relapsed into her usual listless manner. "I do not see how his return will affect her."

"Not affect her personally, mamma, perhaps, but it will be like James the Sixth of Scotland coming to England in the lifetime of Queen Elizabeth. Miss Vivian has a perfect horror of heirs in general, and of Leonard in particular."

"Miss Vivian is not likely to have anything to do with him," said Mrs. Mansfield again. "She never troubled herself much about him when he was a boy."

"No, Vivian Mansion was forbidden ground to him then, was it not, mamma?"

"I do not suppose she is likely now to encourage his intercourse any more than formerly," said Mr. Mansfield. "Poor old lady! age does not soften her dislikes."

"Very unfounded dislikes," said Constance. "And she has no real reason for treating him so. Oh, it is nothing but a regular Elizabethan horror of her rightful successor, papa! Isn't it, Mr. Wentworth?"

"Very unlikely that he will ever succeed to her property," said Mr. Mansfield, quietly. "Miss Vivian is at perfect liberty to dispose of it as she will, and I do not think her choice is likely to fall upon Leonard."

"It is a great shame, then," said Constance, rather indignantly. "I suppose Captain Gifford will come in for it, just because he has no right."

"Patience, Constance," said Mr. Mansfield,

with a smile. "We cannot set all the world to rights. You must make allowances for poor Miss Vivian's long lonely life."

"So I do, papa"—only Constance could not help adding, "it is partly her own fault that she is so lonely."

CHAPTER II.

"In her air
There was a something which bespoke command,
As one who was a lady in the land."

Opposite the Rookery Garden, on the other side of the road, were the extensive grounds of Vivian Mansion, the two gates exactly facing one another. The house stood far back amongst fine tall trees; and traces of former grandeur were still visible in the lofty building; but signs of neglect, if not of poverty, were now only too plainly to be seen in all around. Of flowers there were absolutely none, except here and there a hardy rose bush that had survived untended and uncared for, and reared its straggling head among the weeds, brambles, and bushes, which grew in rich luxuriance alike on beds and grass, and even encroached so far upon the damp, green-looking paths, as to make walking in wet weather a matter of some difficulty.

The exterior of the house was quite in keeping with the forlorn condition of the garden. Several of the upper windows contained broken panes of glass, while the front door, and indeed all the wood-work, was so worn, scratched, and knocked about from years of hard usage, and still more of neglect, that a stranger might have doubted whether a coating of paint had ever been laid upon them. Certainly the appearance of it had long since almost vanished.

The house within was dark, forlorn, and gloomy. Many of the rooms were unoccupied, and almost unvisited, being filled with piles of useless lumber, covered profusely with dust and cobwebs. The furniture was all of exceedingly ancient date, massive and ponderous; that of the drawing-room had, once upon a time, been covered with rich crimson damask, but the crimson had faded into a dingy pinkish brown, and the damask was wearing out into large holes. Very few ornaments were in the room, beyond the two or three valuable old pictures that hung upon the walls; and even those were so grim and sombre in character, that they could scarcely be termed ornamental.

The solitary occupant of Vivian Mansion

suit well with the general aspect of things around her. Miss Vivian was evidently far advanced in life; her form was tall but bending, her features thin and sallow, her lips compressed, and there was something painfully hard and chilling in the glance of her hollow dark eyes.

On the day of her introduction to the reader, she was seated in the drawing-room. Her worn, busy, nervous hands were engaged in slowly knitting a thick stocking—for her own wearing. Her dress altogether was plain, and coarse in material.

She had been working thus for a considerable time, when there was a light tap at the door, and she called, "Come in! Is it Bentley?"

The summons was answered by a young girl, about nineteen years of age, tall and fair, with a broad peaceful brow, large gentle brown eyes, and a calm graceful dignity of bearing, rendered still more remarkable by the Quaker-like quietness of her dress. From the straw hat, slightly trimmed with black velvet, down to the brown holland dress, her appearance was one of extreme simplicity, and at the same time of perfect good taste. It was the kind of face and figure to look not only well, but striking, in whatever attire she might choose to present herself.

"Did you want Bentley, Miss Vivian? Shall I call her for you?"

"No, not now," said Miss Vivian, looking up, evidently pleased at the sight of her visitor. "Is Mr. Wentworth coming to see me this morning?"

"I don't know that he intended to do so to-day, Miss Vivian," the young lady replied, seating herself on a low, faded ottoman of elaborate worsted-work, every stitch of which had been done by the hand in days long gone by. "Are you feeling stronger to-day?"

"Very well, thank you. Nothing much is the matter with me," added Miss Vivian, drawing herself up. "In fact I am much stronger than last year. If it were not for the weakness in my ankles, I could walk as far as any one."

"Papa thinks a change to the sea would do you great good, Miss Vivian. I wish you would try it."

"Mr. Wentworth knows nothing about it," returned Miss Vivian, shortly. "How am I to afford anything of that sort, I should like to know? I believe he thinks I am made of money."

"Dear Miss Vivian, if a change is necessary for your health, ought you not to think of it?"

"I tell you I can't afford it. You are as bad as your father, Beatrice, to be always harping on that. And if I could, I would not go. What do I want with the seaside? I leave that to girls like you."

A silence followed, broken by Beatrice.

"Miss Vivian, I wanted to ask you if you had heard the news?"

"What news?" asked Miss Vivian, rather contemptuously. "Some of the town gossip? I thought you were above that, Beatrice."

"Not gossip, Miss Vivian," returned Beatrice, with gentle patience. "It is only that the Mansfields—"

"You know I don't care anything at all about the Mansfields, Beatrice," interrupted Miss Vivian, irately.

"Not even to know when they are happy?" asked Beatrice, quietly.

"What does that matter to me? I have nothing to do with the Mansfields. You will be saying next that they have the claim of relationship, as you are so fond of calling it."

"If they have not, some one else has," said Beatrice, raising her eyes, and fixing them on Miss Vivian's face.

"I tell you, Beatrice, that boy has no claim on me at all," returned Miss Vivian, angrily; "I have told you so a hundred times already. A claim, indeed!"

"Yes, upon your kindness and affection," said Beatrice, gently. "Both you and Captain Vivian have very few relations in the world, and it seems such a pity that you should know so little of one another."

"What do you know of Captain Vivian, Beatrice?" demanded Miss Vivian.

Beatrice smiled.

"I knew him very well as a child, Miss Vivian, and if he has turned out all that he then promised, and all that I now hear he is, you have nothing to be ashamed of in the relationship."

"I never said I was ashamed. I am simply indifferent to him. Besides, you know nothing at all about it, Beatrice," added Miss Vivian, more emphatically. "Nothing whatever! you had a few games of play with him when you were in the nursery, and he was a schoolboy, and what knowledge could that give you of his character? I don't say he is not all you suppose, but you certainly cannot say he is. And whatever he is, it does not concern me in

the least, for I do not intend to have anything to do with him."

Beatrice was silent a minute, and then said, "You don't wish to hear my news, Miss Vivian?"

"Not if it has anything to do with Leonard Vivian."

"Not even if it is that he is coming home?"

"If he is, I have nothing to do with it," resolutely returned Miss Vivian. "Captain Vivian is nothing to me."

"His health has completely broken down," quietly observed Beatrice, as if she had not heard the last remark. "He never was very strong, and he has had attack after attack of fever, until the doctors say he must return to England at once."

No answer. Miss Vivian knitted silently, with firmly-closed lips.

"Constance is so pleased to hear he is coming back," continued Beatrice. "She was very fond of him, I think, as a child, and he was always just like a brother to her. I wish you knew more of Constance, Miss Vivian."

Dead silence; and Miss Vivian's lips were squeezed together till they looked like a mere thin straight line.

"She is such a sweet bright creature, and always so loving and happy. I don't think I ever saw such full, ready sympathy in any one, except her father; and she is just like him."

"Mr. Mansfield is a spendthrift," said Miss Vivian, shortly.

Beatrice shook her head.

"You would not say that if you really knew him, Miss Vivian."

"I know him well by character; quite as well as you do. He is a regular spendthrift, Beatrice; throws away crowns and sovereigns to whoever takes the trouble to ask for them, and is on the high road to beggary. I have no patience with such weakness."

Beatrice could not suppress a quiet laugh. The idea of beggary seemed so extremely absurd in connexion with the Rookery, and its comforts and elegancies. And weakness! Mr. Mansfield, with his gentlemanly dignity of manner, and his fine noble character and prince-like generosity, to be termed *weak*! She smiled again at the thought.

"You may laugh, Beatrice, but some day you will find my words to be true. However, I have nothing to do with Mr. Mansfield, and his actions are of no consequence to me."

This was the usual *refrain*, when either the Mansfields or Captain Vivian were under dis-

cussion, and Beatrice was now so accustomed to the oft-repeated remark, as hardly to heed it when it recurred.

"But, Miss Vivian, if Mr. Mansfield can afford it, why should he not give to those who need help? I don't think there is anything that I admire more than such generosity as his. He can never bear to see any one in want without giving relief in one shape or another."

"Just my idea of Mr. Mansfield,—weak and easily led," said Miss Vivian in a tone of satisfaction.

Beatrice's soft brown eyes, downcast and glistening with feeling, were raised with something very like a flash of indignation.

"Mr. Mansfield is anything but that, Miss Vivian. As to being easily led, I don't believe any one in the world could lead him into doing what he knew to be wrong. He is generous on principle, as well as by nature."

Miss Vivian's brow clouded. Beatrice's remarks sounded rather like a tacit reproach upon herself. She said nothing, but worked resolutely at her stockings. Presently Beatrice spoke again in her usual placid tone,

"So you will not welcome poor Captain Vivian home, Miss Vivian? Not after he has been so ill?"

"Captain Vivian is nothing to me, and never will be," decisively returned Miss Vivian. "If you cannot talk about anything else but that family to-day, Beatrice, I should much prefer to be alone. The subject does not interest me."

"I am afraid the other subject upon which I wished to speak to you, will not please you much more, Miss Vivian."

"Then you had better keep it to yourself," returned Miss Vivian, who was entirely devoid of the weakness of curiosity; "I have no wish for any more unpleasant discussions."

"But I am going to ask you, notwithstanding," said Beatrice, with gentle persistence. "I want some help for a poor family in Rookdale, in my district. They are in wretched circumstances, and have no friends to help them. I am trying to raise a subscription for them. You will contribute something this once, Miss Vivian, will you not?"

"Not a penny!" was the resolute answer. "You know my opinion on that subject, Beatrice, a great deal too well, to expect me to do anything of the sort."

"But this is not careless giving, without knowing whether it will do good or harm, Miss Vivian. They are as honest and steady as they

are poor; and it is their misfortune, not their fault, that they need help."

"It is all the same. The poor are a thankless, ungrateful, undeserving set, and I will have nothing to do with them. I have told you so already, dozens of times, Beatrice."

"I hoped you might change your mind," said Beatrice, rather sorrowfully. "I wish you could see something of them, Miss Vivian, or that I could convince you of your mistake. For indeed you are mistaken in thinking that *all* the poor are like that. Some of them of course are thankless and undeserving, just as some among the rich are the same, but many of them are really deserving of help. And even when they are not, it seems to me only a stronger reason for not leaving them to themselves. The only hope for them, then, is to lead them to better things."

"If they are so foolish as to like to make away with their money in drink, let them," said Miss Vivian, shortly. "They harm no one but themselves."

"No one? O Miss Vivian, the poor wives and children!"

"The wives and children are as bad as the men."

Beatrice shook her head.

"Oh, no! but even if they are, then there is only the more reason for their being sought out and helped, Miss Vivian. And if nothing is done with the children, what can we expect but that they will grow up just like their parents."

"Of course they will," said Miss Vivian. "And if you spend a hundred pounds on each of them, it will make no difference. My money is not going to be spent in such useless work. Besides, I cannot afford it. You had better apply to your dear Mr. Mansfield."

"I intend doing so, but one person cannot give enough for a case like this, Miss Vivian."

"You need not come to me then, Beatrice. My mind was made up long ago, and I am too old to change it."

Beatrice rose from the ottoman.

"I will not press you any more then, Miss Vivian, though I am sorry you will not help me. But it is not my place to dictate to you what to do with your money," she added, with a smile. "You must forgive me for being rather warm on the subject. I must go now, or I shall hardly be back in time for dinner, but I will come again if I can to-morrow, and stay rather longer."

Miss Vivian's good-bye was cooler than usual.

Beatrice left the room, passed out of the house through the wild tangled wilderness of the garden, and reached the road. At the opposite gate stood Constance, evidently watching for her; and she came out to meet her with a merry smile.

"I was sure I had seen you go in, Beatrice, and I have been waiting for you to reappear. How is Queen Elizabeth?"

Beatrice shook her head slightly, with half-grave reproof.

"No other name suits her so well," persisted Constance. "Except indeed that 'good Queen Bess' was as lavish upon her own personal comforts and adornments, as she was stingy about every one else, while Miss Vivian is quite as much of a miser with regard to herself as to others."

"Poor Miss Vivian!" was all Beatrice said.

"But, Beatrice, what is the reason? She is rich enough to afford anything she liked. Why does she live in that close miserly fashion, not even mending her broken windows, or having those formidable stinging-nettles cleared away from her garden? What is she hoarding up the money for?"

"I don't know. I do not suppose she has any real reason. The love of saving amounts almost to a monomania in some people. Poor old lady! hers has been a sad and dreary life, I should think."

"But she might find plenty of interests, and friends too, if she chose, Beatrice. It is partly her own choice. How did she take the news of Leonard's coming home?"

Beatrice hesitated an instant.

"I do not think she intends to see any more of him than formerly. Indeed, she said decidedly that she should not."

"But, Beatrice, don't you think it is a shame?" cried Constance, indignantly. "She ought to know him—she ought to leave her money to him."

"Mr. Mansfield always says we have nothing to do with that," said Beatrice, quietly.

"No—only it is a family estate, although it did not come to Miss Vivian from her father, and is not entailed, but it ought to descend next to Leonard. Indeed, I believe it was the particular wish of Miss Vivian's old uncle, who left it to her, that it should descend in the direct line of succession, though he took no means to secure it, and left Miss Vivian at perfect liberty to do what she liked with it."

"Captain Vivian is her cousin, is he not?"

asked Beatrice. "I never quite understand the exact relationship."

"I'll explain it to you. There were three brothers, you know; and Miss Vivian is the daughter of the eldest. The property did not come to her from him, but, as I said just now, from some old uncle—ancient he must have been, it was so long ago. Then the second brother had one son, John Vivian, who married a Miss Leonora Johnson. Leonard was their child, named as nearly as possible after her. His father died almost immediately after his birth; and about two years later, as you know, his mother was married to papa. You have heard all that, and how she only lived a few months after her second marriage, and then died, leaving Leonard under papa's care. Papa has always felt for him like a father. Leonard was six or seven years old before papa married again. Mamma was very fond of him too, I think, though he certainly was rather a trouble to her at times."

"There is another cousin, is there not?" asked Beatrice. "Captain—what is his name?"

"Captain Gifford. Yes. He is the grandson of the third brother, and next in succession to Leonard. Miss Vivian has no other relations

living. She threatens, I believe, to leave all to him, and nothing to Leonard. The only thing is that she has such an Elizabethan horror of making her will, that she may put off doing so for years. To be sure, it was said that at the time Leonard's mother married papa, she was so angry with her for doing so—though no one could imagine why—that she made a will there and then, leaving everything to Captain Gifford, who was a little boy at the time. But that is so very long ago, that it is not likely to be still in existence. Having such a hatred of wills, she most likely threw it into the fire the first time she happened to come across it."

"Is Captain Gifford older than Captain Vivian?"

"Three or four years. I have never seen him, you know, since he was quite a boy—and a very disagreeable one too, so far as I can remember; but I am in no hurry for another meeting. The longer his regiment stays abroad, the better. I musn't go farther than this corner with you, Beatrice, as I promised mamma to be back directly. Good-bye!" and Constance sped lightly back through the dusty lane into the Rookery garden.

LIVES THAT SPEAK.

SECOND SERIES.

VII.—SIR EDWIN LANDSEER, R.A.

SIR EDWIN LANDSEER is unquestionably the greatest modern painter of animals. In many respects he is unsurpassed, if equalled, by the painters of any time. Sentiment and pathos, quiet humour and sharp satire, were never before so evoked by representations of animal nature; and the accompaniments in his paintings are almost as invariably delineated as admirably as are the animals themselves.

Our readers will be interested in a brief sketch of the career of this illustrious member of the English school of artists; and we are glad to be able to accompany our sketch with engravings from two of his most telling paintings—specimens of his marvellous genius and executive skill.

Sir Edwin Landseer was born in London in April, 1802. He is the son of John Landseer, a celebrated line-engraver. Whilst a child, he displayed an extraordinary aptitude for draw-

ing, and his taste was sedulously cultivated by his father, who himself instructed him, and as soon as he had acquired a little certainty of eye and hand, took him into the fields and commons to sketch the living animals (for which his inclination was, from the first, very decided) in their natural state, instead of copying prints or drawings. Of his precocity, proofs may be seen at the South Kensington Museum, where, in the collection of drawings, are exhibited copies made by him in pencil at the age of five, and sketches from life of the heads of horses, dogs, &c., made when from seven to ten years old.

At the age of fourteen he began to contribute to the annual exhibitions. At sixteen, an oil painting by him of "Dogs Fighting" was a leading attraction at the Spring Gardens Exhibition; it was purchased by Sir George Beaumont, the well-known amateur, and was engraved by Mr. Landseer, sen. This was

followed by a portrait of a "Newfoundland Dog with a Rabbit in his mouth," the size of life.

When he was eighteen, he painted his celebrated picture of the "Dogs of St. Gothard discovering a Traveller in the Snow." This was engraved by his father, who thus expressed his opinion of its merits in an early announcement: "Edwin Landseer has an exquisite picture on hand, the best he has painted, and by far the most interesting. It is two Mount St. Gothard mastiffs discovering a poor traveller half buried in the snow. The subject is very touching, and we have not the slightest doubt of its making a great impression." The anticipation was fully realized. The painting eclipsed in popularity all his previous efforts, and when engraved became one of the most popular prints of the day.

But neither the popularity nor the precocity of the already illustrious painter led him to neglect the labour which could alone ensure permanent success. He had been a student in the Royal Academy, and he now sought assistance in his studies from Haydon, one of the best teachers though least successful artists of the day. Under his guidance, Landseer made many dissections of animals, including a lion, which died rather opportunely for the young painter's purpose, and of which he made a large number of careful drawings.

In 1826, as soon as he was of the prescribed age (twenty-four), Landseer was elected Associate of the Royal Academy; and in 1830, Academician. He had by this time cast off the dryness of manner and minuteness of imitation which marked his early efforts, and adopted the large and masculine style of treatment which stamp so characteristic an expression on all but the earliest of his works.

For the period of upwards of forty years, during which he has occupied so prominent a place in the public eye, Landseer's popularity has never waned. From the very extent of his popularity, however, one serious evil has arisen, the occupation of a large proportion of his time in the production of pictures that might have been as well supplied by a feeble hand—the mere portraits of favourite horses, dogs, and monkeys.

His more important works embrace a large number of Highland subjects—scenes in which deer are the principal actors—as in his wonderful "Children of the Mist;" "Coming Events," "Night," and "Morning;" "Deer Stalking," or "The Return from Deer Stalk-

ing." In others of this class, there is a touch of human interest, as in the "Drover's Departure;" "Flood in the Highlands;" and the "Shepherd's Chief Mourner," one of the most pathetic pictures of this character ever painted.

It is needless to say, Landseer has painted dogs of all kinds as dogs were never painted before, from the noble bloodhound and Newfoundland dog, down to the scrubbiest little terrier, or the sleekest of King Charles' spaniels, with the exactest appreciation of every shade of inward character and outward covering. Each dog has its own expression: sadness, misery, satisfaction, and drollery, the passions and the feelings, the hopes and the fears, are shown to belong as much almost to the countenance of a dog as of a man. Our Frontispiece, "Dignity and Impudence," which we have ventured to regard as equally significant of "Home Defence, but not Defence," and the accompanying engraving of "The Guard," will serve to exemplify this. In the latter, the surrounding circumstances are all significant. The large yard-dog acts as double guard, watching the cloak, hat, and walking-stick of the master, and, at the same time, protecting the little lapdog from the threatened attack of the lively King Charles. One seems almost to surmise from the picture the habits, the age, and the character of the master. The position of each dog—the listening ear, the side glances of the eye, we were about to say the wakeful hair and poise of the recumbent watcher, are inimitable, because perfectly natural. Looking at these dogs, we really lose all recollection of pen or pencil.

Landseer has been equally happy with almost every other domestic animal; and he has certainly gone far beyond any predecessor in the power he possesses of linking the expression of animal character with some human sentiment, as in the "Death of the Roe;" the "Old Shepherd's Chief Mourner;" "Laying down the Law;" "Alexander and Diogenes;" "High and Low Life." In these and other instances he has shown how animal character and the incidents of animal life may be rendered capable of dramatic treatment in a picture, and become susceptible of the keenest expression of pathos or of humour.

As a master of the technicalities and the mechanism of painting, Landseer also excels. His facility and dexterity of hand are almost marvellous. He has been known to paint complete, from first outlining to the last touch of

the brush, and of the size of life, a dog and birds, the head and body of a fallow deer, and a fox examining a trap, in a couple of hours, and yet in neither instance having any appearance of incompleteness. But this rapidity of execution is not discoverable in his greater works. It is noticeable, however, that he has seldom, if ever, painted an animal in decided

Shepherd's Chief Mourner," and "The Drover's Departure"—one of his most elaborate and carefully finished works.

Sir Edwin was knighted by the Queen in 1850, and received at the French Exhibition of 1855 the only large gold medal awarded to an English painter.

Whilst fully recognizing the peculiar gift of



THE GUARD. (Page 23.)

[From Sir Edwin Landseer's *Paintings*]

movement; it is always in repose, or at the moment of arrested action.

Our National Collections are rich in Landseer's works. Fourteen of them will be found in the National Gallery (including "A Dialogue at Waterloo," "Comus," "High and Low Life," "War and Peace," and "Alexander and Diogenes"), and sixteen are in the Sheepshanks Collection, among which are the exquisite "Old

extraordinary genius which has so distinguished the subject of this sketch, it is especially noteworthy that his fame has not been achieved without the exercise of persevering diligence, and an entire devotedness to his professional labours. As Sir Joshua Reynolds taught, "He who is resolved to excel must go to his work, willing or unwilling, morning, noon, and night; he will find it no play, but very hard

labour." He who would be an artist must let the morning sun light up his canvas, and the evening lamp shine on his model of clay. Michael Angelo never ceased to work—not even when all Europe rang with the fame of the sculptor of the sublime "Moses." His favourite device, an old man in a go-cart, with an hour-glass upon it, inscribed *Ancora imparo*, "I am still learning," illustrates the noble idea he had conceived of the needfulness of constant labour. So with the great Titian; he was emphatically a *worker*, and is said to have been occupied seven years upon his picture of the "Last Supper."

Genius alone will not achieve success. The artistic power which enabled Landseer to complete some of his pictures so rapidly, indicated

much previous labour spent in its acquisition. "Why do you charge me fifty crowns," said a Venetian signor to a sculptor, "for a bust that only cost you ten days' labour?" "Because" replied the artist, "I was ten years learning to do my work in ten days." The lesson, tersely given, may serve to guard us against forming an erroneous estimate of the elements of character which are, humanly speaking, essential in order to success. Neither talent nor genius, neither brilliancy of imagination nor accuracy of judgment, can supply the place of resolute perseverance and constant labour.

"Never yet was good accomplished
Without hand and thought."

C. A. H. B.

LITTLE EARS.

BY MRS. S. C. HALL.

BEFORE I commence my story for little ears, I cannot avoid saying a word or two to those *whose duty* it is to take care that little ears grow without being contaminated. If the eye of a mother rests upon this page, I would simply beg her to recall the days of her own childhood: let her think how many things she heard which she ought *not* to have heard; and call to mind how much happier she would have been, and how many prejudices she would have avoided, if her parents, friends, or attendants had been more cautious of their conversation in her presence. Memory is of earlier and more rapid growth than reason: children will remember when they cannot argue; but then, as their reason develops, they will recall what they have heard, and argue upon it after their own fashion.

"You punish me, mamma, for eating apples, when you say no," said a child of five years old to her mother, a few weeks past, before me; "you forget how you eat apples *your own self*, when you were little girl."

"I eat apples when I was a little girl!" exclaimed the mother, "How do you know whether I did or not?"

"You tell papa, many days ago, how you stole them, tiptoe, out of your *Gan-mamma's* closet window, and she never found you out; why you beat little Sarah for what you do your own self?"

The poor mother explained to the child that *she* had been wrong and naughty, and all that, and said much to do away the impression her words had evidently made: a great deal she said which her little girl could not understand—though she smiled at the idea of "mamma's" having been naughty "like little Sarah," and with that smile "mamma" lost a portion of her influence; her child seemed to think it a sort of excuse for her own misdemeanour. Her mother sincerely regretted her want of caution, but said, what I hope *you* will not say, "It is very true, Mrs. Hall, but it is *so hard to be always on one's guard*." Granted, lady, it is hard to be always on your guard; but it is, nevertheless, your duty to be so—one of the many important duties that devolved upon you when you became a mother—perhaps the *most* important, for on early, I had almost written on *infantine*, impressions depends the conduct, the character, the happiness, temporal and eternal, of your child. The poor mother who pays twopence a day to have her child taken care of while she labours to earn its daily bread, performs her duty to the extent of her knowledge, not to the extent of her feelings; for, amid all her toils, her heart yearns towards her offspring, and now, since the establishment of infant schools, she can leave it in comparative safety. But I address you, well-born, accomplished, if not well-educated, women; rich in the good things of this world; rich in the gifts that

many covet, of children born to perpetuate your name, your rank. If by any neglect of yours—if by an unpardonable negligence, your children receive wrong and dangerous *first impressions*, believe me, you ensure to yourselves anxious maturity, neglected old age, and the reproaches of your own conscience. I must not be told of "the claims of society," of "engagements," of other duties: a well-arranged *ménage* will provide for all; and if you are careful yourself, your governess, your nurse, will become careful also: you may soon discover, at all events, whether such is or is not the case. The less children see of strangers, until their *first impressions* are made, the better; the ease of manner, which I know many mothers are most anxious their children should possess at a very early period of life, is a sad exchange for the bad impressions which children's balls, and coming in to the desert "when there is company," cannot fail to give. But I must go on, or I should be tempted to write an essay on the effect of first impressions, instead of a story. I can, therefore, only entreat *both* parents to watch their words in the presence of their children, and to bear in mind that little ears have a decided propensity for remembering what they ought not to remember.

LITTLE EARS.

"Oh, never mind what you say before Miss Lucy," said Mrs. Martha, the nurse, to Aggy, the nurse-maid; "never mind what you say before Miss Lucy, she has such *little ears*, that she cannot remember anything."

"Little ears are sometimes sharp," replied the observant maid to the careless nurse, "and she always looks as if she was listening."

"Play with your doll, there's a dear; and here is the butterfly-toy: toss the butterflies, my love—sweet-tempered little miss she is, to be sure! And to think of all the money she'll have—an heiress in her own right! I don't suppose that there will be any brothers to live; she's first and best, the precious one; though my lady has had three since."

"And will soon perhaps have another," observed the maid.

"Oh, I am sure I hope not," cried the nurse; "what would become of dear Miss Lucy then? *If she had a little brother now, she ought to hate him, for he would take the very bread out of her mouth!*"

Poor little Lucy heard this, though she had *little ears*, and tossed the butterflies or played

with her doll all the time. She had not *sense* enough to know that the nurse who had made the observation was an ignorant woman, but she had *memory* enough to remember it long after nurse Delay had left her nursing.

"Come here, my little darling. Oh, how lovely she is, Lady Emily!" exclaimed one of her mamma's friends, as Lucy entered the drawing-room. Though old enough to know better, she was, I am sorry to say, a very vain, silly woman: Lady Emily Elmore knew this; and knowing, also, how very apt little girls are to believe what people say to them only from a desire to please their papas and mammas, she replied, "Hush, my dear madam; Lucy is a very good little girl—that is better than being handsome, you know; and indeed I do not think her handsome by any means. Here, Lucy, take Carlo to the window, and play with him." Lucy did as she was desired—she took Carlo to the window, and played with him; but she did more; she listened, with greater attention than she would have done to her lessons, to what the vain, silly lady said of her beauty. She heard that her eyes were blue, that her skin was delicate, and her hair "superb;" and she saw in an opposite mirror that all this was true; and then she heard the foolish old lady declare, in an undertone, which, however, was quickly caught by little ears, that "beauty such as that sweet child's *ought to command anything*:" and so, not understanding exactly what she meant, but pleased, poor silly child! with the idea of being beautiful and fit to command, she resolved to order, and not request, the servants, in future, to do what she required.

"Miss Elmore is so exceedingly clever," said her music-master, in a low tone of voice, to Lady Emily, which only served to quicken the child's attention, who was at the further end of the drawing-room, looking out some music—"Miss Elmore is so exceedingly clever, that she can learn in fifteen minutes what will take other young ladies thirty."

Poor Lucy was too young to comprehend that the music-master wished to secure Lady Emily's patronage by praising her daughter; and she was too well pleased with the praise to note the correctness of her mother's reply.

"She is quick," said Lady Emily, "but she is careless; so that her quickness is of little use." Lucy remembered the commendation, because it saved her what she disliked—trouble; and

neglected her mother's comment, because she saw it was intended for her ear.

* * * * *

Lucy was very apt to fly into (for a little girl) very violent passions, and her good mamma always reproved her, and punished her as she deserved. She was getting the better of this wicked habit, and had really succeeded, once or twice, in conquering herself, when she heard a gentleman say, with reference to some person he had been speaking of,

"I always laugh at his passions, he is so very goodnatured: kind-hearted people are always passionate."

"Oh, oh!" said little ears, "then I need not take so much pains to conquer my passion: kind-hearted people are always passionate, and nurse says I'm very goodnatured!"

* * * * *

Lucy continued to grow in strength and personal beauty, until, when she was about twelve years old, Lady Emily Elmore presented her husband with what, though he loved his daughter very dearly, he had long desired—a son and heir. How happy I have seen some children made by the birth of a new brother or sister; how delighted have they been when the careful nurse uncovered the dear little rosy face, that each might have a peep; how they have kissed its little pudsey hands, and lifted the borders of its cap to ascertain if its hair was brown or black; how have they been disappointed at finding that what there was did not curl; and how have they watched and waited for its eyes to open, some declaring they were black, others voting them blue, while, like the chameleon, when they were fairly opened, behold! they were neither one nor other.

I am sorry for it, but truth must be told; when Lucy heard that she had a living brother, she turned so pale, that her faithful servant, Aggy, who had remained with her from her birth, exclaimed, "Oh, Miss Lucy, are you ill? but perhaps it is only joy." Lucy made no reply. She rushed from the house, across the lawn into the park, until she sank down, from fatigue, upon a bank; at last she covered her face with her hands, and burst into tears. She continued weeping for some time, until a kind hand pressed her shoulder, and, looking up, she saw her father standing by her side. It was evening, the joy-bells of the village church were ringing, and as she gazed through the trees, she perceived that the villagers had

already set a huge bonfire blazing, in commemoration of the event which filled her with so much sorrow—the shouts of her father's tenants rang upon her ear. She threw herself upon his knee, and while he tenderly inquired the cause of her tears, and upbraided her with not sharing in the joy which animated all hearts at her mother's safety, and her brother's birth, she exclaimed passionately, "What! rejoice at the birth of one *'who will take the bread out of my mouth!'*"

Her father was struck with horror at such an idea occurring to one so young, at such a time. He was not aware that little ears had heard, and the young mind remembered, what the careless nurse had spoken; that tares had sprung up with the corn; and that, while Lucy's beauty had grown, envy against an unborn child, and that child her own brother, had grown with it. A few moments' reflection convinced Mr. Elmore that this feeling must have existed for some time; and as the mode of expressing that feeling was vulgar, he concluded rightly that the impression had been made in Lucy's early childhood. He questioned her, and she told the truth; he then reasoned with her, and Lucy was not unreasonable; but the *early impression* could not be so readily effaced. To do her justice, she struggled with herself; she tried to love the little innocent that smiled in her face; but the worse than foolish words which little ears had caught before her understanding was capable of knowing that God would not send a brother unless it was right and fitting so to do—the foolish words would recur to her memory, and create anew the envious desire that a brother had not been born. I cannot tell you the misery this disposition of hers caused her parents; how they wept over it; how affectionately they reasoned with her; and how bitterly Lady Emily regretted having left her child, at five years old, to the almost sole care of nurse Delay. Aggy told Lady Emily that she remembered perfectly the time when the words were spoken. "But I am sure, my lady," she added, "I had no idea Miss Lucy would have thought them over."

The dislike Lucy felt to her dear little brother was not the only prejudice she had to struggle against; indeed, her life was one perpetual struggle, from the wrong impressions she had taken hold of in her early youth. What a great deal of reproof and misery would have been spared her if she had attended more to the counsel of her mother, and less to the foolish chatter of persons who only sought to

fool and flatter a really clever and pretty child; not, certainly, from a desire to injure her, but from an idle and careless method of talking. Lucy knew that she was handsome. A beautiful face is a delightful thing to look at; it is one of the gifts of God, and consequently must not be despised, nor must it be overvalued.

There are few of my young friends who have not gathered roses and dahlias, in their respective seasons—gathered them, and put them in water to preserve their freshness. The dahlia has no fragrance: it blossoms—it withers—it dies; its leaves lose their beauty, and you hasten to throw them from you. But I know little girls who carefully save the leaves of the rose, and place them in china jars, with salt and spicery; and the sweet perfume of the flower remains after its *external* beauty is decayed: so you see that the rose possesses a double charm—it pleases the eye, it delights the smell; when its beauty is gone, its fragrance remains. Now understand, or try to understand me, little maids: goodness will be to you, in your old age, what perfume is to the rose—it will remain when your personal attractions have been stolen away, one by one, by the hand of Time.

Oh, how disappointed both you and I should feel if, when we tried to inhale the perfume of a lovely moss-rose, we found it scentless! Believe me, pretty ones, the disappointment is greater when we look at a handsome face combined with an unamiable mind.

When Lucy found she was no longer an heiress, she consoled herself with the idea of being a beauty. This notion came into her head with great vigour when she had attained her fourteenth year. Alas! what little ears had heard when Lucy was about seven, occurred strongly to her remembrance. The vain old lady had said, that "*beauty such as hers ought to command anything*;" so she thought that now, as she could not be an heiress in her own right, she would be a duchess, or a countess at least. Why should she not marry a duke or an earl? Had not the old lady said, "*beauty such as hers could command anything*"? I am sorry to say that, as Lucy grew up, this opinion became confirmed. Lady Emily's health was delicate, and Mr. Elmore much from home; so Lucy acquired a habit of commanding, which was anything but proper or lady-like. She was so absorbed by the idea that she *was* a beauty, and consequently born to command, that she almost forgot she *had been* an heiress; and Lady Emily rejoiced exceed-

ingly at her increased kindness to her brother. Alas! it was only the effect of one bad impression triumphing over another; for Lucy did not struggle as she might have done against that which the nurse's ignorant observation had produced.

Although Lucy, as I have said, was singularly beautiful, she had little beyond mere beauty to recommend her. When application was really necessary, she remembered that her music-master had said, "*She can learn in fifteen minutes what would take others thirty*;" and thinking frequently of this foolish commendation, she neglected her instructors and her lessons. "I can *pull it up* some other time," she would say, when idleness or pleasure tempted her from her studies. "I can *pull it up* in half the time that it would take any other girl to get through so much." Poor Lucy! she said this so often, that at last she did not give half, no, nor quarter the time her too flattering teachers deemed necessary. The result may be easily imagined.

But of all the injudicious speeches which little ears had heard, none operated so much against the comfort of her family, and against her own happiness, as the fatal observation which Lucy not only treasured, but often quoted, that "Kind-hearted people are always passionate." Had this been said when she was sixteen or eighteen, her observation would have taught her its danger and its injustice; but it became impressed upon her mind at such an early age, and was so convenient a way of apologizing for her frequent bursts of violence, that her disposition was really injured by it.

When Lucy was seventeen, her little brother had attained his fifth year. And though, partly from a changed motive, and still more (for I must do her justice) from a desire to overcome that envy which she knew was wicked, and which caused her dear parents so much misery, she entertained towards him the affection of a sister, yet the poor child frequently suffered from her vanity, her idleness, and her violence. You wonder how a child could suffer from a sister's vanity. I will tell you: vanity hardens the heart into selfishness, and selfishness makes us think principally, if not entirely, of ourselves. Selfish persons will hardly be troubled to render necessary civilities to their acquaintances, much less the kindnesses which those who are good and amiable love to give and to receive. Lucy's vanity had rendered her selfish; and this prevented her seeking to

amuse, to please, to instruct the pale, delicate boy, who often kissed her cheek, clung round her neck, and wished that his sister would "love him." Poor little fellow! those who love themselves a *great deal* have seldom much love to bestow on others. An idle sister is a sad plague to either young brothers or young sisters. Industry does not consist only in hemming and stitching—that is only a portion of industry, and one which there would be no necessity for a young lady circumstanced like Miss Elmore to practise; but idleness is never prompt, never kindly, never active, never animated, except perhaps in words. We may plan all things; but idleness, if indulged, prevents our doing anything. I am not quite sure that you will understand me when I tell you that it is the moral ivy of the mind which prevents the sap from flowing through the tree, and destroys what it embraces. Lucy was too idle ever to try to please her brother.

I almost fear to tell you of the dreadful effects of her temper: how the servants dreaded her; how her mother mourned over her; and how frequently she made that little pale boy feel the influence of her petulance and anger. One day she had flown into a passion with Theodore (so was her brother called) for letting some water fall over a drawing she had finished; and in her violence struck him a blow with a ruler on his arm. Theodore ran screaming to his father's library, where Lady Emily was reading to Mr. Elmore: the blow told its own tale—it was burning red on his thin white arm. Lucy was summoned; and when she came, anger was in her father's eyes, and sorrow in the eyes of her mother.

"You said, the day he was born," said her father sternly, "that he would take the bread out of your mouth: you are resolved this shall not be the case, Lucy; you will murder the boy one of these days, in your wicked passion."

"No, no," said Lady Emily, pitying her dismay at this sad reproof; "no, no; you should not reproach her for what is past; she has improved since then. It is her violence I complain of. Ay, Lucy, you may shed tears, now that your temper has been exhausted; but tears will not heal your mother's heart when you have broken it!"

Lucy promised amendment; but, with the selfish, to promise and to perform do not mean the same thing. Time passed on—Lucy's brightest dreams as to the power of her beauty were about to be realized—Lucy Elmore was to be married to a nobleman of large fortune—

one so considerably above herself, that her mother was astonished at what was called her good fortune. In her triumph she remembered the vain silly old lady's observation that "Beauty such as hers could command anything;" and she thought the vain lady had not been so very silly.

However, Lucy's prospect of carriages, and diamonds, and magnificence, was never realized. The nobleman overheard her in a tremendous passion with her faithful maid Aggy; and, beautiful though she was, he thought—and I confess I think he thought wisely—that a sweet temper will bestow much loveliness on a plain face, but that violence would destroy the most beautiful before its time. Lucy's ambitious views were destroyed; and she had the mortification of knowing that the *cause* was talked of throughout the country. But this was not the only trial she had to encounter before she attained her twentieth year. Lady Emily, her kind, too kind mother, was dying. As she stole one morning softly into her sick-room, she heard her say to her father, who was kneeling by her bedside,

"Oh, how I have prayed that Lucy might be made less violent—different from what she is; and my misery is increased by tracing back to her quick and intelligent childhood the small roots from which her habits, her evil habits, sprung. I charge you, Elmore, guard our boy from such contamination. God knows how, taught by experience, I have watched over him; and to think that my chief cause of dread on his account has been the example of his beautiful sister! Oh, Lucy, Lucy! I have been well punished for having set my heart on things below. My own child has strewn my couch with thorns, and steeped my bread in bitterness."

But Lucy heard no more; she escaped from the room to the solitude of her own chamber. Her faults rose in gaunt array before her—she wept—she prayed—she resolved. She entreated God to strengthen that resolve—and it *was strengthened*. She rose from her knees; she listened for her father's step upon the stair, that she might throw herself by her mother's side, and assure her that hereafter she would be—oh, how different! She trusted she would believe her; she knew she was sincere. Suddenly, instead of the stealthy step she looked for, the bell of her mother's chamber pealed loudly through the house. She rushed to the room, only in time to hear the bursting sobs of her father as he hung over the dead body of her mother! Can you imagine what Lucy felt?

I think not. I should be almost sorry you could. Her beloved parent, then, had died believing in her unworthiness, in her selfishness, in her violence; she had given her no blessing; she had said that she feared her example would contaminate her brother!

My dear young friends, I am sure you pity Lucy. She continually repeated, "If I could but have told her my resolve—could but have known that she forgave and blessed me—I think, as it is God's will, I might be resigned; but now——"

Lucy lay long in the fitful ravings of a brain fever; and as she slowly recovered, her little pale brother would steal, day after day, into her chamber with fruit and flowers, which he had gathered for her pleasure, and lay them in her lap, and look up in her face with a sad, sweet smile—so like his mother's smile, that Lucy loved, really loved him more and more every hour. Her father, too, would come and sit and gaze on her till his eyes filled with tears; and then Lucy would grow very, very sorrowful, for she said within herself, "My father is thinking of the last words my mother spoke."

When she regained a portion of her strength, she resolved to tell her father what she had heard in her mother's room the morning of her death; and to ask him to watch her narrowly for one year, and then judge whether or not her determination to amend could be depended on. "By that time," she said, "he will have deeds, not mere words, to trust to."

Lucy had undertaken a task of no small magnitude. To control vanity, overcome idleness, and subdue a violent temper, is by no means an easy task. Bitter were her mortifications—most severe her struggles; but in the end, by the help of God, she did conquer. When I think of the length of time she suffered from the evil impressions little ears are so prone to receive: when I remember the difficulties which *self-love* constantly threw in her path, I do not despair of any one's reform—for reform it may assuredly be called.

Despite the beauty which, you may remember, the vain old lady so highly praised, Lucy Elmore is at this moment an old maid!—an old maid without envy—an industrious old maid—an old maid of a calm and gentle temper. I saw her the other day, with one of her brother's children upon her knee, and another playing at her feet; and I talked with her over the faults and follies of her youth. She told me that she felt the greatest pleasure in guarding those two lovely children from the contamination from which she had suffered; and she assured me that her brother's young and beautiful wife assisted her in the task. She has another pleasure: surrounded as she is by servants, she is the unwearied nurse during her aged father's frequent indisposition. "He has been some years," she said, "convinced of the sincerity of my resolves by the proof of my actions." And she added, "I should be, though an old maid, as happy as the twenty-first of June is long, if I could efface from my remembrance the picture of my mother's death-bed!"

COAL FIELDS.

THE extent of the coal-fields of France is 864,850 acres, and their annual production about ten-million of tons. The coal-fields of the British Isles are four times as extensive as those of France, and they produce nearly nine times as much coal annually. The difference will appear the more striking when we remember that France is nearly twice the size of the British Isles. Our coal-fields are ten times the area of those of Belgium, which produce exactly the same quantity as those of France. The Spanish coal-fields are the least productive of any in Europe, yielding about one ton per acre, while those of Belgium average twenty-six tons per acre. Here, again, there is a striking contrast in the extent of the

two countries, Spain having an area of 196,000 square miles, while Belgium has only 11,366 square miles. The coal-fields of France, Belgium, Prussia, Saxony, Austria, Bohemia, and Spain are together one-half less than those of the British Isles, and their united productions bear even a smaller proportion. The most extensive coal-fields in the world are those of North America, which cover 74,130,000 acres; but even those, though they are nearly twenty times the size of our own, do not produce one-fourth of the coal; indeed, it is probable that the annual produce of the coal-fields of the British Isles amounts to more than half the coal produce of the entire globe.

Science, Art, and History.

OUR SKETCH-BOOK ABROAD.

I.—THE ARCTIC REGIONS—SIR JOHN FRANKLIN'S EXPEDITIONS.



IT is well known that for many years past, the whole civilized world has had its interest much attracted toward the Arctic Regions in consequence of the lamentable issue of the last Franklin expedition. The labours of Great Britain to discover what had become of her lost children, and the sums of money devoted to that purpose (no less than £2,000,000 sterling) stand unparalleled in past history.

Expedition after expedition has been sent out vainly as to the recovery of these brave men. True, some discoveries were made, and certain relics and information brought to England by Dr. Rae, in 1854, which gave a clue as to where the missing navigators might possibly be found; but not until Captain M'Clintock, of the British navy, in the spring of 1859, visited Boothia and King William's Land, was anything for certain known. Then, at last, we

were positively assured of the locality where these martyrs to science had been, when, as a discovered document proved, the ships were abandoned, and the majority of the crews had taken to the shore.

It is not our purpose to give in detail, and at length, a narrative of Sir John Franklin's expeditions with a view to the discovery of a north-west passage. But a general sketch of leading circumstances may be interesting to the reader, and serve to introduce in succeeding papers a series of engravings illustrative of Life in the Arctic Regions and amongst the Esquimaux.

Franklin's first land expedition, in 1819, was intended to supplement and, if possible, assist that of Parry by sea. It was attended with an amount of danger and suffering which might well have daunted any men not animated with the spirit of thoroughbred English seamen. We may judge of the deprivations they endured from a fact recorded in the diary kept during the expedition:—

"A partridge shot by one of the party, after being held to the fire, was divided into six portions, and ravenously devoured—the first animal food which had been tasted for thirty-one days."

Several of the men expired of utter exhaustion, and Franklin and three other survivors were reduced to a fearful state, mentally as well as physically:—

"They were so thin, that to lie on the floor—for they had no beds—produced soreness of the body; and so weak, that it was quite a toil to turn over. They seldom, however, spoke of their sufferings, or of the prospect of relief, for their minds were too much weakened to dwell on such things. Sometimes they would read to each other, as they lay in bed, portions of some religious books, with which a lady had provided them before leaving London, one of which was Bickersteth's 'Scripture Help'; and the morning and evening services were never omitted. Sometimes, also, they would converse on religious subjects; but in the daytime they commonly spoke only of ordinary matters, as though nothing were amiss. In fact, each one thought the intellect of the other weakened, and that they had need of forbearance and advice, although it was only in a measure that they perceived this in themselves. They were fretful and pettish, too, in spite of themselves; and so conscious was one of their number of this, that he once exclaimed, 'Dear me, if we are spared to return to England, I wonder if we shall recover our understandings!'"

At length, the long-expected relief arrived, forwarded by three Indians, whose after-care, in cooking for them and tending them, would,

says Franklin, "have done honour to the most civilized people."

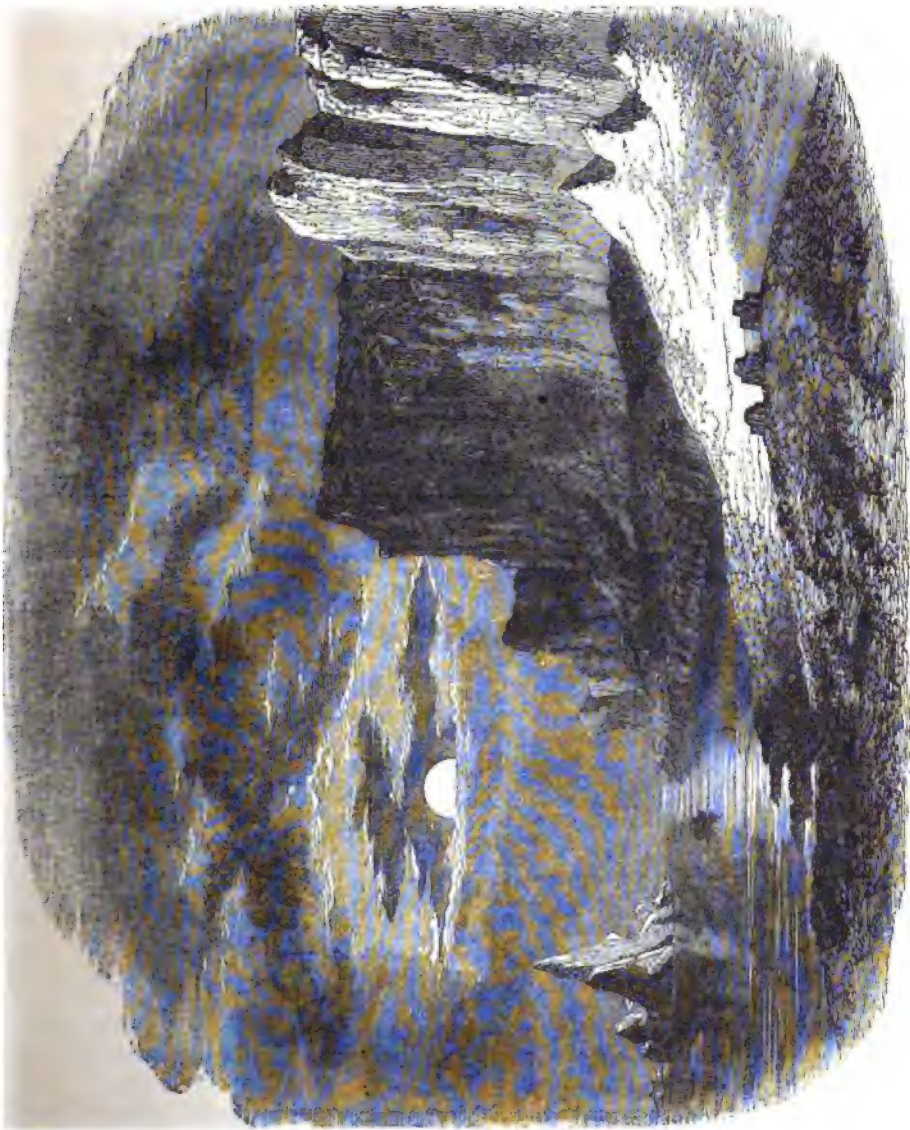
With the greatest caution against repletion, they gradually recovered; and proceeding slowly from station to station, they at length reached York Factory in safety, having travelled in all 5,559 miles, and endured, with almost unparalleled bravery, an amount of hardship and suffering which very few have had to encounter.

To any ordinary person it must be almost inconceivable how, after enduring such almost unheard-of sufferings, Franklin should have been not only willing, but eager, to pursue his researches in the very same regions: nevertheless, such was the fact. And what is more extraordinary still, his enthusiasm was not confined to his own breast, but was so fully and warmly shared by his wife, that, although she was lying on what was expected to be her death-bed, when the preparations were complete she would not keep him a single day beyond that fixed for departure, but entreated him, "as he valued her peace of mind and his own glory, not to delay a moment on her account;" adding that "it could be but to close her eyes."

It was a heroism worthy of the highest cause—too high, perhaps, most persons will think, for a matter of mere discovery; but such men as Franklin, and such women as Franklin's wife, are apt to regard the interests and glory of their profession, and still more of their country, as far beyond any considerations of private interest or feeling. We must remember that, after all, had not our countrymen possessed this spirit of devotion to her honour, England had never risen to her present place among the nations. And it is cheering to think that both our own and other lands can furnish a few examples of as high a courage in a still higher cause—witness the names of Hans Egede, of Captain Allan Gardiner, John Williams, Adoniram Judson, and others.

Franklin and his party again embarked on the 16th of February, 1825; but although science gained much from the exertions of Dr. Richardson and others, as far as navigation went the result of the expedition was discouraging.

The second voyage of Sir John Ross, in 1828, led to the important discovery of the western Magnetic Pole; but this success was arrested by circumstances which at length compelled Sir John to abandon his ship, the *Victory*. After the greatest hardships, the crew



ICECHY ISLAND, WHERE FRANKLIN WINTERED.

were rescued by the *Isabella*. As showing the state to which the men were physically reduced, we are told "they had been so long used to sleeping on rocks and snow, that the ordinary comforts of life had lost their charm. They could not sleep in beds; and even the captain was obliged to throw himself into an arm-chair in order to get any sleep."

Another expedition followed, in 1836, under Captain Back, which proved still more fruitless and disastrous.

The courage of our countrymen seems to have been somewhat damped by these failures, and it was not until eight years later that another Arctic expedition was proposed. This proposal originated with Sir John Barrow, and so great was the enthusiasm of Franklin, who was anxious to undertake the charge of the expedition, that when a doubt was raised about the propriety of sending out so old a man, his friend Sir Edward Parry said, "If you do not let him go, the man will die of disappointment." It proved, alas! his final voyage.

In May, 1845, Sir John Franklin sailed as commander of the *Erebus*, and of the expedition—Captain Crozier being appointed captain of the *Terror*; and the transport *Barretto*, under the command of Lieutenant Griffiths, accompanied them. The two vessels were provisioned for more than three years, and the two crews consisted of 138 men.

It was not expected that news could be received for nearly two years after entering the ice. Lieutenant Griffiths, of the *Barretto*, left "all well and in good spirits;" and the *Prince of Wales*, whaling-vessel, saw them shortly afterwards moored to an iceberg in the middle of Baffin's Bay.

From that time a terrible silence ensued; and when the allotted two years had fully expired, the suspense rapidly grew into a fearful anxiety.

In 1848, Sir John Richardson and Dr. Rae, and two other parties of explorers, one under Sir James Ross, sailed in search of the missing vessels; but although every effort was made, the three expeditions proved failures.

From 1850 to 1854, numerous private voyages were planned. In 1850, Captain Penny discovered, on Beechey Island, at the entrance of Wellington Channel, three sailors' graves, and an immense number of cases of preserved meats—apparently discarded because they had turned putrid. From these things the captain gathered that, at some time or other, this spot had been the wintering-place of his missing

countrymen. This we now know to have been the case; while the quantity of the abandoned food raised very melancholy apprehensions as to the state of their provisions.

The voyage of Sir Robert M'Clure resulted in the discovery of the long-sought North-West Passage; but no information was obtained of the missing men.

At length Dr. Rae, lately the companion of Richardson, having been appointed by the Hudson's Bay Company, in 1853, to complete the survey of the western shore of Boothia, fell in with a party of Esquimaux in Pelly Bay; and from one of them he learnt that "a party of *kabloonas* (white men) had died of hunger a long way to the west of where he then was, and beyond a great river." But the man said that he had never been there himself, and could not travel with them so far. Dr. Rae at once pursued his inquiries, and elicited from different persons other particulars, which led him to believe that the river spoken of was no other than Back's, or the Great Fish River, and also that he was certainly on the track of a part of Franklin's expedition.

From what he could gather, it appeared that when first seen they were about forty in number, and headed by a man who seemed to be an officer; they were dragging a boat and sledges southwards over the ice. They could not speak the Esquimaux language well enough to be understood; but by signs they made the natives understand that their ships had been crushed by the ice, and that they were going where they hoped to find deer. This was about the year 1850; and later in the same season, but before the breaking up of the ice, some graves were found by the Esquimaux, and about thirty corpses, some in a tent, others under a boat, and others scattered about. But the most dreadful fact of all was that, from the mutilated state of some of the bodies, as well as from the contents of the cooking-vessels, there was reason to believe that the unhappy men had been reduced even to cannibalism.

At the same time there was nothing to lead Dr. Rae to suppose that any violence had been offered to them by the natives; although some of the articles thrown away by the white men were in their possession, and Dr. Rae purchased several things of them—amongst others, a silver star, on which were engraved the words "Sir John Franklin." No writings or papers of any kind had come to hand; and many were the treasures supposed to be still lying on

the desert ice. The promised reward of £10,000 was adjudged to Dr. Rae and his men as the first discoverers of some traces of the expedition, and a very general desire was felt to pursue the research still further.

The British Government did not consider it right to risk more lives, or to spend more treasure, in this perilous enterprise, especially since Dr. Rae's information seemed to destroy all hopes of saving life. It devolved therefore upon the enthusiasm and devotedness of Lady Franklin to arouse her countrymen to follow up this new track, and endeavour to rescue, if not the lives of her husband and his companions, yet at least their reputation from oblivion.

Aided by many eminent philanthropic and scientific men, the *Fox*, a screw yacht, was purchased in 1857, and under the command of Captain M'Clintock proceeded on its northern voyage. After wintering on the ice, about the middle of July they reached Beechey Island depot. There a marble tablet sent out by Lady Franklin was erected. The inscription was as follows:—

To the Memory of
FRANKLIN,
CROZIER, FITZJAMES,
And all their
Gallant Officers and Faithful Companions
Who have suffered and perished
In the cause of science
And the service of their country,
This Tablet
Is erected near the spot where they passed
Their first Arctic winter, and whence
They issued forth to conquer
Difficulties or to die.
It commemorates the grief of their admiring
Countrymen and friends, and the anguish,
Subdued by faith, of her who has
Lost, in the heroic leader of
The Expedition, the most
Devoted and affectionate of
Husbands.

"And so He bringeth them unto the haven where
they would be."
1855.

On the 1st of March in the following year, the *Fox* arrived at the Magnetic Pole. To the captain's great joy, he saw four natives approaching. None had previously been seen, which had caused him to fear that the journey would be fruitless. By means of Petersen, the interpreter, a conversation was at once begun. Discovery now rapidly followed upon discovery. One of the men had a naval button on his dress, which he explained to have come from some white people who were starved on an

island in a river. The next morning the whole population of the village, forty-five people, came out, and readily sold silver spoons, a silver medal which had belonged to Mr. A. M'Donald, assistant surgeon; part of a gold chain, several buttons, knives, and bows and arrows made of different parts of the wreck.

Coming over to King William's Island, Captain M'Clintock met with more natives who also knew about this wreck, of which they said little remained, as their countrymen had carried much of it away. They sold more plate, bearing the crests or initials of Franklin, Crozier, and M'Donald. An old woman also spoke of the white men who dropped down and died as they travelled to the river, of whom she said some were buried, and some were not. Proceeding on their explorations, on the 25th of May Captain M'Clintock came on a very painful relic, namely, the skeleton of a slight young man, who from his dress, and especially the loose bow-knot in which his handkerchief was tied, was judged to have been a steward or officer's servant; but the face and limbs had been gnawed away or broken by wild beasts. Near him was found a frozen pocket-book, a clothes-brush, and pocket horn comb; all which articles, had the Esquimaux discovered him, would have been stolen. The poor young fellow seems to have fallen down exhausted: probably fell asleep, and so died.

The discovery of a written record, soldered up in a thin tin cylinder, in a cairn at Point Victory, on the north-west of the island, speedily followed. We give an extract:—

"April 25, 1848.—H.M. ships *Terror* and *Erebus* were deserted on the 22d of April, five leagues W.N.W. of this, having been beset since 12th September, 1846. The officers and crews, consisting of 105 souls, under the command of Capt. T. R. M. Crozier, landed here in lat. 69° 37' 42" N., long. 98° 41' W. Sir John Franklin died on the 11th of June, 1847, and the total loss by deaths in the expedition has been to this date 9 officers and 15 men.

(Signed) "T. R. M. CROZIER,
" Captain and Senior Officer.
(Signed) "JAMES FITZJAMES,
" Captain H.M.S. *Erebus*.

"And start (on) to-morrow, 26th, for Back's Fish River."

On the 29th of May the western point of the island was reached. The next day they came to a large boat. This boat contained an immense quantity of clothing, though not one article bore its owner's name; but the first sight showed them what turned their atten-

tion from everything else—namely, parts of two human skeletons. It was a sight which struck them all with horror; but no part of the skull of either was found which could lead to the identification of the persons, for they had both been the food of wolves.

A pair of worked slippers lay near to one, and by the other five watches. But the search for journals or pocket-books was again vain; five or six small books only were found—all devotional ones except the "Vicar of Wakefield." A small Bible also lay there, in which were whole passages underlined, and many marginal notes; and there were, besides, the covers of a New Testament and Prayer-book. No food was found in this boat, except tea and chocolate; but of other articles there was a great variety, including plate, with the well-known crests of many of the officers of the ships. This boat, which rested on a sledge, was about fifty miles from Point Victory, and seventy miles from the first skeleton found. It was directed towards the ships, as if returning to them. Perhaps a party had gone forward for fresh supplies, leaving these two in charge of the boat, and had not been able to return.

Captain M'Clintock was now most anxious to find the wreck itself; but no sign of her was to be seen, nor did he find any other relics.

The searching parties returned to the *Fox*. The return voyage home at once commenced, and on the 21st of September, Captain M'Clintock reached London. The relics brought home were deposited at the United Service Institution, and it is needless to state that those who had so nobly devoted their energies to the prosecution of this expedition were everywhere received with the hearty welcome so well merited.

Captain C. F. Hall, of the whaling barque *George Henry*, has made still more recent voyages to the Arctic regions, and ventures to draw some deductions in favour of yet discovering some of the survivors of Sir John Franklin's expedition; but we fear this is "hoping against hope;" and we cannot but acquiesce in the opinion of Captain M'Clintock that "it is wholly unlikely that any of the 134 men who sailed in the *Erebus* and *Terror* could have escaped death by taking refuge among the Esquimaux, as there were very few on the island; and these, generally, were so ready to give information that, had they helped the poor whites, they would certainly have spoken of it.

We have thus briefly sketched the career of an officer who served his country well for nearly half a century, and whose name will be enshrined among those great heroes of whose glory and whose fame England is justly proud.

Our narrative will fitly close with a brief description of the statue of Sir John Franklin in Waterloo Place, which has just been inaugurated in the presence of the First Lord of the Admiralty, Sir John Pakington.

"The memorial consists of a pedestal of polished granite, surmounted by a bronze statue 8 feet 4 inches in height. The sculptor (Mr. Noble) has sought to represent the moment when the great Arctic explorer announces to his officers and men that their work was accomplished—that a North-West Passage was discovered. He wears the uniform of a naval commander, but over that is a loose outer coat of fur, which suggests the bleakness of the region in which his life was lost. In one hand he holds telescope, chart, and compass. The sculptor's success in presenting a likeness of Franklin is pronounced to be complete by Lady Franklin herself, as well as by those eminent scientific and other men to whom the features and character of the hero were most familiar. In front, the pedestal is adorned by a bas-relief which represents the funeral of Sir John Franklin. Captain Crozier, to whom the death of his chief gave the command of the expedition, stands swathed in fur, as in the act of reading the burial service. Around him and the coffin of their great leader are gathered the officers and men of the *Erebus* and *Terror*. Beneath the bas-relief the following inscription is given:—

FRANKLIN.

To the Great Arctic Navigator
And his brave Companions,
Who sacrificed their Lives in completing
The Discovery of the North-West Passage,
A.D. 1847.
Erected by the unanimous Vote of Parliament.

The back of the pedestal holds a chart of the Arctic regions in bronze, which shows the position of the two ships and their crews at the time of Franklin's death. On the north side of the pedestal are inscribed the names of those who belonged to the *Erebus*, and on the south the names of the officers and crew of the *Terror*. Each list of names is supplemented with the legend, "They forged the last link with their lives."

A PAGE ABOUT OLD ALMANACS.



THE *Prophetic Almanacs* of the last two centuries form a curious chapter in the history of the "Books of the People." The superstitious practice formerly observed in all almanacs, but now almost exploded, of placing each limb of the body under a particular sign of the Zodiac, is of high antiquity, being attributed to Nechepsos, or Nerepsos, an Egyptian, and author of several treatises on astronomy, astrology, and medicine, who lived in the age of Sesostrius. His object, we are told, was to enable the medical practitioners (who are supposed to have been of the priestly order), to apply suitable remedies to diseases affecting any particular member. From Egypt this superstition passed to the Greeks and Romans; from them to the Saracens; and being by the latter transmitted to the school of Salerno, it was acted upon in the medical practice of every European country. Such absurdities, assuredly, afford no very favourable indication of the vaunted science of that extraordinary people among whom they took their rise; but it would be rash to conclude that the attestations of the highest ancient authorities to the progress of the Egyptians in the sciences, at a remote period, are groundless, because their knowledge was mixed up with superstitions inconsistent with truth and sound philosophy.

Our ancestors certainly exceeded us in the *depth* of their predictions. In Shakspeare's day, for example, Leonard Digges, the Francis Moore of that period, not only prognosticated for the day, week, or year, but "for all time," as the title-page of his almanac shows: "A Prognostication *everlasting* of right good effect, fruitfully augmented by the auctor, containyng plaine, brieve, pleasaunte, chosen rules to judge of the Weather by the Sunne, Moone, Starres, Comets, Rainebow, Thunder, Cloudes, with other extraordinary tokens, not omitting the aspects of the Planets, with a brieve judgement for ever, of Plenty, Lucke, Sicknesse, Dearth, Warres, &c., opening also many natural causes worthy to be known." (1575.)

It is singular how long the human mind will cling to folly to which it is accustomed—long after the understanding is satisfied of its want of truth. As far back as 1607, we find the following prohibition of prophetic almanacs; and yet even at the present day, some wretched trash is published under the same title. "All

conjurors and framers of prophecies and almanacs, exceeding the limits of *allowable astrology*, shall be punished severely in their persons; and we forbid all printers and booksellers, under the same penalties, to print, or expose for sale, any almanacs or prophecies which shall not first have been seen and revised by the archbishop, the bishop (or those who shall be expressly appointed for that purpose), and approved of by their certificates signed by their own hand, and, in addition, shall have permission from us or from our ordinary judges."

We have a volume of old almanacs now before us, the mere titles of which are worth enumerating, if they only show the amount of credulity possessed by one individual—the *binders* of the said volume. The almanacs are all for the same year, 1734, and they range as follows: The Woman's Almanac—Gadbury's Diary—Wing's Almanac—Parker's *Ephemeris*, the five-and-fortieth impression—John Partridge's *Merlinus Liberatus*—Francis Moore's *Vox Stellarum*—William Andrews' News from the Stars—Richard Saunders' *Apollo Anglicanus*—Henry Coley's *Merlinus Anglicus Junior*—Salem Pearce's Celestial Diary—Edmund Weaver's British Telescope—John Hartley's *Angelus Sideralis*—Henry Season's *Speculum Anni*—Poor Robin's Almanack after the Good Old Fashion, &c.

The lives of these worthy astrologers would form an instructive volume, but only some brief particulars of a few of them are known. Sometimes indeed we meet with a conceited fellow who prefaces his almanac with his autobiography—Henry Season, "Professor of Physick, and Student in the Celestial Sciences," to wit. This *Professor* says, in his Preface to the Candid Reader, "I was born at the place I now live at, a village call'd Broomham, three miles from the town of Devizes in Wilts, on January the 23rd. but the year and hour I conceal; 'tis no point of prudence to reveal that, as the learned in astrology and my own experience have informed me; for should any one's nativity fall into the hands of an artist in astrology that is his enemy, he knows when to hurt him, because he knows when bad directions take place; *cum multis aliis* ways to circumvent and mischief him." He then enters into some particulars of his career and closes by saying, "Next year, if I write, I shall, in the place of this epistle, write a piece of poetry—an original copy in praise of the propagators of learning."

Leaves from the Book of Nature: Descriptive Narrative, &c.

ATTRIBUTES AND ANECDOTES OF DOGS.



R. GEORGE JESSE, in his "Researches into the History of the British Dog," publishes the following curious list of the attributes of the dog.

THE DOG risks his life to give help.
Goes for assistance.
Saves life from drowning, fire, other animals, men, &c.
Assists distress.
Guards property (perhaps the only animal which does so, the elephant excepted).
Knows boundaries.
Resents injuries offered to others or himself.
Repays benefits.
Communicates ideas.
Combines (with other dogs) to avenge an injury, give assistance, hunt, &c.
Understands language.
His own voice most expressive, and its range wide.
Knows if he is dying, or to be put to death.
Knows death in the human.
His whole life devoted to the object of his love.
Dies of grief.
Dies of joy.
Dies in his master's defence (or of his property, or in trust).
Commits suicide.
Remains by the dead.
Solicits.
Gives alarm (or warning) of fire, falling buildings, &c.
Knows characters of men.
Feeds men and dogs confined.
Recognizes a portrait.
Recognizes men after long absence.
Fond of praise ("like men of a generous spirit"—*Arrian*).
Sensible of ridicule.
Feels shame.
Most alive to praise and censure.
Is sensible of a fault, and good action.
Indefatigable.
Delights to please.
Resentful to enemies.
Trustful, but, if deceived, becomes suspicious.
Playful.
Welcomes.
Reasons.
Observes.

Apportions punishment.
Looks to man for help.
Adapts himself to circumstances.
Injury or ingratitude does not abate his fidelity.
Distress does not detach him.
Is incorruptible.
Profits by experience.
Hides food when he has more than he needs.
Finds his way back from distant countries, and by untraversed roads.
Largely capable of instruction.
Communicates hereditary tendencies and mental qualities.
Knows his owner's property, and will punish dogs which touch it.
Revenge his master's death.
Will die of hunger rather than violate or desert his charge.
Measures time.
Has presentiments.
Will rarely injure children, or drunken men.
Is sensible of surgical treatment for its benefit, and will bring an injured dog to receive it.
Hostile at first to foreigners, strangers, and beggars.
When dying, takes a last farewell: affection supreme at the last moment of existence. It may be truly said of him, "Much waters cannot quench love, neither can the floods drown it."
Has a sense of justice.
Will present its offspring to its master.
Dreams. Is subject to lunacy or delirium, and sees visions.
Will assist his enemy.
Will relinquish his enmity towards another of his own species, or towards man on receiving a benefit.
The bitch has been known to seek, and obtain, the assistance of another in suckling her whelps, when her own milk was insufficient.
Has been said to die of jealousy on the marriage of his master.

Doubtless, each attribute thus assigned to the dog, might easily be illustrated by anecdotes, but space forbidding any attempt to do this, we have selected a few particularly striking and not generally known instances of the perception, discrimination, and attachment of dogs.

I.

One of the well-known Samuel Drew's early friends, having to travel much from home, over the Cornish Moors, and, having been set upon by robbers, was advised to have as his companion a Newfoundland dog—his conscience not permitting him to employ arms. This large dog made the acquaintance of a smaller one, bred in the same house, and the following incident happened when Mr. Drew was residing at Polpea. The great metaphysician says:—

"Our dairy was under a room which was used occasionally as a barn and apple-chamber, into which the fowls sometimes found their way, and, in scratching among the chaff, scattered the dust on the pans of milk below, to the great annoyance of my mother-in-law. In this, a favourite cock of hers was the chief transgressor. One day, in harvest, she went into the dairy, followed by the little dog; and finding dust again thrown on her milk-pans, she exclaimed, 'I wish that cock were dead.' Not long after, she being with us in the harvest field, we observed the little dog dragging along the cock, just killed, which, with an air of triumph, he laid at my mother-in-law's feet. She was dreadfully exasperated at the literal fulfilment of her hastily uttered wish, and snatching a stick from the hedge, attempted to give the luckless dog a beating. The dog, seeing the reception he was likely to meet with, left the bird, and ran off—she brandishing her stick, and saying in a loud, angry tone, 'I'll pay thee for this by-and-by.' In the evening, she was about to put her threat into execution, when she found the little dog established in a corner of the room, and the large one standing before it. Endeavouring to fulfil her intention, by first driving off the large dog, he gave her plainly to understand that he was not at all disposed to relinquish his post. She then sought to get at the small dog behind the other; but the threatening gesture and fiercer growl of the large one sufficiently indicated that the attempt would be not a little perilous. The result was that she was obliged to abandon her design. In killing the cock, I can scarcely think that the dog understood the precise import of my step-mother's wish, as his immediate execution of it would seem to imply. The cock was a more recent favourite, and had received some attentions which had previously been bestowed upon himself. This, I think, had led him to entertain a feeling of hostility to the bird, which he did not presume to indulge until my mother's tone and manner indicated that the cock was no longer under her protection. In the power of communicating with each other, which these dogs evidently possessed, and which, in some instances, has been displayed by other species of animals, a faculty seems to be developed of which we know very little. On the whole, I never remember to have met with a case in which, to human appearance, there was a nearer approach to moral perception than in that of my father's two dogs."

II.

The Ettrick Shepherd, in his essay on the shepherd's dog, says, "It will appear strange to hear a dog's reasoning faculty mentioned as it has been, but I have hardly ever seen a shepherd's dog do anything without perceiving his reasons for it. I have often amused myself in calculating what his motives were for such and such things, and I generally found them very cogent ones." Indeed, the shepherd's dog, the colley, exhibits the race, perhaps in its chief aspects, in the highest state of culture. A shepherd's dog is invaluable, and above all price. A single shepherd and his dog, the Ettrick Shepherd tells us, will do more in gathering a flock of sheep from a Highland farm than twenty shepherds could do without dogs. The shepherd's uncle, John Hogg, one Sabbath afternoon, among the hills at a Cameronian Sacrament, was indisposed to leave the afternoon service; and yet he was compelled to have his ewes at a certain place by a certain hour; so he gave his dog a quiet hint; instantly she went away, took to the hills, and gathered the whole flock of ewes and brought them as carefully and quietly as if the shepherd himself had been with her. The thousand people assembled at the Sacrament, saw with astonishment the feat, for the flock was scattered over two large and steep hills.

Dr. Brown (*Horse Subsecivæ*) writes:

Mr. Carruthers of Inverness told me a new story of those wise sheep-dogs. A butcher from Inverness had purchased some sheep at Dingwall, and giving them in charge to his dog, left the road. The dog drove them on till, coming to a toll, the toll-wife stood before the drove, demanding her dues. The dog looked at her, and, jumping on her back, crossed his forelegs over her arms. The sheep passed through, and the dog took his place behind them, and went on his way.

III.

Mr. Edward Jesse says, "I have had many opportunities of observing how readily dogs comprehend language, and how they are aware when they are the subject of conversation. A gentleman once said in the hearing of an old and favourite dog, who was at the time basking in the sun, 'I must have Ponto killed, for he gets old, and is offensive.' The dog slunk away, and never came near his master afterwards."

IV.

A poor boy, in a manufacturing town, contrived from his hard earnings to keep a dog. Passing to his work, he was dreadfully maimed

by the fall of scaffolding; carried on a shutter, maimed and bleeding, to the hospital near, he was attended by his dog, but the dog was not permitted to enter the ward: he was driven beyond the outer gate. He walked round and round the walls; he lay down and watched with wistful eyes those who entered, imploring admittance. He never left the precincts night or day; and by the time the poor boy had breathed his last, his faithful dog, too, had ceased to live.—*Professor Low.*

V.

The affection which some dogs show to their masters and mistresses is not only very surprising, but even affecting. An instance of this lately occurred at Brighton. The wife of a member of the town council at that place had been an invalid for some time, and at last was confined to her bed. During this period she was constantly attended by a faithful and affectionate dog, who either slept in her room or outside her door. She died, was buried, and the dog followed the remains of his beloved mistress to her grave. After the funeral, the husband and his friends returned to his house; and while they were partaking of some refreshment, the dog put its paws on his master's arm, as if to attract his attention, looked wistfully in his face, and then laid down and instantly expired.

VI.

The most powerful mind the world has known during the last two centuries had its emotions raised by, and left its testimony to, the sublime attachment of the dog.

The great Napoleon, when riding over the field of Bassano after the battle, observed a dog guarding the body of his slain master. He turned to his staff, and, pointing to the animal, said, "There, gentlemen, that dog teaches us a lesson of humanity."

VII.

TRADITION OF THE INDIAN DOG, BEZERRILLO.

Salazar had one day taken an old Indian woman, among other prisoners, after a defeat of the natives, and for no assigned or assignable reason, but in mere wantonness of cruelty, he determined to set this dog upon the poor wretch. But it was to be made a sport of, a

spectacle for the Spaniards, or the Christians, as their contemporary historian and fellow-Christian calls them, even while he is relating this story. The reader will judge what the state of natural and general feeling must have been, when a man of his extraordinary acquirements and talents, and who gives evident proofs in his book of a sincere religious belief, could relate these circumstances without the slightest expression of horror, and undoubtedly without the slightest feeling that there was anything unusual, anything unfitting, still less that there was anything devilish and damnable related. Salazar gave the old woman a letter, and told her to go with it to the governor at Aymaco. The poor creature went her way joyfully, expecting to be set at liberty when she had performed her errand. The intent was merely to get her away from the rest, that the dog might have a fair field, and the beholders a full sight. Accordingly, when she had proceeded little farther than a stone's throw, Bezerrillo was set at her. Hearing him come, the woman threw herself on the ground; and her simple faith in Salazar's intention, and in the animal's sagacity, saved her: for she held out the letter to the dog, and said, "O sir dog, sir dog! I am carrying a letter to the lord governor; don't hurt me, sir dog." The dog seemed to understand her; and did understand her, in fact, sufficiently to know that she did not look upon herself as a condemned person, and that she implored his mercy; and he came up to her gently, and did her no harm.

The Christians held this for a thing of much mystery, knowing the fierceness of the dog; and the captain, also, seeing the clemency which the dog had shown, ordered him to be tied up; and they called back the poor Indian woman, and she came back to the Christians in dismay, thinking they had sent the dog to bring her, and trembling with fear she sat herself down. And after a little while, the governor Juan Ponce arrived, and being informed of what had happened, he would not be less compassionate with the woman than the dog had been, and he gave orders that she should be set at liberty, and allowed to go whither she would; and accordingly so it was done.

ANECDOTES OF BIRDS.



AGENTLEMAN at Coniston gives the following curious account of the effects produced on birds by the very severe cold, and long continuance of snow on the hard frozen surface of the ground, in January and February, 1865.

"Four species of Titmouse (*Parus*) were familiar visitors, and greedy after any sort of kitchen refuse. That well-known and now deeply regretted benevolent observer and naturalist, Sir John Richardson, erected at Lancrigg, a strong pole with a crossbar, to one end of which he tied a basket filled with crumbs of bread and such-like dainties, for the refectory of hungry Linnets, Robins, Chaffinches, and a miscellaneous company of visitors to the welcome feast; at the other end of the crossbar was a net bag containing lumps of fat, which proved particularly attractive to the Titmouse family (*Parus*). The beautiful blue Tit, whose lively manners have been so well described by White, and which, whatever may be said of him, is really a great friend to gardeners, by destroying quantities of insects, is rather numerous in Westmoreland, and must be dear to all lovers of roses for its active assistance in waging war against the *Bracken Cocks*, a sort of minute beetle (*Chrysomela*) with shining metallic wing cases, which seem to descend in clouds from the neighbouring heath and fern-covered mountains as soon as the roses begin to open; and bright and beautiful to the eye as is this glittering shower of sparks of emeralds, rubies, and diamonds that 'dazzle as they pass' through the sunshine, we soon lose all admiration for the false and fair visitants, who ruthlessly bury themselves among the petals of the roses, and mutilate and devour the choicest blooms in the most aggravating way. So if the Tomtits help us a little to keep down these pests in the summer, they well deserve their regale of fat to help them through the season when no insect larvæ can be found.

But during that very severe weather, not only tribes of small birds, but even the very Rooks came to be fed, and enjoyed picking bones, especially a bone from a sirloin of beef which had been previously boiled for soup for the poor. The smaller bones the Rooks flew away with to enjoy in their own selfish corners, like 'little Jack Horner,' without allowing a taste to a hungry brother. Peevish and quarrelsome among themselves,

how is it that such regular discipline can be maintained as to keep a sentinel ever strictly on the watch to give signals of any approaching danger? Is the sentinel some grave old patriarch of the flock, who shows his chieftainship by watching over the safety of his tribe? or is he some unlucky junior, who dares but obey his elders, and remain patiently at his post of observation, even if it excludes him from his share in the feast?

"Another strange pensioner was a water-hen (*Gallinula*), starved out from her accustomed reedy haunts on the edges of Coniston Lake; she came in haste to partake of any fragments of food within reach, and then as hastily departed to her hiding-place.

"I once had the opportunity of watching a pair of these birds in the fenny districts of Buckinghamshire, in an old orchard filled with grotesque old trees, thickly coated with grey lichens, and yet very productive of good apples and enormously large stewing pears; there was in one corner a dark pond, the remains of part of an ancient moat, fringed and almost hidden by sedges and brambles. By the edge of this, and fastened to an overhanging branch, the Gallinules built their cradle-nest of sticks. The female sat very closely under cover of the shrubs, but by stealing gently round behind the bushes, I every day threw near her the crumbs and scraps from the children's dinner, which were always eaten, and by-and-by I had the pleasure of seeing a flock of six or eight such beautiful silky little black balls darting and squirting about in the most lively and restless manner, caring little for the shelter of the mother's wing. But in a day or two the whole family had disappeared. The Ouse was out, a common occurrence with that sluggish river, and probably the pretty Gallinules had adjourned to the wide swampy fishing-grounds to seek their living in company with the lordly crested grey heron, who would stand there for hours, with meekly bowed head on his breast, one foot tucked under his feathers—one might feet imagine to warm it, if he only changed his now and then; but it seemed to be always on the same leg, in the shallow water, balancing himself in perfect stillness till he pounced on his prey, and secured his fish with that same sharp hard bill wherewith his ancestors have stilettoed so many a noble falcon in the olden days of that sport." P. S. B.

Songs of the Garden.

BY MRS. ELLIS, AUTHORESS OF THE "WOMEN OF ENGLAND."

I.

LISTEN! the blossom-laden breeze is
singing
A garden song:
Sweet voices from the flowery depths are
springing
All the day long.
There is no silence where the clustering roses
And lilies grow;
Where branches wave, and tender green reposes
In shade below.
There is no silence where the buds are swelling,
And flowers unfold,
Leaf unto leaf its tale of gladness telling,
Yet never told.
There is no silence for the ear that listens,
And fain would know
The joy of Nature when the dewdrop glistens,
And soft winds blow.
When wakes the morn, or shines the noontide
glory
Of summer days,
Ten thousand voices tell the same sweet story
In hymns of praise.
O'er the wide forest, by the restless ocean,
Or the still vale,
Sun, moon, and stars, in their perpetual
motion,
Tell the same tale.
But deeper, clearer, where the heart reposes,
Their sound is heard;
Where the loved garden of our home encloses
Each welcome word.
Speak, then, sweet voices! for I wait to hear
you
In this calm spot.
Alas! how often has my soul dwelt near you,
And heard you not.
Sing, gentle flowers, and teach me by your
beauty
How sweet a thing
It is to wake each morn to love and duty,
And still to sing:

To sing when summer's golden hours are
shining
Through cloudless skies;
To fade, and still to sing, without repining,
When summer dies.
As in the music of some grand rehearsal
All sounds unite,
At once to swell the chorus universal,
If tuned aright;
So in the garden-song around our dwelling—
All parts complete,
Each tender note of leaf or floweret swelling
The anthem sweet,
Rises the strain, unnumbered voices blending,
Their burden one—
One hymn of praise, for evermore ascending
To God's high throne.

The Snowdrop.

DEEP lies the snow-wreath on my breast,
Around me all is dark and chill,
Yet something breaks my silent rest,
And seems my startled ear to fill.
A voice that never speaks in vain,
Whispers of Spring returned again;
And close, my folded leaves within,
I feel the stir of life begin.
And now I wake—I live—I feel!
And through the curtains of my bed,
While glimmering rays of daylight steal,
I know the sun shines overhead;
I know, within my earthy home,
That Spring, rejoicing Spring has come;
I feel, beneath my snowy sheet,
That light is pleasant—life is sweet.
Joy! joy! the curtains cold and white,
The icy covering of my bed,
Now melt beneath the morning light,
And grass-green turf appears instead.
My snowy mantle falls away;
I look, and lo! the glorious day!
But droop my head again to see
No flower in all the world but me.

Come forth, my garden sisters, come!
 Heed not the rain-clouds in the sky;
 Fear not the blight of early bloom,
 Spring is no time to fade and die.
 The clouds that look so dark and cold,
 Rich drops of fruitful life may hold;
 And even the wintry gales that blow,
 May give you strength to bud and grow.

Come, garden sisters! Lovelier far
 Than mine the charms you seek to hide.
 Come, velvet rose, and golden star,
 Come, blush, and glow in all your pride;
 But still remember I was first,
 Cold winter's icy chain to burst—
 Was first my silver bells to ring,
 And wake you with the voice of Spring.

The Snowdrop Gathered.

SO sang the Snowdrop, when a hand came
 forth
 And plucked her bell, which, broken,
 answered not.
 "Ah!" thought the flower, "this life is little
 worth,
 If thus to perish must be all my lot."

Within a darkened room the flower was
 brought,
 Where crimson curtains hung, and pale
 lamps burned;
 Softly the feet trod there, where love had
 taught
 Her tender lessons, oft in sorrow learned.

"Sweet flower of Spring!" a voice of music said,
 "Oh come, and place it near me where I lie;
 Then raise the pillow for my weary head,
 That I may see the Snowdrop ere I die."

They placed the Snowdrop where its silver bell
 Hung faint and still, its music all forgot;
 And yet, to her who gazed, it seemed to tell
 Of One who loved, and could forsake her not.

In its own life, renewed as from the grave,
 Arrayed in beauty by His sovereign will,
 There seemed a pledge that He who died to
 save,
 Through the dark valley would be near her
 still.

Yet the long watching of those soft blue eyes,
 Fixed on the flower, to other eyes brought
 tears.
 Was it some dream of Heaven's eternal skies,
 Or closer memory of bygone years?

Was it that in that look of tenderness,
 That constant gaze of earnest, yearning love,
 Were thoughts no human language might
 express—
 Now torn from earth, now borne in prayer
 above?

Once, only once, the big tears, one by one,
 Gushed forth, and wandered down the pallid
 cheek;
 But still those blue unclouded eyes gazed on,
 And still the pale lips found no words to
 speak.

At length the day went down, the eyelids closed,
 The room grew still, and dark, and darker
 yet:
 The couch was smoothed, and garnished, where
 reposed
 A death-cold form, whose sun of life was set.

Ah, little Snowdrop! in those few brief hours,
 Thou hadst thy triumph. Who like thee
 could bring
 From memory's waste such wealth of scattered
 flowers?
 From hope such promise of eternal Spring?



The Home Library.

Daily Bible Illustrations. By JOHN KITTO, D.D. New Edition, revised and enlarged by J. L. Porter, D.D., LL.D. Author of "The Giant Cities of Bashan." Vols. I. and II. Edinburgh: William Oliphant and Co.

Dr. Kitto's "Daily Bible Illustrations" are a monument to his worth. One of the most extraordinary men of the century, his literary productions possess a peculiar personal interest, in addition to that which arises from their intrinsic merit and value. The latter certainly could not well be over-estimated. The "Daily Bible Illustrations" furnish, perhaps, the most interesting and useful series of Bible readings extant. Unlike many commentators, Dr. Kitto did not confine himself to any one particular mode of exposition. His work is not a history, not a commentary, not a book of critical or antiquarian research, nor of practical reflection, but it is something of all these. The present edition is edited by a distinguished Biblical scholar, Dr. Porter; and although no change has been made in the text, notes are appended in smaller type, in which the editor has introduced the leading results of recent important discoveries in the geography and antiquity of eastern lands, and of the advances made in Biblical criticism and interpretation. We strongly recommend "Daily Bible Illustrations" as adapted to promote an intelligent apprehension of the Bible, and to encourage a habit not merely of reading it, but of thinking over its contents. The two volumes now issued embrace the "morning series" from January to June.

Our Hymns; their Authors and Origin. By JOSIAH MILLER, M.A. London: Jackson, Walford, and Hodder.

What is done in this book is *well* done. When we state that it contains biographical sketches of nearly two hundred of the principal psalm and hymn writers, with notes on their psalms and hymns, it will be understood that brevity is studied; but all that is recorded is full of interest. Everyone is conscious of the increased interest which attaches to the Psalms of David when we are acquainted with the circumstances under which they were written. This holds equally true of the hymns of the Christian Church; and we value Mr. Miller's work mainly on this account. Not only does he furnish biographical information, but frequently the history of a hymn is introduced which serves to cast a flood of light upon its

beauty and significance. We quote one example:—

"Give to the winds thy fears."

"This is John Wesley's translation (A.D. 1739) of part of Paul Gerhard's most popular hymn—

"Commit thou all thy griefs
And ways into His hands."

"Befehl du deine Wege," &c.

It is said to have been written at the time when, owing to his views differing from those of the king, he was ordered to quit the country. He went, in reduced circumstances, with his wife, on foot. One night, on seeking a refuge in a village inn, his wife, affected by their altered condition, burst into tears. Then the poet reminded her of the verse, 'Commit thy way unto the Lord,' Psalm xxxvii. 5; and, retiring to an arbour, wrote this hymn upon those words. The same night two gentlemen arrived who had come by order of Duke Christian, of Merseburg, to invite the poet to Merseburg, and to inform him that the Duke had settled a considerable pension on him as a compensation for the injustice of which he was a victim. Gerhard then gave his wife the hymn he had written in trouble but in faith, and said, 'See how God provides! Did I not bid you to trust in God, and all would be well?'"

The extracts from the diary of Gerhard's wife written in their family Bible—which are inserted in OUR OWN FIRESIDE, vol. iii., page 651—should be read after this note, in order that the heroism of the wife, as well as the faith of the husband, may be equally appreciated.

The Creation and Deluge. By the Author of "Doing and Suffering."

The Desert Journey. By the Author of "Mothers in Council." London: John F. Shaw and Co.

The Scriptural narrative is simply told, and illustrated with attractive pictures. The author of "The Creation and Deluge" advocates "Church in the School." We confess we prefer to see children in the House of God; and if they are well placed, and taught to join in the singing and responses; and if the clergyman is accustomed to give a few words in his sermon to the "lambs," we think the children would themselves decide for the Church rather than the School. These little books are well suited for Home use.

The Sunday Scholar's Annual. London: Elliot Stock.

Will make an excellent Sunday School present.

The Marriage Gift Book and Bridal Token. By JABEZ BURNS, D.D., Author of the "Pulpit Cyclopædia." London: Houlston and Wright.

This book needs no commendation. It is a treasury of literature for the newly married. Poets, Moralists, Biographers, Philosophers, and Divines have been laid under contribution. In addition to numerous papers on the reciprocal duties and enjoyments of married life, Dr. Burns has gathered a mass of information respecting the marriage rites and customs of different ages and people. He also gives us a portrait gallery of justly celebrated wives; and he adds, in conclusion, a selection of the "Table Talk" of great and illustrious men on the subject of woman. We can only say it is just the book for the "occasion."

Dick Ennis, the Village Schoolboy. Edinburgh. William Oliphant and Co.

A well-drawn-out lesson on the sin of stealing.

Charlotte and her Enemy. Edinburgh: W. Oliphant and Co.

Far superior in tone and character to most books of this class. It is especially suited for young people who are disposed to be "indolent."

The Lycee Boys; or, School Life in France. By ROBERT HOPE MONCRIEFF. Edinburgh: William Oliphant and Co.

We fear some true pictures of school life are delineated in this book, but we are not sure that it is wise to give them publicity.

Infant Amusements; or, How to make a Nursery Happy. With practical Hints to Parents and Nurses on the Moral and Physical Training of Children. By WILLIAM H. G. KINGSTON. London: Griffith and Farran.

We wish to call particular attention to this book. The reform of the nursery is as important as the reform of the nation—in a higher sense than the political; and the counsels and suggestions offered by Mr. Kingston, if adopted and put into action, would speedily bring about, in many instances, a most desirable change. We urge parents most strongly to obtain this work forthwith. We know of no book of the kind that can compare with it in practical value. It is a *multum in parvo*. "How to keep a Nursery Happy;" "The Nursery Gymnasium;" "Games to afford Exercise;" "Amusements requiring Materials or Toys;" "Out-of-door Games;" "Tales;" "Songs with Music;" "How to make the Sunday happy;" "Prayers and Hymns for very little Children"—these are some of the heads of chapters, and each chapter is worth the price of the book.

Sketches of the Poor. By a Retired Guardian. London: William Hunt and Co.

Another series of chapters from life added to the "Simple Annals of the Poor." We have been exceedingly interested in these "Sketches by a Retired Guardian," and we hope they will be very widely read. They are

written in a natural and graphic style, and their publication cannot fail to be productive of much good. The office of "Guardian" is one from which many men shrink, but the writer of this book gives us ample evidence that when its duties are conscientiously discharged, it opens a very extensive field of usefulness to the Christian Philanthropist. "Sketches of the Poor" will be very useful in parish lending libraries.

Short Stories to explain Bible Texts. By M. H. Edinburgh: Johnstone, Hunter, and Co.

The best little Sunday reading book for a New Year's gift to the young that we have seen this season.

Rosa Lindesay, the Light of Kilmain. By M. H. Edinburgh: Johnstone, Hunter, and Co.

By the same author, and equally deserving of commendation. It is suited for elder daughters.

Little Pansy: a Story of the School Life of a Minister's Orphan Daughter. Edinburgh: W. Oliphant and Co.

A good story for school girls.

Newlyn House, the Home of the Davenports. By A. E. W. Edinburgh: Johnstone, Hunter, and Co.

This also will make an attractive present. Many important home lessons are admirably enforced. We can thoroughly recommend "Newlyn House" for the Home Library.

The Book of Birthdays; or, Anniversary Poetry of Human Life. London: Darton and Co.

As a collection of anniversary poetry never before brought together in a volume, "The Book of Birthdays" is at once curious and of permanent value. In addition to poetry, a considerable amount of "Table Talk" is introduced, and some very interesting reminiscences are given. We should like to find space for a few extracts this month, but must content ourselves with the following:—

"Mrs. Hannah More died at eighty-nine—decaying almost imperceptibly amidst works of usefulness—writing, at the age of eighty, her 'Spirit of Prayer'—the happiest of happy voices from the dark valley—and calmly dying of old age, eighty-three or eighty-four years after that birthday when she was enraptured to receive for a present, a whole quire of paper, on which to pen her childish compositions in prose and verse."

The Playfellow, and other Stories. By Mrs. S. C. HALL. London: T. Nelson and Sons.

The Way of the World, and other Stories. By Mrs. S. C. HALL. London: T. Nelson and Sons.

These tales are thoroughly practical, and evince the closest observation of the fireside circle on the part of their gifted author. Parents may read them with as much profit as our sons and daughters. "Little Ears," which we have extracted from "The Way of the World," will furnish a fair specimen.

Merry and Wise. Edited by OLD MERRY. 1866. London: Jackson, Walford, and Hodder.

For a Christmas or New Year's Gift to "the young people who are home for the holidays," it would be difficult to find any more attractive than "Merry and Wise." The Annual deserves its title, and we must add its cover, which is saying a great deal in its favour.

Papers for the Times. London: W. Hunt and Co.

Five telling addresses given by the Rev. J. Bardsley, the Rev. J. Richardson, the Rev. W. Cadman, the Rev. J. Venn, and the Rev. J. C. Ryle. Dealing with questions of peculiar interest at the present time, the widest circulation is desirable for these Protestant papers. "The Lord's Day—its Divine Authority and Perpetual Obligation," by the Rev. W. Cadman, is a powerful summary of Scriptural testimony; and in "Foreign Missions—the Measure of their Claim on the Church's attention," the Rev. John Venn has presented facts and considerations which, if they are duly pondered, must quicken the zeal of all who are engaged in mission work.

An Antidote to the Teaching of certain Anglo-Catholics concerning Worshipping Eastward, "Altar" Adoration, Clerical Sacerdotalism, Baptism and the "Real Presence," with an Exposure of the Assumption that their Religion is "The Bible interpreted by the Church." By the Rev. JOHN HARRISON, Pitmoor, Sheffield. London: Longman, Green, and Co.

This treatise has a long title, but the title really tells us what the treatise proposes to do, and what it really does. We wish we could influence some layman who loves the Scriptural Church of England, to order a still cheaper edition of this "Antidote," and send it to all the clergy in the land. The author, we see, is preparing a most important work, to be entitled "Whose are the Fathers?" The purpose is to show that the teaching of the Ritualists and Semi-Romanists on the Church and its Ministry, is contrary alike to the Holy Scriptures, to the fathers of the first six centuries, and to those of the Reformed Church of England. We hope to introduce this volume to our readers shortly.

Words of Pardon and Hope. By the Author of "Consolation. London: W. Macintosh.

Earnest and awakening appeals to different classes. The arrangement is excellent—large-type texts, briefly explained and illustrated, closing with a suitable hymn. Well adapted for parish distribution.

Pleasant Rhymes for Little Readers. By JOSEPHINE, Author of "Our Children's Pets." London: Houlston and Wright.

Some of the rhymes are "pleasant," but some are far otherwise: e.g., "Lost Bobby; or, The Broadstairs Tragedy."

Beechenhurst. By A. G., Author of "Among the Mountains," "Mabel and Cora," &c. London: James Nisbet and Co.

The author of "Heera and Motee" needs no introduction to the readers of OUR OWN FIRESIDE. It would be out of place for us to dwell upon her special qualifications as a writer of tales, thoroughly interesting without being sensational. We will only say that "Beechenhurst" evinces the author's high sense of the important religious and moral influence which healthy toned fiction unquestionably exerts; and we do not think a more attractive "fire-side" story for the home circle could be found for Christmas reading.

My Father's Hand; and other Stories and Allegories for the Young. By Mrs. CAREY BROCK. London: Seeley, Jackson, and Halliday.

The name of the author is the best passport for this book. It is all we could wish a book for the young to be. "Charity Helstone," Mrs. Brock's last tale, has, we observe, reached a fourth thousand. This should be increased tenfold.

The Knights of the Frozen Sea: A Narrative of Arctic Discovery and Adventure. By the Author of "Harry Lawton's Adventures." London: Seeley, Jackson, and Halliday.

A capital book, giving a very full and interesting account of all the expeditions to the Arctic Regions. Those who are interested in the sketch given in OUR OWN FIRESIDE, this month, of Sir John Franklin's heroic efforts to discover the North-West Passage, will do well to order "The Knights of the Frozen Sea."

Washed Ashore; or, The Tower of Stormount Bay. By WM. H. G. KINGSTON. London: Jackson, Walford, and Hodder.

Sea stories will never lose their charm with British lads; and Mr. Kingston is the prince of sea-story-tellers. "Washed Ashore" is full of interesting and exciting narrative, and the moral which adorns the tale points to the Bible as the sailor's best chart for time and for eternity. The illustrations and getting-up of this book are A 1.

Picture Teaching for Children: particularly designed for the use of the Deaf and Dumb. By J. B. Edited by the Rev. SAMUEL SMITH, Chaplain of the Association in Aid of the Deaf and Dumb, London. London: James Nisbet and Co.

This little book carries out the compiler's intentions, expressed in the paper on "The Cry of the Dumb" in vol. ii. of OUR OWN FIRESIDE, page 398. We are very glad the plan is so extended as to include children generally. It is a most attractive book of picture teaching, and it is evidently the result of the experimental knowledge of a practical worker.

Charles Lorraine; or, The Young Soldier. By Mrs. SHERWOOD.

The Story of Little Henry and his Bearer Boosy. By Mrs. SHERWOOD.

Emma and her Nurse. By Mrs. CAMERON. London: Houlston and Wright.

It is simply necessary to call attention to these new and copyright editions of old-established favourites. The publishers state that upwards of 250,000 copies of the copyright edition of "Little Henry" have been sold, besides large numbers of pirated and imperfect copies. Mrs. Cameron's tales have also reached a circulation of 70,000 copies. We can only say, if the books have not been read by our young friends, they ought to be. The new editions are well illustrated.

Christianity among the New Zealanders. By the Right Rev. WILLIAM WILLIAMS, D.C.L., Bishop of Waiapu. With Six Illustrations. London: Seeley, Jackson, and Halliday.

A most satisfactory answer to the cavils of those who do nothing but cavil—who would have us believe that it has been a mistake to think of civilizing and bringing over to Christianity a race of savages, doomed by the Almighty (if their practice interprets the Divine purpose) to be shut up in utter ignorance. The Bishop of Waiapu publishes the work to "show that those who embarked in missionary labours in New Zealand have not failed in that which they undertook, and are ready to challenge a fair and calm investigation into the history of their proceedings." The book is deeply interesting from beginning to end.

Words Old and New: or, Gems from the Christian Authorship of all Ages. Selected by HORATIUS BONAR, D.D. London: James Nisbet and Co.

A library in a volume—extracts, truly "gems," from two hundred writers—and the selection made by Dr. Bonar. Space forbids a longer notice; but we can truly say, a book containing greater treasures has rarely been in our hands.

The Draytons and the Davenants; a Story of the Civil Wars. By the Author of "Chronicles of the Schönberg-cotta Family." London: T. Nelson and Sons.

The announcement of the issue of this book must suffice to induce all our readers who possess the other works of the gifted author, to add "The Draytons and the Davenants" to their libraries. Those who have not read her former tales, should order this, and we think they will soon order all.

Little Susy's Little Servants. By her Aunt Susan. London: T. Nelson and Sons.

An admirable idea, admirably worked out. Aunts who want to win little hearts cannot do better than give this book. The type will tempt children to try to read it for themselves; and the illustrations are exceedingly good.

The Ear and the Eye; or, A New Way to Try. A Picture Primer in Rhyme. London: T. Nelson and Sons.

Childish rather than childlike.

Words to Spell and Read as Well. London: T. Nelson and Sons.

We can strongly recommend this primer.

Picture Books of Natural History painted in Oil Colours. Packets A and B. London: T. Nelson and Sons.

Picture Books beautifully executed. For New Year's gifts, these should be greatly in request.

Power in Weakness: Memorials of the Rev. William Rhodes. By CHARLES STANFORD, Author of "Central Truths," &c. London: Jackson, Walford, and Hodder.

A gem of Christian biography. Illustrates

"How sublime a thing it is
To suffer and be strong."

It is long since we have met with "memorials" more deeply interesting or instructive. We counsel our readers to order it at once.

Sketches in Town, Country, and Home. By H. D. London: James Nisbet and Co.

Pious in tone, and likely to promote the growth of home affections.

Tales of my Sunday Scholars. By Mrs. SCOTT. Edinburgh: W. Oliphant and Co.

A good book for Sunday-school prizes.

Short Lessons on the Parables of our Lord. London: W. Macintosh.

Reprinted, with additions, from the "Sunday Teachers' Treasury." Well adapted for Bible classes, in the school or in the home.

The Tribute of Science to Revealed History. By J. W. HARRIS, F.R.A.S. London: W. Macintosh.

A very thoughtful treatise. The diffident spirit in which the writer urges his conclusions will give them additional weight with candid minds.



SNOW HUTS OF THE ESQUIMAUX.

The Christian Home.

WOMAN'S FAITH;

OR,

PRAISE AND BLAME.

BY MRS. ELLIS, AUTHORESS OF "THE WOMEN OF ENGLAND," ETC.

CHAPTER II.

AMONG the many delusions of Peggy Rushton's mind, it was not unusual with her to believe that she saw, from the vessels passing in the distance, some signal answering to her own. On the occasion of Margaret's visit, however, there was no pleasing conviction of this kind, and she ceased at length from her fruitless demonstrations with a sigh so heavy that it seemed to bear the whole burden of a desponding heart. Lowering her ensign, and coming down from her elevated position, she sunk back again mentally, as well as bodily, into the languor of her lonely and squalid existence.

On turning away from this position to enter her cottage, Peggy was surprised, and at first not very well pleased, to find a stranger seated upon the stone beside her door. No one likes to be detected in a disappointment. We may tell of our disappointments after they are over, although this is not always pleasant; but to find a living witness on the spot—one who can testify to the failure of our hopes—is more than it can be expected of human nature to bear with complacently; and Peggy Rushton, on this occasion, took little pains to conceal her annoyance.

But the face of little Margaret was of itself eminently calculated for turning away wrath; and when she rose from her low seat with a respectful salutation, which she

was always ready to offer to the poor as well as the rich, Peggy accepted the rare tribute, and walked into her cottage with something like an air of satisfaction.

"I have come to ask you to let me rest myself," said Margaret, trying her best at an apology; but she was suddenly checked and confounded by the searching eye of the woman, who, turning upon her, said hastily, "I don't believe you there. You may be tired, for it's a good stretch from the town down yonder. But I know what you came for; you came to see a crazy old woman that people talk about because they have nothing else to do. But they'll find out some time that Peggy Rushton hasn't been so crazy as they thought. Mind my words, child. I liked the looks of you at first; but I don't like your words—they're not true. I know what you came for. Now don't I?"

"I believe you are right," replied Margaret, looking a little ashamed. "But indeed I *was* tired, and I *did* want to rest, or I would not have said so."

"Well, child," said the woman, "you are tired, I dare say. There's a deal to tire one, day and night, take the year through." And so saying, she sunk down almost groaning into an old arm-chair, beckoning Margaret to be seated by the window of the cottage overlooking the sea. "You see," she then went on, almost like one in a dream, "he may come any minute. I must always be ready, and I find the window convenient for looking out. I've his bed

ready, too;" and she pointed to a little inner apartment, in which Margaret could just see, through a partly opened door, some curtains of white dimity, enclosing a bedstead which had been kept ready—and, alas! vacant—for fifteen years.

"He was a nice *little* fellow," said she, and the mother dwelt fondly on the word "little." "He was a nice little fellow when he went away; but, deary me! he'll be a full-grown man by this time; and I often think whether that bedstead will do for him. I have my doubts—serious doubts—as to the length. His father stood full six feet in his stockings, and I'm not short, you see. But maybe there'll be time after he lands. There's often a deal to do about landing, and that. But you see one wouldn't like not to be ready, so I do what I can."

And thus the poor woman rambled on, as she had lately fallen into the habit of doing, talking to herself, or rather thinking aloud, as people are apt to do who live alone, especially those people who dwell continually upon one idea, and always follow out one train of thought. So little, indeed, after once going off in this strain, did she appear to regard the presence of her visitor, that Margaret felt no inclination to offer any interruption by remarks of her own. She had been secretly impelled by a desire to see this woman, and, if possible, to become acquainted with her in her true character. She had nothing to ask, or to tell, herself. She only wanted to see and hear, and in fact to understand the nature of a life which seemed so strange, so full of interest to one who was just beginning earnestly to inquire about the ways of God towards the children of men. All that Margaret desired in the present instance, therefore, was to keep the poor woman talking and telling about herself, and about those impressions which held her mind in a state of fixed and unwavering belief, notwithstanding her many disappointments.

Was this the kind of faith, Margaret secretly asked and wondered, which her father had so often endeavoured to explain to her? If so, it *must* have its reward. But, again, that faith, she rather suspected, had

some sure foundation to rest upon. What foundation had this poor woman's faith? All probability, nay, even all evidence was against it. But so was the evidence in the case of removing mountains, she thought, for who had ever seen a mountain so removed? Only there was the Saviour's own assurance here. Had this poor woman ever had any direct assurance? Margaret wondered.

Under the teaching of her father, in whose infallibility Margaret devoutly believed, she had learned much even at this early stage of her experience; and that which she had learned from him she was always ready to communicate to others, perhaps with a little more confidence than appeared quite becoming in a child. She was only confident, however, thus far—that in coming from her father, she felt sure it must be not only wise and good, but perfectly incontrovertible. Hence the child appeared at times, and especially to those who did not understand her, a little pertinacious and argumentative, if not even worse; though all the while, in regard to her own opinions, or rather opinions emanating from herself, she was modest in the extreme—modest as all earnestly inquiring people are, and at this period of her life Margaret was simply an inquirer.

She was indeed an inquirer on this occasion, and a deeply interested one, into the grounds of that faith by which the solitary woman had been so long supported. But on further examination of the subject, Margaret was a little disappointed. That earnest and untiring belief on the part of the mother which she had felt disposed to regard with reverence, did not appear, on a closer inspection, to be exactly what she had imagined it to be; and her moral sense was perhaps a little shocked to find in it something more like a blind and obstinate assurance that a certain event would, and *must* come to pass, because it had been so earnestly desired, and importunately prayed for.

Peggy Rushton was not a stranger to prayer, nor to certain religious influences and observances, though to what extent her heart and life had been brought under such influences, it might have been difficult to

determine. There was certainly but little evidence in her accustomed mode of speech of that spirit which is easily entreated, and which vaunteth not itself. In the great occupation and purpose of her life, she was rather resolute and confident that she should be rewarded, and ought to be rewarded, for her long watching and belief; and she spoke on the present occasion with so much of this in her tone and manner, that Margaret ventured at length to say, "Papa used to tell me we were not always to expect that we should have *all* that we prayed for. I remember I once prayed for what was impossible, and he told me that was wrong."

"And who was your *papa*, as you call him?" asked Peggy rather sharply.

"He was a clergyman, the curate of Cliftonbury; and oh, such a good man!" replied the child.

"Well," observed the woman rather contemptuously, "that may be all true enough, and I'm glad to hear that he was a good man; but his sayings are no rule to me, for all that."

"Not his own sayings, perhaps," replied Margaret; "but he knew the Bible so well; and all that he taught came directly out of that Book."

"And I've my Bible, too," said Peggy, pointing to the well-worn volume on a shelf beside her fireplace. "I could tell you chapter and verse as well as most o' them clergy." It was scarcely necessary to tell her of her one-sided way of reading her Bible—how she selected and appropriated those passages which confirmed her one established conviction, and how she neglected much, if not all, that would have corrected her blind belief that she had a right to be rewarded.

Margaret, always strong in what her father had taught her, took courage, and went on: "Papa used to say that when we prayed for a thing, and it did not come as we wished, we were not to think God did not accept our prayers—that He hears our words, and sees our thoughts, and knows all our situation, and what will harm us, and what will do us good; and sometimes does not give us what we pray for because it would hurt us in

some way; but gives us perhaps something else very different—something that we don't wish for at all, but which is far better for us really. He used to say that a father likes to be told and asked about things by his children; and that if I told him I was thirsty, and asked very earnestly for a glass of wine, he should most likely give me a glass of water as much better for me; but he should give it to me because I asked him all the same. And so does our heavenly Father give us His good gifts, though they are often very different from what we should like to have."

"Was it your father," asked Peggy, "that you said was a clergyman?"

"Yes," replied Margaret, a little surprised, and the more so that she observed a very peculiar expression on the woman's face.

"Humph!" said Peggy; "I should have thought it had been yourself."

Peggy Rushton never liked to be dictated to; and on the present occasion it must be confessed that this was not the only symptom she betrayed of considerable impatience while Margaret was delivering her little sermon—a kind of discourse which Peggy regarded as at once beneath the range of her capacity, and remote from the sphere of her experience. Like most enthusiasts, she looked upon her own individual case as peculiar, and not to be reached by any of the common and familiar modes of reasoning—especially not to be reached by the reasoning and dictation of a child; and thus the impression produced was far from being such as the little preacher had intended. Peggy was highly offended; for was she not a woman set apart, with a different lot from other women, and altogether removed from them in the dealings of a mysterious Providence towards herself? Why, then, was she to be talked to by any one—more than all by a child—as if she did not know her portion as it was dealt out to her, and her own part in it? Peggy was highly offended.

Margaret felt this, and was beginning to offer some apology for having spoken on serious subjects at such length to one so many years older than herself, when suddenly her ear was caught by a distant sound,

to which she listened with startled attention. It was almost instantly repeated, and when Margaret rushed out from the door of the cottage, there came up more distinctly from below shout after shout, like some one calling to another who might be in imminent danger.

Both the woman and her visitor ran to the high mound from whence Peggy was accustomed to stretch her watchful gaze across the expanse of ocean. Close to the edge of this mound they could see, by looking down, the entire sweep of the shore as it bounded one of those many little bays which varied the line of coast, with high promontories and rocky points between them. Here the shouts rose louder, and now they could distinctly see the figure of a little boy winding leisurely along, close to the edge of the surf where the rising tide was creeping up amongst some projecting rocks which the boy had already reached. But the sounds which rose so distinctly up through the clear still air, were unheard by the boy, because of the rush of the waves, and the hiss of the foam as it ran up around his feet.

It was little Archy, the youngest of the three brothers, who had wandered on in search of carnelians, or other curious stones or shells; and who, bending his head thoughtfully to discover what the tide had left, took no notice of another tide now sweeping rapidly on, and threatening to lock him into the farther bay, which he was about to enter by climbing over the heap of rocks which stretched far out into the sea, but which, at their farthest point, were now rapidly disappearing in the midst of gathering flood and foam.

George Dunlop, the eldest of the brothers, could just be seen from the high cliff, but he was almost too distant to hear the shouts; yet even he seemed to have some apprehension of danger, for he was hastening along a path which led round by the top of the cliff, but which, owing to the intervening of a deep valley, was a much more lengthy way of reaching the extremity of the bay than he had probably apprehended. It was from Harry's voice that the shouts of

warning came. He was on the beach, and could distinctly see the perilous situation of his little brother. He was hurrying at his utmost speed, but the sands were soft and heavy, and he was too far distant to have any chance of reaching the rocky barrier which Archy had already begun to climb, before his figure must disappear on the other side, and what might be there—what depth of water, or what height of cliff—it was impossible for him to know.

Peggy Rushton, however, knew: she knew the nature of the coast, the steep and hollow curve of the cliff within the farther bay, and how difficult—almost impossible—the rocks were to climb on that side. For a moment she forgot her own troubles in the fearful apprehensions which that spectacle awakened. Whatever hope Margaret might have entertained before died out of her when she looked into the woman's face—that face so worn with the long dull agony of disappointment, yet so capable still of the sharper agony of terror for the life of a child that was not her own—the precious life of the son of some mother who had never watched and waited as she had done.

"If it was not for my old limbs," said the woman, "I would run and fetch James Halliday. If any man could help, it would be James."

"Where is he?" asked Margaret eagerly.

The woman turned, and regarded her for awhile with a scrutinizing gaze. "You're a strong bairn," she said, as if talking to herself; "maybe you're better at running than you are at preaching."

"I can run very fast," said Margaret, anxious not to lose a moment.

"Then off with you," said the woman, "over that turnip field, and down in the hollow there you'll see two cottages standing. The last is James Halliday's, and if he's at home—which is more than can be looked for at this time of day—but if he is at home, tell him all about it. Don't stop for fine words. He's a plain man is James, but a rough 'un; just tell him to take the strongest rope he can lay his hands on. But he'll know what to do, sure enough."

"And if he is not at home?" asked the

child, with suspended breath; for she was already on tiptoe to be gone.

"Why, then the Lord help that little lad!" said Peggy, "for there's nobody else."

"Not in the other cottage?"

"No; she's only a poor old body like me, that lives there."

Before Peggy had uttered these last words, Margaret was gone.

"Shot like a dart," said the woman, watching from her post of observation. "I doubt she goes too fast at first. She'll never hold that pace, only its downhill soon. She *does* run, does the little lass. Oh! but yon gate's fastened. Whew! she's over it, and away like a wild mountain lamb. She *does* run like a good 'un. I shouldn't be surprised if there's more in that bairn than I gave her credit for when she sat preaching there—preaching to me like an old parson, altogether out of her place. But she's found it now. Yes; let the young folks run, and the old ones tell 'em where to go; that's the way it should be. I wonder where she's got to now? Why, yonder, I declare! No; it can't be—yes, it is—why, bless the child! If her heart was as true as her step is swift and sure she would make a brave woman yet, though she does preach to people that are older and wiser than herself."

By the time Peggy had finished her soliloquy, Margaret had disappeared beyond the brow of the hill, and was rapidly pursuing her way down into the valley towards the cottage of James Halliday, a well-known character in that neighbourhood, who was held in high repute for daring exploits both by sea and land. The idea of finding a man of his occupations in his quiet home in the middle of a bright summer's day, was almost beyond the range of hope. But youth—such youth as Margaret's—makes little account of probability, and she flew onward, the more rapidly that her course now lay directly downwards into a little valley or dell opening out into the bay, towards which, when Archy was last seen, his steps were tending.

It was evident to all who saw him that the real nature of his situation had never struck the boy up to the time when he turned the point which formed the outer extremity

of this bay. What he thought or felt then, no one could conjecture, for he was, during a part of his progress, hidden from the view of his friends on both sides of the ridge or promontory. To those who had time to think, it seemed that he must then have opened his eyes on a frightful spectacle: for already the tide was swelling up within the bay far along the beach, and climbing, as it seemed, the rocky barrier, for there the waves dashed highest, as if vexed with the interruption which they were determined to overcome. Instead of turning back, however, as he might at that instant have done with safety, the boy clambered on amongst the crags, now seen for a moment, and then lost behind some projecting mass of rock, apparently unconscious whether the tide was advancing or going back.

On reaching the cottage of James Halliday, Margaret learned, to her great joy, that the fisherman was not far from the spot, was not gone out on one of his frequent voyages, but was quietly mending his nets beside some boats on the shore. He was consequently soon found, and his services engaged on behalf of the helpless boy. But while everybody put faith in James Halliday as the one efficient resource in any crisis of imminent danger, he himself appeared on the present occasion to be labouring under serious apprehension as to whether he could save the boy or not.

"A *little* boy, you say?" he asked inquiringly of Margaret.

"Quite a little boy," she replied, thinking that the very pitifulness of the case would strengthen her appeal—"such a *nice* little fellow, so kind and good, and we love him so much."

"That's not it," said the fisherman, with a gesture of impatience. "No matter whether he's nice or not. If he was a prince, the son of Queen Victoria herself, that would not save him if he had not strength enough to hold by this rope, and was not man enough to grasp it like a man: I tell you there's no power on earth could save him in that case. It is not *me*, you see my little girl, it's *him* that has to be looked to for holding on."

"I understand," said Margaret: "though he is short, he is a sturdy fellow. They are a family well brought up, and very brave."

"Well brought up!" said the fisherman, with the same tone of contempt he had used before, and which seemed to be familiar to him. "Well brought up!" he repeated. "I suppose that means well fed, and dressed in fine clothes. I tell you that's not worth so much as the breath that blows away a bit of thistle-down, when the wind roars and the sea rages. But come you on, and follow me, my little lass. I like the looks o' ye, though you do talk nonsense, like the rest o' fine folk, about bringing up."

"I don't mean," said Margaret, following very meekly in the steps of the great powerful man, and not able to keep up with him except by now and then making a little run,— "I don't mean that they are brought up delicately, but bravely—sensibly, as boys that are to be useful men should be brought up."

"Well, that is something," said the fisherman, who seemed to Margaret to be going far too leisurely to work, as if his object might be to catch a herring, not to save a human life. "That is something," he repeated. "Folks like you don't often talk about being brave. I fancy they leave that for the most part to us poor fishermen, and to all that live by hard service both on sea and land. But, mercy on us, child! what are we doing? Yonder he is—the poor little dot of a fellow, and all yon big sea running up like fury! I must be off, or he'll be swept away before any rope can reach him. He can never stand that for long."

So saying, the fisherman ran off at full speed, leaving Margaret to take care of herself. Happily for her, she never once thought about herself, or she might have been terror-stricken by the nature of her situation altogether, for she was entirely alone in a strange, wild, solitary place, without any protector or friend to take her by the hand, or to say to her a soothing word under the agony of apprehension which she was enduring. For before her, full in view, as the fisherman had said, was the little "dot of a fellow," clinging to the rocks

on the opposite side to that where his brother had seen him on the ridge or promontory; and now, in all probability, he was for the first time aware of his danger—he must indeed be aware of it, for the water was deep on this side, and the waves lashed fiercely up among the scattered fragments of earth and stone which had fallen from the huge cliffs above.

Margaret knew now that the little boy did see his danger to some extent. She watched him intently, and saw that he looked around as if taking in the full horror of his situation at one glance; and then she saw him throw up his arms in an attitude of terror—perhaps, as she thought, uttering some wild cry which the sea-birds alone could hear.

It was impossible for Margaret not to cry too, but her words were those of encouragement, if they could but have reached him. Yes, Margaret saw and knew that he was suffering agonies of terror and distress; and she now ran on to the place whence the fisherman had disappeared, in order that she might wave her handkerchief, or in some way attract his attention, and so make him aware that help was at hand; or, if indeed he was beyond all human help, that he might know and feel that he was not left there to die alone, without any effort being made to save him.

"Archy! dear little Archy!" cried Margaret, until the tears choked her utterance; and then she prayed fervently to her heavenly Father, and his, that He would stretch out His arm of power, and help and save the boy. She had scarcely sought this relief before she discovered by the look and attitude of the poor child that he also was praying, for his clasped hands were raised, and his knees bent upon the rock, and so he remained for what seemed to Margaret a long time; for the water was still rising, and she could not see the fisherman at all, and for Archy to climb the rocks above him was impossible.

Well, indeed, was it for both children, in that moment of agony, that they had been early taught to pray; that an appeal to their Father in Heaven was no new language to

their lips; and especially that they, young as they were, could pray believing that they should be heard for the sake of that Saviour in whom they had early learned to trust. Little Archy was perhaps naturally less brave than his brothers; but they all regarded him as having more faith; perhaps he was more reliant in his own disposition; but especially they regarded him as loving more devoutly Him to whom he was now crying from his rocky prison, while half-encircled by the raging waves.

But hark! There is a sound. A manly voice breaks through the roar of the surging billows. Margaret sees that the boy has heard, and is looking up towards the cliff. By a circuitous way the fisherman has gained a standing place above, and yet not very distant from the spot where little Archy remains, having discovered, to his horror, that to proceed is impossible.

Margaret heard the shouting, and she saw at length that Archy had discovered from whence it came—that he had seen the man, and was beginning to understand something by his gesticulations. But how could a rope thrown to that little dot of a fellow ever help him out of the mouth of that raging gulf? It was worth trying, however, and it was evident that James Halliday thought so, for he kept repeatedly throwing the rope, to the end of which he had made a noose, until at last it caught upon a point of rock immediately beside the boy, who had the presence of mind to seize and grasp it firmly. Having done so, he looked up again at the man, who showed by gestures what he was to do. He was to slip the noose over his head, and let it remain securely drawn round his waist. Then he was to begin his perilous ascent along a line of rocks which the fisherman pointed out. Impossible! it looked to Margaret; and once having seen the boy slip, and fall back a short way, she covered her eyes with her hands, and absolutely dared not look again—not, indeed, until she heard what sounded like another voice. Then she looked up and beheld two figures on the cliff. It was Harry Dunlop, who by some means, having clambered up from the shore

on the other side of the ridge of rocks, had joined the fisherman, and was helping him to steady and ease the rope, and all the while shouting words of encouragement, which his brother was now just able to hear.

Margaret never knew exactly how the boy was saved. It seemed to her then, and indeed ever afterwards, like a miracle; but so it was, that Harry, at length losing patience, descended a short distance by hold of the rope, and caught his little brother in his arms just as his last effort was failing. The boy had struggled hard for life, and by the help of the rope had been able to clamber over many difficult points of rugged ascent which would otherwise have been wholly impracticable to him; but by the time his brother appeared on the scene, his strength was rapidly expiring, and had he not been caught in those affectionate arms, it is more than probable he would have fallen back into the now foaming gulf, from which no human power could have saved him.

There was still both danger and difficulty to be encountered. With his almost insensible burden, Harry had enough to do to keep his own footing, though the steepest portion of the cliff was passed, and he had the steady hand and encouraging directions of the fisherman to help him. His own active and adventurous habits were here of great service to him, as, indeed, had been the case with little Archy; for had his bringing-up been as tender as his general appearance might have led a stranger to suppose, he would scarcely have had the resolution to make the first attempt to reach a place of safety by seizing the rope and adjusting it to his person. It was now absolute physical exhaustion under which he sank; and when at last the summit of the cliff was gained, Harry placed his burden gently on the ground, scarcely knowing whether the last spark of life was not actually gone.

Margaret had hastened to the spot, and was there on the top of the cliff ready to receive little Archy into her kind caressing arms; for although one year younger than her charge, she eagerly undertook the office of nurse and comforter, inspired only by

that womanly instinct which many a little girl, even younger than Margaret, has exhibited in the form of matronly kindness, while herself but a child.

Almost for the first time in her life Margaret had found herself of use this day, and that conviction came upon her like the dawn of a new existence. She did not see herself differently, because, as already said, she was not thinking of herself; but above and around her all things expanded and grew, and ways seemed to open in every direction, while a certain power of action rushed through her whole frame, making life—even that troubled life of the last few hours—a kind of ecstasy, it was so full of purpose, energy, and hope, and now so rich in fulfilment.

Yes, there was something very much like happiness beaming from Margaret's earnest face, along with this consciousness of having been of use, which she could enjoy to its full extent without attributing the least merit to herself; for what had she done? And now she was indeed happy, for the colour was beginning to come back into Archy's pale cheeks; while, seated on the ground, she held him closely in her arms, with his head resting on her shoulder, chafing his purple hands, and trying to warm his cold feet, Harry at the same time bending over him with intense anxiety. His large blue eyes at length opened, he gave one look of grateful recognition, and for a moment smiled upon them with his accustomed expression of guileless and cordial affection.

The little woman held him in her arms with caressing tenderness. The motherly ways of the young girl often made Harry smile afterwards when he recalled the scene. Yet somehow he liked to bring the picture up again before his mind. He liked to see Margaret in that attitude of anxious and loving care. She had had neither brother nor sister of her own. She had scarcely known what it was to be herself the object of a mother's tenderness. Yet here was nature working in her heart, and actually directing her what to do in one of the most trying emergencies of human experience.

We are often called upon to admire the provisions made by an all-wise Creator in completing and sustaining the works of His own hand; and a glorious call for rejoicing thankfulness it is when science brings to light some new manifestation of the wisdom and the goodness of God, as shown in the natural structure of our world. But there is another world within the human heart—a world in which provision has been made for all our social, relative, and individual wants, which does not the less excite our wonder and gratitude. It is a great thing that the reindeer is supplied through the icy solitudes of his long winter with the moss which sustains his life; that the swift and graceful wing of the swallow is strong enough to bear its autumnal flight over sea and land in search of some sunnier shore where the storms of our climate are unknown. But I think it is a greater thing, because it is a provision more exquisitely adapted to our necessities, that a gentle brooding love like that of a mother should be found in every woman's breast, whether young or old, whether solitary or planted in families; and that this bountiful provision needs only the cry of pain, the look of agony, the spectacle of suffering, to call it into active usefulness.

We speak often of this love with tender and admiring reverence, where, implanted by nature, it is manifested by a parent towards her own offspring. But have we not all seen it yet even more wonderfully displayed where there has been no natural claim to call it forth—where it has arisen as it were spontaneously, and grown into active life during the exigency of some calamitous moment, answering promptly and willingly where there was no other requirement than that of urgent need, and still more wonderfully persisting in its kindly offices where there was no earthly reward?

We grow accustomed to the natural exercise of motherly affection, because the little birds feel this when they spread their wings over their unfledged young—the sheep when it answers to the bleating of its own lamb among a thousand—the lioness when she defends the cave in which her nurslings are asleep. But when a woman who is no

mother herself takes the poor orphan to her heart and home, when she devotes herself by day and by night to another woman's child, when she gives herself liberally and continually to the self-denying services required in nursing and training, cherishing and comforting those who were born with no natural dependence upon her, then, I think, we recognise more immediately the working of God's own hand in this provision, the history of which, if it could be written, would be a history of the noblest and truest heroism that language has ever recorded, embracing much that lies closest to human feeling, and deepest in our experience both of happiness and misery.

And yet such instances of the wise and merciful care of our heavenly Father in His provision for our necessities are continually presenting themselves within the range of ordinary observation. Thus, when I speak of a little girl on a sudden emergency doing just what was kindest, and best, and most motherly to do, without instruction, and without premeditation, I speak only of the acting out of a natural impulse—the exercise of a natural gift which all women, except in very rare and revolting instances, have received as an unalienable and most blessed heritage—a talent which is capable, perhaps beyond all others, of being rendered back with interest to the Divine Master when He shall call from each one of us for an account of what has been lent us to use in His service.

It is impossible to say at what age, or under what unlikely circumstances, the exercise of this gift may not be found. In the nursery, the schoolroom, or the hospital we expect to find it. But we also see it touchingly displayed in our streets and lanes, where the little motherly girl, scarcely fit to be more than a nursing herself, takes willing charge of a lusty infant too heavy for her strength; where she sits among a group of tiny creatures committed to her care, and makes garlands for them beside the meadow path, or snatches them away with resolute arms at the sound of coming danger. More beautiful still it is to see her motherly attempts to soothe the fretfulness of

the little one when she herself might reasonably be fretting: how she will kiss the small pricked finger, and bind it up, when her own is torn with briars; and how she will pet, and rock, and sing to, and crow over some baby tyrant, when sorely in need of a little tenderness herself.

It was in this spirit, and actuated by this natural impulse, that Margaret undertook in a moment, and without being conscious of what she was doing, her first duty in the way of motherly care-taking. She had nursed many a pet in her short life—many a dumb creature, four-footed or winged: nothing came amiss to her that was young and helpless, tender or suffering. But now she had a human sufferer, and a very precious one—a case of life and death upon her hands; and absorbing as the office she had undertaken might well have been to anyone, it was intensely so to her. Only a girl whose nature was deeply imbued with the kind of interest here described could have done exactly as Margaret did under so sudden and pressing an emergency—feeling, as it were, with her soft warm hand for what life might yet be left in the shivering boy, clasping his wrists and ankles, pressing him again and again close to her own warm heart, and then looking up, ever and anon, into the brother's face with an exulting smile, and saying, "He is better—warmer!" or uttering some other sudden and joyful announcement, with an air of as much confidence and triumph, as if she had been conquering a city.

There was, in fact, no fear in Margaret's mind after the boy had once opened his eyes and looked around him, as he did, with a smile of intelligence. But he fell off again after that, and shivered, and closed his eyes, and looked as if he might be actually dying. It seemed as if a kind of cold stupor was creeping over him, and Margaret set herself to rub and chafe his limbs, throwing off as fast as she could the heaviest of the wet garments which clung around him, and wrapping him closely in her own mantle.

In the meantime, James Halliday had run off for some kind of restorative, with

the use of which he was himself rather intimately acquainted, and at the same time he brought a blanket from his own bed, with other wraps and provisions of his own for restoring animation. Laden with these, he very naturally insisted upon having his own way with the boy whose life he had saved; and he spoke and acted with so much of the air of one who has had great experience in such matters, and also one whose method of carrying out a purpose is not to be disputed, that Margaret deemed

it best to give way, and allow him to proceed without interference.

The consequence was that little Archy soon found himself closely enveloped in the folds of a blanket not quite so white as those of his Canadian home, and with something very hot, and strong, and disagreeable burning in his throat. He felt also that he was being carried along, he supposed over the shoulders of the fisherman; but beyond this his bewildered senses did not serve him to much purpose.

WINTER AT THE SEA-SHORE.



HE curving shore is fringed with ice and snow,
Far as the eye can reach, in frozen blocks,
And myriads of wild sea-birds come and go
In countless flocks:

Some paddling on the icebergs, and some flying
In form triangular, and numbers vast;
While shoals of oxbirds, others' speed outvying,
Go sweeping past.

Plovers and ducks, and brown geese without number
Hover o'erhead, or settle on the sea;
God sends them in such plentiful abundance,
For all men free.

But, hark! a shot with sharp reverberation,
Re-echoes loudly from a fowler's boat;
And the shrill shriek of fear and consternation
Alarm denote.

For that one shot, with well-directed aim,
Swept lengthwise through a hundred wings outspread,
And over twenty of the ocean game
Fall maimed or dead.

But evening comes, and o'er the darkening skies,
In moving clouds, the affrighted birds retreat;
Just as the full moon's earliest beams arise
Serenely sweet.

The rustling tide comes murmuring toward the beach,
Lifting the crisp ice with a measured flow.
Beautiful sea! as far as eye can reach
Belted with snow.


BENJAMIN GOUGH.

EARTHLY STORIES WITH HEAVENLY MEANINGS.

BY THE EDITOR.

II.

THE PRODIGAL SON—THE ELDER BROTHER.

 OR the reason assigned in my first paper, I again introduce poetical illustrations of the Parable of the Prodigal Son. It will be noted that the lines by the Rev. S. J. Stone, entitled "Coming to Himself," are illustrative of one of the engravings inserted last month.

I have also appended an extract from the Rev. W. Arnot's work on "The Parables of our Lord," as a comment on "The Elder Son." The view taken is identical with that advanced in the closing chapter of "The Way Home."

As the first division of the Parable proclaims the *fulness and freeness of the Gospel of the grace of God to publicans and sinners*, in order to encourage them to return home, so the last division exhibits, in the strongest light, *the narrow, legal spirit of the Pharisees and Scribes*—showing how possible it is to possess privileges without receiving any real benefit from them—how possible it is to be bereft of filial love and sympathy even in a father's house.

The Pharisees and Scribes could scarcely fail to shrink from the mirror in which they were bidden to behold their own features. Yet we may surmise, from their silence, that conscience brought home to them the conviction of guilt. So it is possible our reprobation of the character of the Elder Son may include *ourselves*.

Unnatural as his conduct appears—the responsibilities and privileges of his earthly relationship so entirely disregarded—we must remember the whole Parable is significant of *spiritual* truth. Our Saviour did not mean to charge the Pharisees and Scribes literally, but *spiritually*, with the sin of legal apostacy. It was the *heavenly* relationship and its obligations which they so greatly misunderstood. The joy of the father on

account of the moral resurrection of his son is the faint image of the joy of our heavenly Father when, in the new creation of the soul "in righteousness and true holiness," He beholds the spiritually dead alive again—the spiritually lost found. So the conduct of the Elder Brother indicates spiritual alienation from the mind of God—spiritual indifference where there should have been the deepest spiritual interest.

A test which proposes to determine the value of our religion by the measure of our sympathy with *spiritual joy*, and our estimate of the occasion it celebrates, is not to be applied without deep searchings of heart.

The question is not, Are we in the *social relations* of life imitating the conduct of the Elder Son? This may not be the case. It was not the case with the Pharisees and Scribes. We may be exemplary in the discharge of relative and social obligations. It is well indeed if it be so. "These *ought ye to have done*." But the Earthly Story has a Heavenly meaning. The highest obligations are to God. The question is, Are we *spiritually* living as His "dear children," or *spiritually* acting out the character of the Elder Son? We may be in the temple as the Elder Son was in the field. We may be noted for our observance of ceremonial ordinances—be very zealous—give abundant alms—have a name to live; and yet selfishness, not the love of God, may lie at the root of our religion. There may be—there often is—"the *form* of godliness" without "the *power* thereof."

If the Pharisee did but watch the manifestations of his spirit towards others, as well as the nature of his communion with God, he would without much difficulty detect in himself even the more repulsive aspect of the Elder Son. The brotherhood of Christians, how imperfectly he realizes it! With what coldness and suspicion he looks on persons professing repentance after a life

of flagrant sin! What a satisfied sense of his own superiority, because he has not run to the same excess of riot! How little anxiety for the spiritual sonship of others, even those united to him by the closest ties! How little consciousness of the privileges of a son, even on his own part! How servile his worship—how heartless his prayers—how formal his praises! Can this be the man who has received "the unspeakable gift"? Can this be the man to whom the Gospel has brought "tidings of great joy"? Can we believe that the Spirit bears witness with his spirit, that grace hath made him "a child of God"? Nay, *does he believe it himself?* Is he not rather an alien, a stranger in his father's house?

We want the love of God shed abroad in our hearts, and nothing will compensate for its absence. If, in the earthly relationship, the most exact obedience to a father's commands—the most unlimited compliance with his wishes—would fail to impart a throb of pleasure to his heart, if he knew his child's *affections* were estranged, can we hope the religion of a Pharisee will avail to commend us in His sight who affirms that love, and love only, is "the fulfilling of the law"?

Grace—free grace—the love of God to man—must be realized, in order to the love of man to God, or the true *spiritual* love of man to man. The knowledge of this love is the Sinner's Way Home!

THE PRODIGAL SON.

By B. J. STONE, B.A., Curate of Windsor, Author of
"Lyra Fidei."*

I.

COMING TO HIMSELF.*

From every shrine of pleasure, pride, or fame,
His idols overhurl'd;

Martyr of sin, he estimates in shame
The worship of the world.

Nor may his thought o'er those enjoyments
Fled

Still linger wistfully;
The false gods, vainly honoured, coldly dead,
In death's dishonour lie.

But touched with new life 'neath his spirit-
change

Those older memories seem,

* Illustration, page 14.

As they come crowding o'er him with the
strange

Sweet sadness of a dream.

New and yet old, the same yet not the same,
Old from the far-off years,
Yet new by new-won right to that dear name
Most sweet to human ears.

And though so sweet by that new sense of
love,

Yet sad by sense of loss:

What gain that now he ranks the gold above
The glitter of the dross?

What gain, since now the priceless wealth
has passed

For ever from his hold?

Yet it is sweet to know that now at last
He doth esteem it gold!

Thus dear the musing thought that travels
o'er

That earlier life again;

Yet thus the voice within that cries, "No
more!"

Ories with a sharper pain.

His Father's land, the bounty and the grace,
The bliss and rest of Home,
Lit with the sunshine of his Father's face,
Before his memory come.

His Father's face!—that vision to recall
The bitterest pain doth lend—

That only now he knows him over all
Dearest and surest Friend;

That now he sees him when so far away
The highest and the best,

When head or heart he never more may lay
Upon that Father's breast.

Never!—is word so desperate so true?

Is he no more a child?

For ever spurned by him whom once he knew
Most merciful and mild?

"I will arise and go, for it may be

That I shall be forgiven;

Though my vain soul hath sinned so utterly
Against his love and Heaven.

"Would his forgiveness bid me but become
A servant, not a son,—

To be before his Face and in his Home
Would be a new life won!

"So I shall win the peace, if not the bliss
And sweetness of his grace;

The glory of his presence, though I miss
The joy of his embrace!"



AN EARTHLY STORY WITH A HEAVENLY MEANING.



The Welcome Home.

"But the father said to his servants, Bring forth the best robe, and put it on him; and put a ring on his hand, and shoes on his feet: and bring hither the fatted calf, and kill it; and let us eat, and be merry."—ST. LUKE XV. 22, 23.



The Regeant; or, Adoption Tested.

"And he was angry, and would not go in: therefore came his father out, and intreated him. . . . And he said unto him, Son, thou art ever with me, and all that I have is thine. It was meet that we should make merry, and be glad: for this thy brother was dead, and is alive again; and was lost, and is found."—ST. LUKE XV. 28, 31, 32.



II.

THE WELCOME HOME.

He doth not linger on the toilsome road,
 Dark vale, or rugged hill;
 Albeit as one who hath a weary load,
 He presseth onward still.

And still th' alternate memories go and come,
 Swift hurrying o'er his mind—
 Now the dear vision of his Father's Home,
 Now that false world behind.

Sorrow and shame, and new-born hope and love,
 Their shade and sunshine throw:
 Now wings his soul a happy flight above,
 Now cowers in depths below.

And ever as the weary leagues grow less,
 And all he seeks more near,
 Fiercer the tumult, and his soul's distress,
 The pangs of hope and fear.

And now by yonder vale and hill he knows
 His journey wellnigh done;
 All, by the crown or ending of his woes,
 For ever lost or won!

Then far away, well known, on that fair slope,
 Walls, towers, and gates appear;
 These to his fancy closed against his hope,
 Those sterner for his fear!

Yet oh—though all in vain may be his quest—
 Sweet to his longing sight
 The glory and the peace! the Vale of Rest,
 The Mountain of Delight!

Who sees he now from that high tower descend,
 And throw the portal wide,
 As one who long hath waited for a friend,
 And hastens to his side?

Oh, at his coming his quick steps are stayed;
 With shaken frame he stands;
 He cannot speak—almost he is afraid
 To lift his longing hands.

Only his eyes pray as they watch him come:
 As one in deadly strife
 Who with wild looks, although his lips be dumb,
 Doth beg an hour of life.

An hour? Oh, this is love that pardons all!
 Heart unto heart is pressed;
 On the son's cheek the Father's kisses fall,
 His tears upon his breast.

"O Father, for that wrong my sin hath done
 Against thy love and Heaven,
 I am not worthy to be called thy son!"—
 "My son, thou art forgiven!"

Oh, blessed grace of love that all forgives!
 Oh, pity without bound!
 "My son was dead, and now behold he lives;
 Was lost, but he is found!"

THE LEGALIST; OR, ADOPTION TESTED.

By the Rev. W. ARNOT.

"Now his elder son was in the field: and as he came and drew nigh to the house, he heard music and dancing. And he called one of the servants, and asked what these things meant. And he said unto him, Thy brother is come; and thy father hath killed the fatted calf, because he hath received him safe and sound. And he was angry, and would not go in: therefore came his father out, and entreated him. And he, answering, said to his father, Lo, these many years do I serve thee; neither transgressed I at any time thy commandment; and yet thou never gavest me a kid, that I might make merry with my friends: but as soon as this thy son was come, which hath devoured thy living with harlots, thou hast killed for him the fatted calf. And he said unto him, Son, thou art ever with me, and all that I have is thine. It was meet that we should make merry, and be glad; for this thy brother was dead, and is alive again; and was lost, and is found."—LUKE xv. 25—32.

"And he was angry"—his cold heart,
 As if encased in steel,
 Felt not the healthful glow of love:
 A stranger to the joys above,
 He knew not how to feel.

"And he was angry"—ah! how sad,
 While all rejoiced around;
 The meanest servant—strangers—all
 With mirthful raptures filled the hall,
 Because the "Lost" was "FOUND."

"And he was angry"—would not join
 The merry guests within;
 Their music fill'd his jealous soul
 With rancour he could not control—
 The bitter fruit of sin.

"And he was angry"—fretted, fumed,
 Because of what was done;
 While the bless'd Father's gracious heart
 Loved his forgiveness to impart
 To his repenting son.

J. H. HUGHES.

The notice given in the first sentence of the Parable prepares us for meeting with

the Elder Son in some significant capacity ere it close; and here, accordingly, he comes up to sustain his part.

At the moment of the Prodigal's return, his elder brother was in the field, whether for his father's profit or his own pleasure we are not informed. When he came home in the evening, and before he had entered the house, he heard the sound of the festival within. Surprised and displeased that a feast on so large a scale should have been instituted without his privity and participation, he assumed and maintained an attitude of haughty reserve. Instead of going in at once, and seeing all with his own eyes as a son, he went to a servant, and in the spirit of an alien inquired the reason of the mirth. Having learned the leading facts, instead of imitating his father's generosity, he abandoned himself to selfish jealousy, and went away in a pet. The father, on every side true to his character, came out and pleaded with him to enter and share the common joy. Hereupon the true character of the *soi-disant* model son is revealed; he peevishly casts it in his father's face, as a reproach, that he had never provided such a feast for his immaculate and superlatively dutiful child.

The Elder Son, in his statement of the case, introduces an elaborately constructed double contrast between his brother's experience and his own, which is peculiarly interesting in relation to the mercy of God and the methods of the Gospel. To the jaundiced eye of this sour-tempered pharisaic youth, it seemed that his father gave much to him that deserved least, and little to him that deserved most: to the profligate son the fatted calf; to the eminently dutiful child, not even a kid. Here the hard, self-satisfied formalist, like Pilate and Caiaphas, preaches the Christ whom he did not know. The envious contrast portrayed by the Elder Son is a dark shadow which takes its shape from the Light of life. It is a law of the Gospel that nothing is given to the man in reward for the righteousness which he brings forward as his boast; but all is given to the man who has flung away his own righteousness with loathing as filthy rags, and come,

"wretched, and miserable, and poor, and blind, and naked," to cast himself on the mercy of God. The greatest gift is bestowed on the most worthless; for "God commendeth His love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us" (Rom. v. 8.)

At this point the line of our Parable touches that of the lost sheep, and thenceforth runs coincident with it to the close: it points to the same features of human character, and teaches the same principles of Divine truth. In the first place, it repeats the answer already given in the two preceding parables to the question embodied in the complaint of the Pharisees, "This man receiveth sinners, and eateth with them." The father announces with great clearness and fulness the grounds on which he rejoiced more that day over the Prodigal restored than over the Elder Son, who had never left home. It is a rule in human experience, universally understood and appreciated, that though a son never lost is as precious as one who has been lost and found, parents experience a more vivid joy in the act of receiving the exile back than in the continuous possession of a son who has been always in their sight.

In the meantime, it is very sweet to learn from the lips of Jesus that this law, which may be clearly traced on earth, penetrates to heaven, and there prepares for repenting sinners, not a bare escape from wrath, but an abundant entrance into the joy of their Lord.

But while the Parable thus demonstrates that even though the claim of the Pharisees were granted their objection falls to the ground, it most certainly does not grant that claim. So far from conceding that they needed no repentance, the Lord makes it evident that they kept company with the publicans in sin, and only differed in this, that they did not repent and forsake it. The Elder Brother, towards the close of the Parable, presents a life-likeness of the Pharisees: in him they might have seen their own shadow on the wall.

The self-righteousness, the pride, the peevishness, the jealousy of the Elder

Brother, in the close of the Parable, represent in its most distinctive features the character of the Jewish people, and their leaders, in the beginning of the Gospel. One of their leading reasons for refusing to own Jesus as the Messiah was His manifested willingness to extend the blessings of redemption to the needy of every condition and every name. When the Lord reminded them that Elijah was sent past many suffering widows in Israel to relieve a stranger at Sarepta, and that Elisha left many lepers uncured among his own countrymen when he healed the Syrian soldier, they were so exasperated by the suggestion that God's favour had already flowed out to the Gentiles, and might flow in the same direction again, that they "rose up and thrust Him out of the city, and led Him unto the brow of the hill whereon their city was built, that they might cast Him down headlong" (Luke iv. 29). The same spirit burst forth when they were touched on the same tender point in the ministry of the Apostles. Paul was permitted, from the stairs of the fortress attached to the temple at Jerusalem, to address an excited multitude on the faith as it is in Jesus. Loving the Hebrew tongue, in which he spoke better than the Greek, which they had expected him to employ, they listened with interest and in silence to the story of his conversion through the appearing of the risen Jesus; but when in the progress of the narrative he found it necessary to inform them that the Lord his Saviour gave him a commission to preach the Gospel beyond the boundaries of Israel, saying, "Depart, for I will send thee far hence unto the Gentiles," they gave him audience unto this word, and then lifted up their voices and said, "Away with such a fellow from the earth, for it is not fit that he should live" (Acts xxii. 21, 22). In this inveterate prejudice of the Pharisaic Jews against the admission of persons or communities other than themselves into the privileges of Messiah's kingdom, we see the reason why the Lord gave His Parable the turn which it takes in the extraordinary conduct of the Elder Brother. Counting that the kingdom belonged exclusively to themselves, the Jewish

hierarchs violently resented every suggestion that pointed to the reception of strangers. It was to them that this series of Parables was addressed; and to them, in immediate relation to their stupid and impudent cry, "He receiveth sinners!"

But we have not exhausted this portion of the lesson when we have pointed out that those whom the Elder Brother represents fret proudly and peevishly against the admission of their neighbours into the kingdom; by that very fact they unconsciously but surely demonstrate that themselves have not entered yet. The spirit that in regard to self is satisfied—before God unhumbled, and towards men unloving—has no part with Christ; this is the proud whom God knoweth afar off, not the meek whom He delights to honour.

Ah! woe to the man who serves God as that son served his father, with a mercenary mind and an unbroken heart: who thinks his obedience praiseworthy, and would be surprised if it should go without a reward. The Elder Son was lost as well as the Younger; but as far as the Parable reveals his history, he was not, like him, found again. He, like his brother, went astray; but, unlike him, refused to come back. The Father was grieved as much by the sullen, dry, hard, cold, dead formality of his Elder Son, as by the prodigal wastefulness of the Younger, without getting the sorrow balanced by a subsequent joy. Whited sepulchre! what will thy residence in the house, and thy constant and punctilious profession, avail thee, while thou art planting daggers in thy Father's heart, and nursing vile hypocrisy in thy own? It is the empty open vessel that gets itself filled when it is plunged into a well of living water; the vessel that is full and shut, although it is overflowed by rivers of privileges, does not receive or retain a drop. Before God and under the Gospel, the turning-point of each man's destiny is not the number or the aggravation of his sins, but the discovery of his own guilt, and the consequent cry out of the depths for mercy. That which really in the last resort hinders a man's salvation, and secures his doom, is not his sin, but his

refusal to know and own that he is a sinner. All the excesses of the Prodigal will not shut him out of Heaven, for he came repenting to his Father; but all the virtues of the Elder Brother will not let him into Heaven, for he cherished pride in his heart, and taunted his Father for overlooking his worth. The ground on which the Laodiceans were condemned was not the sinfulness of their state, but their stolid satisfaction with the state they were in. "Because thou sayest, I am rich and increased with goods, and have need of nothing; and knowest not that thou art wretched, and miserable, and poor, and blind, and naked" (Rev. iii. 17). What although they were not rich;—if they had known their poverty, all the treasures of the Godhead were at their disposal: what although they were wretched;—all the blessings that were at God's right hand were

theirs for the asking. What although this son was prodigal;—there is a place for him in God's favour—a place for him in the mansions of the Father's house for ever, when he comes back repenting, confiding. But what although he never strayed—never missed a diet of worship or a deed of alms—the Elder Brother, by holding to his own righteousness, rejects the righteousness which is of God by faith, and shuts himself out of the kingdom. Him who thought he was poor, and miserable, and wretched, and blind, and naked, the Father runs to meet with kisses of love and tears of joy; but him who thought himself rich, and increased with goods, and in need of nothing, the Father puts away with the most piercing expression of loathing which the whole Scriptures contain: "I will spue thee out of my mouth."

HEROISM IN THE MINE.



OLD England has her heroes,
Of every rank and grade,
From those that wield a sceptre,
To those that work a spade.
Her choicest gems are noble hearts,
Her wealth the sons of toil,
Who, bee-like, gather in her sweets,
Nor ask to share the spoil.

Old England renders honour
To those to whom 'tis due—
To those who prove by loving deeds
They love the Good and True.
But most she loves self-sacrifice,
Such as *they* showed who gave
Free labour, weary days and nights,
In hope to help and save.

God bless ye, noble colliers!
Ye wrought not thus in vain,
Although the hearts ye bore to earth
Shall beat not here again.
Unselfish love is still its own
Exceeding great reward;
And England, in her heart of hearts,
Your well-earned fame will guard.

The fatherless will lisp your names,
And widows, by their prayers,
Invoke protection, night and day,
From Danger's hidden snares.
And may the Lord who died to save—
Not vainly—with His love
Enrich you here, and make you meet
To share His joys above!

ANON.



THE WIDOW AND THE FATHERLESS.

THE appeal to the country at large on behalf of the sufferers from the recent terrible Colliery calamities has not met with so general and liberal a response as the emergencies of the case demand.

That this is not to be attributed to lack of sympathy, we are well assured. But there appears to have been in the first instance, when the heart is most disposed to prompt to liberal deeds, a prevailing impression that a large fund was available for purposes of relief from the surplus of the subscriptions collected for the Hartley Colliery calamity; and this impression has materially affected the national response to the appeal.

Our readers are doubtless now aware that the impression was an erroneous one. The Hartley Fund amounted to £83,234. After properly providing for the sufferers, there remained a balance of £20,440. This was wisely divided among the coal mining districts of the whole country, twelve in number, in each case to form the nucleus of a relief fund. £2,034 was thus set apart for the Yorkshire district, and £1,106 for that of North Stafford, Shropshire, and Cheshire. These sums have been added to the amount which has been raised; but the total receipts at present, we believe, will scarcely exceed £30,000.

It has been justly observed that if £55,000 was required for the suitable provision of the dependent relatives of the 204 men and boys who perished at Hartley, *double the sum* is now wanted to meet the necessities of those who have been bereaved by the sudden removal of more than 400 miners.*

We regret to be obliged to state that the appeal which we inserted in this magazine last month, doubtless for the reason already

* "There are 628 souls dependent upon the Relief Fund for support from the Barnsley calamity, a far greater number than was at first anticipated. To this number must be added the posthumous children who will become chargeable upon the fund for the next three-quarters of a year. These will require relief during the ensuing twelve years."—Extract from Mr. Pascock's Report.

"There are 40 widows, 8 orphans, 120 fatherless children, and 13 aged parents rendered destitute from the Hanley calamity."—Staffordshire paper.

"It is greatly feared that unless great efforts are made by every humane person, no adequate fund will be realized for the relief of the overwhelming distress occasioned by these terrible accidents; one of them is the greatest colliery accident ever known."—Liverpool Mail.

assigned, has also failed to enlist *general* interest. It has not been altogether fruitless. It will be seen that a few of our readers have forwarded about £20, and we daresay other amounts are being collected. But we venture, under the circumstances detailed above, to urge our appeal a second time, if possible with greater earnestness. Let each reader do a *little*, and a substantial sum will be raised. The Collecting Form will be found in our January number, and we trust a very large proportion of the forms will be returned before the 15th of February.

We feel that it cannot be necessary to excite or stimulate charity by dwelling upon the desolation of so many hearths and homes. The sympathizing heart of England's Queen is the heart of England too. "One touch of nature makes us all akin." As "members one of another," we cannot but long to pour the healing balm of consolation into the bosoms of the bereaved, and extend to them the ready, full, and open hand of temporal relief.

"A giant shadow,
And black as the tomb!
The news of the fire
In earth's dark womb!
The army toiling
In gloom and night,
In shaft and level,
Has lost a fight!
At morn they descended
In health glowing red;
By night they are vanquished—
They all lie dead!
Hundreds and hundreds
Dead, dead, dead!
Throughout the Black Land
One cry of dread!
And the widow weeps,
And the orphans cry,
And the mother wails
For her only boy.

For the Black Land, alas!
No yule has been lit;
Its Christmas fire
Was the blazing pit!
At 'Our Own Fireside'
Let love open the hand,
To comfort—to cheer
The Desolate Land!"

THE EDITOR.

INEFFICIENT PEOPLE;

OR, A NIGHT AT MUDDLETON HALL.

READER, did you ever pay a visit to a whole family of inefficient people? Did you ever stay in the house with them—partake of their hospitality, and find yourself thrown entirely upon their plans, habits, and resources, for your daily comfort and nightly repose? If not, I will endeavour to explain to you how the thing works where a whole household partakes of the same tendency to incompleteness in whatever they attempt to do. And let this fact be borne in mind—wherever the mistress of a family is inefficient, children, servants, and dependants in general take the same tone, and think and act with the same misapplication of means to ends.

The family in question live in the country. Their circumstances are what is generally understood by the word *easy*, and there are no kinder people in the world. Anything and everything within the range of practicability they will undertake for you. The only disadvantage—and it must be granted it is a considerable one—is this, that the thing never is *really* done.

For instance, in paying them my first—and I am disposed to consider it my *last* visit—it was necessary that I should be met at the station, which is four miles distant from their house, or that I should have a conveyance engaged for me beforehand. I greatly preferred the latter plan; but no, they would not hear of it. On arriving at the station, therefore, I looked about for some face with a welcome in it, anxious to recognize me. I looked for some respectable servant even, but no such agreeable object could I find. I inquired if any one was there from Muddleton—"No." And my luggage was on the point of being carried away by the train, which stopped at that station scarcely two minutes, when I screamed out for it, and had then the satisfaction of seeing it torn out by an angry guard, and tossed upon the platform, where I stood waiting, and watching the train glide on. But still there was nobody from Muddleton, and the porters and different people connected with the station, whose business was over with that momentary bustle, were all returning to their different quarters, when I managed to overtake one of them, and asked him what he thought I ought

to do; or indeed *could* do. This man advised me to leave my trunks in the office, and walk on until I met with some conveyance. I had no alternative but to follow this advice, although I was not clad for such a walk. The roads were wet with recent rains, and heavy clouds were threatening to burst upon my head. I had a parasol, but no umbrella. And then another difficulty soon presented itself in the choice of paths—one a tolerably clean-looking walk along the fields, the other the highroad. If I took the former, I should lose all chance of meeting the carriage which I still supposed was on its way for me; if I took the latter, I was told by a labourer in the fields that I should have four miles to walk instead of three. My hopes still clinging to the carriage, I took the highroad, and there through mud and mire plunged on, with my thin shoes and light garments soon bespattered, for, I should think, the distance of at least two miles; when a carriage, which I knew to be that of the Muddleton family, appeared rapidly turning the brow of a hill, and then rattling towards me with a speed which seemed likely every moment to pitch the driver out of his seat.

The case was one which often happened in this family—there had been a mistake about the trains. The man looked extremely sorry, and assured me again and again that the fault was not his. But the great thing next to be considered was my luggage. I was wet and dirty, and longing to be relieved from the fatigue and uncomfortableness of walking on such a road; besides which, a heavy shower was just coming on. The man told me that early on the following morning a cart would be going that way, which could easily bring my trunks for me. This assurance, and impatience under the inconvenience I had already endured, added to a few large drops of rain, induced me to spring into the carriage, and desire the man to drive me back to the Hall as quickly as he could. And at a fine clattering pace we went, to be sure; for they are all most willing and energetic people, and would drive their horses to death, if that could do you any good. The man had an additional reason for driving as he did, for the rain soon fell in torrents. Of course neither cloak nor wrapper of any kind had been sent in the carriage, which

was an open one; so I was glad to envelop my head in my own shawl, which happened to be both heavy and thick.

Arriving in this plight at the door of the hospitable Hall, I found the whole family in a state of consternation in consequence of having discovered their mistake about the train; but still, notwithstanding my wretched condition, they seemed more intent upon exculpating themselves from all blame than upon anything connected with me. There seemed, in fact, to all the Muddletons, to be a curious and deeply interesting mystery about this mistake, as if they had never made a mistake in all their lives before; and until I actually asked them for a pair of slippers, they all stood talking and gazing at each other, and wondering how it could have been, as if nothing else in the world remained to be done. No sooner, however, had I managed to attract their attention to the condition of my feet, than a dozen shoes at least were instantly brought; but they were for the most part odd ones, and of those that were in pairs some were little more than half the size of my own foot. Not one of the whole family had looked to see whether my feet were large or small—had thought, even for a moment before they brought the shoes, whether, being a tall woman, I should be likely to have feet of corresponding size.

Here, too, I saw strongly developed the leading characteristic of all inefficient people; for although six or eight persons had run for shoes with the greatest alacrity, there was not one who thought of taking them away; so that on coming down stairs again, I found the very same shoes scattered all about, and even stumbled over one of them in my attempt to reach a chair. The bell was then rung violently for the servant to come and take them away. But the servants probably thought the bell was for dinner, and declined answering it until the dinner should be ready. Thus the younger children had to be told one by one to take the shoes away—a duty which they performed very unwillingly—while I looked on at their vexed faces and twitching movements, vexed myself at the great inconvenience I had occasioned, and wishing from my heart that I might be allowed to sweep away all the shoes myself, and run out of the room with them.

It was quite surprising how easily the young ladies sat, with their arms folded, while I was put to the torture of hearing the mother scold a sullen little boy for not doing, with more alacrity, what neither he nor the rest of the

children saw any reason why they should be made to do at all. Nor was it unnatural, under such circumstances, that they should take out their revenge by pelting one another with the shoes as soon as they had got into the hall—a fact which I even then suspected by certain sounds which reached my ear; but which I was afterwards made better acquainted with by again stumbling over a shoe as I crossed the hall to the dining-room, and again over another at the foot of the stairs as I went up to bed at night.

The dinner at Muddleton was always a plentiful and even a handsome set-out; but on this occasion, as well as on most others, it so happened that one dish, and it was a very important one, did not turn out well; and after a few little starts, and meaning looks at one another amongst the ladies of the family, had to be ordered off in a hurry, with certain apologies about its being “all the fault of the egg,” or something to that effect: thus leaving behind it no very pleasant impression on the mind of the guest with regard to the remaining viands. I would not have it inferred, however, that anything positively disagreeable ever came to table; only that at the Muddleton dinners it was usual for the jelly to fall out of shape; the pudding to appear either too liquid or too firm; the beef to refuse to stand up; the tongue to persist in lying on its side; to say nothing of those dishes which were discharged as being *underdone*. There was always something not effective, and sometimes a great many things, and yet nobody ever was to blame: it would not do—that was all.

Wearied with my unaccustomed exercise, I was glad, when night came, to be allowed to retire at a very early hour; and then it was, more especially, that I found the want of my own wardrobe; for although to all appearance every imaginable wish had been supplied with the greatest kindness, one-half of the articles with which my room was strewed proved unavailing to me, through some flaw or other in their efficiency.

Throughout the whole evening I had been haunted with a suspicion that my trunks would be forgotten, or lost sight of, on the following morning; and I was confirmed in this fear by the extreme readiness in every one to whom I ventured to express my apprehensions, to exclaim immediately, “Oh dear, yes! of course. You will be sure to have everything in good time in the morning”—an assurance which by no means made me feel more sure,

in proportion to the frequency with which it was repeated. However, as I said before, I retired to rest early, and the most requiring of mortals could not have desired a greater display of articles of comfort, as well as use, than I found in my bedroom, where I was left with the kindest good-night, and with many earnest requests that I would not scruple to ring the bell for the least thing which I might happen to want.

It was all very well to ask me to ring, but when I applied myself to that purpose, in consequence of finding that I had no soap, I vainly attempted to find out where the bell was; and after a patient examination, I was compelled to conclude there was no such thing available in the whole room. Traces of there having been one at some former period I certainly did find; but I was afterwards led to believe the whole framework had been torn down by the frantic operations of some occupant even more distressed than myself.

Being a good sleeper, and not accustomed to the indulgence of many wants, I felt less apprehension about the bell than about the adjustment of my affairs, so as to throw a little more of the aspect of neatness and comfort around my apartment. This required time and patience too: so many articles had been brought which it was utterly impossible that I could require. Skill was also equally necessary, for my candle had been placed in the socket of a candlestick considerably too small, and it consequently fell out every time I attempted to move it. After one of these disasters, from which the light was with difficulty recovered, I looked about for lucifers, but failing to find any, I had nothing for it but to be more careful in future.

All my disasters, however, on this my first night at Muddleton Hall would be too numerous to record. Amongst these was the discovery, on unfolding it, that the night-dress so kindly

supplied me, belonged appropriately to the master of the house, that one of my towels was a table-cloth, and, finally, that I had no extinguisher! I had requested very particularly that I might be called an hour before the usual breakfast-time. But one of the family had supposed another would call me, that one another, and so on, through the whole household; so being unusually fatigued, I slept on until a late hour, and then mused and dreamed an hour longer; until, hearing the rumbling of a cart into the court-yard, of which one of my windows commanded a view, I sprang up in delight, thinking, Now at last I shall have the luxury of being dressed in my own garments.

But no; there was no trunk that I could discover. A servant went out evidently to ask for it, and I could distinctly hear the man say in his own defence that he had never been told anything about any trunk. After this I heard tones of anger, or at least of very warm remonstrance, from different quarters of the house, and I concluded the family were engaged in their usual manner, one blaming another, and all wondering how in the world so strange and unaccountable a blunder could have happened! In justice to their genuine kindness, I may as well state that they all agreed to say nothing to me about the matter, but to send off a messenger expressly for the trunks without loss of time. This was, no doubt, the only kind and suitable thing which they could do; but, unhappily, nobody thought of sending a written order with the name of the owner of the luggage; and the station-master, knowing nothing of the messenger, refused to let him have it!

My "chapter" of a night's "accidents" at Muddleton Hall must be allowed to end here; and I only hope, for the sake of others, that my record may prove a "word in season" to some "inefficient people." A VICTIM.

LIGHT ON CHURCH MATTERS.



HE revival of the ante-Reformation doctrines as to the priesthood, the bodily presence of our Lord, and the true sacrifice offered in the eucharistic feast, and as to the power of personal abso-

lution and remission of sins, is one of the most remarkable facts of the day.

By a large and growing section of the Church of England, doctrines are held for refusing to hold which our martyred Re-

formers laid down their lives. If words have meaning, these doctrines, as we should expect, cannot be reconciled with the authorized formularies which these Reformers framed; and in order to vindicate the Protestantism of the Church of England, it is only necessary that her formularies should be prominently pressed upon the attention of her members.

But the questions now at issue are not simply to be regarded as affecting the Protestantism of the Church of England. The peril at the present juncture is not alone the peril of the Church of England, but the peril of the Reformation in England; and it is because we "hold"—to quote the energetic and forceful words of the Earl of Shaftesbury—"that the Church of England is, in this country, the grand and only effective bulwark for the maintenance of the Reformation against the unceasing efforts, the indissoluble combinations, and methodical encroachments of the Papal Sea," that we regard it as a cause of unspeakable thankfulness that we possess in our national Book of Common Prayer an armoury of defence alike against the Rationalistic and Ritualistic errors of the day. "Deeply as we value the Established Church, we value the Reformation a vast deal more."

Let it then be understood that, in endeavouring to throw some "Light on Church Matters" in these columns, our assertion of the Protestantism of the Church of England is tantamount to our assertion of allegiance to Reformation principles—those principles which, in a word, distinguish the Church Catholic from the anti-Catholic communion of Rome.

We do not propose to occupy space by the insertion of lengthy papers on the particular topics of the controversy. We think we shall better—at least at present—secure the object we have in view by placing before our readers a series of extracts gathered from various sources, presenting brief but conclusive refutations of Romish and Ritualistic error, in contradistinction to Bible Protestant truth.

Our present extracts, it will be noted,

bear upon a vital and fundamental point—a point which, in fact, must decide the whole Ritualistic controversy. Once let it be settled that there is no sacrificing priest, no altar, no sacrifice, no supernatural combination with the elements, and, as Archdeacon Hone forcibly observes, "there will be no need of reference to the innovations in dress, in the furniture of the Communion Table, and in other things of like nature which have engaged public attention through the last few months." Around the great central falsehood all exaggerations of Ritual are but as satellites. The greater necessarily involves the less; and the folly of these Ritualistic ornaments of church or minister is best displayed by disproving the assumed title of those who adopt them to the name or functions of sacrificing priests, which alone can give them any significance whatever.

I.

THE ONE PRIESTHOOD, AND THE ONE SACRIFICE.

The word *Priest*, in the English language, represents two distinct Greek words which have their separate meanings. The one (*ιερεύς*) signifies a sacred person who offers sacrifices; the other (*πρεσβύτερος*) is the word which is usually translated "elder" in our English Bibles, and is represented in many books by a word derived from it, the word "presbyter." The *sacrificing priests* existed under the Mosaic law; they daily offered sacrifices, with the shedding of blood, in the Temple at Jerusalem. Priests, in the same sense of offerers of sacrifices, also belonged to most of the religions of heathen nations in ancient times, and do so to the present day.

The same word is used, as well it might be, in the Epistle to the Hebrews, to distinguish and describe our great High Priest, who offered His own body once for all, offering thereby one sacrifice for sin, and perfecting for ever them that are sanctified, so that sacrifices should ever after cease to be offered.

A cognate word (*ἐπίσκοπος*) is employed, in 1 Peter ii. 5 and 9, but evidently in a figurative sense. The sacrifices there are spiritual, not material; and the priests who offer them are not an order apart, but the whole body of the faithful. The word itself occurs again in the Revelation i. 6, v. 10, xx. 6, but it is not appro-

priated to an order of ministers, but to all the saints. In the first reference, it describes the saints on earth; in the others it is appropriated to the saints in heaven; but in both, the offering must needs be the same—praise and devoted service.

As to an order of sacrificing priests, I venture to say with confidence that no priests of this kind are recognized by the Church of England. In the Ordination Service, the work and duty of all who are to minister is set forth with great distinctness and precision; but there is not a word about their offering sacrifices. Nor is the idea of any offering of sacrifice, in its proper sense, anywhere suggested in the Communion Service, in which, if at all, we might suppose it would be found. In one place, indeed, our offering of a sacrifice is mentioned, but it is indisputably in a figurative sense; and it is a sacrifice which the people profess to offer as much as the priest: "And here we offer and present unto Thee, O Lord, ourselves, our souls and bodies, to be a reasonable, holy, and lively sacrifice unto Thee." And this is exactly what St. Paul, with tender affection and earnest entreaty, required of the converts in Rome: "*I beseech you therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service*" (Rom. xii. 1). The same sacrifice is still the subject of the prayer, in the next following sentence, in which, after confessing that we are "unworthy, through our manifold sins, to offer" to God "any sacrifice," we yet venture to beseech Him to "accept this our bounden duty and service"—this sacrifice of ourselves, unworthy though it be. The Communion Service evidently owes the thought of that petition to the Apostle's words to the Romans.

But again, the Communion Service distinctly declares Christ's sacrifice, made upon the cross, to have superseded all other sacrifices, for ever. In that most important prayer, called the Prayer of Consecration, God is extolled for His tender mercy in giving His only Son Jesus Christ to suffer death upon the cross for our redemption; and then these words are addressed to that gracious and merciful Father, concerning His only Son Jesus Christ—"who made there (by His one oblation of Himself once offered) a full, perfect, and sufficient sacrifice, oblation, and satisfaction, for the sins of the whole world;" immediately after which, the Holy Communion is described as having been instituted by Christ, as "a perpetual

memory of that His precious death, until His coming again."

In addition to this, it is remarkable that never once in the Communion Service—never once in the whole Prayer Book—is mention made of an altar, which would be only appropriate for a Sacrifice; but we know that at the Reformation (for which blessed be God!) altars were deliberately taken out of the churches, and what was then often called "the Lord's Board" was put in their place, as most befitting a sacrament which is described at the head of the service, as "*the Lord's Supper*," as well as "*the Holy Communion*." Hence, that which is to be used at the celebration is called "*the table*," "*the Lord's table*," "*the holy table*," and "*this Thy table*." A "table" there is, but there is no "altar."

The questions which are now painfully agitating society constrain me to go yet a step further in vindicating our reformed and Protestant Church—Protestant, as protesting distinctly against the corrupt doctrines of the Church of Rome. The Church of which we are members distinctly protests against the doctrine of transubstantiation, or the change of the substance of bread and wine in the Supper of the Lord. And it holds no kindred doctrine, such as would be the union of Christ's glorified body and blood with the elements of bread and wine. The grounds of the Church's objection to transubstantiation are equally valid against this other more subtle, and less gross, change or combination. And with perfect distinctness, in the Catechism and in the Articles, the Church declares—that the Communion Service carries into effect—that the Sacraments are signs of grace, and means of grace. The bread therefore remains bread—the wine is still wine; they are signs of Christ's body and blood; they are also, to the believing heart, means of union with Him—means whereby we are helped to realise the blessedness which His sufferings procured for us, and to feed upon Him, in our hearts, by faith. At the end of the Communion Service, the Church tells us plainly that "*the natural body and blood of our Saviour Christ are in heaven, and not here, it being against the truth of Christ's natural body to be at one time in more places than one*." And the Twenty-eighth Article explains "*that the body of Christ is given, taken, and eaten in the supper, only after a heavenly and spiritual manner*;" and that "*the mean whereby the body of Christ is received and eaten in the Supper is faith*." In accordance with this, it

is worthy of observation that in the most solemn acts of the service, the appeal is made to memory and to faith, namely, by the words used in the consecration of the elements, and in the delivery of those elements (or visible signs) to the communicants. The gift of the body and blood of Christ, for the salvation of the soul, is devoutly acknowledged; the preservation of both soul and body thereby is fervently desired; and then the bread and the wine are to be taken in remembrance of Christ's death and blood-shedding, while the communicant is bidden to feed on Him, in the heart, by faith, with thanksgiving.*

II.

THE FORM OF ORDINATION IN THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

On the imposition of hands by bishop and presbyters, the bishop says:—

"Receive the Holy Ghost for the office and work of a Priest in the Church of God, now committed unto thee by the imposition of our hands. Whose sins thou dost forgive, they are forgiven; and whose sins thou dost retain, they are retained. And be thou a faithful dispenser of the Word of God, and of His holy Sacraments; in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen."

Let me observe, regarding this form,—(1.) That part of it is in the words of our Lord, when He breathed on His disciples, after His resurrection, and specially ordained them to the work of the ministry in His Church; and of course they must be interpreted in the sense in which He used them, and in which His apostles exemplified their interpretation of them in their subsequent career. (2.) That the words "for the office and work of a priest in the Church of God, now committed unto thee by the imposition of our hands," were added at the last review of the Prayer Book, in 1661, and seem to give a precatory character to the words going before—the office and work being conferred instrumentally by human authority, and the gift of the Spirit asked for as the alone power by which either can be made effectual. (3.) The remainder of the form is a charge, the same as that committed by our Lord to the apostles, and is analogous to that previously given to Peter, either representatively or as the opener of the door of faith to the Gentiles (Matt. xvi. 19). There can be little doubt that it has reference to the preaching of the Word, by which the apostles

and their successors became either "the savour of death unto death, or the savour of life unto life," to those who heard them, to "those who were saved, or to those that perished" (2 Cor. ii. 15, 16). (4.) The presbyter's duty and office are carefully stated, in conclusion, lest there should be any misapprehension of the meaning in which the preceding words are used: "And be thou a faithful dispenser of the Word of God, and of His holy Sacraments; in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost." Here the dispensing of God's Word and Sacraments is declared to be the duty of a presbyter of the Church of England; and as regards the Sacraments, I have already shown that the commissioners entirely held the typical and spiritual view, and utterly abjured the *opus operatum* one.

If any class of men will assume a power of pardoning the sins of their fellow-men, and cite these words as their authority for such an assumption, I shall challenge them to show where they find in this form previous contrition, confession, and promise of amendment. There is nothing of the kind here. The power of pardon given is one absolute and unconditional, not limited by any previous discipline or to any description of persons. The party claiming such a power may, as far as his commission arising from these words goes, exercise it under any circumstances, and to any extent that he pleases. The very mention of such a use is sufficient to show that there is no direct and literal sense in which the words can be taken; and if compelled to interpret them according to the analogy of faith, we must conclude, both from the office committed to the apostles, of preachers and pastors, and from our actual knowledge of the way in which they exercised their apostleship, that the language was intended to be declarative of the effect produced by the preaching of the Word in the case of believers and unbelievers—it being certain that without faith in Jesus there can be no pardon, and with faith in Him there can be no condemnation; so that the believer is pardoned without the absolution of the priest, and his absolution is of little avail in the case of an unbeliever.

The interpretation of these much-vexed words, which I have attempted to give, is that adopted by a former Bishop of Salisbury (*quam dissimilis!*), whose name and writings, blessed be God, are still venerated in England—Bishop Jewell. At Mary's accession he was ejected

* "The Clergy, and in what sense they are Priests." By Archbishop Home. London: W. Hunt and Co.

from Corpus Christi College, Oxford, which led to the reply, even of a Popish archdeacon of Oxford to Dean Welch, who was boasting that their college alone had preserved the apparel and ornaments of the Church entire: "Even so it may be," said the archdeacon, "but still there is one ornament and *jewel*, far more precious than all the rest together, which you have willfully thrown away." Bishop Jewell published, in 1562, *under the sanction and authority of Queen Elisabeth*, his famous "Apology of the Church of England," in which he writes:—

"We say that Christ has given to His ministers the power of binding and loosing, of opening and shutting. And we say that the power of loosing consists in this, that the minister by the preaching of the Gospel offers to dejected minds and true penitents, through the merits of Christ, absolution, and doth assure them a certain remission of their sins, and the hopes of eternal salvation; or, secondly, reconciles, restores, and receives into the congregation of the faithful those penitents who, by any grievous scandal, or known and public offence, have offended the minds of the brethren, and, in a sort, alienated and separated themselves from the common society of the Church and the Body of Christ.

"And we say the minister doth exercise the power of binding or shutting when he shutteth the gate of the kingdom of heaven against unbelievers and obstinate persons, and denounceth to them the vengeance of God and eternal punishment, or excludeth out of the bosom of the Church those that are publicly excommunicated; and that God Himself doth so far approve whatever sentence His minister shall so give, that whatsoever is either loosed or bound by their ministry here on earth, He will, in like manner, bind and loose, and confirm in heaven. The key with which these ministers do shut or open the kingdom of heaven, we say, with Chrysostom, is the knowledge of Scripture; with Tertullian, is the interpretation of the law; and, with Eusebius, is the Word of God.

"We say the disciples of Christ received this power from Him, not that they might hear the private confessions of the people, and catch their whispering murmurs, as the Popish priests everywhere now do, and that in such a manner as if all the force and use of the keys consisted only in this; but that they might go and preach and publish the Gospel, that so they might be a savour of life unto life to them that did believe, and that they might be also a savour of death unto death to those that did not believe; that the minds of the pious, who were affrighted with the sense of their former ill lives and errors, after they beheld the light of the Gospel and believed in Christ, might be opened by God's Word, as doors are with a key; and that the wicked and stubborn, who would not believe and return into the way, might be left, shut up, and locked, and, as St. Paul says (2 Tim. iii. 13), might wax worse and worse. This we take to be

the meaning of 'the keys,' and in this manner the consciences of men are either bound or loosed.

"Seeing thus the key by which a passage is opened for us into the kingdom of heaven is the Word of the Gospel, and the interpretation of the Law and the Scriptures, where there is no such Word there is no key."—*Jewell's Apology*, chap. ii., sec. 8.*

III.

ARCHBISHOP WHITGIFT ON THE ORDINATION SERVICE.

The following passage, from Whitgift's "Defence of the Answer to the Admonition against the Reply of Z. O.," clearly shows the view taken by the Elizabethan divines of the words of the Ordination Service, which, as we have seen, are grievously misinterpreted by the Ritualists:—

"To use these words, 'Receive ye the Holy Ghost,' in the ordaining of ministers, which Christ Himself used in appointing His apostles, is no more ridiculous and blasphemous than it is to use the words that He used in the Supper. The bishop by speaking these words doth not take upon him to give the Holy Ghost, no more than he doth to remit sins when he promiseteth the remission of sins; but by speaking these words of Christ, 'Receive ye the Holy Ghost, whosoever,' &c., he doth show the principal duty of a minister, and assureth him of the assistance of God's Holy Spirit if he labour in the same accordingly. Neither doth the bishop speak them (the words in question) as though he had authority to give the Holy Ghost, but he speaketh them as the words of Christ used in the like action, who, as I said before, does most certainly give His Holy Spirit to those whom He calleth to the ministry. And surely if any pattern either in calling or ordaining of ministers is to be followed, this of Christ is to be followed especially; and it is not unlikely but that the apostles when they laid on their hands used the same words, because laying on of hands is a sign or rather confirmation of the same."—*See Whitgift's Works, Parker Society's Edition*, Vol. I., pp. 488—491.

IV.

THE TRUE DIGNITY OF THE MINISTERIAL OFFICE.

"It is easy to say that evangelical teaching makes light of the ministerial office, and strips it of all authority and power. Such assertions are more easily made than proved. We honour the minister's office as a Scriptural Institution, but we refuse to give it a hair's breadth more dignity than we find given to it in God's Word. We honour ministers as Christ's ambassadors, Christ's watchmen, Christ's messengers, preachers of the Word, pastors, overseers, and

* "Who are Ye? A Question for Anglican Priests." By Rev. S. A. WALKER, M.A., Rector of St. Mary-le-port, Bristol. London: Seeley, Jackson, and Halliday.

stewards of the mysteries of God. But we utterly decline to regard them as priests, mediators, confessors, and rulers over men's faith, both for the sake of their souls and our own.

"It is easy to say that evangelical teaching is opposed to the exercise of soul discipline, or heart examination, or self-humiliation, or mortification of the flesh, or true contrition. There never was a more baseless assertion. We are entirely favourable to these things, but we demand that they shall be carried on in the right way. We approve of a confessional, but it must be the only true one—the throne of grace. We approve of going to a confessor, but it must be to the true one appointed by God,

Christ the Lord. We approve of submitting consciences to a priest, but it must be to the great High Priest who alone can absolve effectually, Jesus the Son of God. We approve of unbosoming our secret sins, and seeking absolution, but it must be at the feet of the great Head of the Church, who alone can reach hearts, and not at the feet of one of her weak members. We approve of trusting to receive ghostly counsel, but it must be at the feet of Christ, and not at the feet of man. None but Christ! He is the only true Priest and Confessor, and He has deputed His priestly office to no order of men in the world."—*A Suffolk Incumbent.*

THE BIBLE AND OUR FAITH.

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"CHRISTIAN CERTAINTY," ETC.

CHAPTER II.

"We have not followed cunningly devised fables."

IN the survey on which we have now entered, we shall have occasion to examine and expose the superficial character of those sceptical objections on which unbelievers are wont to rely for their justification in rejecting the Divine authority of the Bible. At present, however, our business lies in a different direction. We are not now dealing with matters that may be considered doubtful, but with matters that are absolutely certain. Whatever some men may think of the Bible as a Divine Revelation, no man can gainsay the claims of Christianity to be regarded as a Divine Institution. Whether the only record of that Institution which we possess is perfectly authentic, may be a question for future consideration; but whatever may be the answer given to that question, it cannot possibly affect the fact presented by the existence of the Institution itself. When we have satisfied ourselves (as we easily may) of the exact correspondence that exists between the actual facts and the written narrative, we have arrived at a point where it will not be easy to deny the high credibility of that narrative; but whatever be the character of the narrative, it cannot affect the certainty of the facts; for the facts are prior to the narrative, and are therefore not dependent upon it. To sum up the matter in one word—

"The truth of Christianity depends upon its leading facts, and upon them alone."

And these facts, already conclusively established by the "monumental" evidence adduced in the last chapter, are further attested by such additional evidence as ought to satisfy us, "at least until it appear that mankind have ever been deceived by the same." We have some uncontested and incontestable points, to which the history of the human species hath nothing similar to offer:—

"A Jewish peasant changed the religion of the world: and that without force, without power, without support, without one natural source or circumstance of attraction, influence, or success. Such a thing hath not happened in any other instance.

"The companions of this Person, after He Himself had been put to death for His attempt, asserted His supernatural character, founded upon His supernatural operations; and in testimony of the truth of their assertions, *i. e.*, in consequence of their own belief of that truth, and in order to communicate the knowledge of it to others, voluntarily entered upon lives of toil and hardship, and, with a full experience of their danger, committed themselves to the last extremities of persecution. This hath not a parallel.

"More particularly, a very few days after this Person had been publicly executed, and in the very city in which He was buried, these His companions declared with one voice that His body was restored to life; that they had seen Him, handled Him, ate with Him, conversed with Him; and in pursuance of their persuasion of the truth of what they told, preached His religion, with this strange fact as the foundation

of it, in the face of those who had killed Him, who were armed with the power of the country, and necessarily and naturally disposed to treat His followers as they had treated Himself; and having done this upon the spot where the event took place, carried the intelligence of it abroad, in despite of difficulties and opposition, and where the nature of their errand gave them nothing to expect but derision, insult, and outrage. This is without example.*

These three facts are certain, and would have been nearly so if the Gospels had never been written. The Christian story as to these points is without a variation, and without a rival. We have letters and discourses by witnesses of the transaction, by persons themselves bearing a share in it; and besides these contemporaneous writings, we have others following that age in regular succession: but every letter, every discourse, every controversy amongst the followers of the religion, every book written by them from the age of its commencement to the present time, in every part of the world in which it has been professed, and with every sect into which it has been divided—all concur in representing these facts in this manner.

"A religion which now possesses the greater part of the civilized world, unquestionably sprang up at Jerusalem at this time. Some account must be given of its origin, some cause assigned for its rise."

All the accounts of this origin, all the explanations of this cause, whether taken from the writings of the early followers of the religion, or from occasional notices in other writings of that or the adjoining age, either expressly allege the facts above stated as the means by which the religion was set up, or advert to its commencement in a manner which agrees with the supposition of these facts being true, and which testifies to their operation and effects.

These propositions alone lay a foundation for our faith: for they prove the existence of a transaction which cannot, even in its most general parts, be accounted for upon any reasonable supposition except that of the truth of the mission. Here, then, we may dismiss the first part of our subject. However numerous or formidable may be the batteries of hostile criticism which have been directed against the Bible, they have not touched the citadel which stands proudly entrenched *behind the Bible*. They have failed to reach, much more to shake, the foundation of Christianity. For that foundation is deep and broad as the ample facts in which it lies embedded. And as those

facts (which from the first have been unquestionable) must ever remain immutable, so, though even Jannes and Jambres should reappear among their followers, and "the people be never so unquiet," nothing can alter the eternal truth, "THE FOUNDATION STANDETH SURE!"

Does belief in Christianity involve belief in the Bible? Is the verity of the Christian religion inseparable from the veracity of the Christian Scriptures?

It is a question full of interest and importance; for this reason, if for no other, it is so often put. And it is put, too, by persons whose "standing-points" are directly opposed to one another. It is put wistfully by some who, while perplexed by (what are called) the difficulties of the Bible, yet find it impossible to abandon their confidence in that religion which the Bible reveals. And it is put maliciously and covertly by others who know full well the fundamental character of the Bible, and who consequently strain every nerve to carry, by a process of sapping and mining, the citadel which seems but more impregnable after every fresh assault. Nor is it strange that, seen through such diverse media, the same subject should be presented under such diverse aspects. On the one hand, it is undeniable that Christianity rests on certain fundamental facts—facts which would remain immovable if the Bible were annihilated to-morrow. On the other hand, it is equally undeniable that the actual existence of the Bible (not to speak of that accumulation of facts which forms its past history) is itself one of those great facts which it is impossible to account for unless we admit its Divine character. A religion unwritten, a faith independent of "book faith," is certainly a conceivable thing; for aught we know, it may even be a possible thing; but it is certainly not the actual thing with which we have to do. For the "eternal life" which "God hath given to us" "is in His Son:" but the Scriptures are the "record" of that Son—the only, the authentic record. Hence, for those who seek "eternal life," the only way is to "search the Scriptures," for there only can we find the witnesses who are competent to "testify" of Christ.

We conclude, therefore, that although conceivably separable, yet practically the two subjects are inseparable. There are certain facts which constitute the proper evidence of Revealed Religion. The investigation of those

* Paley's "Evidences," Conclusion. Fott's Edition, p. 206.

facts is perfectly distinct and separate from the criticism of its records. But though the two subjects are perfectly distinct, they are by no means independent. On the contrary, the criticism of the Christian records has an important bearing upon the proper Christian evidences. If, for instance, in the course of this criticism we were to find the records confused and contradictory, though this would not necessarily invalidate the truth of the Christian doctrine, it would greatly alter the relation in which the Bible stands to that doctrine; and if, on the other hand, we found in the records proofs of Divine superintendence and arrangement, we should properly bring this result in as an evidence of the Christian religion.

This distinction is not more real than im-

portant. Forgetfulness, or a willing oversight of it, has furnished scepticism with some of its most effective means of attack. Supposed inconsistencies in the record have been brought forward as disproving Christianity itself. Now we do not admit that there are such inconsistencies, but we allege that, if there were, they would modify—not the doctrine of Christianity itself—but merely our view of the relation in which the record stands to that doctrine.*

Our next business, therefore, must be to consider the character and claims of the Bible. And on this consideration we shall now be at liberty to enter in the next chapter.

* "Christian Certainty," p. 87.

HEART CHEER FOR HOME SORROW.

THE CHRISTIAN IN AFFLICTION.

I do not think the Bible anywhere professes to blame us for feeling pain, sickness, poverty, and the like, as distresses. On the other hand, it plainly declares that "no affliction for the present is joyous, but grievous." It is a moral, not a physical triumph we are promised over physical ills. Pain is as acute to a devout Christian, poverty as hard to bear, disappointment as painful, so far as they are considered alone, as they can be to the careless or profane. There is no exemption on these points for the Christian.

To profess, moreover, to discover what God's object was in sending us particular afflictions, must, in the great majority of cases, be an unwise occupation, although not always. But I think we may always find something to learn from what happens to us; and that if we have some profitable lesson taught, it is enough, without insisting that that lesson, and no other, was the one intended to be taught. To get good out of sorrow is the great matter, without affirming that we are getting all the good and the intended good from it.

Counsels of an Invalid, by
GEORGE WILSON, M.D.

GRIEF'S SUBMISSION.

I cannot, 'neath Thy blow,
My God, Thy praises sound:
I can but lie full low,
And cling the cross around.

I cannot, midst the dust,
Descry Thy gracious aim;
I can but own Thee just,
Nor once Thy dealings blame.

I cannot pray aright;
Only, though sight be dim,
I see One pray in light,
And mutely look to Him.

I cannot tears restrain;
Only I can reflect
That, 'neath a kindred pain,
My Saviour's were not checked.

Submission to Thine hand
Is all the height I reach;
I cannot song command,
But praise by checking speech.

Like child of sire reproved,
I keep my lowly place,
Till Thou, the frown removed,
For duty nerve by grace.

Thou dost not ask to-day,
My God, the debt I owe;
Thou know'st I cannot pay
Till Thou the means bestow.

LORD KINLOCH.

THE PURPOSES OF AFFLICTION.

The love of death, for its own sake, cannot be; God has not asked *that* at our hands. He has made it impossible for us to put from us the love of life. All that He desires is that we should prefer eternal life to the few and fleeting years which make up the sum of the longest pilgrimage here. There may be as great discontent in wishing to die as in wishing to live. To be conformed to God's will, and be ready to live, or equally ready to die, is the spirit for which we should strive. When Christ prayed for His disciples, shortly before He was taken from them, His words were, "I pray *not* that Thou shouldest take them out of the world, but that Thou shouldest keep them from the evil."

We have not two lessons to learn—one how to live, the other how to die. One teaching imparts the instruction needful for both. Holiness is the thing essential to both. It is sin that makes so many lives unhappy, and so many death-beds full of anguish.

We are apt sometimes, I think, to murmur at God's so solemnly insisting on holiness. Is He not all-powerful and all-merciful? Might He not then forgive us simply as we are, cancel the charges against us, and, considering that we are weak and helpless creatures, excuse us being unholy, and take us to heaven as we are? We would not be very wicked; we think it quite proper that

stealing, and lying, and murder should be severely punished; but might we not, at least, be allowed to indulge our own, as we call them, innocent thoughts, and in smaller matters have our own way?

Yet, if we think, what is this but as if a sick person should beseech his physician by no means to cure him completely, but, on the other hand, should beg him, after restoring him to a certain point, to leave him there, with the seeds of the disease still in his system, ready at any time to grow up again into a poisonous tree which should kill him with its deadly emanations? No wise physician who had a patient entrusted to him would agree to such a request. He would say, "I am a much better judge than you are what is best for you. Your wishes are tainted by the morbid state of your body. If I undertake your case at all, I must be allowed to eradicate every trace of disease from you. The treatment may not be always pleasant at the time—nay, will sometimes be as painful for me to inflict as for you to bear; but by-and-by you will be the first to thank me for not having spared you when you were sick, that thereby I might secure your perfect restoration to soundness of body." And, in like manner, the great Physician of souls teaches us that He loves us too well to leave anything undone in the way of our moral cure. He will not be guilty of a kindness so mistaken as to relieve only the external symptoms of our spiritual distemper, and leave the deep roots untouched which may spring up afresh into the most frightful disorders.

Counsels of an Invalid, by
GEORGE WILSON, M.D.



Pleasant Readings for our Sons and Daughters.

MISS VIVIAN AND HER RELATIONS.

BY A. G., AUTHOR OF "AMONG THE MOUNTAINS," "MABEL AND CORA,"
"BEECHENHURST," ETC.

CHAPTER III.

"True to the kindred points of heaven and home."
WORDSWORTH.



FIRST-CLASS, sir?"

"Yes. Jump in, Constance!"

And Bertram, who, with his sister, had been paying a visit to some friends in London, and was now returning to Rookdale, assisted her into the carriage, and sprang in after her. They were only just in time, for they had arrived late at the station, and in another moment the train moved slowly off.

Constance leant back, and amused herself by examining the faces of her fellow-travellers—always a fertile source of interest to her, as to many. There were only two in the compartment besides themselves. One was a quiet little middle-aged lady, at the farther end, not very interesting in appearance. Constance's furtive glances soon wandered from her to the remaining occupant, her own *vis-à-vis*, a tall, dark young man, with thin aquiline features, well-shaped head, and an earnest, thoughtful cast of countenance. The pale and sallow, though sunburnt complexion, and the sunken cheeks, together with a general look of weakness and lassitude, seemed to denote ill-health. There was something in his face that irresistibly attracted Constance, and she found herself more than once looking at him, and endeavouring to discover what it was. At length her attention was drawn off by Bertram, who began grumbling in an undertone at having no newspaper.

"You should have bought one at the station," said Constance.

"There was no time; and, besides, I forgot it till we were off. There's a debate in Parliament that I wanted to read."

The gentleman opposite leant forward, offering his own paper for Bertram's inspection, with a courteous air, though there was a slight

smile lurking in the corners of his mouth which Constance interpreted into amusement at the self-important tone of her brother.

"Thank you," said Bertram, in a manner intended to be polite and reserved, though it savoured far more of a certain stiff shyness. "I should be sorry to trouble you—I mean, to deprive you of it."

"Not at all," was the answer; "I have quite done with it. There is very little news of any importance. What an exceedingly damp, raw day it is."

"Very," said Bertram, his reserve thawing before the gentlemanly tone and manner of his fellow-traveller. "Wretched weather we have had all the last week."

"Not unusual though for England, I fancy," rejoined the other. "I have been abroad now for many years, but my boyish recollections of home certainly include a large amount of rain and damp, even in summer."

Constance could not help throwing in the remark, "Nevertheless, I don't know who would wish to change England for any other country."

"Not many, I hope," he said, turning towards her instantly. "Rainy and foggy as our country is, there is not another like it in the world, in my opinion, and in the opinion of all true Englishmen."

"Not like it, of course," said Bertram; "but there are many other countries with far finer scenery, and greater advantages."

"Advantages! In what way?" inquired the gentleman, with a slightly amused air.

Bertram hesitated, and then continued,

"At any rate, the scenery in other countries is much more beautiful than in England."

"Grand and finer, if you like—not more beautiful. I have seen some most magnificent scenery during the last few years; yet many a time I would have given anything for the sight of a green English hedgerow, with fields on

each side, and blue hills in the distance. Less imposing it may be, but not less lovely, though the beauty is of a different description."

Thereupon Constance, who was an enthusiastic little patriot, made up her mind that the gentleman must be a most desirable acquaintance, and she only wished they knew him. Who was he? and who could it be that his face recalled to her so strongly? She asked herself this question repeatedly during the conversation that ensued between Bertram and their fellow-traveller, but without being able to answer it. He was evidently as well-informed in mind as he was pleasant in manners; and from listening, Constance was soon drawn on to talking, till she grew so interested that Bertram gave her a quizzical look to remind her that she was conversing with an entire stranger, which she seemed to have forgotten. Constance understood him, blushed, and sat very quiet during the rest of their journey, which was not long, for in about ten minutes more they stopped at Rookdale station. Much to her surprise, their new friend followed them out of the carriage, and she was wondering afresh who he could be, when Bertram, who had hurried away to see after the luggage, came back in a state of unusual excitement, just as the train moved slowly off.

"My purse, Constance! My purse is gone! Have you seen it?"

"No," said Constance, turning to him. "How tiresome! Is it of much consequence?"

"Consequence! I should think so," said Bertram in great perturbation. "Ten pounds of my own in it, and the twenty-pound note that Mr. Landgrave sent to papa by me, for that institution. What is to be done?" he exclaimed, in such real distress that Constance forbore to rally him upon his carelessness, after taking charge of the note himself, on the plea that "Constance would be certain to lose it."

"Are you quite sure it is not in your pocket still, Bertram?"

"Quite! I have looked three times—turned my pockets out."

"You must have left it in the train. But I should think you had better make inquiries."

Bertram went to a porter at a little distance, with a hasty query upon the subject.

"What kind of purse, sir?" asked the man, pausing.

"Red russian leather, with several pockets—containing ten pounds in gold and a twenty-pound bank-note," said Bertram rapidly; and

the man quietly drew the identical purse from his pocket, and handed it to him.

"I found it upon the ground, sir," he said. "I was intending to give it up to the authorities."

"Thank you." And Bertram, after carefully examining the contents of his recovered treasure, was turning away, when Constance laid her hand on his arm, with crimsoning cheeks.

"Bertram! Bertram! surely you will give him a reward?"

Bertram shook off her hand rather impatiently, but on raising his eyes encountered those of their fellow-traveller. He was standing at a little distance, speaking to a man, but at that moment was looking in their direction, and had evidently witnessed the whole transaction. Something there was of undisguised indignation in those grave eyes that brought the colour into Bertram's cheeks; but after a moment's deliberation he opened his purse, selected a threepenny piece, and offered it as the reward of honesty. It was laconically declined, and the man turned away. Constance, in a state of hot displeasure, walked across the platform, followed by Bertram. Her intention was undoubtedly to give him frankly her opinion of what had passed the moment they were alone, but for the time her intention was frustrated by something else that drove the whole occurrence out of her head. Two or three boxes were piled up on the ground, and as she brushed past them, her gaze carelessly falling for an instant upon the direction-card affixed to the upper one, she read the words "Captain Vivian" in a clear, bold hand, and came to a standstill.

"Bertram, just see!" she exclaimed eagerly. "Surely Leonard can't be here!"

"It looks as if he were," said Bertram. "Perhaps he has gone home, and left these to be sent after him. I'll ask about it."

But at this moment their railway friend walked up with a somewhat slow, feeble step, and desired a porter to carry the boxes to a fly outside the station. Bertram exclaimed involuntarily,

"Are these yours?—I mean, is that your name?" pointing to the card.

"My name is Captain Vivian," was the courteous answer, contrasting with Bertram's blunt tones. "Are you old acquaintances of mine? Perhaps I ought to recognise you."

"Leonard, we did not know you in the least," exclaimed Constance, eagerly shaking

hands with him. "I had no idea you were coming by this train. What! don't you know us yet—Constance and Bertram!"

His grasp of her hand was warm enough now to satisfy her.

"I had not the slightest idea of it, I am ashamed to say. My *little* sister has grown out of all knowledge," he added, smiling. "But I see now a look in both of you that I ought to have recognised."

"And I can say the same," added Constance. "I could not imagine who you reminded me of so strongly. I see now how little you are altered—only you look older, and sunburnt, and not very well, I must say. How weak you are, Leonard!" she added, struck again by his slow, languid step. "Are you no better yet?"

"Much better; only not very strong. I expect Rookdale to set me up again. Thank you," as Bertram offered him his arm. "Are you going to walk or drive home?"

"The carriage was to be sent for us," said Constance. "Yes, there it is. You must come with us, Leonard, and your boxes can be sent round after us. Bertram, will you just go and tell them to send them?"

Bertram obeyed, and returned almost immediately. Constance asked, as they drove off,

"Did you not write home to say that you were coming, Leonard?"

"Yes; I arrived at Southampton yesterday, and I sent off a line at once to let your mother know when to expect me. Your absence of course prevented your knowing it."

"And are you glad to come home?" asked Constance.

Captain Vivian smiled.

"What a question, Constance! I don't think it deserves any answer. How Rookdale has altered in the last few years. These houses are all new to me. I am beginning to realize now how long my absence has been. I believe I was expecting to find things almost the same as when I left. Are all quite well at home?"

"All, when we last heard," said Constance.

"And your father—has he altered at all?"

"I don't know," said Constance slowly. "I daresay he has, more than I know. I was such a child seven years ago that I hardly remember. Sometimes I think he is graver, and less bright and cheerful than I can recollect him. But he is just the same after all—just the same dear, delightful, perfect papa, and the best man that ever was," said Constance, enthusiastically.

"I am beginning to recognise you now, Constance," said Captain Vivian, with a half-smile.

"Did I often go into raptures as a child? Oh, Leonard, have you quite forgotten how I used to plague you?"

"Not quite. No, I don't think I have forgotten anything belonging to those dear old days. It was a very happy time."

"And now we are going to have something of the same kind again, I hope," pursued Constance. "You said just now that you saw a great many changes; but I don't think, after all, that many people leave England for so many years, and come back to find so few alterations as you will do."

"No, indeed, I am thankful to say," replied Leonard; and then there was a pause, broken by Constance.

"You haven't asked yet after your old friends the Wentworths."

"To be sure—I was forgetting. I have been looking forward to seeing them. How are they all?"

"Very well. Mrs. Wentworth is just as smart as ever."

"Was that her characteristic?" inquired Captain Vivian, rather drily. "And how is Beatrice? Has she grown as much as you?"

"As much! Why, Leonard, I am short, and Beatrice is tall—taller than Mrs. Wentworth. She is very—what shall I call her?—not exactly pretty, I think. But she always reminds me of a queen or princess in disguise."

"What! does she go about in rags?"

Constance could not help laughing.

"Leonard, it is too bad! You won't let me say a single thing without criticising."

"But I should be obliged to you to tell me the nature of the disguise," said Captain Vivian. "It is rather a startling idea."

"I only mean that she dresses very plainly—she always has the simplest and cheapest dresses she can wear."

"From principle, or from a desire to cross her mother?" inquired Leonard, provokingly. "I believe young ladies are rather independent in their tastes in these days, are they not? I should not imagine that Mrs. Wentworth would quite approve of such a style."

"Leonard, I shall be quite angry with you. You ought to know Beatrice better. She dresses plainly that she may have a little money to do good with, and to give away to the poor. She has such a very small sum for her dress,

that I only wonder she can spare a penny, but she contrives to save a good deal."

"By going shabby," said Bertram.

"Bertram, how can you talk such nonsense? Beatrice never looks shabby. That is just what I admire so much—that there is no parade of her generosity. She always looks perfectly ladylike and in good taste; and all her things are made nicely, for she works at them a great deal herself; but she chooses plain, inexpensive materials, and good wearing colours, and denies herself all useless extras. She always tries to please Mrs. Wentworth, too, by looking nice, because Mrs. Wentworth is particular about that, but she never buys anything merely to please herself."

"That is not much in your line," said Bertram, with a short laugh, glancing at his sister's light delicate summer dress.

"I am not so poor as Beatrice," said Constance; "and papa will always give me money for the poor if I ask him."

"Aye, and then you present it, and get the credit of being very generous," said Bertram, drawing an angry flush into Constance's cheeks.

"Really, Bertram, you say such things——"

"That no one can suppose them to be true," interposed Captain Vivian.

"Thank you," said Constance, with a grateful look. "I never have meant for a moment to gain credit on false pretences, if I ever *have* done such a thing."

"No one could suppose it possible," kindly observed Leonard. "Constance, I am going to make an inquiry now after my respected cousin of Vivian Mansion. She is still alive and well, is she not?"

"Alive, but not very well, though she won't allow that anything is the matter with her. She ages very fast, and looks very feeble, and sometimes hardly leaves the house for weeks together. Poor old lady! I believe Mr. Wentworth thinks rather badly of her."

"Do you ever see her?"

"Never, to speak to her. Occasionally—very occasionally—we meet her out of doors; but I should never dream of saying a word to her. Papa calls at her door once in a way, but she is always 'engaged' when he does, and she never returns the compliment. Beatrice knows her better than anyone else does. I believe she is the only person in the world that Miss Vivian really cares for; though it seems to me that she shows her affection more by scolding and contradicting her than in any

other way. So at least I gather from Beatrice's words, though she never allows me to say so; and she bears it beautifully, I know."

"Very benevolent of her," said Bertram, with something approaching a sneer.

"It is benevolent," replied Constance quickly. "She will never gain anything by it. And she never hesitates to tell Miss Vivian what she thinks—I mean, when Miss Vivian is arguing for anything that is wrong."

"I know she is your paragon," exclaimed Bertram.

"Never mind him, Constance," said Captain Vivian, with a slight smile. "You and I like paragons, don't we? But I was going to ask after Vivian Mansion. Is it as much of a wilderness as ever?"

"Much worse. In most parts you really cannot walk at all without being held fast by thorns, or stung by huge stinging-nettles almost as high as my head. And the upper windows of the house are in a most dilapidated state, Beatrice says—though the house stands too far back for us to see that from the road. Less than half a dozen rooms in the house are occupied, and the rest are all left to go to ruin. Miss Vivian won't spend a penny in repairs. What is the use, she says, when she doesn't care for a garden, and never has to look through the broken windows? She doesn't care in the least what other people think about it."

"I am afraid she is not much softened by time and age," said the Captain, thoughtfully. "Does she know of my return?"

"She knows we expect you. Beatrice told her; but she showed no particular pleasure—rather the contrary, I am afraid. Queen Elizabeth could not endure James the Sixth of Scotland!" and Constance laughed.

"Your simile is a very incorrect one in all important respects. But here we are, almost at home. How little the place has changed!"

Another moment, and they were through the gate, driving round the broad carriage-drive that encircled the lawn in front of the house. Many were the recollections of former days that came thronging into Leonard's mind, as he gazed upon the low irregular building, with its rich creepers, its green lattice porch covered with jasmine, and its square unornamental wing, containing the drawing-room. At the door they were met by Mr. Mansfield with the warmest of welcomes. A son of his own could hardly have been received with greater affection and pleasure. Nor was Mrs.

Mansfield behindhand, though always quieter and more listless in her manner of speaking and moving.

"So Constance and Bertram found you on the way?" said Mr. Mansfield. "I was wondering if you would meet one another, when I heard from your letter this morning that you would be coming by the same train; but I thought it very doubtful whether there would be any recognition between you."

"Very, considering how Constance and Bertram are altered," said Captain Vivian, glancing up from the depths of the easy chair to which he had been consigned by unanimous consent. "If I have changed half so much, I do not wonder at our not knowing one another."

"Where did you meet?" asked Mr. Mansfield.

"Let me tell," said Constance. "We travelled down from London, papa, in a carriage with only one gentleman and lady besides ourselves. I took rather a fancy to the gentleman, without knowing why, except that something in his face seemed very familiar, and recalled pleasant associations. I felt almost as if I must know him, though I could not really remember seeing him before, and it never once occurred to me that he was Leonard. I had no idea of meeting him there, of course. However, he offered Bertram his paper, and Bertram answered, and gradually we found ourselves in the midst of quite a conversation."

"And Constance was almost as much at her ease as if she had known him all her life," said Bertram.

"Which I had," cried Constance triumphantly, and there was a general laugh.

"But you didn't know that," persisted Bertram. "He might have been any sort of character. How could you tell that he wasn't a pickpocket, or a swindler, or a garotter?"

Constance burst out laughing afresh. "As if garotters were in the habit of discussing scenery and travels with their victims before commencing operations," she cried. "Oh, Bertram, you really are too simple. Besides, you talked quite as much as I did. I believe it was a kind of instinct which made us feel at home with him—that we really recognized him without being aware of it."

Bertram muttered, "Nonsense!" half to himself; and Mr. Mansfield remarked,

"Nevertheless, I should be rather careful about trusting to instinct in such cases, Constance. Young ladies should be cautious about making new acquaintances in railway carriages,

or, as Bertram says, they may find they have made a mistake."

Constance coloured, and he patted her cheek kindly. Then turning the subject, he asked, if they intended to starve Leonard after his journey.

"He has had lunch in London, papa, and says he would rather wait now until our regular dinner-time. Oh, there is another thing I wanted to say, Bertram: How could you treat that man in such a way at the station?"

"Treat him how?" asked Bertram. "What would you have had me do?"

"Give him a reward, of course. It was such a shame."

"What was? I offered him something, and he would not take it."

"I should think not!" returned Constance warmly. "A paltry little threepenny-piece in return for thirty pounds! I wonder you had the face to offer it."

"You talk as if the thirty pounds belonged to him instead of to me. It was only common honesty to return it to me. I don't see what occasion there was for rewarding him at all."

"Rather uncommon honesty I should call it," quietly remarked Captain Vivian. "Nine men out of ten in such circumstances would have been as likely as not to have kept the purse and its contents for their own use."

"Then they would have been stealing."

"Certainly they would, but that does not alter the case, nor the fact that indirectly at least you have been doing something to-day to encourage dishonesty."

Bertram coloured up, and Constance exclaimed,

"Oh, I am so glad you think so, Leonard. I can't bear not rewarding people for honesty."

"It is very wrong not to do so in such cases as this," said Captain Vivian. "I have never lost the impression made upon me by a conversation I once heard between two cabmen at a station, just before I left England. One of them was saying that he had several times discovered things left in his cab by passengers, and had restored them to their owners, usually receiving in return nothing but 'thanks.' He was ridiculing very much the extreme cheapness of the reward to those who bestowed it."

"I don't think anyone has a right to expect a reward for mere honesty," persisted Bertram.

"I don't know about that," said Leonard gravely. "You or I ought certainly to expect nothing of the sort, were we ever in such circumstances. Indeed, it would be almost an

insult if one were offered to us. But in the case of a poor man, depending for daily food on daily work, it is a very different thing. Probably he has a wife and family at home, poorly fed and poorly clad, to whom the possession of such a purse as yours to-day, or one of even a quarter its value, would seem like the sudden opening of a perfect mine of wealth. Is it strange that they should look for some reward in return for the great sacrifice they make in giving up anything of such importance, when they might easily retain and make use of it? or that they should feel some bitterness at the parsimony of those who would fain deny them even this slight encouragement of their self-denying honesty? I beg your pardon, Bertram, for speaking so warmly," added Leonard, breaking off as he became aware of the energy of his own words and manner. "I hope that in your case it is only through thoughtlessness, and ignorance of the harm you may do, that you have so acted to-day."

"*Bis dat cito dat!*" suggested Mr. Mansfield, rejoining the circle. "Is that the moral you are trying to impress upon him, Leonard? What is it all about?"

"I have heard of that saying being rather curiously used, or rather misused," said Constance. "Do you know the story, papa? An Oxonian had been borrowing two sovereigns of a companion, and promised to return them before long in some shape or other. 'I should prefer to have them back as nearly as possible in the shape of the two sovereigns,' said the lender; 'and I hope you will not forget the old adage, *Bis dat cito dat*—he that gives quickly gives twice.' The other immediately gave him back one of the sovereigns, exclaiming, 'Then we are quits!'"

"Very good," said Leonard, laughing, "though not exactly what my father meant. If every one attempted to pay their debts in that fashion, the adage would soon cease to be of any force."

Constance was about to proceed with the narration of Bertram's parsimony, but to the relief of the latter the conversation was here interrupted by the entrance of his younger

brother, a fine little fellow of about eight. He was highly delighted to find that Leonard had arrived, and immediately began begging for some "stories about snakes and tigers."

"My dear Edwin, what a request!" laughed Constance. "Just after Leonard's journey to be obliged, without an hour's rest, to give you a history of the last seven years; for if he once begins, he will have no peace till you know everything."

"Then I think I shall defer the commencement a little longer," said Captain Vivian, "Another day I will do my best to satisfy you. Edwin. Do you know you have grown a little in the last few years? You were a baby when I last saw you."

Edwin looked incredulous.

"Was I? I don't remember."

"No, I should suppose not," said Captain Vivian, laughing. "I am afraid you have forgotten me quite, Edwin."

"No; Connie told me you would have lots of Indian stories to tell me," said Edwin, promptly; "and I haven't forgotten that."

"Ah, I see! Then if I tell you some stories to-morrow, you must promise to take me for your brother," said Leonard.

"Arn't you my brother?" asked Edwin, looking puzzled.

"Ask Constance," he said, smiling.

"That depends upon yourself," said Constance, laughing. "I used to say you were just as much my brother as Bertram, except when you teased me, and blinded my dolls, and then I never could acknowledge the relationship."

"And you will acknowledge it now, on condition that I don't blind any more of your dolls? I think I may safely promise that—eh, Edwin?"

"Connie doesn't play with dolls at all," returned Edwin, rather indignantly.

"So much the better for me. I am the less likely to break through the condition. Yes, I am your brother, Edwin. You see, Constance will let me say so. Rather an important point settled satisfactorily!" he added with a smile.

LIVES THAT SPEAK.

SECOND SERIES.

VIII.—JOSEPH MALLORD WILLIAM TURNER.

WE were enabled to accompany our sketch of the career of Sir Edwin Landseer, the greatest modern painter of animals, with engravings from two of his most telling paintings, "Dignity and Impudence," and "The Guard."* The annexed engraving, from one of the most effective paintings of another distinguished artist, justly considered the prince of landscape painters, will be equally appreciated by our readers.

Joseph Mallord William Turner, was born in London, on the 23rd of April, 1775. His father, William Turner, was a hair-dresser, and of sufficient liberality of mind to allow his son to follow the bent of his genius, so that even while a boy he prosecuted at leisure his passion for drawing. As early as his sixteenth year we find him admitted as an exhibitor to the Royal Academy. In 1790 he exhibited a view of Lambeth Palace, a water-colour drawing. His early efforts were nearly exclusively water-colour drawings.

His first oil picture, a "View of the Thames at Millbank by Moonlight," was exhibited in 1797, and is now in the National Gallery. The style of his early youth was that of Girtin and Cozens, who both died while he was still young—Cozens in 1799, having been deranged the last five years of his life; Girtin in 1802. The dry manner of these masters, pioneers in their art, scarcely deserves the title of "water-colour painting." The best of their works are but flat, tinted, Indian-ink drawings; they display much spirited handling, but little colour, and less chiaroscuro. The imitation of these men must have kept Turner back, rather than otherwise—enforcing the importance of the early influence of artistic taste by the supply of first-class models. Turner's true master was Wilson; many of his earlier oil-pictures are so like Wilson's, that it is difficult, if not impossible, to distinguish them.

He appeared as a finished oil-painter in 1799, when he exhibited his "Battle of the Nile." He was elected an Associate of the Academy in this year, and a full Academician in 1802. His early studies of Wilson soon led to an independent style; and the same happened with his emulation of Claude, whom it was the

then fashion of making the standard of excellence by which all landscape painters were to be measured. It was unnatural or impossible for Turner to be an imitator; and after developing a style somewhat analogous to that of Claude, he almost immediately afterwards forsook it for one quite peculiar to himself—less vigorous than his earlier style, but more poetic. This was developed after his visit to Italy in 1819. Towards the close of life, he gave way to a careless facility of style—a loose version of that of his maturer taste. The "Fighting Téméraire," 1839, marks the line between the two.

From the time of his election into the Academy, Turner appears to have made a large income from his drawings alone, or at least such a one as to render it a matter of indifference to him whether he sold his pictures or not. He not only refused to sell many of them, when they had been returned from the Academy exhibition unsold, but some he re-purchased at higher prices than those he had received for them—as "The Sun rising through Vapour," the "Blacksmith's Shop," and others. He also made an income from the sale of prints, especially of the celebrated series in brown ink, known as the "Liber Studiorum," consisting of seventy-one plates. He sold them in the set, in 1820, for fourteen guineas; a single good proof, now, is worth as much money as the set was then.

In 1812 Turner built a house and gallery in Queen Anne Street West, which he retained until his death, though he used it only as a depository for his pictures during the last few years of his life. He resided at this period in a small house in Chelsea, under the assumed name of Booth; and here he died, on the 19th of December, 1851, in his seventy-seventh year. He was buried in St. Paul's Cathedral, where a statue has been placed to his memory, for the cost of which he made a provision of £1,000 in his will.

The portraits of Turner are very rare. Leslie the painter says, in his own life, that "Turner was short and stout, had a sturdy sailor-like walk, and might be taken for the captain of a river steamboat at a first glance."

There is much to lament, in connexion with

* Pages 1 and 36.

Turner's biography, upon which we purposely abstain from dwelling; and, probably partly owing to his exclusive devotion to his art, he has the character of having been exceedingly eccentric in his habits, and of an unsocial disposition.

His property was sworn under £140,000. He bequeathed nearly everything to his country—his pictures to the National Gallery, and his funded property towards the establishment of an institution for the benefit of decayed artists. The will, however, was disputed, and settled by compromise in 1856: the pictures and drawings were awarded to the nation; £20,000 to the Royal Academy, for the benefit of art; and the rest of the property to the next of kin.

About one hundred of his finished pictures, besides some thousands of drawings, are now exhibited at the National Gallery. The pictures comprehend, independent of his imitations of Claude, three styles: his early vigorous manner; his own original brilliant style, of which "Caligula's Bridge," "The Bay of Baïæ," and "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage"

are the greatest examples; and then his third style, which gradually declined into a mere extravagant display of contrasts of light, colour, and shade, with scarcely a definite form in any of his compositions. Many of his pictures, however, even at this third period of decline, are works of great genius. The noblest of these may be considered the "Fighting Temeraire" tugged to her berth to be broken up." It is now in the National Gallery.

Whilst admiring—enthusiastically admiring—the marvellous productions of the illustrious genius of Turner, and desiring to guard against any depreciation of the independent and generous spirit which he frequently manifested, we cannot but feel that one lesson of his life may serve to impress upon all, whether gifted with artistic genius or not, the necessity and the importance of the most diligent watchfulness and prayerful effort, in order that the character may be formed, not after the varying standard of human example, but after THE ONLY PERFECT MODEL. The painter aims at perfection: let the Christian emulate him.

C. A. H. B.

THE OLD HOUSE IN SUNKEN HOLLOW:

A PARABLE FOR THE LITTLE ONES AT "OUR OWN FIRESIDE."

There was once an old, very old house, standing in a low hollow. It was at least four thousand years old. On looking at it, you could at once see that it was in ruins. And it was plain at a glance that it was not time that had ruined it, for the stones in its walls were all as fresh as if just erected. And yet it was in a sad state. The walls were bowing, and the stones lying in all sorts of positions, as if shaken by some mighty earthquake. The roof was broken in here and there, as if great rocks had fallen on it, and crushed it. The chimneys were leaning this way and that way, as if ready to fall. The windows were covered with dirt, so that it was next to impossible to see through them. The trees that stood around it, once so shady and ornamental, were now broken and twisted, stripped of leaves, and going to decay. All round the house, where once was a garden, and walks, and fruit, there was now nothing but weeds and thistles, briars and thorns. Instead of the song of birds,

there was nothing heard but the hiss of serpents, or the barking of wild dogs. Instead of the well, where pure cool water once gushed up, there were now little pools of stagnant water, in which frogs croaked and reptiles crawled.

The place where the house stood was called Sunken Hollow—because it had once been a beautiful hill covered with gardens and trees, and the house had stood on its very summit; but by a terrible convulsion it had been depressed and depressed, till it became the low disagreeable spot I have been describing. And yet at a distance, as you looked at the house, it seemed fair and whole, and the grounds seemed covered with a hazy kind of light, so that you would think it a most beautiful spot. Many a one, on passing by in the distance, had pronounced it the fairest thing he had ever seen. This was owing to the peculiar light which hung around it, created by the vapours that rose up from the hollow.



THE MOUTH OF THE HUMBER. SEA-PIECE BY TURNER.

Those who came nearest to the house knew that it was inhabited; for they could sometimes hear strange noises within, and see hideous faces peeping out of the windows. But who the owner was, or whether it had any owner, nobody seemed to know, and nobody seemed to care.

At length it began to be rumoured abroad that the place had been bought—that the purchaser had come from a long distance to buy it, and that he had paid a most enormous price for it. Why he should want *that* house, and be willing to pay so much for it, nobody could conceive. Some said the house must be of great value, and have uncounted gold buried in its cellar. Some said it was all a sham,—the house had not been bought. Some said it only wanted a little putting to rights, and a little painting, and it would be as good as ever.

It was reported that the purchaser was coming to see it and repair it,—and there was great curiosity to see him. Some looked out expecting to see a tall general come on a great black war-horse, with soldiers to guard him. Some looked out for a rich chariot to come in clouds of dust, darkening the very air. Some thought he might be a nobleman, who would come with bugles and drums, and flying colours. All were looking out for some great display when the owner should come, and all thought they should get into his train, and follow him.

At length, suddenly, a young fair-looking man was seen walking round the old house. At first nobody seemed to notice him; but as soon as he had given notice that *he* was the owner of the house, there was a terrible commotion. The poisonous serpents in the grass began to hiss, the vipers began to run, the vultures in the air began to fly and scream, and every hornet began to sharpen his sting, and every fly began to buzz, and every creature in Sunken Hollow seemed to wake up to resist him. There never was such commotion before.

There was not much known about the inside of the house, for it had been shut up and kept dark. Only it was known that it had large rooms in it, once richly finished—that its walls were once all white and beautiful, and that nothing could be made more perfect than it was when built. Every part of the house showed that the most wonderful architect the world ever saw must have planned it.

The greatest commotion on the appearance of the owner was in the inside of the house.

There was hurrying, tramping of feet, fastening and darkening the windows, barring the doors, the noise of loud and angry voices, high words and disputes. All declared that the house was theirs; that they had always lived there, and therefore had a right to it. Some of the inmates begged the owner to go away, and leave them to be quiet; some laughed at him for thinking he could ever get possession of the house; some threatened to set the dogs on him, or to shoot him if he came a foot nearer.

I shall not try to describe all who lived in the old house. There were men and women, but their voices and looks were all of them loud and coarse. There was one quite a giant, who wore his hair long, and looked stupid in the face, and sleepy in the eyes, whose name, if I understand right, was *INDIFFERENCE*. He moved very slowly, seldom turned round, lay in bed late in the morning, was loth to rise from his chair, hated the sound of a bell, read but little, and thought as little as he could. His shoulders were so broad, that they set him against the doors, feeling sure that if all the bars should break, he could hold the doors shut.

Indifference had an obstinate little footman, who was always near him. He was silent and sulky, and cared for nothing. His name was *STUBBORNNESS*—and a more obstinate fellow there never was. He never threatened or cried out; but if once he clenched anything with his hands, he held on like a vice.

There was a woman too whom they called *ENVY*. She was tall, and held her head up high, and her eyes were so bright that she could see the smallest mote that floated in the air. She held in her hand a little ivory-handled whip, with a long lash, and a snapper at the end of it. She would strike with this as if in sport; but it carried a sting in it that made you tingle to the very bones.

Another inmate of the old house, looking enough like *Envy* to be her twin-sister, was called *JEALOUSY*. She was not as tall as the other, nor were her eyes as sharp, but their colour was a pale green. She wore a huge pair of spectacles of the same shade as her eyes, so that everything she looked at was of a yellowish green. Her lips were thin, and she had a peculiar habit of biting them. She would also every now and then pinch herself, till she was covered with marks of her own fingers. She had her own room, but she was so afraid that somebody would peep into it, that she stuffed every crevice with cotton, till

she made it so tight that she could hardly breathe.

The next inmate was called SELFISHNESS. He was a large-framed man, with a sharp face, a twinkling eye, and a mouth that shut up tight. His movements were quick, his steps short, and his head turned from side to side, as if to see everything about him. When he sat down to eat, he would draw all the food close round his plate. He always knew which was the softest chair; the warmest place before the fire, and the sunniest spot near the window. He had great huge pockets, into which he would cram everything within his reach. He would go round the house claiming this and that to be his, till he had branded his name on almost every article of furniture in the house. He was the strongest fellow amongst them all—ate the most, and yet never seemed satisfied.

I will try to describe only one more of the inmates of the old house. This was a fierce, fiery-looking woman, whom they called HATE. She was an active, wiry creature, able to double herself up, and become so small that you would hardly notice her, and then again expanding and becoming so large that it seemed impossible for the house to hold her. She sometimes was so cold as to freeze everything that came near her; and then again she glowed with such heat that she scorched the very clothes of those whom she passed. She wore a garland of nettles on her head, and a row of wasps sat on her lips, with their stings all thrust out. Small, fiery rockets shot from her eyes, and the tread of her foot made the very pavement under her to tremble.

Such were some of the inhabitants of the old house. However much they might, on common occasions, disagree and make war among themselves—and their quarrels often made the old house rock—the moment they saw the owner coming near, they all united in raging and shouting against him. They held a great meeting in what was called the Great Chamber. It was a vast room in the shape of a heart. They seemed to know by instinct that the young man whom they had seen was the real owner, who had bought the place at so great a price. Their deliberations were not very long, for the chairman, whom they called Mr. Passion, pushed the votes through as fast as possible. The unanimous conclusion was that the old house was their own—their right had never been questioned before; and keep it they could, and keep it they would.

Their speeches were not by any means long, but they all showed one spirit and one feeling.

"I've no doubt but I can sit down against any door," said Indifference, "and keep him out."

"And I can roll logs, and place my feet against yours," said Stubbornness; "and between us we can keep the doors shut against an army of such."

"I don't boast," said Envy—"nobody ever heard *me* boast! I have not broad shoulders, to be sure, and I may not be as strong as some other folks; but it may be, after all, that I can do as much when the time comes. But I never boast—not I!"

"You all think so much of yourselves, and talk so much about yourselves, that you can't see anybody else," said Jealousy. "I should like to know if there can't be something done by modest people as well as by others!" And then she bit her lips, and pricked her own arms till she trembled with pain.

"Nonsense! nonsense!" roared out Selfishness, "who does not know that 'possession is nine-tenths of the law,' and that we have had possession here ever since wood grew and water ran? Who supposes for one moment that we shall ever willingly give up all this, or that there is any power that can make us give it up? What say you, Mistress Hate?"

"What say I?" cried Hate. "I shall fight to the last; not because I love you, but because I wish to spite him. I have a liquid in which I can soak all the bars of the doors, and make them doubly strong. I have a stone on which I can grind your swords and daggers, and make them doubly sharp. I have a cup in which I can dip your arrows, and make each one poisonous. I can arm every stone and beam in the house, to make war upon the intruder! You talk about your powers! but it is my presence and aid that is to give you the victory. It will be a hard fight; for that young man would not walk yonder so quietly, and look so calm, unless he has more power than we now see. My very heart burns while I look at him!"

Every moment the inhabitants of the old house expected to see an army come over the hill, and to hear the sound of the trumpet calling them to surrender, or feel the ground shake under the tramping of horses, and the charging of cavalry. But they looked in vain.

At length the owner bent his steps towards the house. Those within kept very still, until

he had ascended the steps, and then they broke out into a scream of defiance and scorn that made all the rooms ring again. How they looted the idea of his coming *alone* to drive them out, and take possession of his house! But the moment he laid his hand on the handle of the door, the bars gave way, the bolts were withdrawn, and the doors silently and gently opened! The light burst in, and all the inmates stood in astonishment. The owner looked them in the face, and they began to crouch down, and hide themselves behind the doors and the furniture. But he threw over them a small cord that held them and bound them, and with which he dragged them towards the door. Then they began to shriek and struggle, and beg and pray to be let alone, and stay in the old house. But no! the owner had come, and they must leave! So he turned them out, and with a single look made them fall backward on the ground. He bade them begone out of his sight. They slunk away among the hedges and weeds, and crept round into dark places, not wishing to leave Sunken Hollow, because they hoped in some way to get possession of the old house again.

The owner now set about cleansing the old mansion. He first cleared out the cobwebs and the filth that had been increasing there so long; then he had the windows washed, that sunlight might enter; the chimneys cleaned, so that the fires might burn clearly; the furniture mended and put to rights. The weeds and rubbish round the house were cleared away, the old trees removed, great heaps of bones put out of sight, and soon the grounds began to look green, and the garden to shoot up with flowers and vegetables. The well was cleared out, and cool fresh water began to rise up, and the whole face of everything was changed.

But the greatest change was in the inhabitants of the old mansion. When it was all ready, the owner filled up the rooms with new guests entirely unlike the former inmates. Shall I mention a few of them?

First came in a beautiful creature with golden hair and a voice of music. She saw that all the fires and lamps were lighted, so that the whole house was warm and light. Her face glowed with emotion, and it was plain at the first glance, that she must have been born in the skies. They called her name LOVE, and no one who felt the touch of her hand ever forgot the thrill.

The second I shall mention was named PEACE. She was of calmer countenance than the former

one. She held in her hand a golden vessel; out of which she poured a small silver stream. But as the waters ran, they grew more and more, till they became a great river that shone like silver, and sparkled in light. Whether men drank of the waters, or bathed in them, they were at once refreshed, and felt that no waters were as sweet as these. You never had to *seek* for Peace,—for while you were in the path of duty, whether pleasant or unpleasant, she was always near with her golden vessel. She would slip round and enter at any door, and always came in silence.

Then there was JOY—a very bright inmate, who would clap his hands and cheer you when he could. He kept near a sober, quiet, hard-working old lady called DUTY, and at every turn he had something to say to cheer her. Some of the labours of Duty were hard, and some of her burdens were heavy to carry, but Joy was always at hand to give a lift, and wipe away the tear from her face, and feed her with the sweet fruit that grew on the tree called Gladness.

But among them all there was none more beautiful and interesting than a little creature that could but just walk. She seemed to have little wings budding out. But she was very small and weak. Yet she would trot round through all the rooms, wiping the windows so that there might be a clearer view; bringing in little armfuls of wood, to keep the fires bright; snuffing the candles and lamps, that the light might be more brilliant; and while her bright eye seemed to see things a great way off, she would beckon with her finger, and point to things far beyond the Hollow. She was a great favourite with all; and though they had to nurse and feed her, yet they all had to confess that there was no living without her. A thousand times a day they would call, "FAITH, FAITH, come and show me this! Come and untie this knot! Come and read me this writing!"


I may mention only one more of the newcomers. He was a large, iron-built man, who could walk longer and further than any of the rest, and his strong hand would lift them over chasms, or rocks, or anything that lay in their path. He was a grave sort of person; talked but little, yet what he did say was always encouraging. He was rather a *doer* than a talker. Nobody ever saw him going backward, or sitting down and waiting for others. His name was PERSEVERANCE, and very brave he was, and always to be trusted.

No one who had not witnessed it, can imagine how great the change was in the Old House. The foundations were repaired, the walls were all brought into shape, the broken roof was mended, the chimneys were righted, new trees were planted, the Hollow began to be filled up, and soon the old name was dropped, and men began to talk about the New House. It would now bear close inspection. The new tenants were all busy in helping to repair it,

and build it over anew. Every face was cheerful, every hand was employed, and every heart was full of blessedness. Sometimes these inmates would hold a concert of music; and when Love took her lyre, and Peace her trumpet, and Joy his cymbals, and Faith her harp, and Perseverance sat down at the organ, what music they poured out! It seemed as if the whole house were a music hall; and the echoes were heard far and wide.

ANIMAL SAGACITY.

"CHARLIE, THE WHITE SERGEANT."*

N the wall of the reading-room of Bow Street police office hangs the portrait of a remarkable dog. This dog, an old, starved, homeless animal, took up his quarters one day in August, 1857, on the steps of a seldom-used door connected with the office. Now, as neither dog nor man had a right to loiter in that doorway, the superintendent gave orders that it should be made to "move on:" but as certain as he was driven off on the one day, so certain was he to be seen in his old quarters on the next.

The men of the division at last got so attached to the dog, that he was never told to "move on" any more, but took up his quarters inside the station, and, after being named "Charlie," was considered a member of the police force. "Charlie" seemed to understand the responsibilities of his position. At a quarter before six o'clock every morning, the first day-relief is paraded in the yard of the station, previous to setting out on duty at six. At that hour, and, in short, at every parade, day or night, "Charlie" was always present, marching up and down in front of the line, with all the importance of a drill-sergeant. On these occasions he was accompanied by the only four-footed animal that he was known to associate with—namely, "Jeanie," the office cat, who, with bell tinkling at her brass collar, trotted at "Charlie's" side. Parade over, "Charlie" headed the relief in its march round the beats, and then went on a tour of inspection through the district, walking for a while with this or that specially favoured

policeman. When parade time drew near, off he bounded, always reaching Bow Street in time to drill the section. How very useful "Charlie" made himself, remains to be seen. Only on two occasions was "Charlie" absent from duty: once when he watched for some days by the death-bed of an old constable to whom he had been much attached; and once when he had been severely mauled, and all but poisoned, by some of the thieves of the Seven Dials, whose felonious schemes he often assisted to defeat.

"Charlie," soon after he was received into the office, where according to police regulations he had no right to be, was placed on the mess; his slice of meat was duly laid aside by the carver, and at the Christmas dinner he was permitted to sit at the table. "Charlie" was also known as the "White Sergeant," and on state occasions, when the attendance of the greater part of the division was required, a sergeant's armlet was buckled round his neck, and very proud he seemed to be of the decoration. "Charlie," old as he was, took great delight in a game of romps with children, but he could not endure the boys and girls that ran screaming and bawling up and down the streets; and whenever he met a party of these noise-makers, he quickly dispersed them by snapping at their heels. If he came upon any boys gambling at "pitch and toss," he would wait till the money fell upon the ground, and then rush forward and roll himself over it, guarding it securely until relieved of his charge by a policeman, whom he would follow to the nearest cat's-meat shop, well knowing that he would be rewarded! When the cry of "fire" was shouted in the yard of the station, "Charlie" barked his loudest, and, if the time happened

* "Animal Sagacity," edited by Mrs. S. O. Hall. London: S. W. Partridge. See Review, p. 115.

to be night, ran through all the bedrooms of the station, tugging at the bed-clothes, and barking with all his might; and when the men appointed for the purpose went off to the scene of conflagration, he ran in front of them, clearing the way by his incessant barking.

At the Victoria Cross presentation in Hyde Park, 2,500 of the police were on the ground. "Charlie" had been detained at the station, having been accidentally shut into a room. As soon as he was set free, he made for the park, and, working his way through the immense crowd of spectators and police, took his place at the head of his own division. Previous to his leaving the station, his armlet had been buckled round his neck, and as he sat, stiff and erect as an old soldier in front of the long line of constables, Her Majesty, as she passed along the park, was pleased to honour "Charlie" with a smile.

The thieves, and other bad characters, feared and disliked "Charlie." They knew whenever they saw him that a constable could not be far off. One night, when a constable was taking a prisoner through the Seven Dials, he was attacked by a man, who attempted to rescue the prisoner. Suddenly, "Charlie" appeared on the scene, and seized the would-be rescuer; but "Charlie," being old and almost toothless, the man detached himself from his grasp and made off, followed by the dog. A constable some few streets off, seeing a man running, pursued by "Charlie," at once knew that something was wrong, and the would-be rescuer was speedily apprehended. At an early hour one morning, a constable, while passing a narrow lane off the Strand, was knocked down by two men. "Charlie," who was at a short distance behind, seeing the assault, ran across the Strand to the station in Somerset House, and seizing the sergeant on duty there by the great-coat tail, led him to the constable's assistance, who was found to be severely wounded, and who might have been killed outright but for "Charlie's" sagacity.

After performing his duties as sergeant faithfully for nearly eight years, poor old "Charlie" (he must have been at least twenty years of age) died in front of the mess-room fire, where, during his illness, he had been carefully nursed, for he was beloved by all men of the F Division.

ROBIN REDBREAST.

Robin is always a favourite wherever he goes, and as in England, so in every other

country he visits, he is called after some familiar name. In Denmark, he is known as Tommy Liden; in Norway, as Peter Ronsmad; and in Germany as Thomas Gierdet. Who can hear the words "Robin Redbreast" spoken without recalling the old story of the pretty babes, deserted by their cruel uncle, who went wandering, hand in hand, up and down the wood, waiting for the man who never came back from the town, as he promised to do, and bring them bread?

"Thus wandered these two pretty babes,
Till death did end their grief;
In one another's arms they died,
As babes wanting relief."

And thus they perished without one kind friend to drop a tear over them, and thus they lay exposed to the night dews and the winds,

"Till Robin Redbreast painfully
Did cover them with leaves."

Whether Robin ever did or did not shroud the bodies of the two babes in the wood with leaves, I will not pretend to assert, but I will say that Robin is a first-rate fellow, for he is not only kind to his wife and family, but he also displays strong attachments to mankind. Some say that because he flies into our houses, and perches up and down our rooms, that he is a bold, impudent bird. He certainly is very bold when either snake or hawk attempts to plunder his nest, but I think the reason he hops in at our doors and windows is that he trusts implicitly in our doing no harm to him.

During this last summer a beautiful sight was witnessed by many persons in Peckham. In the fernery of Mrs. Cash, of the Rye, a pair of robins built their snug little nest. Whether the robins *knew* that Mrs. Cash and her daughters, being members of the Society of Friends, would be sure to treat them with kindness, I cannot tell. One thing is certain, the birds became so tame, that they would, even whilst seated on the nest, eat food handed to them by their admiring friends. By the kindness of Miss Newman, and the pencil of Mr. Weir, we are able to give our friends an engraving of the mother as seen when feeding her young ones.

Perhaps more wonderful still is a story of a robin that quartered itself in the sitting-room of a shoemaker at Bishop's Cleeve. It took up its abode on the mantelpiece, and built its nest behind a tea-pot, on which, having

laid its eggs, it used occasionally to sit, and was not the least put about by the presence of the family or strangers. It used to feed off the same dish with the shoemaker. Robins have taken up their abode even in stranger places than behind old tea-pots, and in watering-cans. They have built nests in saw-pits, on the beams of blacksmith's bellows, and in

from their hands. Mr. Burritt tells us that Mr. Fox, of Tregedna, near Falmouth, by persevering kindness, has so won the affections of the small birds, that they fly and hop about him when he calls; and Mr. Samuel Gurney, on visiting Mr. Fox, "was perfectly astonished, on walking out into the garden, to see, on his sounding a whistle, the birds come fluttering



"CHARLIE," THE WHITE SERGEANT.

the rigging of ships, sailing with them when they went to sea.

But the most astonishing thing I have to record of Master Bob is his affection for, and familiarity with, man. I have read of many persons who by whistling a call-note would gather robins around them, enticing them to perch on their shoulders, and feed

round him. One robin was actually so tame, that it picked a piece of bread out of Mr. Fox's mouth." I hope every one will read, who has not already done so, the verses which James Montgomery, "the Christian poet," wrote on a Robin Redbreast that came to his prison window every day when he was confined for truth's sake in York Castle, cheering

the dreary hours by its presence and its song.

I have said Master Bob will defend his young brood against any enemy. One summer day, a hewer of granite, belonging to Dalbeattie, was plying his vocation at Craignaie quarry, when he was attracted to a certain spot by the cries of a bird in distress. Hurrying to the

into the air. The quarryman soon dispatched the enemy. Then Bob entered the nest, and having ascertained that his children were all safe, flew on to a neighbouring branch, and piped a song of triumph and gratitude.

While this is being read, perhaps the snow lies deep upon the ground, and the flakes are drifting against the window-panes; and sud-



THE ROBIN'S NEST IN MRS. CASH'S FERNERY.

place, he saw that an adder, twenty inches long, was protruding its head over the edge of a robin's nest, built among the brushwood, and containing the poor bird's unfledged offspring. Bob was alternately coming down upon the spoiler, darting his beak into the adder's forehead, and then rising a yard or so

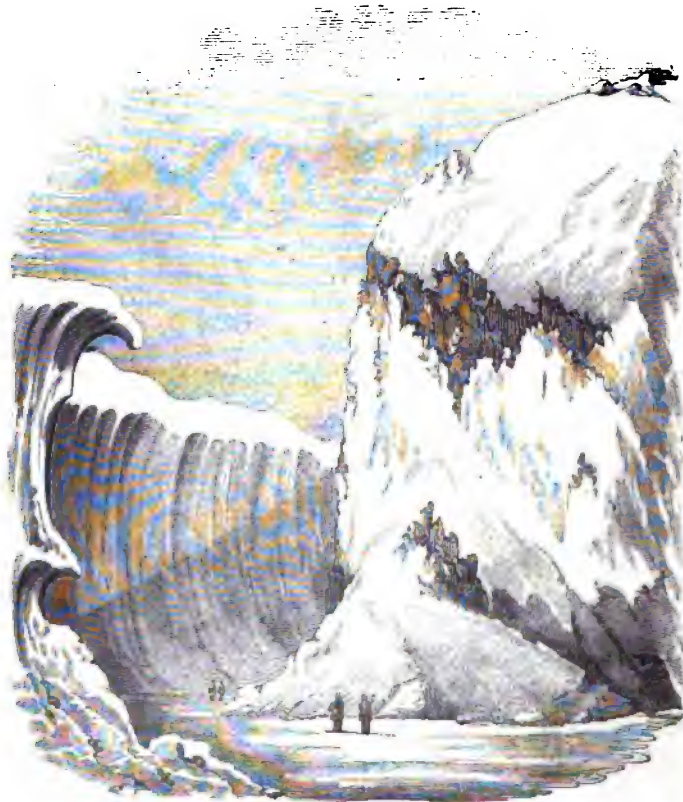
denly a tap comes to the window, and the book is laid down, and the children leave the bright, warm fireside, and, looking forth, see poor Master Bob hopping shiveringly about. I am sure they will not begrudge him his crumbs, and from the depth of his grateful little heart he will sing his joyful song.

R. P. S.

Science, Art, and History.

OUR SKETCH-BOOK ABROAD.

II.—THE ARCTIC REGIONS—THE ESQUIMAUX.



REMARKABLE SNOW CLIFF, BRIDPORT INLET, MELVILLE ISLAND.

THE Esquimaux are that extraordinary people who line the coasts of the northern seas for nearly 5,000 miles, from the Straits of Bellisle, far westward, to the North Pacific, beyond Behring's Straits.

Secluded from other tribes of the great American continent, with whom they have but little intercourse, they are not shut out from the care of Him whose "tender mercies are over all His works." They are singularly adapted, in constitution and habits, to the regions they inhabit, where even the summer

wears a wintry aspect, and the traces of its presence are sparse indeed. The permanency of winter cannot be said to be interfered with, where, even in the month of August, the frozen subsoil is to be found everywhere at eighteen or twenty inches beneath the surface. Summer influences of such a superficial character produce only a scanty vegetation. The stern ascendancy of cold—as if repentant of having intermitted even for a moment its severity—encroaches early on the brief summer. Towards the end of August, the keen east winds bring the snow showers, and the new ice begins ra-

pidly to seal up the waters. The hardy reindeer, assembling themselves in large bands, begin to remove from these lands—too wintry even for them—to more southern localities. Yet man remains behind, and women and children brave a temperature too low for one of the hardiest of beasts.

Unlike the unthinking Indians, the Esquimaux spend their short summer in diligent provision of food against the winter. They waylay the deer, in their transit southward, at narrow passes by the rivers or lakes; or, armed with the katteelik, pursue the whale in their light kayaks;* or retire for a season from the coast to the interior lakes, where the salmon abounds. In the beginning of September they abandon their tents, and retreat within their winter houses. Some of these are of permanent construction, framed strongly of drift-wood, or if this be not available, of the bones of whales, the whole covered thickly with earth. A low door in the side, or a trap-door from the roof in localities where the snow lies deep, gives access to these windowless habitations, in which a lamp, placed on a stone in the centre of the timbered floor, serves to give light and cook their food—a process by no means essential to these people, whose European name, Esquimaux, is by some thought to be a corruption of the Abenaki term, *Eakimantik*, which signifies 'eaters of raw flesh.'

But even if drift timber, or the bones of whales, be not available, there are other materials to be found in these regions which suffice to the Esquimaux for the construction of a house. The snow which lies so thickly around is made subservient to his use. It is this which enables him, with the approach of spring, when the hard-frozen stock of food, the results of his summer labours, is nearly exhausted, to move seaward on the ice to hunt the seal. At that season—when the intensity of the cold precludes the use of tents, and the shifting nature of his occupation is irreconcilable with any permanent habitation—the snow house precisely responds to his requirements, combining facility of erection with sufficiency of warmth. The pure white snow, under the influence of keen winds and frosts, has become firmly indurated, and, as light as it is hard, presents an admirable building material, "with which the Esquimaux master-mason erects most comfortable dome-shaped

* *Vide Frontispiece*, showing the mode of carrying the kayak.

houses."† The following description of this singular architecture is taken from Sir W. E. Parry's "*Account of the Esquimaux of Melville Peninsula*," &c.

"The work is commenced by cutting from a drift of hard and compact snow a number of oblong slabs, six or seven inches thick and about two feet in length, and laying them edgewise on a level spot, also covered with snow, in a circular form, and of a diameter from eight to fifteen feet, proportioned to the number of occupants the hut is to contain. Upon this, as a foundation, is laid a second tier of the same kind, but with the pieces inclining a little inwards, and made to fit closely to the lower slabs, and to each other, by running a knife adroitly along the under part and sides. The top of this tier is now prepared for the reception of a third, by squaring it off smoothly with a knife; all which is dexterously performed by one man standing within the circle, and receiving the blocks of snow from those employed in cutting them without. When the wall has attained a height of four or five feet, it leans so much inward as to appear as if about to tumble every moment; but the workmen still fearlessly lay their blocks of snow upon it, until it is too high any longer to furnish the materials to the builder in this manner. Of this he gives notice by cutting a hole close to the ground in that part where the door is intended to be, which is near the south side, and through this the snow is now passed. Thus they continue till they have brought the sides nearly to meet in a perfect and well-constructed dome, sometimes nine or ten feet high in the centre; and this they take considerable care in finishing, by fitting the last block or key-stone very nicely in the centre, dropping it into its place from the outside, though it is still done by the man within. The people outside are in the meantime occupied in throwing up snow with the *poollaray*, or snow-shovel, and in stuffing in little wedges of snow where holes have been accidentally left.

"The builder next proceeds to let himself out by enlarging the proposed doorway into the form of a Gothic arch three feet high, and two feet and a half wide at the bottom, communicating with which they construct two passages, each from ten to twelve feet long and from four to five feet in height, the lowest being that next the hut. The roofs of these passages are sometimes arched, but more generally made flat by slabs laid on horizontally. In first digging the snow for building the hut, they take it principally from the part where the passages are to be made, which purposely brings the floor of the latter considerably lower than that of the hut, but in no part do they dig till the bare ground appears.

"The work just described completes the walls of a hut, if a single apartment only be required; but if, on account of relationship, or from any other cause, several families are to reside under one roof, the passages are made common to all, and the first apartment

† *Vide Frontispiece*.

—in that case made smaller—forms a kind of ante-chamber, from which you go through an arched doorway, five feet high, into the inhabited apartments. When there are three of these, which is generally the case, the whole building, with its adjacent passages, forms a tolerably regular cross.

"For the admission of light into the huts, a round hole is cut on one side of the roof of each apartment, and a circular plate of ice, three or four inches thick and two feet in diameter, let into it. The light is soft and pleasant, like that transmitted through ground glass, and is quite sufficient for every purpose. When, after some time, these edifices become surrounded by drift, it is only by the windows, as I have before remarked, that they could be recognized as human habitations. It may, perhaps, then be imagined how singular is their external appearance at night, when they discover themselves only by a circular disc of light transmitted through the windows from the lamps within.

"The next thing to be done is to raise a bank of snow, two feet and a half high, all round the interior of each apartment, except on the side next the door. This bank, which is neatly squared off, forms their beds and fireplace, the former occupying the sides, and the latter the end opposite the door. The passage left open up to the fireplace is between three and four feet wide. The beds are arranged by first covering the snow with a quantity of small stones, over which are laid their paddles, tent-poles, and some blades of whalebone; above these they place a number of little pieces of network, made of thin slips of whalebone; and, lastly, a quantity of twigs of birch and of the *Andromeda tetragona*. Their deer-skins, which are very numerous, can now be spread without risk of their touching the snow; and such a bed is capable of affording, not merely comfort, but luxurious repose, in spite of the rigour of the climate. The skins thus used as blankets are made of a large size, and bordered, like some of the jackets, with a fringe of long narrow slips of leather, in which state a blanket is called keipik.

"The fire belonging to each family consists of a single lamp or shallow vessel of *lapis ollaris*, its form being the lesser segment of a circle. The wick, composed of dry moss rubbed between the hands till it is quite inflammable, is disposed along the edge of the lamp on the straight side, and a greater or smaller quantity lighted, according to the heat required or the fuel that can be afforded. When the whole length of this, which is sometimes above eighteen inches, is kindled, it affords a most brilliant and beautiful light, without any perceptible smoke or any offensive smell. The lamp is made to supply itself with oil by suspending a long thin slice of whale, seal, or sea-horse blubber near the flame, the warmth of which causes the oil to drip into the vessel until the whole is extracted. Immediately over the lamp is fixed a rude and rickety frame-work of wood, from which their pots are suspended, and serving also to sustain a large hoop of bone, having a net stretched tight within it. This contrivance, called *innetat*, is intended for the

reception of any wet things, and is usually loaded with boots, shoes, and mittens. . . .

"With all the lamps lighted, and the hut full of people and dogs, a thermometer placed on the net over the fire indicated a temperature of 38°; when removed two or three feet from this situation, it fell to 31°, and placed close to the wall stood at 23°—the temperature of the open air at the time being 25° below zero. A greater degree of warmth than this produces extreme inconvenience by the dropping from the roofs. This they endeavour to obviate by applying a little piece of snow to the place from which a drop proceeds, and this adhering, is for a short time an effectual remedy; but for several weeks in the spring, when the weather is too warm for these edifices, and still too cold for tents, they suffer much on this account."

The Esquimaux winter costume, at the Whale-fish Islands, is amusingly described in McDougall's "*Voyage of the Resolute to the Arctic Regions in Search of Sir John Franklin.*"

"The men are clad in jackets and trousers, made out of the skins of the deer or seal, and in the absence of caps have attached a hood to the former article of clothing. Their mittens and boots are made of the same material.

"The costume of the women is the strangest I ever saw, excepting that of the 'Bloomers,' which is nothing more than a modified Esquimaux dress.

"It consists of a sealskin frock and trousers, or rather drawers (for they do not come within six inches of the knee) and are ornamented down the sides by strips of brightly dyed leather.

"Their hair, which is of a glossy black, is carefully turned up to the back of the head, and there secured in a peculiar knot by a piece of ribbon, the colour serving to identify the social position of the wearer. The maidens are distinguished by a red ribbon only, whilst the married women, being, I presume, 'the better horse,' wear any colour they please: the fact of their wearing breeches tends to confirm this supposition."

In providing for their physical wants, these people display much ingenuity, courage, and patient endurance of fatigue. In daily peril they seek the food which is needed for this life; and in their light kayaks go forth to contend with the walrus, which when wounded often turns with fury on his aggressor; or, in pursuit of the seal, entrust themselves to the treacherous ice, which not unfrequently, yielding to the power of the tide, breaks off from the main floe, and is swept away into the sea. Yet, fearless and inured to hazard, they pursue their customary toil.

As the winter draws towards its termination, and their stock of provisions decreases, the



NATIVES—WHALEFISH ISLAND.

necessity of fresh supplies becomes apparent. The practised eye of the Esquimaux perceives on the level surface of the ice a small elevation, in shape and size such as the mole throws up in pasture lands. It is the work of the seal, who is forming for himself a breathing hole in the ice. There the native stations himself, building in the first instance a snow-wall about four feet high, to shelter him from the cold wind. His precautions against the least noise

are singular. He inserts into the snow little forked sticks, on which depositing his spears, lines, and other implements, he is enabled to move them in silence as he wants them. He makes use, also, of a little instrument called *keipkuttuk*, formed of a slender piece of bone nicely rounded, and having a point at one end, and a knob or laniard at the other. This is thrust through the ice. Delicate in its formation as fine wire, it escapes the observation of



ESQU AUX WOMEN—CAPE YORK.

the seal, while the movement of that portion of it which is above the surface indicates to the fisherman that the animal is at work. His spears are of different kinds, increasing in strength and power according to the prey he has to contend with. These spears are tipped with the point of the narwhal's horn. But the most curious portion of them is an appendage called *siätkö*, consisting of a piece of bone three inches long, and having a point of iron at one end, and at the other end a small hole, or socket, to receive the point of the spear. Through the middle of this instrument is secured the *ällek*, or line of thong, of which every man has, when sealing, a couple of coils, each from four to six fathoms long, hanging at his back. These are made of the skin of the *oguke*, the larger seal, as in Greenland, and are admirably adapted to the purpose, both on account of their strength, and the property which they possess of preserving their pliability even in the most intense frost. When the spear is about to be used, the *siätkö* is fitted on its point. In this situation it is retained by bringing the *ällek* tight down, and fastening it round the middle of the staff by what seamen call a "slippery hitch," which may instantly be disengaged by pulling on the other end of the line. As soon as the spear has been thrown, and the animal struck, the *siätkö* is thus purposely separated, and, being slung by the middle, now performs very effectually the important office of a barb, by turning at right angles to the direction in which it has entered the orifice.

Thus armed, the Esquimaux watches until the ice becomes so thin that the blowing of the seal is distinctly heard, when he drives his spear through the thin crust into the animal, whose labours have thus facilitated its own destruction. With his *panna*, or iron knife, which is straight, flat, pointed at the end, ground equally sharp at both edges, and firmly secured in a handle of bone or wood, he cuts away the ice so as to secure his prey. The *neitiäk* is the only seal killed in this manner, and, being the smallest, is held while struggling, either simply by the hand, or by putting the line round a spear with the point stuck into the ice. For the *oguke* the line is passed round a man's leg or arm; and for a walrus, round his body, his feet being at the same time firmly set against a hummock of ice, in which position these people can, from habit, hold against a very heavy strain.*

* Vide Frontispiece.

The capture of a walrus, after a season of scarcity, is the occasion of intense excitement in an Esquimaux village. Every lamp swims with oil; the huts become a blaze of light; and the cutting up of the spoil is a scene of joyous festivity, terminating too frequently in gluttony of a most disgusting character. Sickness follows as the result, and death removes many.

The filthy habits of the people form a painful feature in their character. Mr. M'Dougall's description of what he witnessed at Cape York must close our present paper:—

"The natives received us without betraying any great degree of interest or curiosity. The shape of their garments, made of bear and deer skins, was essentially the same as their more southern neighbours, but they outvied all we had previously seen in want of cleanliness, and were, without exception, the most disgusting, filthy race of human beings it has been my lot to encounter.

"The men might possibly at some remote period have indulged in a wash, but it is my firm conviction that the boys, apparently ten or twelve years old, had never undergone anything in the form of an ablutionary process. It is, however, almost impossible to convey an idea of the personal appearance of these degraded creatures, who, though to us objects of commiseration, were by no means of that opinion themselves.

"It was from this place that Erasmus York was, with his own consent, taken on board the *Assistance*, Captain Ommanney, in August, 1850. He was brought to England, and educated at St. Augustine's College, Canterbury. In 1855 he was sent to Newfoundland, with a view of being useful among the Esquimaux of Labrador; but he died the following year of consumption. He was of a mild and amiable disposition, and made himself everywhere beloved by his warm and single-hearted affection for all who were kind to him.

"Naturally supposing his friends would make eager inquiries concerning their absent relative, one of the officers had considerably kept an *Illustrated London News*, with the portrait of York, for the express purpose of showing it to these poor people, in the event of communicating with them; but they appeared to have forgotten him, and although his native name was pronounced, they repeated it without any emotion. This want of curiosity respecting him surprised us, for they must have imagined we were the same vessels by the presence of

the steamers, which appeared to fix their attention.

"The so-called village consisted of three seal-skin tents erected on the inner slope of Cape York, close beside a huge glacier. The inhabitants consisted of two old women, and three younger and more comely women, each with a child at her back, whom we presumed were the wives of the only three men we observed. Besides these, there were nine children of different ages, all as healthy as they were dirty.

"The appearance of the interior of the tents was quite in keeping with their persons. The skins strewn around were anything but inviting, and although not very fastidious, it would take a considerable time to reconcile one to the thoughts of seeking repose amongst so much filth. Strewn around on the outside of the tents were bones of birds and seals, besides

a quantity of putrid seal flesh and intestines, sending forth an offensive smell.

"We, of course, considered this to be the refuse on which, probably, the dogs were fed; but were soon enlightened by seeing one of the ancient ladies take a portion of the entrails, and swallow a quantity of it as Italians do macaroni. Being, however, of considerable length, she was unable to swallow the whole, and therefore contented herself with a foot or two, which was severed with a knife. This feat completed our disgust; and after the captain had distributed a few presents, we retraced our steps towards the boats, pitying in our inmost hearts the sad lot of these poor wretches, whose only means of subsistence must be very precarious; for, having no boats, they are necessitated to trust to killing their prey between the cracks in the ice."

WATCHES.

THE German city of Nuremberg has always claimed the invention of pocket clocks, as watches were first named; and the fact that they were, in early times, called Nuremberg eggs, from their shape being oval, and that this town stood pre-eminent for the numbers and quality of its watches, seems to favour if not quite to justify the claim, which goes back to the year 1477. Blois, in France, however, also claims the merit of the invention, and so does China, which is said to have introduced the invention into Germany, whence it passed to France, and thence into England.

The invention of this instrument was the culminating point of horometry, and it was developed out of the increasing needs and experiences of mankind. A volume might be written about the steps of the delicate art which, in due order, shaped and applied the coiled spring, the spiral balance spring, the repeating movement, the varied escape-ments, the jewelled pivots, and all the other mechanisms that are now combined in a good watch—an instrument which, although it is so small that it may be hidden from view in a lady's hand, represents the consolidated genius of the horologists of four centuries.

Be this as it may, however, there have been watches made of many sizes and many shapes. There have been skull watches, tulip, apple, rose, giant watches, and liliputian watches. In the Exhibition of 1851, a Mr. Funnell, of Brighton, exhibited a small lever watch of no more diameter than that of a three-halfpenny piece. A rose watch of the greatest beauty was exhibited by Mr. Jones, of the Strand. A century ago, Mr. Arnold, also of the Strand, presented to George III. a repeating watch of his own manufacture, set in a ring. The size of this curiosity did not exceed that of a twopenny-piece, although it contained one hundred and twenty different parts, which altogether did not weigh more than five penny-weights, seven grains, and three-fourths; the tools employed in its manufacture had to be all made for it, and the watch contained the first ruby cylinder ever made. The King was so pleased with it that he presented Mr. Arnold with five hundred guineas as a recognition of his skill. Some time after, the Emperor of Russia, having heard of this watch, offered Arnold a thousand guineas if he would make another like it for him, but Arnold declined the commission, that he might not depreciate the value of his own gift to his own Sovereign.

THE ARCH OF TITUS.



THE ARCH OF TITUS.

THE Arch of Titus was raised to commemorate the capture of Jerusalem, and in honour of the captor, by the Senate and common people. It stands on the *Summa Sacra Via*, or highest point of the Sacred Way. Not only is it the most elegant of all the triumphal arches, but as a record of Scripture history it has rightly been called "one of the most interesting ruins in Rome."

It consists of a single splendid arch of white marble, with fluted columns of the Composite order on each side. It is covered with elaborate sculptures. Those of the frieze represent a procession of warriors leading oxen to the sacrifice; on the key-stone is the figure of a Roman warrior, nearly perfect. On the attic, he who runs may read the original inscription,

showing by the introduction of the word *divo*, or "*divine*," that it was erected after the death of Titus, "the delight of the human race," and probably by his successor, Domitian. It runs thus:—

"SENATVS. POPVLVSQVE. ROMANVS. DIXO. TITO.
DIVI. VESPASIANO. F.
VESPASIANO. AVGVSTO."

The bas-reliefs on the piers under the arch are highly interesting. You may see on the one side a procession of Roman soldiers bearing the precious spoils from the Temple of Jerusalem, among which may be recognized the golden table, the silver trumpets, and the seven-branched candlestick of massive gold, which fell into the Tiber from the Milvian

bridge during the flight of Maxentius, after his defeat by Constantine on the Via Flaminia.

"The size of this candle-stick, as here represented, appears to be nearly a man's height; so that, both in size and form, these bas-reliefs perfectly correspond with the description of Josephus, and are the only authentic representations of these sacred objects."

On the other side, the emperor is shown, crowned by victory, seated in his triumphal car drawn by four horses, and surrounded by Romans carrying the fasces, and soldiers and citizens waving branches of laurel. The vault of the arch is richly ornamented with sunk

panels and roses; a bas-relief in the centre represents the apotheosis of Titus.

The length of the arch is 49 feet; its breadth 16½ feet; its whole height is equal to its length. Above the entablature is an Attic order 12 feet high. The arch is semicircular, and springs from a horizontal moulding called the *impost*, which crosses the front of the building at about 22 feet from the ground. The height of the Composite marble columns which flank the arch is 22·065 feet. They stand on pedestals 9 feet high.*

* "Triumphs of Ancient Architecture: Greece and Rome." London: T. Nelson and Sons. See Review, page 116.

Songs of the Garden.

BY MRS. ELLIS, AUTHORESS OF THE "WOMEN OF ENGLAND."

II.

ACONITES AND VIOLETS.

The Aconite.

SAID that flower, so pale and lonely,
Spring was come to violets only?

Lo! I lift my golden cup,
With its joy-drops brimming up;
Lo! I spread my leaves, and sing,
Welcome, welcome, happy Spring!

Like a child of tender birth,
Close I cling to mother earth:
Nesting in her faithful breast,
Here I find my home of rest;
While the storms beat on the hill,
Here she warms and feeds me still.

What if winds blow wild and high,
Still I know that Spring is nigh;
Let the sheeted rains come down,
Still I wear my golden crown.
Thus, my garden friends, you see
Kings might sometimes envy me.

So, in tones of hope and pleasure,
Boastful of her golden treasure,

Fearing neither wind nor rain,
Living woe, nor dying pain,
Mid the snow-flakes cold and white,
Sang the cheerful Aconite.

But a voice more soft and tender,
Strange to scenes of pomp and splendour,

Woke in music soft and low,
Singing of the rural meadows,
Silent dells, and leafy shadows,

Where the Violet loves to grow;
Singing with a voice so sweet,
Tints and odours seemed to meet
In a strain of scented air,
Half a perfume—half a prayer.

The Violet.


TOUCH me gently, sang the Violet
To the wild winds sweeping by,
To the tempest in its fury—
Touch me gently, or I die.

Dear to me the leafy garden,
With its tall trees overhead;

Where the glance of summer sunbeam
 Scarcely finds my lowly bed.
 But this cold blast all too keenly
 Wakes me from my wintry sleep;
 Come then, gentle Spring, and shield me
 With thy mantle rich and deep.
 Come, with all thy wealth of beauty,
 Flowery branch, and waving stem;
 Where the leafy bowers are greenest,
 Let me find a home in them.
 There I'll watch thee hang thy garlands
 O'er the garden's pleasant ways;
 There I'll kiss thy feet, and bless thee
 For the joy of sunny days.
 Gentle Spring, I tire with gazing
 For thy footsteps on the lawn;
 Watching in the purple morning
 For thy smile at early dawn.
 Come, and still the raging tempest;
 Come, and chase the clouds away;
 See what offerings we will give thee,
 Fresh with each returning day.
 I can bring no gift of splendour,
 Silver bell, nor golden crown,
 Yet I boast one rarer treasure
 In a perfume all my own.
 Scent of Violets! sweeter, purer,
 Wealth has never purchased yet:
 Take then, take this grateful tribute
 From thy child—thy Violet.

—

The Garden.

 ON that day when drooped the Snow-
 drop,
 Held within a dying hand,
 Passed a mild and saintly spirit—
 Passed into the better land.

Faithful wife, and tender mother,
 Who shall fill her vacant place?
 Vainly asks the sorrowing daughter,
 With the tear-drops on her face.

Scarce the father's love can soothe her,
 Scarce the brother's kiss can cheer:
 In her sable robe she wanders
 Through the garden, cold and drear.

Wintry winds are moaning round her,
 Loosely flows her golden hair!
 Ah! she thinks—that youthful mourner—
 Spring will never more look fair.

But a well-known step is near her;
 Lover's feet are winged with speed;
 And she turns a look of welcome—
 Welcome in her hour of need.

Soon those soft blue eyes are telling,
 With the bright tears gushing o'er,
 Tales of love, as well as sorrow,
 Never half so sweet before.

Well it suits her mood of sadness
 Thus to wander to and fro,
 Through the bare and wintry garden,
 Sprinkled with a mist of snow;

Till at length they pause, and wonder
 Whence that breath of perfume springs.
 Close among its green leaves hiding,
 There the Violet smiles, and sings.

Soon a flower is plucked, and folded
 Fondly in a favourite book.
 Ah! how oft the trusting maiden,
 Pondering o'er that page, will look!

Well her hand will learn to open
 Where the faded Violet sleeps;
 While with tender care she watches
 O'er her withered flower, and weeps.



The Home Library.

Memoir of George Wilson, M.D., F.R.S.E., Regius Professor of Technology in the University of Edinburgh. By his Sister. A new and condensed Edition. London and Cambridge: Macmillan and Co.

This is in every sense a model memoir. The biographer has effectually guarded herself from the temptations to partial—and therefore untruthful—representation, to which relatives are exposed in attempting to portray the character of the objects of their love. The lights and shades of a genuine Christian life are so commingled, that we obtain a perfectly natural as well as most attractive picture. Dr. Wilson was a burning and a shining light, distinguished alike for eminent gifts and eminent grace. His words on the death of his friend John Reid are indeed most applicable to himself:—

“Thou wert a daily lesson
Of courage, hope, and faith;
We wondered at thee living,
We envy thee thy death.

Thou wert so meek and reverent,
So resolute of will,
So bold to bear the uttermost,
And yet so calm and still.

• • • • •
Well may we cease to sorrow;
Or, if we weep at all,
Not for thy fate, but for our own,
Our bitter tears should fall.

’Twere better still to follow on
The path that thou hast trod,
The path thy Saviour trod before,
That led thee up to God.”

Space forbids our lengthening our present notice, but we hope to return to the memoir again. What we have said will, we trust, induce many of our readers to purchase it. It is a book for all classes; but it ought to be in every medical man's library. In the chamber of sickness, also, it would be difficult to find a more profitable work. The records of Dr. Wilson's daily life of patient and even cheerful endurance, exhibit a practical comment on his “*Counsels of an Invalid*,” which we so strongly recommended in the November part of “OUR OWN FIRESIDE.”

Animal Sagacity. Edited by Mrs. S. C. HALL, London: S. W. Partridge.

Pre-eminently a book for the young. The illustrations, after designs by Harrison Weir and others, are unusually attractive, and are executed in the first style of art. The letter-

press and binding are in harmony with the pictures. The Editor's selection of remarkable stories exhibiting the sagacity of animals, is the best juvenile selection we have met with. Our readers can judge for themselves, after perusing the extracts inserted in the present number of “OUR OWN FIRESIDE.”

Hymn Writers and their Hymns. By the Rev. S. W. CHRISTOPHERS. London: S. W. Partridge.

We have been delighted with this book. It is the result of the labours of an enthusiastic hymnologist, who himself writes poetry in prose, and appears to live and breathe in the very atmosphere of praise. The hymns selected are interwoven with pleasant and profitable “gossip” about their birth and parentage, their circumstances, their character, and their influence. Some of the incidents related are entirely new to us: in every case the “setting” of the hymn adds to the richness and beauty of the gem. We give an example of this:—

“THE REV. H. F. LYTE.

“Born at Kelso, in June, 1793, and having all the early advantage of a much-beloved mother's gentle influence and holy lessons, Mr. Lyte was soon made to feel the misery of narrow resources, and had to struggle hard for the benefit of a liberal education. His superior and versatile talent, in happy association with firm integrity and amiable temper, opened his way to academical honour, and at last to a ‘dreary’ Irish curacy. While tenderly and faithfully watching a brother clergyman in his last moments, his own heart was made free by the truth which sustained the dying Christian. But watchings by the sick, and subsequent labours on behalf of the bereaved widow and her children, overtaxed his system, and he sank into that consumptive tendency which brought frequent clouds over him all through his remaining life. He travelled on the Continent; and on his return, after trying the climate of Bristol, and ‘after being jostled about from one curacy to another,’ he settled for a time as lecturer in the quiet little town of Marazion, on the shore of the beautiful bay of Mount St. Michael, in Cornwall. Here he married. Then he is found at Lymington, writing poems and tales which charmed Professor Wilson. Then on the banks of the Dart, in South Devon, in the lovely village of Dittisham. There the wandering curate nestled in a cottage, going out now and then to officiate at Lower Brixham. Brixham was at last his parish; and there for twenty years he toiled in his pastorate under many a cloud—clouds of personal suffering, clouds of pastoral difficulty and discouragement. To his tender, sensitive nature, the peculiar condition of his flock must frequently have been a source of trial. His charge was the busy, shrewd, somewhat rough, but warm-hearted population of a fishing coast and seafaring district, which had

been subject to all the corrupting influences peculiar to the neighbourhood of naval and military forces during the French war. But he never shrank from work; his heart never quailed in suffering; but he solaced himself, and frequently softened and subdued the hard natures around him, with hymns from under the cloud. He made hymns for his little ones, and hymns for his hardy fishermen, and hymns for sufferers like himself. How many a cloudy day was cheered by a song like this!—

“My spirit on Thy care,
Blest Saviour, I recline;
Thou wilt not leave me to despair,
For Thou art love Divine.
In Thee I place my trust,
On thee I calmly rest;
I know Thee good, I know Thee just,
And count Thy choice the best.
Whate’er events betide,
Thy will they all perform;
Safe on Thy breast my head I hide,
Nor fear the coming storm.
Let good or ill befall,
It must be good for me;
Secure of having Thee in all,
Of having all in Thee.”

“The Brixham hymnist’s days were numbered. His strength gradually failed. The climate of Italy was several times tried, and his life was spun out a little while. But the end must come. The autumn of 1847 was approaching, and he must needs take his last journey to the genial south. It was always hard to leave his dear Berry Head. ‘They tell me,’ said he, ‘that the sea is injurious to me. I hope not; for I know of no divorce I should more deprecate than from the lordly ocean. From childhood it has been my friend and playmate; and never have I been weary of gazing on its glorious face. Besides, if I cannot live by the sea, adieu to poor Berry Head—adieu to the wild birds, and wild flowers, and all the objects that have made my old residence so attractive.’ But by-and-by he adds, ‘I am meditating flight again to the south. The little faithful robin is every morning at my window, sweetly warning me that autumnal hours are at hand. The swallows are preparing for flight, and inviting me to accompany them; and yet, alas! while I talk of flying, I am just able to crawl, and often ask myself whether I shall be able to leave England at all.’ He did go, never to return. Before he went, he wished once more to preach to his people. His family was alarmed at the thought; but he gently replied, ‘It is better to wear out than to rust out.’ He felt equal to this last effort, and had no fear. He preached. It was on the ‘Holy Communion,’ and it was solemnly significant to hear him say, ‘Oh, brethren, I can speak feelingly, experimentally on this point; and I stand here among you seasonably to-day, as alive from the dead, if I may hope to impress it upon you, and induce you to prepare for that solemn hour which must come to all, by a timely acquaintance with, appreciation of, dependence on, the death of Christ.’ This was his last appeal. And for the last time he dispensed the sacred elements to his sorrowing flock; and then, exhausted with his effort, he retired with a soul in sweet repose on that Christ whom he had preached with his dying breath. And as the evening drew on he handed to a near and dear relative those undying verses, and his own adapted music for the hymn—

“‘Abide with me! Fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens; Lord with me abide!
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, oh abide with me!’”

“This was his last hymn upon earth. He reached Nice, and there his spirit entered into rest. He

pointed upwards in passing, and murmured softly, ‘peace,’ ‘joy!’ while his face brightened into smiles as the shadow of his last cloud melted before the ‘Light of Life.’”

Mr. Christopher’s interesting volume will, we trust, teach many a reader the secret of a happy, cheerful, and tuneful life—“a life of inward hymn and song.”

Triumphs of Ancient Architecture: Greece and Rome. London: T. Nelson and Son.

A thoroughly interesting book, admirably adapted for instructional purposes. It is well illustrated, and we have given an extract in our present number, with a sketch of the Arch of Titus.

The Garden Oracle. London: Groombridge and Sons, 5, Paternoster Row.

Mr. Shirley Hibberd’s annual report in the “Garden Oracle” comes most timely for the opening of the season in gardens and orchards. The selection of the best varieties of fruits in the several classes presents, in the whole, some 500 varieties out of some 5,000 which are in cultivation. This sifting-out of the hand-somest, best-flavoured, hardiest, and most generally useful kinds, appears to have been a Herculean task, and is completed in the conscientious and satisfactory manner characteristic of all Mr. Hibberd’s labours for the improvement of our rural affairs. We commend “The Oracle” as the best shilling’s worth of original information for the garden and farm that we know of.

Nellie’s Mission: Stories Illustrative of the Lord’s Prayer. By ALICE GRAY. London: J. Nisbet and Co.

These stories have a “purpose,” and they are likely to secure it. Simple and touching sketches of home-life are made to enforce the teaching of the Model Prayer—the first prayer that childhood lisps, and the most comprehensive summary of the believer’s desires to which expression can be given, at any and every stage of his experience. We have been particularly pleased with the story of “The Crossing Sweeper.” It should be read by the fireside in winter time.

Aunt Judy’s Christmas Volume for Young People. Edited by Mrs. ALFRED GATTY. London: Bell and Daldy.

Handsomely bound and gilded, the exterior of “Aunt Judy’s Christmas Volume” will tempt the young folks to examine the interior; and however high their expectations, they will not be disappointed. It is true Christmas is gone for another year, but this Christmas volume will be interesting and profitable all the year round.

The Band of Hope Review, 1866. London: S. W. Partridge.

We consider the “Band of Hope Review” unapproachable as a cheap serial for the young.



From Painting by Collins.

Rustic Civility.

The Christian Home.

WOMAN'S FAITH;

OR,

PRAISE AND BLAME.

BY MRS. ELLIS, AUTHORESS OF "THE WOMEN OF ENGLAND," ETC.

CHAPTER III.

IT was a great comfort to the little nurse, as well as to Harry Dunlop, to see their patient safely laid in bed at the fisherman's cottage, and though half smothered in blankets, sleeping soundly, with the glow of returning health stealing softly over his cheeks.

It was of no use watching beside him, and therefore Margaret and Harry stole quietly down into a lower room to hold their consultation about what was to be done next. Before any definite conclusion had been come to, however, George Dunlop appeared in the doorway, and as he was decidedly the best messenger to send on such an errand, he was immediately requested to hasten home, and convey the intelligence of the morning's disaster to his parents, and then to provide for the whole party some means of reaching home; for, besides Archy's helpless condition, they were none of them in circumstances to make the journey on foot. Margaret had no outside covering but the mantle which she had given up; and Harry's clothes were torn with the sharp rocks over which he had had to clamber as he could.

Nobody could break the subject to Mr. and Mrs. Dunlop so well as George: "He is always so cool and self-possessed," said Harry; "nothing moves him; and as Archy is all right now, there could be no good in making a frightful story out of what has

happened, as I most likely should; for I declare to you, Margaret, I thought at one time the poor little fellow was lost."

Saying this, Harry, much against his inclination, became the subject of a burst of tears, such as he scorned and hated, and tried to dash away, but which still kept falling, and the more stupidly, as it seemed to him, that the lad was doing well—"sleeping like a top," he said; "and his pulse," which at one time they had some trouble in finding, now "regular as a clock."

"Then what are you crying for, you great baby?" said George; and Harry's tears were checked on the instant, but he said nothing. It is easy to stop the flow of tears if we set about it in the right way, and George Dunlop had a sure way of stopping tears, as well as other emotional expressions. He did not intend to do anything unkind: he liked emotion well enough, if it was of the right sort—at least, he thought he did; and on this occasion no one could have felt more genuine grief for a brother than he would have done had little Archy been lost. But why did he get into that situation? How was it altogether?

These were the questions George kept asking, as some people do when they experience the symptoms of even so uninteresting a malady as a common cold, never resting until they have settled in their own minds the moment of time when, and the inch of space where, it was caught. Such persons are not satisfied when there has been an

accident, to bind up and soothe and heal, but make it their business first to obtain all the circumstantial evidence as to how the accident occurred; and, above all, their crowning point of satisfaction appears to be that of awarding to all concerned, but especially to the poor sufferer, his exact share of the blame. "I told you how it would be. You should never have done so—you might have foreseen the consequences." Preserve us from the pitiless judgment of these witnesses of our calamity!

George Dunlop meant no harm. He was not wanting in kindness; but he must be allowed to express his mind upon the blindness and folly of any one wandering on the seashore without calculating upon the tide. And then, why had his brothers left him?—and so on. At length, when his many inquiries had been to some extent replied to, he set out on his mission, to which he was urged the more earnestly that the day was now declining, and if he did not go quickly it would be impossible for the party to reach home before midnight.

"The lad is all right," repeated Harry, going with his brother a few steps beyond the door. "Tell my mother it has only been a little ducking in the sea. But they must send some kind of close carriage up here for us; and they must lose no time, or we shall be here all night; and however efficient James Halliday may be, I can't say that the atmosphere of his cottage is the most agreeable—rather 'ancient and fishy,' tell mother—anything to make her smile. It's all right now, and I don't doubt but the lad will be himself again to-morrow; but oh, George, it has been a terrible day! I should not like to live through the last few hours again. And as for the poor little fellow, he could not have struggled on for another half-hour—not to save his life: of that I'm confident."

When George Dunlop was gone, Margaret and Harry sat quietly down to unburden their full hearts by talking the whole matter over. They could think of nothing else; and after excitement such as they had just passed through, every detail connected with the one great event becomes of such im-

portance that people generally appear to find a welcome relief in repeating them again and again, with all such varieties as the nature of the case permits.

In the present instance, it was the character, conduct, appearance—everything, in short, belonging especially to little Archy—which formed the theme of conversation; for the boy was a favourite with all, though none could perhaps have described exactly why he was so. A lad of fourteen, without any extraordinary recommendations of face or person, there was still something about Archy, whether in his open, guileless countenance, or his frank confiding manner, no one could tell; but there was that about him which won the goodwill of all, and the tenderest affection of those who knew him best, so that they would often suffer themselves rather than allow any kind of suffering to come to him.

Perhaps little Archy *felt* suffering more than most; for there are natures with whom it is so. Indeed, there is a vast difference in constitutional capability in this respect, only we may generally accept it as a law of our being that those who suffer most intensely are those who also enjoy most intensely. Archy did both in the extreme, and hence his great liability to temptation from sources of pleasure and pain—from the love of enjoying on the one hand, and the dread of suffering on the other.

A *sensuous* nature this is usually called; but the word has no pleasant associations in our language, and scarcely conveys its own real meaning—certainly not the meaning which would have been understood by the lifting up of those large clear blue eyes of Archy's, which few persons of any sensibility could resist in their tender and earnest appeal.

Little Archy the boy was always called at home; and he must have obtained this designation more from the tender love which his nature inspired, than from his actual size; for though somewhat short in comparison with his brothers, his figure was, as Margaret had described him to the fisherman, rather broad and sturdy. His face was fair, his eyes, as already said, were blue, with

heavy lids, and the smile of his handsome mouth was peculiarly sweet and winning.

So it was, altogether, that nobody could bear the idea of little Archy being subjected to any kind of ill-treatment. What would have been simply unjust, or wrong, towards others, was absolutely cruel, they thought, towards him. "He feels things so," his mother used to say of him; and if she loved him a touch more tenderly, though not more truly, than her other children—if she rejoiced at times that he at least was exempt from that turbulence of spirit which so troubled her life, there were other times when she almost wished that her sweet Archy had a little more of the boldness and resolution of his brothers, for how was he ever to fight his way through the world when he *felt things so*?

Archy himself had at this stage of his experience very little concern about his own way in the world. Hitherto he had lived in the bosom of a secluded family, whose home was their world, and he at least knew little of any other. Hitherto his brothers had always taken such kind care of him, that he had had little either to fear or to suffer from external causes; and his own heart, with all its intimate and peculiar feelings, was habitually laid bare before his mother, who dealt with it so tenderly that her corrections were scarcely more painful than the cherishing and encouragement with which she endeavoured to bring forward all that was good. Beyond this, he believed that he had in sincerity given up all—both heart and life—to that Saviour on whom he loved to lean. To him it was no painful surrender. So far as it went, it had been willingly—nay, joyfully made, and he felt neither shame nor hesitation in speaking of the relation in which he believed himself to stand as a child of God, redeemed by the sacrifice once offered upon the cross for all.

This experience, which is so difficult for some to describe, or even to speak of to others, had been gone through by the happy boy as simply as if it had come in the usual course of events. It did in truth appear very simple to him; the more so, because he could form no conception of such a state as

that of being contented for a moment without a sense of Christ Jesus being his Redeemer, Saviour, and Friend. He could form no conception of such a thing as being safe under any circumstances, or happy, without this sure foundation of security and peace. "And, oh mother!" he would often say, after the terrible ordeal of this disastrous day, "what should I have done on those bare rocks, with those terrible waves dashing up, foaming, and raging, and ready to devour me, if I had not prayed with all my soul, and with all my strength?—yes, and if I had not been used to pray, so that it seemed quite natural to cry to the Lord in my distress, and to ask Him to help me? And you see, mother, He did help me." "Yes, my child," the mother would reply, "and He will always help you, if you cry to Him in sincerity of heart."

And thus the two would talk together, without hesitation and without reserve, for this subject, above all others, was familiar to both; and good, simple Mrs. Dunlop, though far from being the best manager of her household, was yet a true-hearted Christian woman, and so far a true friend to her children that she cared supremely for their spiritual interests; at the same time, it must be confessed that she cared less than many women, and certainly less than she ought, for their manners and their clothes.

Mrs. Dunlop was indeed far from being a perfect woman. Mrs. Anderson, who herself was all neatness and order in her domestic regulations, thought her very far indeed from being perfect, and could, in fact, scarcely believe in her Christianity since it did not make her a good household manager; so apt are we to judge of others by our own rule, overlooking the fact sometimes that while a neighbour may not be exact, and set on buttons when and where she ought, we ourselves may possibly be inexact on some point of truth; or that, while a neighbour may be letting some provision for the table run to waste, we ourselves may be neglecting some golden opportunity for doing good.

But Mrs. Dunlop's husband knew that

she was a good-hearted woman, and a devout and humble Christian, and her boys knew it, or felt it rather in the depth of their young hearts. It was much to be regretted, both for them and for her, that their mother was not a better disciplinarian; but her own bringing up had been desultory, and much neglected; and where is the good woman under any circumstances who has not one fault? Nowhere, except in books; and the wonder is that anyone should place them there, seeing that just so far as they are perfect, they fail to excite interest, simply because they are *untrue*. There can be no sympathy excited by such perfect beings. We know exactly how they will act under all circumstances, and consequently fail to follow out their course with either fear or wonder as to how they may conduct themselves. Neither are they good, as some worthy people seem to think, in the way of example, because we feel within ourselves that their condition is unattainable to us. In the same way, those biographies in which all the faults and even sins of a lifetime are suppressed, afford little either of help or encouragement to the reader, who knows that human life—even Christian life, is for the most part a conflict with evil from beginning to end; and that by no means the least instructive portion of human experience is that in which error is corrected, and sin repented of and forgiven.

Mrs. Anderson also was a good woman, but in quite a different way from Mrs. Dunlop—as different at least as the essential elements of Christian life permit two individuals to be whose faith and hope are the same. Strict in discipline, somewhat narrow in observation, and very limited in experience, this lady was prone to lean rather too much upon a kind of external respectability—rather too little upon vital principle. If the outside aspect of human conduct was orderly and right, and in strict accordance with the rules of propriety as by society established, Mrs. Anderson was disposed to be contented. But if any of these rules were violated, especially if the censure of good people was in any way incurred—if there was anything even questionable in a person's appearance,

conduct, or mode of living, Mrs. Anderson found it extremely difficult to speak of them as good Christians, and could sometimes go so far as to doubt whether they were Christians at all.

Hence it may readily be supposed that between these two ladies there existed no very strong points of sympathy or attraction, and that to the precise lady the Dunlop boys were especially objectionable. It is true that she had not in so many words forbidden her niece Margaret to associate with them. She could not very well do that without a direct insult to her husband's relatives and friends; but on the day of Archy's disaster, had she entertained the least idea that Margaret was likely to go with the boys on a long rambling expedition, the severest protest would have been entered against such a proceeding. It is not difficult, therefore, to imagine what was the amount of her astonishment and indignation on first learning that there had been some kind of dangerous enterprise undertaken by the boys, in which Margaret was deeply implicated.

What this enterprise had really been, it was for some time very difficult to understand, because of the many vague and exaggerated reports which spread quickly through the little fishing town—as usual, growing as they spread; and as Mr. Dunlop had set out instantly in the carriage which was to bring the little party home, there was no hope of learning the exact particulars except from George, who remained in close attendance upon his mother, doing everything in his power to allay her fears, and to keep up a feeling of cheerfulness. Beyond this, it is quite possible that George might not be very desirous of encountering Mrs. Anderson on such an occasion, although, as regarded his share in the matter, there was little of an adventurous or eccentric nature to condemn.

At length little Archy was brought home in safety to his anxious mother, very happy, very thankful, but it must be confessed at the same time very sleepy; and not until the following day was he able to give any clear account of how he came in that posi-

tion of danger. Even then, he knew perhaps less than those who had seen him from a distance. It was to him altogether more like a frightful dream than a reality, such as he could not speak of for a long time without shuddering. Two or three facts however dwelt upon his mind with clearness, and brought no horror with them on recollection. Amongst these was a feeling of being clasped in his brother's arms just when his strength was entirely failing; and then the gentle soothing of Margaret, her smile when she looked into his opening eyes, and the soft sweet words of encouragement which she kept whispering to him—the general sense, if not the exact meaning of which he was just able to understand.

As to Margaret's part in the matter, the boys seemed as if they never could say enough in her praise, and the parents listened to their story, told over and over again, and blessed her name, and thanked her in their hearts before they had an opportunity of doing so in words. It seemed, in fact, as if the transactions of a single day had bound them to this orphan girl, and her to them, by ties which no after-circumstance in life would have the power to break, so strong is that union which is cemented by the sharing of any deep feeling together, even for a short space of time.

But while these pleasant reminiscences of Margaret's conduct were filling all hearts with gratitude in the Dunlop family, she, poor girl, was experiencing in her own personal circumstances a very different kind of ordeal. She was enduring blame, instead of receiving praise. At present, and with only her own account of the affair, it was impossible for either Mr. or Mrs. Anderson to see that she had done right—in fact, that she had not done absolutely wrong. She had run off, they said, with a parcel of rude boys in their absence, and here she was, after being absent all the day, with torn frock, and lost gloves, and hat which her aunt did really believe had been sat upon—"How strange! how unsuitable for a young lady!" and so on.

In vain Margaret endeavoured, not so much to defend herself, as to make these

worthy people understand the more important facts of the case; knowing as she did, that if they could only have seen for themselves the situation of little Archy, nobody could have felt more deeply, or been kinder than they would have been. But they could not see, they would not hear; and at last Margaret, unable to bear the unreasonable conflict, and thoroughly exhausted both in mind and body, burst into a fit of ungovernable weeping.

Even this subdued condition failed to afford satisfaction, though it might be some relief to the weeper herself; but Mr. and Mrs. Anderson were of that old-fashioned school of moral discipline, according to which such weeping used to be attributed to passion—*angry* passion—something which ought to be overcome and put down on the instant. So Margaret was hurried off to bed, in order that in the stillness of her own room she might subdue her temper, and bring herself into a better state of mind.

Poor Margaret! she had perhaps never been in a better state of mind in all her life than on that eventful day. She had never been so entirely divested of selfishness—never so earnest and devoted in helping others—never so reverent in spirit with regard to the great things of life and death—never so grateful in recognizing the hand of God, or so devout in prayer. She was even unconscious of having done anything absolutely wrong. She might have failed in doing what was best, but could not recall any deliberate or intentional wrong with which to charge herself. What could these worthy people mean, or how could it be that she was sent off like a criminal to repent of her sins, when she neither knew nor felt that on this occasion she had been particularly guilty?

All this was a strangely painful perplexity to Margaret. Life, duty, many things had looked plain to her that day; and clear above all, to her young eyes, had risen the power and the goodness of God. But what was this? Blame, anger, guilt, punishment! And for what? She knew that she was but a weak and foolish child, and that she was often actuated by wrong motives.

She knew that when she did right, there was no merit in her doing so; that she deserved no praise, because at best she could only do what was her duty; and she had always been accustomed to believe, since she could understand such subjects, that without the help of God's Holy Spirit she could do nothing right or acceptable to Him; but surely that Spirit must have been with her during the past day, she thought: surely her Heavenly Father must have heard her prayers.

For some time Margaret wept bitterly while vainly endeavouring to unravel the mystery of her present circumstances. Then she turned to what ought not to have been forgotten, and perhaps would not have been, but for her great surprise and bewilderment—she turned to her prayers, and calling to mind what her father had taught her, that in all such perplexities, especially that of having to bear blame unjustly, it would help her to think how the Saviour Himself had to bear false and cruel accusations, and even the misunderstanding of those who professed themselves His friends. Dwelling on these things, and mixing them, as she always did, with sweet and pleasant recollections of her father, Margaret found at length a welcome peace steal over her ruffled spirits, until at last, comforted in mind, as well as exhausted in body, she fell into a sound and refreshing sleep.

It was late on the following morning when Margaret awoke to a dim consciousness of what had been transpiring on the previous day. First came a sense of satisfaction—of peace and safety; and then a strange sense of something wrong—of transgression and blame; both which were, in their turn, much more distinctly impressed upon her mind than were the events themselves out of which these impressions had sprung. On first awaking, she would have sprung up with a kind of childish delight, only for the stiffness of her limbs, which kept her down; and then came the heavier depression of those sad feelings which arise out of a consciousness of having caused displeasure where we desire only to excite approbation and kindness.

To do Margaret justice, however, it must be confessed that a slight touch of indignation mingled with her sadness, for she was naturally disposed to be indignant at injustice and wrong. And so she remained wondering and vexing herself, long after the time of first awaking, and then at intervals weeping afresh to think that she had now no kind father to help her out of these perplexities—no friend, as it seemed to her, in the whole world, who could now either understand her or feel for her.

In the meantime, however, a very pleasant change was taking place in Margaret's circumstances as regarded the light in which her conduct was looked upon by those who had blamed her so severely on the previous day. Mrs. Godwin, the clergyman's wife, had called on her aunt; and seldom if ever was a call made by this cheerful, warm-hearted woman but either some good news was brought, some temper soothed, some spirit cheered, or some brighter views of life diffused amongst those whom she came to visit; so that the effect of a gleam of sunshine seemed to mark the track of her footsteps wherever she went. Whoever might be the bearer of ill news, it was seldom Mrs. Godwin, and of scandal never. But if a good action had been done—if an orphan child had been adopted into a family—if there was hope of a reprobate being reclaimed—if a liberal donation had been made, or an instance of self-denial in a good cause had come to light—if a good nurse in sickness had been found, or in any way the right person had got into the right place—then it seemed as if Mrs. Godwin, having her treasury of good things replenished, went about accordingly, making many people feel astonished that they had never known before how good the world and the people in it were.

Mrs. Godwin was in the habit, when she made a call, of entering at once upon any agreeable topic of conversation. It was so delightful to her to speak well of people, and to announce glad tidings, that she never doubted but such pleasure was reciprocated by those to whom she spoke; and thus what she had to say needed little prelude or intro-

duction. On the present occasion, prompted by her ever-ready sympathy, she had called first on the Dunlops, at a very early hour, to congratulate them on the safety of their boy; and then, after hearing the whole history, with a most enthusiastic description of what Margaret had done, she came with her beaming face and ready smile to talk the matter over with the Andersons, and to rejoice also with them in the noble conduct of their niece.

Above all things, Mrs. Anderson had feared the condemnation of the clergyman and his wife; and amongst her humiliating reflections the most painful had been, "What will the Godwins think of our way of bringing up this girl?" She had even perplexed herself about her first interview with them, as to whether she should make excuses for the strange conduct of the girl, or take against her by joining in the condemnation which she doubted not all right-minded persons would feel, if they did not actually express it. Mrs. Godwin was known to be a frank, out-spoken woman, and from her Mrs. Anderson expected to encounter the real expression of what others might conceal. It was therefore with some trepidation that she beheld this bright little woman walking up towards her door. It is true her countenance beamed with cheerfulness as she walked along the path from the garden gate; but Mrs. Anderson had seen people look very smilingly when they had something very disagreeable to say; and she herself looked anything but cheerful as she met her early visitor in the hall. It was not only that her countenance wore an expression of sadness and anxiety, but something very much like pleading for mercy, and deprecating wrath, pervaded her whole manner, as if she would have said, "Dear Mrs. Godwin, do spare me this time! It shall never occur again."

"Why, Mrs. Anderson!" said the good lady, grasping both her hands, "surely your niece is not ill, or hurt? You look so sad; what is the matter? I have come early—I am afraid too early, because I really could not wait. I wanted so much to congratulate you on the noble conduct of that dear girl, your niece."

And here the tears came into the fond motherly eyes, for Mrs. Godwin had children of her own; and the whole story, as she had just heard it told by George and Harry Dunlop, still rung in her ear, and her heart was profoundly touched by the thought of how easily—calculating what we call chances only—the boy might have been lost. But she had also thoughts which touched her tender heart still more deeply. These were of the goodness of God, and how He sometimes employs the weakest instruments for working out the purposes of His great mercy. It was this which filled her eyes with tears, even more than thinking of that scene of danger and distress; but they were tears of joy and gratitude. It was of this that she came to talk, for there was no more pleasant theme to her. It needed no introduction in her case, because her heart was full of grateful and loving thoughts—supremely so towards that watchful Providence to whose care she committed all her own treasures, and thus habitually believed them safe.

Mrs. Godwin had another peculiarity. Without flattery, she was liberal in her commendations. Where she had no money to bestow, or where substantial gifts would have been inappropriate, she sometimes gave, as she said, "a bit of hearty praise," and she thought it did as well, or better. "Besides," she would say, "if deserved, it was due, and ought not to be withheld." "I was only rendering," she would add, "what I owed—what we all owe one to another, more or less, besides its being a just tribute to God's own law of right. Let the Apostle Paul be our guide. Though no one could be more severe in denouncing what was wrong, no one could more generously and graciously commend what was right than he did, and such praise goes a long way. My praise I know does not stand for much, because I am not clever at condemning. But then I am not an Apostle Paul."

And yet Mrs. Godwin was more clever at condemning than she thought. She was seldom severe—never bitter or sarcastic. But there were at times expressions from her lips, and in her looks, which went a great

deal farther than some people's harsh condemnation. There was at times such absolute distress in her countenance, her voice, and manner—such horror when she had to warn against a wrong course of action, and a sorrow so acute when she had to deal with moral delinquency, that many a young culprit in her husband's parish would rather have to meet Mr. Godwin, a grave man of few words, than his naturally cheerful and chatty little wife.

On the present occasion it was all pleasant congratulation on the part of Mrs. Godwin, mixed with deep thankfulness and tender sympathy, and with this a cordial admiration of the orphan girl whose conduct had worn so doubtful an aspect in the eyes of her now wondering aunt.

"What a noble girl she must be!" said Mrs. Godwin, when she had gone over the facts as related to her by the Dunlops. "It is a great thing to say of one so young that, humanly speaking, she saved the life of the boy."

Mrs. Anderson looked more and more perplexed, and with considerable hesitation she asked "in what way? She was not exactly acquainted," she said, "with the circumstances of the case. In fact, she was afraid——"

"Ah, yes; I understand," said Mrs. Godwin, almost interrupting her. "You were afraid to excite the poor child too much last night by asking questions; and now you do well to let her sleep it off. I can only tell you I should be very happy—I am afraid as a mother I should be proud—but still very thankful to God, if my girl had done what your niece did yesterday."

Mrs. Anderson still hesitated, and looked inquiringly.

"I see you don't know all," Mrs. Godwin went on. "The great point was being just in time. The dear girl set off in a moment for help; and she must have gone almost with the speed of a wild deer along that bleak cliff for more than half a mile to find James Halliday, who happened for a great wonder to be at home. He is no very pleasant man for a child to appeal to, and there are older persons than your niece who would

not like to seek him alone in that strange home of his. But your niece appears to have feared nothing for herself, and the man is not altogether wanting in readiness to help, with all his surliness of manner. They say it is just as the fancy takes him; and your niece must have some peculiar charm about her to have induced him to rush at once to the rescue as he did."

"I don't think Margaret has much charm or much manner of any kind," replied her aunt. "She is a good girl upon the whole, but on this occasion I was afraid she had stepped a little out of her place. You see, dear Mrs. Godwin, it was a wrong thing in the outset."

"What, to go with the boys, you mean?"

"Certainly."

"Perhaps you had charged her not to go?"

"No; I had not. I had gone out myself, and knew nothing about it until my return."

"Why, my dear Mrs. Anderson, you know they are relations—friends—almost always together, with your sanction and Mr. Anderson's."

"I don't know that, exactly. As Mr. Anderson's friends and relatives, I do not feel myself called upon entirely to forbid the intercourse."

"Come, come, my dear Mrs. Anderson, are you not a little too severe? Secretly, perhaps, you did not like your niece to ramble about with these boys; but without forbidding it in so many words, I don't see how you could expect a child to understand your feelings, and certainly not to understand that she was doing wrong, unless you plainly told her so. You see I have children of my own, and one learns a good deal in that way. I don't wish to dictate to you, who may have learned many things which I have not; but I sometimes think we make a great mistake with children, and really do them harm, when we set up a *little fault* to blame where we might see a *great good* to commend. There are few human actions altogether right: at least, we are but blind and weak in our wills and ways. But when a child so young in experience can forget herself for the sake of helping another—when she

acts promptly, bravely, and kindly in a case of great emergency, the very joy of congratulating her on being able to do so is, I think, so great, that I should be sorry indeed to call up in comparison with it the little fault of which you speak. And indeed—you must forgive me when I say so—but I scarcely think it was a fault at all.”

Mrs. Anderson’s displeasure against her niece was soon appeased, especially when her guest went on to say, “My husband looks at the matter in the same light; and, do you know, he is quite anxious to see your niece, and know more of her; for he thinks her father was an acquaintance of his during the latter part of his college life. He lost sight of him afterwards, but he remembers the name, and he says a more excellent spirited youth he never knew.”

At this moment Margaret herself walked into the room, looking rather surprised and bewildered, and not the less so when good Mrs. Godwin started up, and clasped her in her motherly arms, holding her for a moment to her heart, and kissing her with as much cordiality as if she had known and loved her for years; after which she looked steadily into the face of the wondering girl, and then smiling, and making her smile, she said, “I see how it was—I know all about it now—how you overcame the roughness and obstinacy of James Halliday.”

“He was not very rough to me,” replied Margaret with the utmost simplicity, “nor obstinate either; but I remember that I thought him very slow, only I was afraid to say so, lest I should vex him, and then perhaps he would not have gone at all, or not until it was too late.”

“Do you know, my dear,” said Mrs. Godwin, still holding Margaret’s hand, “that my husband believes he was at college with your papa?”

“Oh, does he?” exclaimed Margaret, and then indeed her countenance lighted up with that peculiar expression which always made her beautiful—an expression of entire and loving trust. This expression came always when Margaret felt at home with anyone, when she found herself understood, but more especially when she spoke with

those who knew her father, and appreciated his worth.

“If Mr. Godwin knew papa,” said Margaret, “he would know how wise and good he was.”

“I am afraid,” replied Mrs. Godwin, “he only knew him as an acquaintance. But he formed the most favourable opinion of him notwithstanding. The wisdom and goodness of your father would be best known to you, my child, and you do well to cherish the remembrance.”

“I shall always do that,” said Margaret thoughtfully; and then the conversation turned upon other subjects, Mrs. Godwin wisely deeming it best not to pursue any topic of much interest in Margaret’s present state.

The subject next discussed was, however, of greater interest to Margaret than her friend imagined. It was nothing less than a school to which Mrs. Godwin was about to send her own daughter, and she made no secret of her wish that Mrs. Anderson would consent to Margaret also being committed to the care of the lady, a relative of her own, who was the head of the establishment. There were of course many inquiries to be made by Mrs. Anderson, after which the visitor took her leave, promising to call on the following day with further particulars respecting the school.

No sooner was the visitor gone than Mrs. Anderson turned complacently to her niece, saying, “I am very glad, my dear, that you seem to have conducted yourself quite in a praiseworthy manner yesterday. I hope you will not be puffed up nor made vain by what people say about your conduct.”

“My dear aunt,” said Margaret in great astonishment, “what *do* you mean?”

“I mean that both Mr. and Mrs. Godwin speak warmly in your favour, because of the part you took in rescuing the boy Dunlop.”

“Poor Archy! We all did our best; but it was James Halliday who got him off the rocks.”

“Still, my dear, they say you ran and told the fisherman, or did something—I am sure I don’t know what; only I hope you will not think too much of yourself in consequence.”

"I am sure I don't know what I did either; and as to thinking too much of myself for that, it would have been a great shame and disgrace to me if I had not run as fast as I could, when Peggy Rushton told me where to go. Indeed, aunt, I do not understand you, and I wish you would not talk to me in this way. I am sure when you blamed me last night I did not know what it was for, and now that you praise me I am quite as much in the dark. I don't remember anything that I did but run as fast as I

could, and it seems to me that the rope poor Archy held by deserves quite as much praise for not breaking, as I do for not refusing to run. There surely must be some great mistake about this matter altogether. For my part, I don't see anything either to praise or blame in what any of us did, only a great deal to thank God for, and a great deal to make us glad in thinking that dear little Archy is safe." So saying, Margaret, with her aunt's permission, gladly ran off to see for herself that all the Dunlop family were well.

LIGHT ON CHURCH MATTERS.

II.—THE VOICE OF THE FATHERS.

IN religious controversy, the all-important question is, *What saith the Scripture?* In reading the Fathers, Bishop Latimer's rule should always be borne in mind, viz., "to believe them when they bring Scripture for what they say." Their teaching, apart from this Divine sanction, possesses, no "authority" whatever "in matters of faith." It is true they said many wise things, but it is equally true that they said many foolish things. Every heresy, in fact, can be traced to some Father.

Nor is this greatly to be wondered at. Not only should we naturally expect to find the written Word designed by God Himself to guide the simple into all truth, more easy to be understood than any fallible interpretations of that Word could be; but it is very evident that the Fathers were in many respects unfavourably circumstanced as expositors of the Sacred Volume. The illustrious Milton puts this in forcible terms:—

"If these doctors, who had scarce half the light that we enjoy—who all, except two or three, were ignorant of the Hebrew tongue, and many of the Greek, blundering upon the dangerous and suspectful translations of the apostate Aquila, the heretical Theodotian, the Judaized Symmachus, the erroneous Origen; if these could yet find the Bible so easy, why should we doubt, that have all the helps of learning, and faithful industry, that man in this

life can look for, and the assistance of God as near now to us as ever? But let the Scriptures be hard: are they more hard, more crabbed, more obtuse than the Fathers? He that cannot understand the sober, plain, and unaffected style of the Scriptures, will be ten times more puzzled with the knotty Africanisms, the pampered metaphors, the intricate and involved sentences of the Fathers; besides the fantastic and declamatory flashes, the cross-jingling periods which cannot but disturb, and come thwart a settled devotion, worse than the din of bells and rattles."—*Of Reformation in England*, Milton's Works, pp. 9, 10. One vol. ed., 1833.

At the same time, whilst thus noting the special disadvantages of the Fathers, and utterly refusing to admit their writings, as a ground whereon to build any article of belief, it is satisfactory to know that, so far as their general testimony can be said to refer to Romish errors—many of which were then only in progress of development, and some not invented—it is decidedly in harmony with Protestant teaching.

In no particular, perhaps, is this more apparent than in the distinctness of their avowal of the supreme authority of the Word of God. Unquestionably they regarded the Bible as the sole Rule of Faith. And since this fundamental principle of Protestantism points to that armoury whence alone we can obtain invincible weapons of

offence and defence, in assailing error and maintaining truth, we present to the reader a few extracts from the works of Jerome, Augustine, and Chrysostom, in which they assert in the plainest possible language the sufficiency and supreme authority of the Holy Scriptures as the only Rule of Faith.

JEROME.

"The Lord shall tell in the writings of peoples, and of the princes, of them that have been in her." (Psalm lxxxvii. 6.) We read of the Apostle Peter, and we read of Paul saying, 'Do ye seek a proof of Christ that speaketh in me?' (2 Cor. xiii. 3.) And what Paul speaks, Christ speaks; for 'He who receiveth you, receiveth me.' (Matt. x. 40.) Therefore our Lord and Saviour telleth us He speaketh in the writings of His princes. The Lord will tell in the writings of the peoples, in the Holy Writings. *Which Writing is read by all the people, that is, that all may understand.* He saith what this is. As the Apostles have written, so also the Lord Himself; that is, He hath spoken by His evangelists, and that not to a few, but *that all may understand.*

"Plato wrote writings, but he wrote not for peoples, but for the few. For scarcely three men understand him. These indeed, that is, the princes of the Church and princes of Christ, have not written for a few, *but for the whole people.* And of the princes, that is, of the Apostles and Evangelists of those who have been in her. See ye what He says: *Who have been, not who are; that, the Apostles excepted, whatever else is said afterwards is cut off, hath no authority afterwards.* Although, therefore, anyone after the Apostles may be eloquent, he hath no authority."—*Comment. in Psalmos*, tom. viii., pp. 126, 127.

"That which hath no authority from Scripture is as easily rejected as approved."—*Comment. in Matt. xxiii.*, 35, tom. ix., p. 70.

"Often read the Holy Scriptures; indeed, *never let the Sacred Book be laid out of thy hands.*"—*Ad Nepotianum*, tom. i., p. 14.

AUGUSTINE.

"For I confess that I have learnt to pay such deference to the Books of Scripture, and to them alone, that I most firmly believe that none of their writers have ever fallen into any error in writing. And if I meet with anything in them which seems to me to be contrary to truth, I doubt not that either the manuscript

is in fault, or that the translator has missed the sense, or that I myself have not rightly apprehended it. I read the books of other writers in such a spirit as not to deem a thing true because they think it so, however holy and learned they may be, but because they are able to persuade me of its truth *by the authority of Scripture*, or by probable inference from it. Nor do I imagine, my dear brother, that you differ from me in this, or desire your own books to be read as if they were writings of prophets and apostles; to doubt concerning which, whether they are altogether free from error, is *impiety.*"—*Augustinus Hieronymo*, epist. xix., tom. ii., ff. 14-17.

"Neither should I allege the Council of Nice, nor you that of Rimini, as if we would prejudge the question. You are not bound by the authority of this one, nor I by that of the other. *With authorities from the Scriptures*, evidence not peculiar to either, but common to both, let us compare matter with matter, cause with cause, reason with reason."—*Contra Maximinum Arrianorum Episcopum*, lib. iii., cap. xiv., tom. vi.

"Therefore, if there be a question concerning Christ or His Church, or any other matter appertaining to our faith or practice, I say not if we—who are by no means comparable to him who said, 'Though we'—but I do say certainly what he goes on to subjoin, 'or an angel from heaven preach' (Gal. i. 8) anything to you *beside what ye have received in the Scriptures of the Law and the Gospel*, let him be accursed."—*Contra Literas Petiliani Donatiste*, lib. iii., cap. vi., tom. vii., f. 37.

"Who does not know that the Holy Canonical Scripture is contained in the Old as well as in the New Testament within their own certain limits, and that it is so preferred to the writings of all succeeding bishops, concerning which it cannot be doubted or disputed at all as to the truth and right of anything contained in the Scriptures? But the writings of bishops, which were or have been written after the confirmation of the Canon, may be reprehended by the wiser discourse of anyone more skilful in this affair, and by the weightier authority of other bishops, and the wisdom of more learned men, and by councils, if in anything they deviate from the truth."—*De Baptismo, contra Donatistas*, lib. ii., cap. ii. iii. tom. vii., f. 80.

"The entire Christ is the Head and the Body: the Head is the only-begotten Son of God, and the Body is His Church; the bridegroom and the bride are two in one flesh. All those of

that Head who dissent from the Holy Scriptures, although they are found in every place in which the Church exists, are not in the Church."—*De Unitate Ecclesiæ*, cap. iv., tom. vii., p. 105.

"Let him not say this is true because I say it, or because my colleague says so, or these my colleagues, or these our bishops, or our clergy, or our laymen. . . . But to eternal salvation itself no man comes but he who has the Head Christ. But no one can have the Head Christ unless he is in His Body, which is the Church, *which Church, as the Head itself, we must know in the Holy Canonical Scriptures*, and not seek it in various rumours and opinions, and facts and deeds, and visions of men. If they themselves hold the Church, let them show it *none otherwise than by the canonical books of the Holy Scriptures*. . . . These are the proofs, these the foundations, these the supports of our cause. We read in the Acts of the Apostles of some who believed, that they 'searched the Scriptures daily, whether those things were so.' What Scriptures but the canonical Scriptures of the Law and the Prophets? To these have been added the Gospels, the Apostolic Epistles, the Acts of the Apostles, the Apocalypse of John."—*Ibid.*, xvi., tom. vii., ff. 111, 112.

"He hath appointed the mountains of Israel the authors of the Divine Scriptures: there feed ye, that ye may feed securely. Whatever ye hear from thence, let it savour well to you. *Whatever is beside that, reject it, lest ye wander into clouds*."—*De Pastoribus*, cap. xi., tom. ix., cap. col. 1065.

CHRYSOSTOM.

"The mountains are the Scriptures of the Apostles and Prophets. (Matt. xxiv. 15, 16.) And why does He bid all Christians at that time to betake themselves to the Scriptures? Because at that time, when heresy hath got possession of those churches, *there can be no proof of true Christianity, nor any other refuge for Christians wishing to know the true faith, but the Divine Scriptures*. For before it was shown in many ways which was the Church of Christ and which heathenism, but now it is known in no way to those who wish to ascertain which is the true Church of Christ but *only through the Scriptures*. Why? Because all those things which are properly Christ's in the truth, those heresies have also in their schism: churches alike, the Holy Scriptures alike, bishops alike, and the other orders of clergy, baptism alike, the eucharist alike,

and everything else, nay even Christ Himself. Therefore if anyone wishes to ascertain which is the *true Church of Christ*, whence can he ascertain it, in the confusion arising from so great a similitude, but *only by the Scriptures*? Otherwise, if they should look to other things, they shall stumble and perish, not understanding which is the true Church."—*Opus Imperfectum in Matt.*, hom. xlix., tom. vi., p. 204.

"And this I always exhort, and will not cease to exhort, that you not only attend to the things that are spoken, but also that *when you are at home, you apply diligently to the knowledge of the Holy Scriptures*; and I have never omitted constantly to inculcate this upon those who come to me in private. And let no one repeat those stale and much-to-be-censured words, 'I am engaged in the Forum, I have public business, I have a trade, I am a married man, I support a family, I am engaged in domestic affairs, I am a man engaged in the things of this life; it is not for me to read the Scriptures, but for those who have taken a farewell of the world, who dwell on the tops of mountains, and constantly live after that fashion.' What sayest thou, O man? Is it not thy business to study the Scriptures because thou art distracted with a thousand cares? It is thine much more than it is theirs.

"But what if we should not know the things that are contained in them? Well, even if you should not know them, great advantage would be derived from the very reading, because it is impossible that you alone should be ignorant of everything; for this cause the grace of the Spirit has arranged that publicans, and fishermen, and tent-makers, and shepherds, and goatherds, and common and unlearned men, should compose these books, in order that *no one of the common people* may be able to fly to this pretence; and that the things which are declared may be understood by all, so that the artizan and servant, and poor widow, and the most unlearned of all men may be profited by the hearing.

"Who, when he hears 'Blessed are the meek,' 'Blessed are the merciful,' 'Blessed are the pure in heart,' and such like, thinks he requires a master to make him understand them? And may not the signs, and miracles, and histories be known and understood by anyone?

"The knowledge of the Holy Scriptures is a powerful defence against sin, whilst an ignorance of them is a deep precipice, a profound

gulf. It is a great betraying of salvation to know nothing of the Divine laws. *This it is which has given birth to heresies*, has occasioned a corruption of manners, and confounded and disordered all things. For it is impossible, I assure you, it is impossible for *anyone* to read the Scriptures constantly and diligently without deriving profit from it."—3rd Sermon on *Las*. Paris edition.

"That great Prophet David, knowing the utility of the reading of the Scriptures, compares the man who is continually intent upon the Scriptures, and enjoys their conversation, to a plant always flourishing. Let us apply ourselves, therefore, to this reading, not two hours only, (for this naked hearing is not sufficient for our safety) but continually. *And let each, when he has returned home, take these books in his hand, and review in his thoughts the meaning of what has been said, that is to say, if he would derive continual and sufficient advantage from the Scriptures.*"—Sermon liii., tom. v., p. 601.

REFORMATION DOCTRINE RESPECTING THE SACRAMENT OF THE LORD'S SUPPER.

I will not attempt to travel through all the Articles, Formularies, and Catechism of the Church of England. We will confine ourselves to a few disputed points on which she expresses herself in no ambiguous language.

She utterly rejects, in her Thirty-nine Articles, the doctrines of Transubstantiation and the Mass. (See Articles 25, 28 to 31.)

She teaches, in her 28th Article, that "The Supper of the Lord is not only a sign of the love that Christians ought to have among themselves one to another, but rather is a sacrament of our redemption by Christ's death; inasmuch that to such as rightly, worthily, and with faith receive the same, the bread which we break is a partaking of the body of Christ; and likewise the cup of blessing is a partaking of the blood of Christ."

But lest there should be any misapprehension as to her meaning respecting this "partaking" of the body and blood, she goes on to say, "The body of Christ is given, taken, and eaten, in the supper, *only* after an heavenly and *spiritual* manner. And the mean whereby the body of Christ is received and eaten in the supper is FAITH."

How emphatic, too, is her language in the notice at the end of the Communion Service. To guard against any possible misapprehension of her meaning, she says, "For the sacra-

mental bread and wine remain still in their natural substances, and therefore may not be adored (for that were *idolatry*, to be abhorred of all faithful Christians); and the natural body and blood of our Saviour Christ are in Heaven, and *not here*; it being against the truth of Christ's natural body to be at one time in more places than one."

We note that there is here no intimation of the Real Presence in the elements of bread and wine. "The body of Christ," we are told, is "in Heaven," and "is given, taken, and eaten in the supper *only* after an heavenly and spiritual manner." It certainly, therefore, as Dean Goode truly observes, "*is not given by the hand of the officiating minister*, but by God Himself. . . . And it is taken and eaten *only* after a heavenly and *spiritual* manner, and therefore it is certainly not taken and eaten *with the mouth*."

"When bread," said Archbishop Cranmer, "is called the body of Christ, it taketh the name of a thing which it is not indeed, but it is so called by a *figurative* speech."

"God's Word," said the good Archbishop again, "is clearly against you, not only in your doctrine of Transubstantiation, but also in the doctrine of the Real Presence."

"I have most manifestly proved," he adds, "as well by God's Word as by ancient authors, that these words of Christ, 'This is my body,' and 'This is my blood,' be *no plain speeches, but figurative*."

But it may be asked, Do not the words in the Catechism teach something different to this? We are therein taught that "the body and blood of Christ are verily and indeed taken and received by the faithful in the Lord's Supper."

The terms "verily and indeed" are misinterpreted by some as though they meant "literally and corporally." But taken in connexion with the whole teaching of the Church of England, they tell us simply that *by faith* the souls of believers do feed upon Christ Himself in the Lord's Supper—Christ Himself is *real*, and *not imaginary* food to the soul.

Bishop Jewel's testimony on this point is valuable. He says, "The thing that is inwardly received in faith, and in spirit, is received verily and indeed."

Again, there is a notion adopted by some persons that although Christ is not bodily present, in a corporal sense, in the Lord's Supper, yet that, nevertheless, His words,

"This is my body," imply that He is present by His Spirit in the elements, and that we receive and eat His body with our mouths, in a *spiritual* sense.

Now, I cannot do better than quote the words of Bishop Jeremy Taylor (by no means a low Churchman) on this point. "*We say,*" observes the Bishop, "*that Christ's body is in the Sacrament really, but spiritually. They say it is there really, but spiritually. For so Ballarmine is bold to say that the word may be allowed in this question. Where now is the difference? Here by spiritually, they mean present after the manner of a spirit; by spiritually, we mean, present to our spirits only—that is, so as Christ is not present to any other sense but that of faith, or spiritual susception; but their way makes his body to be present no way but that which is impossible, and implies a contradiction. . . . We, by the real spiritual presence of Christ, do understand Christ to be present as the Spirit of God is present in the hearts of the faithful, by blessing and grace; and this is all which we mean besides the tropical and figurative presence.*"

To eat the body of Christ spiritually is, therefore, vastly different from eating Christ's body present, after the manner of a spirit. Dean Goode justly observes that "the latter notion turns spiritual eating into eating a spirit!" And he truly states that "there is a vast difference between saying that we eat

spiritually a material thing, and that we eat with our mouths that which exists only in an immaterial and spiritual form. *The latter is simple nonsense, involving a self-contradiction in terms. The former is perfectly intelligible, involving only one of the most common figures of speech.*"

But perhaps one of the most conclusive arguments upon the whole subject is contained in one single passage in the First Epistle to the Corinthians. In chapter i. 20, 21, the Apostle uses these words: "But I say, that the things which the Gentiles sacrifice, they sacrifice to devils, and not to God; and I would not that ye should have fellowship with devils. Ye cannot drink the cup of the Lord, and the cup of devils: ye cannot be partakers of the Lord's table, and the table of devils."

Now, the same word in the original is employed for expressing "fellowship" with Christ, as is here used for "fellowship" with devils. It has been most conclusively argued on this passage that "those who eat with faith the consecrated bread, enjoy communion with Christ; and those who eat what is offered in sacrifice to idols, have communion with devils. *But the body of Christ is no more eaten with the mouth, to obtain communion with Him, than the bodies of devils are eaten, to obtain communion with them.*"—*The Real Presence the Basis of Ritualism: A Chapter of Facts.* By the Rev. G. Albert Rogers, M.A. London: W. Macintosh.

THE PEACE OF MARRIED LIFE.



MAN and wife are equally concerned to avoid all offences of each other in the beginning of their conversation.

Every little thing can blast an infant blossom; and the breath of the south can shake the little rings of the vine when first they begin to curl like the locks of a new-weaned boy; but when by age and consolidation they stiffen into the hardness of a stem, and have, by the warm rays of the sun and the kisses of heaven, brought forth their clusters, they can endure the storms of the north, and the loud noises of a tempest, and yet never be broken.

So are the early unions of an unfixed marriage: watchful and observant, jealous and

busy, inquisitive and careful, and apt to take alarm at every unkind word; for infirmities do not manifest themselves in the first scenes, but in the succession of a long society; and it is not chance or weakness when it appears at first, but it is want of love or prudence, or it will be so expounded; and that which appears ill at first, usually affrights the inexperienced man or woman, who makes unequal conjectures, and fancies mighty sorrows by the proportions of the new and early unkindness. It is a very great passion, or a huge folly, or a certain want of love, that cannot preserve the colours and beauties of kindness, so long as public honesty requires a man to wear their sorrows for the death of a friend.

Plutarch compares a new marriage to a vessel before the hoops are on; everything dissolves its tender compaginations; but when the joints are stiffened, and are tied by a firm compliance and proportioned bending, scarcely can it be dissolved without fire, or the violence of iron. After the hearts of the man and the wife are endeared and hardened by a mutual confidence and experience, longer than artifice and pretence can last, there are a great many remembrances, and some things present, that dash all little unkindnesses in pieces.

Let man and wife be careful to stifle little things, that as fast as they spring, they be cut down and trod upon; for if they be suffered to grow by numbers, they make the spirit peevish, and the society troublesome, and the affections loose and uneasy by an habitual aversion. Some men are more vexed with a fly than with a wound; and when the gnats disturb our sleep, and the reason is disquieted, but not perfectly awakened, it is often seen that he is fuller of trouble than if in the daylight of his reason he were to contest with a potent enemy. In the frequent little accidents of a family, a man's reason cannot always be awake; and when his discourses are imperfect, and a trifling trouble makes him yet more restless, he is soon betrayed to the violence of passion.

It is certain that the man or woman are in a state of weakness and folly then, when they can be troubled with a trifling accident; and therefore it is not good to attempt their affections when they are in that state of danger. In this case, the caution is to subtract fuel from the sudden flame; for stubble, though it be quickly kindled, yet it is as soon extinguished, if it be not blown by a pertinacious breath, or fed with new materials. Add no new provocations to the accident, and do not inflame this, and peace will soon return, and

the discontent will pass away soon, as the sparks from the collision of a flint—ever remembering that discontents proceeding from daily little things do breed a secret undiscernible disease which is more dangerous than a fever proceeding from a discerned notorious surfeit.

If they would preserve love, let them be sure to study most accurately each others tastes and distastes, and most anxiously abstain from whatever, even in the minutest things, they know to be contrary to them. The ancients, in their conjugal allegories, used to represent Mercury standing by Venus, to signify that by fair language, and sweet entreaties, the minds of each other should be united.

If they would preserve love, let them most carefully avoid all curious and frequently repeated distinctions of *MINE* and *THINE*; for this hath caused all the laws, and all the suits, and all the wars in the world: let them who have but one person, have also but one interest. Instances may occur in which there may and must be a separate investiture of property, and a sovereign independent right of disposal in the woman: in this case, the most anxious care should be taken by the husband not to attempt to invade that right; and by the wife, neither ostentatiously to speak of it, nor rigidly to claim it, nor selfishly to exercise it. In ordinary cases, they should be heirs to each other, if they die childless; and if there be children, the wife should be with them a partner in the inheritance. But during their life the use and employment is common to both their necessities; and in this there is no other difference of right, but that the man hath the dispensation of all, and may keep it from his wife, just as the governor of a town may keep it from the right owner: he hath the *power*, but not the *right* to do so.

JEREMY TAYLOR.

HOME.

THAT is not home, where day by day
I wear the busy hours away;
That is not home, where lonely night
Prepares for me the toils of light;
'Tis hope, and joy, and memory give
A home in which the heart can live.

There is no home in halls of pride;
They are too high, and cold, and wide.

No home is by the wanderer found;
'Tis not in place; it hath no bound.
It is a circling atmosphere,
Investing all the heart holds dear;
A law of strange attractive force,
That holds the feelings in their course
It is a presence undefined,
O'ershadowing the conscious mind,
Where love and duty sweetly blend
To consecrate the name of friend.—CONDOR.

THE BIBLE AND OUR FAITH.

BY THE REV. S. WAINWRIGHT, VICAR OF HOLY TRINITY, YORK; AUTHOR OF
"CHRISTIAN CERTAINTY," ETC.

CHAPTER III.

"As for God, His work is perfect."



OW curious and striking are the contrasts which present themselves when we compare the present with the past, the things that are with those that were! The Reform Bill, the first Railway, the abolition of Slavery in the West Indies, the repeal of the Corn Laws, the diffusion of Cheap Literature, the introduction of Penny Postage, the Electric Telegraph, Photography, Agricultural Chemistry, and the countless ways in which the progress of mechanical invention and scientific discovery has promoted individual comfort and national prosperity in the short course of a single generation—these are matters with which we are all familiar. But it may be doubted whether we are equally familiar with the contemplation of that state of things which was antecedent to the present.

It was not until the cab proprietors of the metropolis withdrew their vehicles from the streets half a dozen years ago, that London perceived how absolutely dependent it had grown. That twenty-four hours without cabs was indicative of a great social revolution. What would become of the millions of smokers without their favourite weed? or the still greater number of tea-drinkers, deprived of the beverage which Cowper has so justly extolled? Yet when Sir Walter Raleigh's servant made his famous mistake, and King James blew his fierce "Counterblast," tobacco was a novelty which nine-tenths of that generation never saw. Tea was unknown in England until sixty-seven years after the East India Company had received its charter. Only then was their factor at Bantam instructed to procure "100 lb. weight of the best tay he could gett." A failure of the potato crop is now another word for famine; but when this root was first introduced among us, it appeared only on the tables of the rich, to be eaten raw, cut into thin slices and soaked in wine! Even at the commencement of the present century, gaslights were a more mysterious subject of wonder than Professor Pepper's ghosts. "Every bricklayer who falls from a scaffold, every sweeper of a crossing who is run over by a

carriage, may now have his wounds dressed, and his limbs set, with a skill such as a hundred and sixty years ago all the wealth of a great lord like Ormond, or of a merchant prince like Clayton, could not have purchased."* For then, noblemen were destitute of comforts the want of which would be intolerable to a modern footman; farmers and shopkeepers breakfasted on loaves the very sight of which would raise a riot in a modern workhouse; in the purest country air, men died faster than they now die in the most pestilential lanes of our towns, and died faster in the lanes of our towns than they now die on the coast of Guiana.

Among these contrasts, however, none are greater than those which have respect to books and literature. A hundred and eighty years ago, there was but one printing press in all England north of the Trent—the one at York. Even the capital itself had neither book society nor circulating library; and the difficulty and expense of conveying large packets from place to place was so great, that an extensive work was longer in making its way from London to Lancashire than it now is in reaching Kentucky. Few knights of the shire had libraries so good as may now be found in every servant's hall, or in the back parlour of a small shopkeeper. "An esquire passed among his neighbours for a great scholar if Hudibras and Baker's Chronicle, Tarlton's Jests, and the Seven Champions of Christendom lay in his hall window among the fishing-rods and fowling-pieces."† If we go back a little further, we shall find that few as were the readers, the books were fewer still. "In the reign of Henry the Eighth and Edward the Sixth, a person who did not read Greek and Latin could read nothing, or next to nothing. The Italian was the only modern language which possessed anything that could be called a literature. All the valuable books then extant in all the vernacular dialects of Europe would hardly have filled a single shelf. England did not yet possess Shakespeare's Plays and the Fairy Queen, nor France Montaigne's Essays, nor Spain Don Quixote. In looking round a

* Macaulay's History of England, Vol. I., pp. 423, 427.

† Ibid., p. 383.

well-furnished library, how few English or French books can we find which were extant when Lady Jane Grey or Queen Elizabeth received their education. Chaucer, Gower, Froissart, Comines, Rabelais, nearly complete the list.*

Few as they were, however, the Book of books was not wanting. When there was but one printed book in the world, that one was the Bible.

But to say that the Bible is the oldest book in the world, or that it is venerable from its antiquity alone, is to state but half the truth. Herodotus is "the father of history," and yet he is only just ancient enough to be cotemporary with Ezra and Nehemiah, the last of the historians of the Old Testament. So that we may literally, and without exaggeration, apply to Sacred History, as it overlooks the remotest verge of mere classical antiquity, the words which Horace Smith addressed to the mummy in Belzoni's exhibition:

"Antiquity appears to have begun
Long after thy primeval race was run."

Compared with that history, Westminster Abbey, grey with the lapse of ages, where men with immortal names lie in their silent tombs, is comparatively modern. Rome is encircled with ruined buildings which stood in all their pride almost a thousand years before the first stone of Westminster Abbey was laid, and yet they too are modern. In the few wretched huts of the modern Sour you may find all that remains of the ancient Tyre—at once the London and Alexandria of the world. But Alexandria, during the whole of her prosperous days, was subject to foreign rule; and even London does not centre in herself, as Tyre did, without a rival or even a competitor, the trade of all nations, and hold an absolute monopoly of every branch of commerce. For a thousand years not a single product of the East was carried to the West, nor of the West to the East, but by the merchants of Tyre. For many ages, no ships but those of Tyre were found daring enough to pass the straits of the Red Sea on one side, or of the Mediterranean on the other. While the vessels of other countries were creeping along their coasts, clinging to their landmarks, and frightened by every breeze, the argosies of Tyre were found, from Spain, if not from Britain, on the west, to the coasts of Malabar and Sofala on the east and south. No wonder that her mer-

chants were princes, her magnificence unrivalled, her power sufficient to keep the greatest conqueror of his times at bay for thirteen years together, and to give the great Alexander himself the severest check ever sustained by his victorious arms. But Tyre was "a strong city" before the Greeks sat down under the walls of Troy. By the blue waters of the Nile you may see the unapproachable majesty of the Pyramids, and think how they were standing in mute sublimity, 'mid sunshine and storm, many centuries before the first mud huts were built on the banks of the Tiber. Among the windings of the sluggish Euphrates, you may find fragments of blasted masonry, remains of ancient Babylon, possibly even vitrified fragments of the tower of Babel itself. As you gaze on these specimens of antiquity, worn and mutilated by the lapse of time, you reflect, All that was once connected with them is gone! the hands that built them, the pride and beauty of their cities, the crowds that thronged their streets, the shipping that crowded their harbours, the serried ranks of their conquering legions, their triumphal processions, their courtly splendour, their gorgeous sacerdotalism, their mightiest achievements: all are gone—

"For the stateliest pile that man can raise
Is the ivy's food at last!"

But the Bible is not gone. Far more ancient than those crumbling ruins, it stands to-day erect and unimpaired with the weight of ages on its snowy brow: fit emblem of Him whose utterance it is, "The Ancient of Days." For "all flesh is grass, and all the goodliness thereof as the flower of the field: the grass withereth, the flower fadeth, but the Word of our God shall stand for ever."

From among the thousand concurrent reasons which establish this conclusion, let us glance briefly at those furnished by the external history and the internal character of the Bible itself.

The history of the Bible is a history without a parallel. The people to whose care the larger and earlier portions of it were committed have been for ages a despised and down-trodden race. Midianites and Philistines, Syrians and Egyptians, Assyrians and Chaldeans, each contributed something to the final catastrophe under Titus; and yet that catastrophe was but the precursor of that deeper degradation and that more embittered hate which followed the dispersed Jews through

* Macaulay's Essays: Bacon.

every country of Europe. But it was not, after all, from without, but from within, that the greatest perils were incurred by the Bible; for the Bible was a perpetual protest against the idolatry to which both princes and people were inclined. And thus it happened that the preservation of the sacred volume was in greater danger from Jeroboam and Jezebel than from Sennacherib or Nebuchadnezzar. The preservation (of the New Testament also) in modern times has, if possible, been more wonderful still. The atrocities of Popery have rivalled those of Antiochus Epiphanes himself. Go to every land where Popery has had power, and you will find abundant proofs that if the Papal fire, and sword, and rack, and gibbet could have destroyed the Bible, it had long ago been done. But the Bible still survives—not in an odd copy here and there, but in many millions, scattered over every degree of longitude on the face of the globe, and making known to more than a hundred and twenty different nations, in their own vernacular tongues, “the wonderful works of God.”

Nor is this all. The Bible has been not merely preserved, it has been preserved unaltered. The Samaritan Pentateuch, the LXX., and the many hundred MSS. which have been collated, both of the originals and of the versions, conclusively establish the fact. And

then this Book, thus strangely preserved from extinction and from corruption, contains within itself a power of reproduction peculiar to itself alone. The wide-spreading banyan gives but a very faint and inadequate idea of the wide-spreading Bible; and to adduce but a single trophy of its vitality and power, we have, in the existence, the operations, and the achievements of the Bible Society, a phenomenon unparalleled in the annals of mankind.

“That, amid the universal wreck which befel the literature of the most polished nations of antiquity cotemporary with Moses, this Book alone should survive; that it should thus survive, notwithstanding the mightiest efforts, in later times, to destroy it from off the face of the earth; that it should continue not merely un mutilated, but also uncorrupted; that thus preserved and pure, it should be found at this day not in unintelligible cipher among the curiosities of a museum, but in many lands and many languages, in many millions of copies, dispersed all over the broad globe, guiding the lives of countless multitudes, and influencing the destinies which await the remotest races of mankind;—what shall we call this? Is it merely an event in accordance with the natural course of things? or rather is it not a most undeniable miracle?”*

* “Christian Certainty,” p. 202.

“STEER, FATHER, STRAIGHT TO ME!”



H, wildly blows the wind to-night,
As swift the gale sweeps by!
The timid heart beats with affright
To think of tempests nigh;

Fearfully on the rock-girt shore
The waves of ocean beat,
While clouds of foam, amid the roar,
Are hurried to our feet.

’Twas on a stormy night like this,
Close by the dashing spray,
A youthful voice was heard to call,
“My Father—come this way!

Avoid the rocks on either hand,
And oh, steer straight to me:
Behold this light upon the shore,
Where I am waiting thee.”

The Father heard his darling child,
And, guided by the ray,
Was thus enabled to escape
The dangers of the bay.

And soon upon the solid ground
He clasped him to his breast;
Then quickly in his cottage home
Slumbered in peaceful rest.

But ah! ere long that treasured boy
Was doomed to pass away,
Borne from the darkness of earth’s night
To realms of endless day.

Yet still his parent hears him call,
Across life’s troubled sea,
“Avoid the rocks of sin and shame!
Steer, Father, straight to me!

I’ve passed the bounds of time and space,
I’ve gained the wished-for shore;
Once met upon that peaceful strand—
Partings shall be no more.”

“Aye, by God’s help,” he cried, “I will!
Whate’er I suffer here,
I’ll strive to gain that heavenly shore,
And meet my darling there.”

J. R. ROBINSON.

LIGHTS AND SHADES OF LIFE.

BY THE REV. J. B. OWEN, M.A., INCUMBENT OF ST. JUDE'S, CHELSEA; AUTHOR OF
"THE HOMES OF SCRIPTURE," ETC.

II.—DAN, THE BOY-BISHOP.

DAN, the Boy-Bishop, was the title of a schoolfellow whose premature gravity, uncommon genius, and eccentric acquirements, suggested to his contemporaries their prediction of his brilliant future. They consecrated him a prelate before he reached his teens.

There was a curious mediæval expression in his face which irresistibly reminded you of the sculptures of old bishops and mitred abbots niched up in ancient minsters and abbey walls. His very limbs seemed prematurely set. His tone of voice tolled precociously deep and solemn, like a knell; and his style of amusement was sombre, quiet, and mechanical. I don't mean to infer all this unseasonable eccentricity was desirable. On the contrary, if it had been assumed it would have been absurd and highly objectionable, but it was as much part and parcel of his nature as playfulness and thoughtlessness of ordinary boys. His mild, unobtrusive way of conducting himself on all occasions, made his gravity as much a check on anything unseemly among the boys as if he had been a junior master. It was a queer anachronism, the appearance of this tiny competitor in the higher forms, standing side by side with boys head and shoulders taller, and stones heavier and stronger than himself.

He was the son of a widow of a naval captain, who had little else beyond her pension to subsist on. She was a quaint, clever little body, like her son. The resemblance between mother and child included the moral as well as physical lineaments. She had begun his education almost in the cradle, and he took to it as kindly as if it was another shape of his mother's milk.

He entered school at nine years of age, in the third form, and never lost a step from the day he started on the race for the small but symbolical honours of the academy. He knew he had no dependence except upon himself and the blessing of God. Industry was his sole patrimony. He must make himself, if he was ever to become anything. The young wrestler in the game of life began to play the hero

before he knew what heroism meant. He had a distinct, perhaps occasionally a bitter perception of the privations which his mother practised for his sake to meet his school expenses; and as she exhibited her care to him in the form of sacrifice and self-denial, his love for her insensibly partook of the same character. He felt that she and he had a hard campaign to fight through; and he fought it with her side by side, and inch by inch, like a fine little fellow as he was, worthy of such a fine little mother as she was. So he wrought manfully at his studies from his earliest boyhood, and had little of the boy about him, as if that were a chronic luxury beyond his means.

Dear lad! when some thoughtless young spendthrifts of their pence made fun of him for investing his scanty pocket-money on second-hand school books, to keep the cost of new ones out of the half-year's school-bill, they little thought what a pleasure the young frugal one was purchasing to himself in that shape, in the way of emulating his mother's sacrifice, and literally "booking" the incident to tell her the next holidays. In his case economy was filial piety. In every case, a school-boy's gratuitous profusion is an unfilial sin. Boys don't sufficiently estimate this point. They can *earn* nothing for their parents during their pupilage, but they can save much: "A penny saved is a penny got." Every shilling a boy fairly economizes is a personal contribution in that shape to the necessary cost of his education and subsistence. My dear boys, think of this, and act upon it more than most of you do. Don't attach such little importance to the items which "go with the bill." Recollect who has to pay it. You really ought to make the self-denial which so often is compulsory on the limited means of parents to meet their boys' bills, at least as light as may be compatible with the object of your being sent to school. Most of us might have been all the better for a leaf cut out of Danny's book. His education was the cheapest of us all, and the most successful of us all.

But I won't anticipate. Dan was devoted

to his school work. It was his business, his religion. Learning was the form of his obedience to God's law of labour. His books were not the substitutes for personal piety, but the daily line of duty which developed and applied it. There was not a devouter boy in the school in the more direct impulses and observances of religion; only his religious principle was not an isolation, a moral estrangement from other obligations of life, but the sanctifying element which pervaded, raised, and influenced them all. The school-boy who merely says his prayers and merely says his lessons, reduces church and school to similar formalities, and makes no real heart progress nor head progress in one or the other.

Danny was at school eight years, and for the last two of them stood *primus*, nay *facile princeps*, of the sixth form. As the head boy of the whole school, we reckoned him a miracle of precocious learning. He obtained an exhibition at Oxford, and removed thither in his eighteenth year. At his college, which he entered as a servitor, he further obtained a college scholarship; so that by dint of frugal habits and uniform self-denial, he was in a position to meet his expenses. All would have gone on smoothly but that, in the providence of God, during his second year symptoms of phthisis appeared, and he was ordered to winter in a warmer climate. The difficulty was the expense. A young surgeon coolly assured a poor half-starved patient who was rapidly sinking from exhaustion, "Pooh, pooh! a dozen of good port will set you all to rights." "But where can I get the port?" inquired the sufferer.

It was pretty much so with Danny and his mother. A winter in the south of France might save his life, but where was the cost to come from? The widowed lady had straitened, bared, and even anticipated her limited resources, to support her darling so many years at school; had borrowed money from friends to furnish Danny's outfit and start on his University course. Means and measures were alike exhausted. What more could she do? There was no alternative except the sale of her bits of furniture, breaking up her home, and embarking her last proceeds on the fond adventure of her boy's prospects. She did not hesitate, though the parting with some of her effects cost her many a retrospective pang; and the sale of trinkets of her youth, and of her early married life, was like a final divorcing her from the memories of happier, sunnier

days, before she had come in contact with the sharp exactions of poverty.

There was a little auction then in the widow's house. Some of the less kindly disposed among her neighbours whispered she was "sold up for rent." Others insinuated Danny's "extravagance up at Oxford had brought his mother into difficulties." A few indeed heard "the reason why," believed it, and so far sympathized with the brave little gentlewoman as to buy at the sale several articles at fifty per cent. below their value! But hold hard that sneer!—the baker she had dealt with above twenty years bought in the "Captain's portrait," and a learned cordwainer who was "proud of shoein' a scholar like little Danny," bought his mother's portrait, and both the worthy tradesmen begged Mrs. W.'s acceptance of "the pictures" next day. The selfishness of their neighbours was more on the surface than in their hearts; both mother and son had "carried their cup so evenly." Their integrity shone out so brightly in their comparative penury, like stars more brilliant for the clear frost through which they glistened, that none who knew them could choose but admire them.

The emigration of the widow, with her pallid sickly son, to the warmer temperature of the back of the Isle of Wight, elicited general sympathy. Lots of little portable articles of use, which they could take away with them, instead of being removed by the purchasers after the auction, were presented, in short, feeling, respectful notes of condolence and good wishes to the widow lady. In fact, to a considerable extent, her friends availed themselves of the opportunity of the auction to raise an indirect testimonial of their appreciation of her character, in the shape of the purchase-money of articles which were thus returned to her. Oh, Thou blessed and compassionate Father of the fatherless, and God of the widow! how often, and in how many ways, dost Thou bring it to pass that "out of the eater, should come forth meat, and out of the strong should come forth sweetness."

Dan and his mother were cheered by these tokens of affection. They were too poor not to value these neighbourly helps, and not too proud gratefully to accept them. On the morning of their departure from Cosham to the pier at Portsmouth, the old shoemaker, himself a studious, clever man, with an unbounded respect for learning, waited on "Master Danny" with a new pair of boots, and asked

if he might have the honour "o' fitten a fare-well pair on to the feet o' the greatest scholar, and the littlest man, as he ever knew."

Dan thankfully sat down, not a little affected at his old friend's kindness, and putting out his tiny feet, the good cordwainer heartily and reverently pulled on the boots; and then, while still on his knees, taking Danny's hand, as if the chair were a throne and Danny the king seated on it, he respectfully kissed it, and said with a homely burst of homage that "This hand, before it be many years older, will be the hand of a Bishop,—or else the more glorious palm of an angel in heaven! Good-bye, sir; good luck to you, and the good lady, the mother as bore ye, and loves ye, and is proud of ye—so she ou't to be—but aint prouder on ye than the old shoemaker as begs a pair o' yer old shoes for a keepsake in the room of them boots, which the Lord give ye health and happiness to wear down to the welt, and then send 'em back to me to mend 'em."

The worthy baker had called over-night to say "his covered cart was goin' in town for a load o' biscuits in the morning, and would be glad to give them, and their luggage, a cart to the steamer." It would save a deal of money, so the arrangement was very acceptable. Accordingly at the appointed hour, Dan and the baker managed to pack inside, or on the roof, all their few remaining goods and chattels; and cheered by the friendly adieus and good wishes of their old neighbours, the widow and her son were driven the five miles to the shore, and embarked for the Isle of Wight.

Ventnor is as warm as or warmer than any winter quarter round the coast, but the season was unusually severe, and tried Danny's constitution to its utmost powers of endurance. He grew weaker and worse every month. Constant medical attendance, the cost of furnished lodgings, and expensive diet for the invalid, made sad inroads on their little capital. Dan was ordered to cease all reading, to keep perfectly quiet and unexcited, and to live as much as possible in the same temperature. Twice during that weary winter he was brought into crises of imminent danger by the breaking of a blood-vessel. His state of health grew daily more precarious. The winter past—spring was far advanced, yet he had not recovered strength enough to resume his studies, much less to return to Oxford. Summer set in, and the air of Ventnor no longer suited the invalid. He needed a more bracing atmosphere. Their nearly exhausted means left

them no resource but to return to Cosham, where they were able to procure a very humble lodging, and lived in the deepest privacy and seclusion. The old shoemaker found them out, and, begging Danny's pardon, looked at the soles of his boots. He shook his head at observing how little they were worn, indicating the little exercise the poor invalid youth, confined to his apartment, could have taken.

"Ah," said the old man, "them soles give more odds for the angel nor the Bishop. I doubt the wearer has been wearin' out instead o' the boots. The Lord love ye, poor Master Dan, I wish ye could ha' worn 'em better nor that. They're not the fit they was, I'm afeared."

Summer gently stole into autumn, and autumn dropped noiselessly, as one of its own leaves on the greensward, into winter again, before Dan was sufficiently renovated to indulge the hope of resuming his college career. He however got back at last, having lost a year. He was advised to resume his book-work cautiously, take exercise moderately, and avoid excitement. The widow engaged apartments in Oxford, and her son lived with her. They practised the most rigid economy. The hope of academical distinction had faded away with Danny's health, and he dared not recover lost time by extra exertion lest it should precipitate a return of his malady. So he read on steadily, but not hard. Never a day passed without a step onwards. He looked above for strength and succour; neither neglected his religious duties nor his studies, and both made progress together. He was often hard put to for books—new and expensive books beyond his means; but somehow or other—now through the sale of other books, then through the loan of a friend—it generally happened that he procured what he wanted.

At length he went in for his degree, and anxiously at the close of each day's examination, mother and son conversed together on the amount of answering he had been equal to; and both were satisfied he should pass creditably, if with no great *éclat*. It was the crisis of Danny's after-life, the result of those few days of trial and intense excitement. They were soon over, and after the usual interval the class lists were published, and Danny ran home to his mother, his eyes overflowing with tears of joy all the way, breathless, and panting to tell her the glorious news; which when he reached her, he could not tell—his heart was in his mouth and choked his utterance

He looked wildly at her moving face for a moment or two, and then got out—"Hurrah, mother!" threw himself on her dear neck, and faintly whispered "First class."

Yes, the noble little Danny had scored another name on the escutcheon of his school; had multiplied its honours by the addition of his own; had recompensed his admirable mother for all her trials, privations, and anxieties; and secured, under God, a provision and a standing for them both in after-life. It was a moving as well as exemplary spectacle, which the world saw not, but "angels desired to look upon," and the eye of God approved, when mother and son fell instinctively upon their knees and consecrated this happy tidings by an act of devout, heartfelt thanksgiving to the blessed Lord who loved the young son of Zebedee, and vouchsafed him the august title, open still to all who believe in Him and serve Him, "the disciple whom Jesus loved."

Thus Danny planted his foot upon the first stepping-stone to his prophetic mitre. Oxford rang with the rumour of the little pale "Worcester" man who had "worsted" his host of competitors, and run in first; suggested that he was suckled in stirrups, and slept on the saddle; that he was a diamond edition of the classics, a pocket Euclid, an algebraic formula, a microcosm, "a brick"—this was the culmination of undergraduate eulogy—"a thorough little brick, with plenty of mortar about him to stick into anything he liked."

When little Danny walked into the theatre on Degree-day, to be admitted B.A., leaning on the arm of his little mother, both in black gowns, and as near a height as possible, but for the bit of a bonnet both might have been taken for incepting bachelors. They were no sooner recognized than the galleries raised a deafening shout for the little lady, "The First-class man's mother!" and then a still louder shout for Danny himself. The publicity, the enthusiasm, the honour done her for her son's sake, rather frightened the widow, and the continuance of the applause overcame her. She felt faint, and to avoid a scene, sat down, and a gush of exulting tears relieved her. The formalities were soon over, and the widow walked out of the theatre on the arm of her Bachelor of Arts, looking proudly and lovingly on his symbolical hood and bands—the thoughts of her heart, "My son, my Danny! Oh, if his poor father had seen this day!"—"Thy will be done!"

Thus Danny gained a first! He stood at

college, where he had stood at school, number one. A first-class man at Oxford is a made man for life—like Adam, "has all the world before him where to choose." Spite of ill-health and of a lost year, the sound scholarship which was in him overcame these obstacles, so fatal to the whileom, desultory, or imperfect student, who unpossessed of literary capital to fall back upon, has to condense into the brief collegiate course the energy and application essential to a high position, which had been far better spread over several previous years of mental training.

With such a degree he had no difficulty in immediately obtaining pupils at a high scale of remuneration. He removed into the country, and in due time was ordained upon a rural cure in their old neighbourhood, the limited duties of which did not prevent his continuing his pupils. He and his excellent mother were rapidly placed in circumstances of comparative affluence. Their humble benefactors in the time of their need received an ample recompense in having the supply of the very large establishment which the widow and her son conducted. In this field of real usefulness to his pupils, alike in a spiritual and intellectual point of view, Danny laboured for many years.

At length a colonial bishopric; involving also the charge of an institution for the training of a native ministry, becoming vacant, Danny was selected, alike on the score of character and learning. He accepted the post on condition of his beloved mother accompanying him to the scene of his distant labours. It was so agreed between them, and the prediction of his schoolfellows was thus fulfilled: "The Boy-Bishop" was consecrated to the see of —.

There for a few years, and only a few, he lived and laboured; then fell a victim to the climate, at an age so early as scarcely to have lost the soubriquet of "The Boy-Bishop," so young was he in years, and so much younger still in figure and personal expression. The Right Rev. Daniel, Lord Bishop of — lies beneath an aisle of the lowly minster which he had been permitted to add to the accommodation of his Cathedral Church. His pious mother, "a widow indeed," and "a mother in Israel," returned to her own land, not sighing, like Naomi, "Call me Mara, for the Lord hath dealt bitterly with me," but bowing down in meek submission to His will who gave and hath taken away, acknowledging in both issues, "Blessed be the name of the Lord."

HEART CHEER FOR HOME SORROW.

THE COMFORT OF THE HOLY GHOST.

When the leaves of life are falling,
When the shadows flit appalling,
When the twilight voice is calling,—
Mighty Spirit, comfort!

When youth's verdure all is fading,
When I pass into the shading,
Life's long load at last unlading,—
Mighty Spirit, comfort!

When the frost of time has found me,
When the chains of age have bound me,
When the evening mists surround me,—
Mighty Spirit, comfort!

When the worn-out flesh is sinking,
When from burdens it is shrinking,
And from earthly ties unlinking,—
Mighty Spirit, comfort!

When the gates of life are closing,
All the lattice bolts unloosing,
And the spirit seeks reposing,—
Mighty Spirit, comfort!

When the skies look wan and dreary,
When the inner man is weary,
Worn-out by the adversary,—
Mighty Spirit, comfort!

When the once keen eye is failing,
When the steadfast heart is wailing,
Flesh, and fiend, and world assailing,—
Mighty Spirit, comfort!

When past sins are flocking round me,
When the fiery arrows wound me,
As if hell would then confound me,—
Mighty Spirit, comfort!

When I think on manhood wasted,
Cups of pleasure vilely tasted,
Holy longings madly blasted,—
Mighty Spirit, comfort!

When my farewells I am taking,
And these lower rooms forsaking,
To my upper home betaking,—
Mighty Spirit, comfort!

Holy Spirit! strength in weakness,
Holy Spirit! health in sickness,
Give me comfort, patience, meekness,—
Mighty Spirit, comfort!

Ah, Thou wilt not then forsake me,
Strong in weakness Thou wilt make me,
To Thy bosom Thou wilt take me,—
Mighty Spirit, comfort!

HORATIUS BONAR, D.D.

THE MISSION OF "SORROW."

A great sorrow re-casts a soul: it either draws it nearer to the Friend whose intimacy must elevate it, or drives it into the far cold space of rebellion and despair. When the stripes of affliction are dealt to those whom God has called into His great school of work for souls, it is manifestly to give them new faculty in their calling. They needed to see deeper down into their own hearts, and thus into the hearts of others. Oh, how many a sorrow of the poor may we have striven to comfort, while their experiences have told them that we stood outside it! But the great leveller, Death, has admitted us now into an inner circle of fellowship with the human family "born unto trouble."

True human loneliness is only found in living apart from God and His work. It has been said that "the infinite ocean of human woes makes every idle moment in a Christian's life quiet before God."

Life Work.



Pleasant Readings for our Sons and Daughters.

MISS VIVIAN AND HER RELATIONS.

BY A. G., AUTHOR OF "AMONG THE MOUNTAINS," "MABEL AND CORA,"
"BEECHENHURST," ETC.

CHAPTER IV.

"How little can the rich man know
Of what the poor man feels,
When want, like some dark demon foe,
Nearer and nearer steals.

• He never saw his darlings lie
Shivering—the flags their bed;
He never heard that maddening cry,
'Daddy, a bit of bread!'

Manchester Song.



CAPTAIN VIVIAN was sitting on one of the low rustic seats under the trees at the back of the house, when Constance came round the west wing and along the path to where he sat. It was about two or three weeks after his return.

"Oh, Leonard, are you here? I thought I knew where to find you. Mamma could not think where you had gone. Are you listening to the dear old rooks?"

In a clump of large trees just outside the garden wall was an ancient rookery, after which no doubt the house had originally been named. Incessant was the "Caw! caw!" in tones of varied harshness, but softened a little by the distance; and Constance dearly loved the sound, to which she had been accustomed from infancy. Very few would have denied that it made a pleasant addition to the country sounds which filled the air—the singing of birds, the buzzing of bees, and the gentle murmuring of the wind amongst the trees.

"Edwin suggests that they are holding a consultation," said Leonard, glancing at the boy, who was perched upon the back of the seat, having already attained to terms of close friendship with his new brother.

"They seem very wise and earnest, whatever they are saying," observed Constance. "I do so love to hear that cawing."

"So do I. It recalls old days very strongly to me. Are you going out for a walk?"

"Yes, to the Wentworths'. Beatrice promised Miss Vivian to spend this afternoon with her, and then discovered that Mrs. Wentworth had set her heart on a regular shopping excursion. She always likes a companion to discuss her purchases with; and as Beatrice is not ubiquitous, she has begged me to take her place with Mrs. Wentworth. No one can do so with Miss Vivian."

"Are you going now?"

"I have a few minutes to spare. I came here to see what you and Edwin were doing. I expected to find you together. How you must enjoy this change after seven years of the tropics."

"Don't I!" said Leonard. "Take care, Edwin, that you don't overbalance yourself and the seat too. You will come to grief if you do."

Edwin was swinging to and fro, and responded laughingly,

"Then you would come down too."

"And then what would the doctor say?" asked Leonard, shaking his head. "Don't you know, Mr. Wentworth has forbidden my being excited; and what state of mind do you suppose I should be in after a fall like that?"

Edwin was quiet instantly: his round blue eyes wide open, and fixed on Captain Vivian's thin bronzed face with an expression of such wondering awe that they both burst into a fit of laughter.

"Edwin, you are the drollest little fellow I ever saw!" exclaimed Constance.

"I'm not little," said Edwin, drawing himself up. "Papa told me yesterday I should soon be a man. And I mean to be just like Leonard when I'm grown up. Am I like him now, Constance?"

Constance laughed again, as she contrasted his round, fair, fresh, childish face with Leonard's sunburnt sallow complexion and hollow cheeks.

"The only likeness I can see is that you

both look very happy. I suppose I must be going soon, or I shall not be at the Wentworths' in time."

"You don't seem much delighted with the prospect," said Captain Vivian. "I imagined all ladies enjoyed shopping."

"I like it sometimes—if I have plenty of money to spend," added Constance, with a smile. "But Mrs. Wentworth is always so dreadfully long in making her choice, that I get tired long before she has done. I believe if she had nothing to buy but a yard of green ribbon, she would manage to spend ten minutes or a quarter of an hour in discussing the respective merits of satin and sarsenet, border and no border, light green and dark green. I always like to take the first thing that is offered to me."

"Whatever the price?"

"If I can afford it. I acknowledge that I always spend more than I intend, and in consequence I am often run rather short. But I really could not make up my mind to be always calculating and counting, and hesitating over every penny. That is Mrs. Wentworth's way—at least, not so much in the shops: that is the most curious part of it. She will pay almost anything she is asked in a grand shop, and gets most expensive things—rich silks such as mamma hardly ever wears, except in an evening; and then excuses herself by saying they are more economical in the end."

"But I thought that was the very plan you were advocating. You like people to buy the first thing they see, and of course that is often an expensive thing."

"No, I don't mean that exactly—not always," said Constance. "You don't understand yet. It is not that of itself which makes me so indignant with Mrs. Wentworth. You know they are not rich, and she has to be careful; but instead of denying herself in dress, and buying plain quiet things like Beatrice, she buys everything she can possibly want for herself at good, expensive shops; and then in her housekeeping she makes up for her extravagance in dress by haggling over every penny she spends. I wouldn't mind so much if she did it at the large shops, where the people are well off and able to take care of their own interests. But it is the poor that she beats down—the orange-women, for instance, and the vegetable-women that come round to her door with their baskets. She buys from them because she thinks it cheaper than at the shops; and she will argue over a

shilling, or a sixpence, or threepence, or even a penny, which can really be of no consequence at all to her, but is the *right* of the poor women from whom she is buying; and they are often forced to give way, if they would sell anything. Oh, I can't tell you how angry it makes me!"

Constance's glowing cheeks and sparkling eyes fully bore out her assertion. Edwin, finding the conversation uninteresting, had before this moved away, and was playing about at a little distance.

"It is very wrong," said Leonard. "I do not think anything is worse than such oppression of the poor."

"And if one says anything, Mrs. Wentworth always has her answer ready—that they are not rich, and can't spend more than a certain sum in housekeeping. And she always quotes, 'Take care of the pence, and the pounds will take care of themselves.' I do detest that proverb," added Constance, warmly; "people just make it an excuse for spending as many pounds as they like on their own dress and comforts, and for beating down the poor who sell penny things. I am sure numbers do."

"Some do, unquestionably. Yes, there is truth in what you say, Constance. I have my doubts certainly of the wisdom of the assertion that the 'pounds' ever can or will 'take care of themselves.' There is such a thing as being 'penny wise and pound foolish.'"

Constance clapped her hands.

"So there is! and I never once remembered that proverb. I must quote it to Mrs. Wentworth."

"Not from me, if you please," said Captain Vivian, drily; "I do not consider it exactly my place to teach Mrs. Wentworth how to spend her money."

"Or mine either, you mean," said Constance, her countenance falling. "No, it isn't, and it would be impertinent, and only do harm. Leonard, do you know I sometimes wish I were not quite so quick to see my neighbours' faults."

"If you are obliged to see them, you are not obliged to discuss them, Constance," he suggested, kindly, though rather gravely.

"No, I know," said Constance; "I know that, and I often determine that I won't, and then I forget, and do the same again. It seems as if I couldn't help speaking."

"I would be careful to whom I spoke, Constance, if you will excuse my saying so; and, above all, I would be cautious about mentioning names."

"Yes—I see," said Constance, slowly. "I might have told you all this without once mentioning Mrs. Wentworth's name, because numbers of people do just as she does, and I could have found fault with the *thing* without telling you who did it. But I do love generosity, and I do dislike stinginess. Do you think I am generous?"

Leonard could not help laughing.

"If I did not consider you so that would be an awkward question, Constance."

"But you do," eagerly exclaimed Constance. "Please tell me."

"If you really wish for my opinion, I can only say that I have no doubt that there is in your character a large amount of liberality, and what is often called open-handedness. Whether you are altogether generous according to what I imagine to be the real meaning of the word, remains to be seen."

Constance looked disappointed.

"Oh, Leonard, how cold! I did think I was generous at least, though I know I have plenty of faults."

"I don't say you are not," said Leonard, kindly; "but I have hardly known you long enough yet to decide. No doubt you are so in the common acceptance of the term. But I believe that true generosity—though in a measure a natural gift—must yet be founded on principle, and that it must include a certain degree of self-denial. I cannot think that a mere natural lavishness and love of flinging money indiscriminately right and left, just for the pleasure of giving, is worthy the name of generosity. And, indeed, without some self-denial I cannot imagine that there is anything particularly praiseworthy in the simple act of giving—except, of course, that it is good so far as it is useful, and confers pleasure. I think far more of the generosity of a little child who denies himself a new plaything in order to help some poor person in want, than the gifts of a rich man with thousands a year who bestows many pounds in charity the loss of which will not in the slightest degree affect his own comforts and luxuries."

"You are thinking of the widow and the two mites, in the Bible. But, Leonard," she added, in rather a hurt tone, "how do you know that I don't deny myself for the sake of others?"

"I don't know it," said Leonard, kindly; "and I was only speaking generally. I cannot pretend to decide in such a matter for you, Constance. I should need a far more intimate

acquaintance with your means of doing good before I should think it right to attempt anything of the kind. I know far too little of you and of your motives to be able to judge fairly."

"I shall watch and see how you give."

Captain Vivian's answer was a slight smile.

"Oh," exclaimed Constance, "I am quite forgetting the time, and Mrs. Wentworth will be in despair if I am not there at the very moment I promised. We will have our talk out another time, Leonard. I should like to know all you really think about the matter. But I must say good-bye now."

She hurried away, hoping to accomplish the half-hour's walk in less than two-thirds of that time.

The Wentworths lived in about the middle of the town. It was rather a pleasant situation, though very different to that of The Rookery. The house was tall and narrow, with a steep pointed roof and a stone porch—a flight of steps leading up to the yellowish-brown door.

The dining-room was in front of the house, and at the window Beatrice was standing, drawing on her gloves. With her erect figure, and graceful carriage, her simple muslin dress and plain straw hat, she formed a rather striking contrast to the stout middle-aged lady who stood by the table, attired in a light rich silk dress, heavily trimmed silk cape, and a bonnet decorated with a perfect bouquet of flowers. Her appearance did not amount to vulgarity, but it was certainly far from being in good taste.

"I thought you were engaged for the afternoon," she was remarking to her husband, who was also in the room.

"Yes, my dear, but I came in as I passed to see if Beatrice was dressed, so that we could go on together to Miss Vivian's."

"If we meet Constance, I will tell her that you are ready and waiting, mamma," added Beatrice.

"I don't suppose you will," said Mrs. Wentworth, in a tone of annoyance. "Constance is not particular about keeping her appointments within half an hour or more of the time fixed. I daresay she will make her appearance just too late for the shopping."

"I hope not, mamma. I mentioned very particularly the time that you wished to start, I think she is sure to be here before long."

A minute or two later Beatrice and her father left the house, and Mrs. Wentworth

walked to the window, where she stood looking out for the tardy Constance. Presently a servant entered:

"Please, ma'am, there's a woman wanting to see you."

"Who is it?" asked Mrs. Wentworth, turning round. "Where is she?"

"In the passage, ma'am. It's the poor woman that makes dresses—Rogers, I think she said her name was. She works out, ma'am, and has made things for you sometimes."

Mrs. Wentworth evidently remembered the name, rendering unnecessary the explanation of the talkative maid.

"What is the use of her coming?" she muttered half unconsciously to herself; "I have told her to wait till I sent for her."

"Shall I tell her, ma'am, that you don't wish to see her?" inquired the servant, well used to such messages. "She seemed very anxious to speak to you."

"Tell her I cannot—No, I may as well see her at once;" and Mrs. Wentworth swept into the passage, where a neatly dressed woman was standing. Very poor she looked, despite the neatness of her appearance, and very timid and deprecating was the glance she cast on the lady as she humbly petitioned for the payment that had been long due.

"It is twenty shillings, ma'am, and I don't know how to get on any longer," she said. "I am almost penniless, ma'am."

"Really," returned Mrs. Wentworth, in an uncomfortable tone, "it is very inconvenient, Mrs. Rogers, to have such sudden demands made on one's purse. I have told you already that I would pay you soon. You should have been more careful in your expenditure, and then you would have had more in hand."

"Ma'am, I have been careful," said Mrs. Rogers, her eyes filling. "But what is the use of working as I do, when I can't get the money that is owing to me? How I am to get on any longer I don't know."

"It is very unfortunate," said Mrs. Wentworth uneasily; "but I cannot pay you to-day. You must call again two or three weeks hence."

"And my children are to be half-starved till then," was the choked reply.

"You seem to use very strong expressions," rejoined Mrs. Wentworth. "If dressmaking does not support you, it is a pity you ever took it up. You should look out for some other means of livelihood. Besides, I do not see why you should come to me rather than to

other ladies for whom you are in the habit of working. You had better go to them."

"I have been, ma'am, but it is of no use;" and the poor woman burst into tears.

"Well, I have told you that it is out of my power to-day," said Mrs. Wentworth, anxious to terminate the unpleasant interview. "It is of no use to talk about it, and I cannot be detained any longer."

So saying, she rustled back into the dining-room, quieting conscience by the half-uttered remark, "These people always make the most of their troubles. Penniless, indeed!—I don't believe a word of it. I have no doubt she wanted a little ready money for some extravagance, and will be very glad by-and-by that it has been prevented. When is Constance coming?"

The unwelcome subject was dismissed from her mind by calculations as to the number of the things she might venture to purchase that afternoon, without fear of making the half-yearly bills too heavy to be by any means payable.

A few minutes later Constance arrived, full of apologies for being so late, and the two set out together. Mrs. Wentworth had at first little to say beyond complaining of the shortness of the time that remained to them, and expressing her fears that she could not complete her shopping that day. However, she gradually regained her equanimity, and set herself seriously to work on the important business of turning over silks and satins on the counter of the largest linendraper in Rookdale. Constance sat by her side, sometimes tendering her opinion, and occasionally yawning. When her patience was quite exhausted, she began to examine the various elegant little articles of apparel that were arranged upon the long narrow counter that ran down the centre of the shop, and in the end she bought nearly half a dozen of them. They were not expensive, but amounted to a good deal altogether, and all of them were totally unnecessary, if not useless to her. She paid for them on the spot, and by that time Mrs. Wentworth was ready to proceed.

Another shop was entered, and again Mrs. Wentworth deliberated, and discussed, and hesitated over the articles spread out to her view; and again Constance made unnecessary purchases—this time, however, of a present for Beatrice, and another for her mother, of some very pretty lace collars and cuffs. Only five shillings remained in her purse, and in-

deed in her possession. And it was but a week before that she received her ample monthly allowance! Rather uneasy at perceiving how little was left, she resolved to spend no more. But temptation now came in a new shape—temptation it was, for, as we shall see by-and-by, Constance had no right to use all her money in this way. A wretchedly clad woman came after them, begging in a whining tone for assistance, and explaining that her children were half-starved, her husband ill, and herself without any means of support. Constance stopped short. Mrs. Wentworth attempted to draw her on.

"Constance, do leave the woman alone!" she whispered energetically. "The people are beginning to stare already. We shall be quite a gazing-stock. Do pray come on. The woman is only an impostor, you may depend on it."

Constance stood her ground.

"We don't know that she is, Mrs. Wentworth. She looks thin enough."

The woman perhaps overheard the words, for she redoubled her entreaties, pressing up closer to them, to Mrs. Wentworth's great annoyance. She shook out her silk dress angrily, whispered once more, "I tell you, Constance, it is sheer waste of money;" and then, seeing that opposition only made her young companion the more determined, she left her, and walked on in high displeasure. Constance lingered behind, and drew out her purse. It contained but one crown-piece—more than Constance wanted to give, but how was she to obtain change? The woman saw her hesitation, and grew more piteous. A crowd of dirty boys was gathering round; and between nervousness, haste, and compassion, Constance did just what she particularly wished not to do—pulled out the five shillings, placed it in the beggar's hand, and hastened after Mrs. Wentworth.

"Constance, you are just like a baby!" was that lady's greeting. "Will you never learn common sense and prudence?"

"I don't see the imprudence," said Constance, colouring. "The poor thing was half-starved."

"I don't believe a word of it. I have no doubt at all she has abundance to eat, and plenty of good clothes at home, though she does contrive to get up such a pitiful tale. All beggars are alike—a worthless, idle, drinking set. There ought to be an Act of Parliament passed forbidding encouragement to be afforded to them."

"Perhaps everyone might not think it right

to obey if there were," said Constance. "And as to her having money and clothes at home, I should think, if she had, she would be very glad to use them. Begging can hardly be such a delightfully pleasant employment that anyone would take to it unless obliged."

"No, but hundreds would rather beg than work," said Mrs. Wentworth. "If not, why don't they procure work, and support their families properly?"

"I suppose there isn't always enough work to be had for everyone that wants it," replied Constance. "If it were not so, I have no doubt they would be glad enough to give up begging."

"They are an idle, thankless set, Constance," returned Mrs. Wentworth with increasing warmth. "It is simple waste of money to give any of them a penny."

Constance was far from willing to concede to such a very sweeping condemnation, but as they were entering at this moment another shop, farther argument was prevented, and the subject was not resumed during the remainder of their walk.

CHAPTER V.

"Graceful and useful all she does;
Blessing and blessed where'er she goes."

COWPER.

That afternoon, Miss Vivian, in her sombre drawing-room, was looking out with ill-concealed impatience for the promised visit of Beatrice. Bentley was in the room—the faithful servant who for thirty years and more had lived with her mistress, and still remained, though from no hopes of gain, for Miss Vivian's parsimony did not relax even towards her. Yet with unfailing respect and affection she stayed on, and never even thought of leaving. She did all the work herself, with the help only of one young girl; kept in order the few rooms now in use; cooked, swept, dusted, and washed with untiring energy; attended to her mistress's wants; and was, in short, lady's maid, housekeeper, and cook, at one and the same time.

She was standing now beside her mistress's chair, her fresh, plump, comfortable look contrasting curiously with the other's thin, wan, dark, anxious face, and with the faded grandeur of all around.

"Bentley, I have no patience with you!" Miss Vivian was querulously remarking. "As

if I don't know what made him call on me! As if I don't know what brought him back to Bookdale at all!"

"Well, ma'am, you do know a sight of things, to be sure," responded Bentley cheerfully; "but maybe you're mistaken about this. And it's his health that has brought him back to England."

"Health! Health, indeed!" repeated Miss Vivian, with significant expression.

"You'd say so, ma'am, if you saw him," said Bentley. "He do look ill, to be sure—most as thin as you are, ma'am; and when he first came, I used to see him walking as if he hadn't hardly strength to go about. He looks a bit better now; but they do say Mr. Wentworth thinks he can't go back to India in a hurry, or maybe it'll kill him. That's what I heard. And you see, ma'am, when he had to come to England, it was natural enough to come to his own home."

"It is *not* his own home, Bentley. No relations at all."

"Well, ma'am, you would never have had Mr. Mansfield cast off the poor little orphan boy that the Captain was when his mother died. And to be sure I always have thought a stepson were a relation."

"The Mansfields are no relations of mine," indignantly responded Miss Vivian, seeing whither Bentley's remarks were tending.

"Well, ma'am, maybe we might as well call them connections," amicably answered Bentley, as if indulgent to her mistress's weakness on the subject.

"No more my connections than you are yourself," said Miss Vivian, shortly.

"Well, ma'am, after being thirty years with you as your obedient servant, isn't that the next best thing?" inquired Bentley, with a meek demureness that was calculated to disarm the most inveterate resentment; and even Miss Vivian smiled.

"You are a good creature, Bentley, but you should not talk in that foolish way about things that you don't understand. I know very well what Captain Vivian is after. But he shall not gain anything by it—not if he calls a hundred times at my door. Not one penny shall he ever have of my money."

"Well, ma'am, I daresay he will be quite as happy without it," said Bentley, philosophically. "Tisn't money that makes people happy, you see, ma'am—not of itself, I mean. I daresay Captain Vivian won't break his heart about it."

"I daresay he will be pretty well disap-

pointed, and I mean him to be," retorted Miss Vivian. "Bentley, you are an ignorant woman! Do you suppose I don't know what young men think of money?"

"Captain Vivian seems a very nice, pleasant gentleman," said Bentley, by way of answer.

"Oh, you think so, do you?" said Miss Vivian. "I don't—so that's the difference."

"But you haven't spoken to him, ma'am, since he was a boy. And he asked as polite as could be how you was, and said he'd have called before if he had thought you would care to see him. I didn't like to have to send him away, and no reason to give him but that you were 'engaged.' He took it very quiet, though; and I suppose he expected it, for he only gave a bit of a smile, and said he thought a little weeding and cutting would improve the garden—as of course it would; and then he went off."

"Very impertinent of him," said Miss Vivian, who would have been better pleased to hear that he had shown signs of disappointment at not being admitted. "I suppose I shall have him always coming now."

"No, ma'am, I don't think so. I fancy he thought it respectful to you to come once, but I'm pretty sure he won't do it again, unless you ask him."

"Which I shall never do," said Miss Vivian, decisively.

"It seems to me, ma'am, that one has no right to cast off one's own flesh and blood," said Bentley, with some bluntness.

"You don't know anything about it, Bentley," returned Miss Vivian, who was too much accustomed to Bentley's freedom of speech to take offence often at her words. "But here come Beatrice Wentworth and her father."

Beatrice's fair face seemed to shed a more cheerful look on all within that gloomy room. Bentley began giving some details of her mistress's health to Mr. Wentworth, but Miss Vivian cut her short.

"Now, Bentley, I don't want any of that. I have not asked Mr. Wentworth to come and see me, and I don't require any doctoring."

"My dear Miss Vivian, you are hardly in health to be without a doctor's care," observed Mr. Wentworth, bending a little towards her. "You will allow me to know how you feel to-day."

"I did not ask Beatrice to come merely to hear a discussion on health," said Miss Vivian, stiffly. "If you won't take a hint, Mr. Wentworth, I must remind you outright of what you already know very well, that I can't afford

constant doctors' visits. Nor do I need them. I am quite well."

"You need fresh air regularly," mildly suggested Mr. Wentworth. "I must request Bentley to see that you have it. If you will not take drives, you ought to make a point of going out in your chair. Indeed, Miss Vivian, I may say that this is absolutely essential for your health."

Miss Vivian was silent, and her look was not promising. Bentley remarked,

"That is just what I always say, sir. Missis can't expect to be well without taking fresh air regular, and how can she do that when she don't sometimes leave the house more than once in the week?"

"No wonder you feel disinclined to go out, when you have to pass through such a wilderness of a garden, Miss Vivian," said Mr. Wentworth, who liked order, and had already often attacked her unsuccessfully upon this very point. "But wilderness or no wilderness, you should really do so rather oftener."

"Bentley, you can go now," said Miss Vivian. "Beatrice, I asked you to come to-day because I had something to tell you, and I prefer saying it myself to sending a message by your father."

"Papa said you were rather mysterious when you gave him the message," said Beatrice, smiling. "Did my little note reach you? I wrote a line to say when I would be with you."

"Do you want to hear my news, or not?" asked Miss Vivian.

"Certainly!" and Beatrice raised her eyes with an attentive look of expectation.

"You have so often, Beatrice, preached kindness and attention to relatives, that I am going to act upon your advice at last. My cousin, Percival Gifford, is going to retire from the army—has already retired, in fact—and is coming home immediately. I intend to see something of him."

"Indeed!" and Beatrice looked amused.

"Yes, I had a long letter from him this morning—very politely written and properly expressed," added Miss Vivian ironically. "Of course I know very well what it is worth, and what are his real reasons for coming home. However, he lays it all to his bad health. It is rather remarkable, certainly, that both my cousins should be so unfortunate in that way!—very unfortunate for them in some respects; but of course it cannot be helped, and perhaps after all they don't regret it much. Percival Gifford's ill-health has come at a very convenient juncture—just when he no doubt fears

that Leonard Vivian is currying favour with me, and that he is losing all chance of my money."

"Dear Miss Vivian, I should hope Captain Gifford is far from having such unworthy motives for his conduct," said Beatrice gravely, while her father fidgeted his hat, and looked on with a bland air of perplexity.

"Unworthy motives! Very few people are so highflown and romantic as to call a young man's designs on the property of a relative unworthy—though the property is little enough I can assure you, Beatrice. Neither Leonard Vivian nor Percival Gifford are free from the usual failing of young men—wishing to be rich. Even you cannot deny that, Beatrice."

"I know nothing about Captain Gifford, Miss Vivian. I am certain that you are entirely mistaken in your idea of Captain Vivian."

"If so, I am too old now to change my opinion," decisively returned Miss Vivian; "so that settles the matter. My mind is quite made up. I intend to see something of Percival Gifford, and I do not intend to have anything whatever to do with Leonard Vivian."

"Did you send for us only to say that, Miss Vivian?" gently inquired Beatrice, fixing her eyes on the excited old lady with the calm soothing expression of quiet dignity which she might have used to reprove a wilful child. And in truth, though sane enough on other points, on the subject of her possessions Miss Vivian was so peculiar and excitable, that Beatrice looked upon it as childishness, if it did not amount to mania.

"I did not ask Mr. Wentworth to come at all," returned Miss Vivian, more composedly. "I sent for you, as I knew you had such a benevolent desire that I should patronize my relations, and I thought you would be delighted to hear at last that your wishes were likely to be fulfilled."

Beatrice laughed.

"Oh, but, Miss Vivian, I am sure I never advised your patronizing one to the exclusion of the other. One has as great a right as the other to your kindness."

"A great deal more, you ought to say," observed Miss Vivian, "and then you would have my reason for not bestowing any on him. I never could endure anyone professing to have rights and claims upon me. Captain Gifford makes no pretensions of the sort, and though of course I know very well what he is aiming at, I shall see something of him."

"Captain Vivian is very unlikely to distress

himself about the matter," rejoined Beatrice quietly. She almost added, "It is for your sake, much more than his, that I have urged you to show him a little kindness," but she restrained the remark, knowing that it would destroy even the little hope she entertained of effecting any change in Miss Vivian's inveterate and unfounded dislike of Leonard.

Sometimes Beatrice positively shuddered, as words and deeds revealed more plainly the cold hard selfishness of Miss Vivian's character. Would anything ever touch her? could anything ever thaw the thick crust of ice within which her heart seemed to be frozen up? The only creatures in the world towards whom she showed the slightest affection were herself and the faithful Bentley; and rarely indeed did the expression of that affection soften to anything that in the remotest degree approached to tenderness.

Naturally a somewhat close and grasping character, Miss Vivian had degenerated into her present condition of mind and body during years of solitude, of lonely musing upon her own rights and wrongs, of utter coldness towards the wants and claims of her fellow-creatures, and of constant yielding to her avaricious tendencies, which grew stronger and stronger by indulgence. It was only during the last two years that she had cared so much for Beatrice—the liking being evidenced by her frequent requests for visits, and still more by her submitting to what at least approached contradiction from her. From no one else in the world, except Bentley, would she allow this for a moment.

Her pertinacious dislike of Leonard would seem to have originated in some measure from a contradiction she received from him when a boy. On one solitary occasion, she had admitted him into her drawing-room for a visit, and his free, frank bearing, easy boyish remarks, and blunt answers, had so offended her that she had ordered him out of the house. Never since then had there been an interview between them. Captain Vivian sometimes caused much amusement by relating the particulars of that memorable visit. The climax arose from a flat contradiction respecting the gorgeous bird that was depicted in flaming colours—sadly faded even then—upon the worked ottoman. Miss Vivian had made some remark, intended to be gracious, upon the "bird of paradise." "Bird of paradise!" retorted the fourteen-years-old schoolboy, bursting into a fit of laughter. "Why, it's nothing

but a green parrot, with a yellow crest, and blue wings, and scarlet tail. Bird of paradise indeed! I've seen a stuffed one, and I know what they are like." Whereupon Miss Vivian had desired him, if he could not remember to behave like a gentleman, to leave the house, and not come again until she requested him to do so. The ottoman had been worked by Miss Vivian's grandmother, and was in her eyes a perfect model.

To return to the conversation between Miss Vivian and Beatrice. It was interrupted by Mr. Wentworth rising to leave. At this juncture, Bentley reappeared in the doorway with the suggestion,

"Please, ma'am, it's such a lovely day that I think you would like to go out."

"Just the very thing," said Mr. Wentworth, approvingly. "I am afraid I cannot spare any more time, or I would go with you; but Beatrice will stay and accompany you."

"John Sanders hasn't nothing particular to do to-day, ma'am, and he's come to know whether you wouldn't go out in the chair, and I told him it was likely you would," said Bentley, with a rather determined air. "So he's downstairs, and he'll get out the chair, and he'll only charge you ninepence for the hour, he says."

"Threepence less than his usual charge," murmured Miss Vivian meditatively. "He would not do it for that unless he were short of work. I wonder if he would take sixpence."

"I don't think you would like to ask him to do that, Miss Vivian," pleasantly interposed Beatrice. "I daresay the poor man is in real need of the money, and you could not wish to give him less than his due. But now I am going to fetch your bonnet and cloak, while they are getting out the chair. I know where they are kept."

Miss Vivian had not yet made up her mind whether to go or stay, but both Beatrice and Bentley left the room without waiting for objections, the former returning almost immediately with the necessary articles. A grim smile came to Miss Vivian's face as Beatrice, with her quiet air of decision, folded the shawl and wrapped it round her shoulders, then brought the faded bonnet to her side.

"You seem determined not to allow me a voice in the matter, Beatrice. I don't know that I shall go after all. It is ruinous work."

"But the chair is coming to the door," smilingly returned Beatrice. "And now you

are nearly dressed, and I have had the trouble of fetching your things, you must not disappoint me. Here comes Bentley to say that the chair is waiting."

"Yes, ma'am, it's all ready, and John Sanders is a-wondering how he'll ever pull it through the brambles; but I tell him it's got to be done, and I suppose it aint worse than last time. He says the garden aint like being in a civilized country."

"Very impertinent of John Sanders," said Miss Vivian, bridding. "As if it concerned him in the least! What has he to do with it?"

"Nothing, ma'am, except to draw you through it," said Bentley, laughing, and giving Beatrice a confidential glance, meant to express a great deal. "I tell him that can't be very hard work, for you aint so desperate stout and heavy. Now, ma'am, you're ready, and you'll take my arm to the door."

Miss Vivian submitted, and was soon seated in the rather rickety wheel-chair, and being drawn between the masses of shrubs, brambles, and nettles that surrounded the house. No wonder John Sanders had expressed some doubts as to its being safely accomplished. Very narrow indeed was the path, and the branches that swept completely across it greatly impeded the course of the chair. More than one Beatrice broke off and threw away, regardless of the thorns that pricked her

fingers, to prevent it from rebounding in Miss Vivian's face.

At last they gained the road, went a short distance in the opposite direction to Rookdale, and then turned down a narrow lane which formed the boundary of one side and the back of The Rookery garden. Beatrice was mentally contrasting that fair, well-arranged *parterre* with Miss Vivian's "jungle," as Constance sometimes called it, when she became conscious of distant shouts and cries in the road they had left. Miss Vivian looked round nervously.

"What is the matter, Beatrice?"

"I cannot see anything here. John, will you go to the end of the lane, and see what it is? Perhaps some one is needing help."

They were in more need of help themselves. John Sanders set off at a running pace with alacrity, and gained the beginning of the lane; then Beatrice saw him spring up the mossy bank at the side, with a loud shout of warning. At the same instant, a cart and horse appeared round the corner, coming down the lane at a fearful rate. Like a flash of lightning, the thought glanced through Beatrice's mind that she had no time to assist Miss Vivian's feeble steps to a place of safety. She might escape herself, for there was a little gate into Mr. Mansfield's garden, hardly twelve yards distant. Yet how could she leave Miss Vivian—poor helpless old lady—without an attempt to save her?

OUR OWN FIRESIDE.

THE shrine where all our love is laid,
Where all our joys abide,
Alike through sunshine and through
shade—

Our own Fireside!

The spot of all the earth most dear,
Whatever woes betide,
With nought to cloud, and all to cheer—
Our own Fireside!

A safe retreat from every care,
Where we our grief may hide;
The casket of our treasures rare—
Our own Fireside!

A shelter when by winds we're driven
Across life's raging tide;
The shadow of our Home in Heaven—
Our own Fireside!

T. STEWART ROBERTSON.



IDA'S EXPERIMENT.

FOR THE LITTLE ONES AT "OUR OWN FIRESIDE."

I EIGHO! how pleasant it is to be out in the woods all day," sighed little Ida, as she threw herself upon a grassy bank by the brook-side. "I don't see the use of being mewed up in the house these warm bright days, when the woods are so shady and cool. Heigho!"

Ida was a little girl who dearly loved the flowers and glad sunshine. She was only happy when roaming about at will, chasing the gaily-painted butterflies, or making, with her own merry voice, an echo to the song of the uncaged birds.

Very pleasant it would have been to pass whole days in this manner, but Ida had duties to perform—as who has not? What is there in the whole earth so insignificant as to say with truth, "I am of no use"? Every dew-drop has its peculiar mission to fulfil; and each tiny snow-flake falls to the ground to assist in accomplishing some great purpose.

But Ida never thought of all this. Her mother, she knew, talked to her of duties, and often kept her indoors, performing unwelcome tasks which seemed to the little girl of trifling importance, when she would fain have been out in the fresh green fields. She knew not that her first duty was obedience, and therefore was frequently ill-tempered and perverse.

It was a lovely summer afternoon, and Ida, having finished her tasks, was permitted to go out into the fields. The day had been intensely warm, but now a soft gentle breeze sprang up, and the flowers began to lift their drooping heads that had shrunk from the bright gaze of the sun. Little Ida ran about delighted with the sense of freedom from restraint; but at length, becoming weary, she threw herself upon the grass, and sighed, "Heigho!"

"Oh, dear," murmured the little girl, after a long revery, "how I wish there was no such thing as work in the world—at any rate, for a little girl like me! I don't see that I am of any use, and yet mamma will keep me in all day. I wish I could live out of doors always. Pretty daisies," she continued, addressing a tuft of flowers that grew at her feet, "do you know I envy you? For you have no duties to perform, and nothing in the world to do but to live in the sunshine and look charming. Yes; I wish I could be like you."

It was certainly very strange, but just as Ida spoke these words, the little daisies began nodding to her in the drollest manner imaginable, and then she saw that the flowers were lovely little faces; the stems and leaves assumed human forms, and soon they were a little troop of fairies, who joined hands and danced about her, singing, in soft musical tones—

"Sisters bright, make room, make room,
A new flower comes to bud and bloom;
To weep with the rain-drops, to smile with the sun,
And wither and fade when her task is done."

As they circled round, repeating these words, Ida felt herself descending into the ground, the song died away upon her ear, and she remained in utter darkness. The little girl did not feel at all frightened, but wondered very much what would happen next. She waited a while in expectation, and then cried out, "I am tired of staying here in the dark. I want to see the light."

"Be quiet," said a tiny voice close at her side, "and wait until the snow melts a little, and the earth is thawed. You could not get out now if you were to try."

Ida turned round in astonishment at this speech, but she could see nothing in the dark, so she asked,

"Who are you, and how came you here? I am a little girl, and my name is Ida."

"What a droll conceit!" replied the voice, with a merry little laugh. "You are nothing more nor less than a flower-seed, like myself. By-and-by we will come up out of the ground, and bloom in the sunshine."

"But how long will it be before we leave this gloomy place?" asked the little girl, who now began to realize that she had gained her wish, and was actually to be a flower. "I can't say that I like being a seed at all."

"Why, you cannot be a flower without first being a seed," returned the other. "There are plenty of us here, waiting for the Spring to set us free; don't be impatient, she will come in good time."

Ida remained quiet for some time, and then again asked, "How can you lie so contentedly in this dark place?"

"It is our duty," answered the tiny voice, shortly; for the little girl's talking annoyed him.

"Why! do you use that hateful word too?" she replied. "I thought the flowers had no duties. But I am so tired of staying here. How do you know the Spring will come? Are you sure?"

"We trust," returned the other. And to all her complaints Ida received no other reply.

At length she heard a strange musical sound, and found that the seeds were slowly forcing their way through the earth. She gladly moved upward too; and so impatient was she that she was the first to burst from the ground, and look about her.

"I am so glad to get out of that ugly prison," soliloquized the little girl. "How pleasant and warm the sunshine feels, though the snow has not quite melted yet. It is so droll; I see that I am surrounded by tiny green leaves, and yet I know that I am Ida still. Well, I wonder what will happen next."

Presently a cold wind blew over her, and in the night came frost and pinched her leaves, so that poor Ida looked quite drooping for several days, but she gradually revived; and then, when she found herself really expanding into a flower, her delight knew no bounds.

"What a lovely pink colour I am!" she said to herself. "Everyone will admire me, I am sure. I think I am even prettier than my neighbours. How delightful it is to be a flower! No lessons to learn, and nothing at all to do but bloom and be admired." And she lifted her head proudly, and swayed gracefully upon the breeze.

"Take care," said one of her neighbours, as he bent over towards her, "if you thrust yourself so far out upon the road, some one will trample upon you."

Ida withdrew her head in alarm. "How do you know we will not be crushed even here?" she asked anxiously.

"We trust!" replied the other, and then was still.

"It is so very cold," murmured the little girl, as she folded her leaves tightly over her breast one frosty night. "Why do you not wait till warmer weather before you bloom?"

"We come when Spring calls us to give sign of her approach," said the other.

"But although it is dark in the ground, it is at least warm," she rejoined. "Why should you obey the Spring?"

"Because it is our duty," said the little flower, as he closed his eyes.

"Duty! duty!" murmured Ida, as she fell

asleep; but the next morning, when she awoke, she found herself covered with dewdrops that sparkled like diamonds in the sun.

"How beautiful I am to-day!" she exclaimed in delight. "See how lovely my leaves appear, shining through these diamonds that adorn them! Every one must behold me with admiration now."

As she spoke, a farmer's boy came whistling along; but although she thrust herself so far forward that his foot brushed off some of the diamond dewdrops, he did not notice her in the least, but strolled carelessly on.

By-and-by the sun climbed high up in the sky, and looked down upon the flowers so steadily with his flaming eye, that they quailed and shrunk beneath his scorching beams. Poor little Ida felt unable to support herself. Her head dropped languidly, and she could scarcely breathe. There was not the slightest air stirring in that sultry noon, and still the great sun sent down his burning rays upon the earth.

"I shall die," murmured the little girl. "If I had known how the flowers suffer with heat, I never would have wished to be one of them. How pleasant and cool it is now in mamma's shaded room, if I only could be there again; but now I shall die."

A flower growing at her side overheard her murmuring, and spoke, though faintly, for she too was drooping in the sun:

"Yes, we often wither thus with heat; but then, you know, we must do our duty; we shall revive at night; and though we suffer, yet we trust."

The last words were scarcely heard by poor Ida, who sank exhausted to the earth.

Presently heavy black clouds rushed across the sky, and shut out the beams of the sun; and then plash, plash came the large raindrops upon the leaves and the parched earth; and then the flowers lifted their languid heads and felt revived. But the rain poured down still faster, until they were forced to bend beneath its rushing weight, and little Ida was now in great fear of being drowned. The wind tossed the flowers about most rudely, and they bruised themselves against each other; some of them were torn from their stems by the force of the shower, and poor Ida trembled in affright.

"Oh, this is more dreadful than all!" she cried. "I shall certainly be broken to pieces in this tempest. Why should flowers be so exposed, and suffer so much?"

"We do our duty," was the murmured reply

that reached her, borne on the blast, "and for the rest we trust."

At last the rain ceased, the clouds began to separate, and the sun again smiled down upon the earth. The birds left their nests, and sang joyously, and all things revived. Little Ida, though bruised and shorn of some green leaves, yet felt very much refreshed. But there remained one raindrop in her heart; the wind had blown a long branch, thick with clustering leaves, just before her, and the setting sun could not reach her behind the leafy screen. So, while the other flowers were gaily lifting their heads, and basking in his beam, poor Ida trembled beneath the weight of the raindrop.

"How unfortunate I am!" she sighed resigningly. "The sun has dried all the rain from the other flowers; while I must sink beneath this weight through all the long night."

Then she folded her leaves and slept; but when the morning sun gleamed down once more, the raindrop shone like a diamond upon her breast.

When the scorching noonday beam again shone down, the flowers paled and withered as before; but the drop which rested in Ida's breast strengthened and refreshed her, so that she did not shrink from the sun's ray, but lifted her head firmly. The moisture dried up from her heart, but little Ida had learned a new truth.

"Ah! I understand now," she exclaimed, "that what seems to be very disagreeable at first, is all for our good after all. Had it not been for that drop of rain, I might have withered in the sun. After this, so long as I live, I will remember to do my duty, and trust."

All the flowers applauded loudly at this.

And as the humming, rustling noise increased, a strange thrill passed through little Ida: her bright leaves fell to the ground, and lo and behold, she was lying upon the grass at the brookside, with the tuft of daisies blooming at her side!

Her first impulse was to bend over the water, and there she beheld the reflection of her own astonished face. There could be no doubt she *had* been a flower, but was now little Ida again.

"You have taught me a fine lesson," she cried, turning to the daisies, "and one that I shall not soon forget. I am quite contented to remain just the little girl that I am, and shall never wish to be a flower again. Don't you approve my decision?"

But the little daisies looked perfectly unconscious, and stared steadily up at the sky, never vouchsafing so much as a nod in reply.

"Oh, it is all very well for you to make believe you don't understand me," persisted little Ida; "but I shall not forget your advice. We do our duty, and trust," she whispered, with a triumphant air. "Do you remember the words?"

But the perverse little daisies did not seem to hear, and never even moved a leaf.

"Well, well," laughed Ida, as she ran home; "if you don't remember them, I do, and mean to live after them besides."

And so she did; and though she loved the woods and flowers as well as ever, she never murmured at her tasks; and so grew to be a good and happy girl. But though she often stopped to talk to the daisies, not one of them ever deigned a reply; they had evidently cut her acquaintance.—*Woodleigh House; or, The Happy Holidays*. London: T. Nelson and Sons.

THE ROEBUCK.

THE Capreoline Deer, of which group this species forms a very characteristic type, are distinguished by their predilection for mountainous localities, as the Fallow Deer delights in wooded plains, and the Stag in the most extensive forests. The Roebuck exhibits a degree of boldness and agility in its leaps which fit it for its favourite haunts, and almost claim for it the analogical appellation of the Chamois of

the Ceroine family. It differs remarkably in many respects from the Red and Fallow Deer. It is much smaller in size, and exceedingly light in figure and limb, and its horns are short and simple.

The Roebuck is said to have his chosen companion for life, being strictly monogamous, and evincing the most lively regard and affection for his mate. The female, according to the statement of many authorities, brings two

young ones at a birth, which are male and female, and which, after having been tenderly cared for by the parents for the due time, on leaving them, attach themselves to each other, and are never after separated. Such is the account ordinarily given of this species, and, if true, it is a circumstance unparalleled in the mammalia. The analogous instance of many of the *Columbidae*, or pigeons, will occur to every one; but the turtle-dove has no longer the exclusive claim to be considered as the honoured emblem of the virtue of conjugal constancy.

The fawn has no horns during the first year; in the second, they spring in the form of mere prickets, or simple snags; the third year sees the addition of the first antler, which stands forwards; in the fourth year a second antler is produced, which stands directly backwards; and in the sixth year the horns have attained their full development.

The Roebuck is now rarely met with in England, though it still abounds in many parts of Scotland.

"They are not frequently met with," says Mr. Tytler, of Edinburgh, "in larger numbers than two or three at a time; but we find their couches among the heather, as if a larger party, perhaps six or seven, had lain together. They scrape off the heather, and make a form like hares, which they also resemble in keeping to the same tracks, and in stopping frequently, if a sudden, not very loud, noise is heard. The Roe seems to be extremely cautious; and they make use of their fine sense of smelling, as well as hearing, to warn them of an enemy. They will scent a man a long way off, and hold their noses in the air like a pointer drawing on his game. A usual way of deceiving them is to hold a lighted peat in the hand while approaching or lying in wait for them, as the animals are accustomed to this smell, and less guarded in coming towards the spot. Their cry is like the ba-a of a sheep, but more concentrated, so as to sound somewhat like a bark: at night especially, and in still moonlight, the cry may be heard to a great distance, and they are constantly answering each other through nearly a whole night."

When captured young, the Roebuck can readily be tamed; but it becomes a dangerous pet, for after attaining to his full strength, he is very apt to make use of it in attacking people whose appearance he does not like. They particularly single out women and children as their victims, and inflict severe and

dangerous wounds with their sharp-pointed horns.

"One day, at a kind of public garden near Brighton," writes Mr. Wood, "I saw a beautiful but small Roebuck in an enclosure, fastened with a chain which seemed strong enough and heavy enough to hold down an elephant. Pitying the poor animal, an exile from his native land, I asked what reason they could have for ill-using him by putting such a weight of iron about his neck. The keeper of the place, however, informed me that, small as the Roebuck was, the chain was quite necessary, as he had attacked and killed a boy of twelve years old a few days before, stabbing the poor fellow in fifty places with his sharp-pointed horns. Of course I had no more to urge in his behalf."

"The Roe, when captured," continues Mr. Tytler, "is never known to turn on its enemy when wounded; but bad wounds are sometimes received from its horns while it lies tossing its head in agony. It is very active; and I have seen one bound, without much apparent effort, across a road nearly twenty feet wide. Their usual pace, unless when hard pressed, is a long, rather awkward canter; but when closely hunted or suddenly startled, their bounds are the most rapid and beautiful that can be conceived. They often come down on the corn-fields and peas in the neighbourhood of their haunts, feeding entirely in the grey of the morning and evening. The usual method of killing them is to drive the wood with hounds and beaters, the shooters being placed so as to command the tracks or passes; and caution is necessary to avoid the windward side, as the Roe will not approach if it smells the enemy. This sport is very tiresome; and a much more exciting mode is to walk quietly through their haunts in the earliest dawn, and endeavour to get within shot of them, which, however, is by no means easily effected."

The venison of the Roe is not esteemed, and there is scarcely any fat on the external parts of the body, even when in high condition.

The colour varies considerably. In some, the general tint is reddish-brown; in others, brownish-grey; and in others, dusky: the under parts and inside of the thighs, greyish-white; the part around the tail, pure white. The tail is very short, concealed within the hair. The ears are proportionally long, and the inner surface furnished with long whitish hairs; the nose brown; a white spot on each




THE ROEBUCK.

side of the lips; chin white; horns very rough, longitudinally furrowed, having two antlers—the first about one-third from the base, directed inwards; the second higher up, having an

opposite direction. The length of the head and body averages three feet nine inches; the height about two feet six inches; and the horns about eight inches.

RUSTIC CIVILITY.

(SEE FRONTISPIECE, PAGE 117.)

 **ALTHOUGH** the name of William Collins can hardly be said to rank with those of Landseer and Turner, he holds a place of high eminence as a modern English artist. Our frontispiece engraving, from one of his most characteristic paintings, bespeaks the remarkable *naturalness* which distinguishes his delineations of familiar country scenes. His peasant groups are always singularly happy, full of repose, and quiet settled unconsciousness. His execution was extremely careful—no slovenliness ever disfigured his canvas. His colour was quiet but agreeable, with pleasant atmospheric effects, hinted at rather than forcibly insisted on. Altogether, it would be difficult to find more reliable renderings of some of the most interesting features of English life. This of itself, apart from technical qualities, would always maintain the value and popular estimate of the works of William Collins.

He was born in Great Titchfield Street, London, on the 18th September, 1788. His father, a native of Wicklow, was a picture dealer and cleaner, and the author of a work called "Memoirs of a Picture," and of a life of his friend Morland, the painter.

At an early age, Collins evinced a love of art, received lessons from Morland, and was afterwards formally despatched to the Academy to pursue his studies. "Collins and myself," wrote Mr. Etty, "started as probationers in the same week. He drew the Laocoon, and I the Torso. His drawings were remarkable for their careful finish and good effect."

When twenty-one, Collins commenced to exhibit at the Academy, contributing two small "Views on Millbank;" and for years afterwards he continued to be a constant exhibitor. He rapidly attained success. He was very careful *what* as well as *how* he painted. He lived an easy, successful, uneventful life—hard-working, but well paid.

In 1815 he was elected an Associate of the

Royal Academy. He married in 1822 the daughter of Mr. Geddes, A.R.A., and the sister of Mrs. Carpenter, the portrait painter. In 1820 he had been elected an Academician, presenting as his diploma-picture the work called "The Young Anglers."

For sixteen years he continued to exhibit without losing a year. He then made a mistake. Following Wilkie's advice, he travelled on the Continent for two years, with the view of changing his style. His great successes hitherto had been coast scenes. "The Shrimpers," "Fishermen coming Ashore before Sunrise," "Getting out the Nets," "Mussel Gatherers," "Haunts of the Seafowl"—the names of his works indicate their character. He now sought to render Italian scenes and Scriptural subjects. He exhibited for some years the fruits of his Italian travels—mediocre landscapes, and worse than mediocre Scripture illustrations. Happily, he was not blind to his own failure, and he was wise enough to acknowledge his error by retracing his steps. Before long he most judiciously resumed his first line of subjects, and the public welcomed back his "coast scenes"—perfect of their class—with acclamations.

Amongst the numerous works which time, well employed, enabled him to produce, we may mention, in addition to those already referred to, "Happy as a King," "The Stray Kitten," "Putting Salt on the Bird's Tail," and "The Newly-found Nest." The highest price he ever received for a painting was five hundred guineas. This was given by Sir Robert Peel for his "Frost Scene."

In 1840, Collins was appointed librarian to the Academy, but he resigned the office not long afterwards, finding it absorbed his attention too much. In 1844, the symptoms of heart disease became apparent, and on the 17th February, 1847, they resulted in his death, at his house in Devonport Street, Hyde Park Gardens.

Perhaps it would be almost impossible to overstate the beneficial influences exercised on the public mind by the works of such an artist as Collins. The moral of a painting, true to nature, instantly seizes upon the spectator, and the impression can never be lost whilst memory is able to recall the subject illustrated. We have a strong conviction that the educational power of the painter might be made available, to a far greater extent than it has hitherto been, in aiding the philanthropic movements of this practical age, especially those directed to the elevation of working-people. If, sometimes, instead of the tract, often left unread, the well-executed engraving were fixed to the cottage wall, in addition to

the special lesson which it might teach, it would also prove an object of family interest, prompting a regard for the decorations of Home, the neglect of which often leads the husband to seek more attractive places of resort, instead of being true to his name—*house-band*—and binding together by his presence the members of his own fireside circle.

Invaluable service, we are aware, has already been rendered in this direction by "The British Workman:" but there is need for further effort. We want a Series of First-class Engravings, designed for the ornamentation of our Cottage Homes, and produced at a popular price. Perhaps some enterprising publisher will act upon this hint.

THE ROYAL ENTRANCE.



T happened that a royal personage made his entrance into a town with great pomp and solemnity, and that a friend of Gotthold was heard to say on the occasion, that he wished he were a prince, to enjoy such splendour.

To this Gotthold answered: "You do not know what you wish. What is all this magnificence—the costly robes, the long guard in van and rear, the brilliant reception—but a specious disguise of the thousand hardships and cares which burden royalty?"

A worthy Christian prince may have many servants around him, and yet he must himself be the servant of all his subjects. Others have their several offices and duties, but he is responsible for all. He must have a watchful eye, and wake when others sleep; an acute ear, to hear in a moment the complaints of the oppressed; an eloquent mouth, to decide justly in cases of dispute; and an active hand, to punish the guilty and redress the innocent. His head must be a fountain of grave and mighty thoughts for the benefit of his country, and his heart a repository of anxieties of every kind. As the summit of the lofty mountain

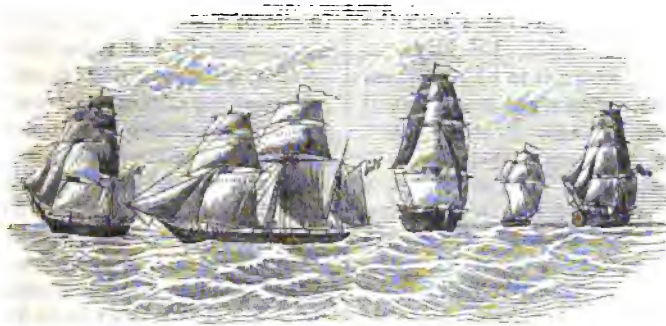
is most exposed to floods and tempests, and frequently covered with deep snow, which, when melted, invigorates and fertilizes the valleys around, even so a prince is indeed exalted above others, but is also on that very account peculiarly liable to adversities, and encumbered with burdens, which redound to the advantage and safety of his realm. He is like a taper, which ministers with its light to others, but consumes itself. In wishing to be a prince, therefore, you wish for a prince's burden and a prince's troubles, and, what is worst of all, for a prince's responsibility at the judgment-seat of Christ.

My God! for my part I have no desire to be anything but what Thou hast made me. I grudge not the great and mighty what Thou givest to them. Nay, I know not that I would exchange my poverty for their wealth, my solitude for their attendance, my low degree for their lofty rank. One thing, however, I do implore, *Let me reign over the sin that dwells within me!* Teach me to govern myself: and grant that I may one day be permitted humbly to enter the celestial city, welcomed by Thy holy angels, and wearing the crown of life.

Science, Art, and History.

OUR SKETCH-BOOK ABROAD.

II.—THE ARCTIC REGIONS—THE ESQUIMAUX.



THE "RESOLUTE" EXPEDITION.

CONTINUING our notice of the Esquimaux, our readers will be interested in a brief summary of information respecting this extraordinary race, their character and customs, gathered from the narrative of Capt. C. F. Hall, in his "Life with the Esquimaux."

The Esquimaux are, in their own language, called *In-nu-it*—that is, "the people." *In-nu*, in the singular number, signifies "man;" in the plural, *In-nu-it*, "people," "the people," or (as they understand it) "our people" as distinguished from foreigners.

The appellation "*Esquimaux*"—of which the traders' term "*Husky*" is a mere corruption—is obviously derived from some Algic dialect, doubtless from the Chippeway or the Cree.

In the Chippeway, *ush-ke* signifies "raw." In the same language, *um-wau* signifies "he eats." From these elements we readily form the word *ush-ke-um-wau*, "raw he eats." And a noun derived from this verb, as a national denomination, must be some such form as *Aish-ke-um-oog*, "raw-flesh-eaters;" the double *o* being long, like *oa* in *boat*. Use has softened this name into *Es-ke-moog* (pronounced *Es-ke-moag*).

According to Inuit mythology, the first man was a failure—that is, was imperfect, though made by the Great Being; therefore he was cast aside and called *kob-lu-na*, or *kod-lu-na*,

as pronounced by the modern Innuits, which means white man. A second attempt of the Great Being resulted in the formation of a perfect man, and he was called *In-nu*.

As a general statement, it may be said that the Innuits, among themselves, are strictly honest. The same may be said as between them and strangers—that is, whites, though with some modification. The Innuits have an impression that the *kodlunas* (white people) possess plenty—that is, plenty of iron, wood, beads, knives, needles, &c., which is the reason why the Innuits, whenever they meet with whites, always cry "*pil-e-tay! pil-e-tay!*" "give! give!" And the word *kodlunas*, in fact, signifies not only "*white people*," but the people who always have plenty.

Children are sometimes betrothed by their parents in infancy. The young people have nothing to do with it. The old men make the marriage entirely. When the betrothal is made, the couple can live together at any time, usually decided by the ability of the man to support the woman. In other cases, when a young man thinks well of a young woman, he proposes to take her for his wife. If both are agreed, and the parents of the girl consent, they become one. There is no wedding ceremony at all, nor are there any rejoicings or festivities.

There generally exists between husband and wife a steady, but not very demonstrative affection, though the woman is frequently subjected to violent usage by reason of some sudden outbreak of temper on the man's part, and though, when she is near her death, he leaves her alone to die.

Male children are desired in preference to females, but no difference is made in their treatment, and there are always rejoicings and congratulatory visits when an infant is born. Immediately after the birth, the infant's head must be firmly squeezed side to side with the hands, and a little skin cap placed tightly over the compressed head, which is to be kept there for one year. The infants are nursed until three or four years of age. The children, when old enough, find their amusement in playing with toys made of bone and ivory, in the forms of various animals. When older, the boys are educated in rowing, hunting, and sealing; the girls are taught to trim the fire-light and keep it burning, to cook, dress leather, sew, help row the *oomiaks*, and to do various other kinds of work.

For a certain length of time after a child is born, the mother must remain in her own home, visiting no other tupic or igloo. The period for which this limitation holds good varies, sometimes reaching to the length of two months. At the expiration of the time, she makes a round of calls at all the dwellings about, having first changed all her clothing. She never touches again that which she throws off on this occasion, and which she has worn since the birth of the child. Another custom forbids the mother to eat by herself for a year after the birth of the child. When asked the reason of this, the only reply was, "The first Innuits did so." In respect to Inuit customs in general, it may be observed that they are often adhered to from fear of ill report among their people. The only reason that can be given for some of the present customs is that "the old Innuits did so, and therefore they must."

The women, generally, are tattooed on the forehead, cheeks, and chin. This is usually a mark of the married women, though unmarried ones are sometimes seen thus ornamented. This tattooing is done from principle, the theory being that the lines thus made will be regarded in the next world as a sign of goodness. The manner of the operation is simple. A piece of reindeer-sinew thread is blackened with soot, and is then drawn

under and through the skin by means of a needle. The thread is only used as a means of introducing the colour or pigment under the epidermis.

The longevity of this people, on the whole, in latter years is not great. The average duration of life among them is much less than formerly. The time was, and that not long ago, when there were many, very many old people, but now they are very few.

The Inuit social life is simple and cheerful. They have a variety of games of their own. In one of these they use a number of bits of ivory, made in the form of ducks, &c. In another, a simple string is used in a variety of intricate ways, now representing a tuktoo, now a whale, now a walrus, now a seal, being arranged upon the fingers in a way bearing a general resemblance to the game known among us as "cat's cradle." The people were very quick in learning of Captain Hall to play chess, checkers, and dominoes.

Inuit opinions upon theological questions are not easily obtained in an intelligible form. Their belief on some points may be thus very generally stated. There is one Supreme Being, called by them *Ang-u-ta*, who created the earth, sea, and heavenly bodies. There is also a secondary divinity, a woman, the daughter of Anguta, who is called *Sid-ne*. She is supposed to have created all things having life, animal and vegetable. She is regarded also as the protecting divinity of the Inuit people. To her their supplications are addressed; to her their offerings are made; while most of their religious rites and superstitious observances have reference to her.

The Innuits believe in a heaven and a hell, though their notions as to what is to constitute their happiness or misery hereafter are varied as one meets with different communities.

They have a tradition of a deluge, which they attribute to an *unusually high tide*. On one occasion, when Captain Hall was speaking with a native concerning her people, she said, "Innuits all think this earth once covered with water." He asked her why they thought so. She answered, "Did you never see little stones like clams, and such things as live in the sea, away up on the mountains?"

The subject of the religious ideas and observances of the Innuits is nearly connected with that of their *angekos*, who have a great influence among them, and exercise the only authority to which they in any degree submit. With regard to these *angekos*, Captain Hall

thinks that any man or woman could become such if shrewd enough to obtain a mental ascendancy over others.

The *angeko's* business is twofold: he ministers in behalf of the sick, and in behalf of the community in general. If a person falls ill, the *angeko* is sent for. He comes, and before proceeding to his peculiar work, demands payment for his services, stating his price, usually some article to which he has taken a liking. Whatever he demands must be given at once, otherwise the expected good result of the ministrations would not follow.

When the preliminary arrangements have been satisfactorily disposed of, the family of the sick person sit around the couch of the patient, and with earnestness and gravity join in the ceremonies. The *angeko* commences a talking and singing, the nature of which it is impossible to state more precisely than to say that it seems to be a kind of incantation or prolonged supplication, perhaps mingled with formulas which are supposed to charm away the disease. At intervals during this performance the family respond, frequently uttering a word corresponding to our *amen*. As to medicine, none is ever prescribed, nor do the Innuits ever take any.

The duties of the *angeko* with reference to the community, consist in ankooting for success in whaling, walrusing, sealing, and in hunting certain animals; for the disappearance of ice; and for the public good in various particulars. These more public ministrations are accompanied by what sounds to a stranger's ear like howling, but is doubtless a *formula*, either handed down by tradition, or composed on the spot by the *angeko*, varying according to the talent of the operator. The Innuits consider that in proportion to the value of what they give for an *angeko's* services, so are the benefits conferred upon the sick. "Make poor pay, and the help is poor; good pay, and the benefit is great."

Many of the customs which have relation to the religious belief of the Innuits, can be explained only by the broad phrase, "The first Innuits did so." When they kill a reindeer, and have skinned it, they cut off bits of different parts of the animal, and bury them under a sod, or some moss, or a stone, at the exact spot where the animal was killed. When an Inuit passes the place where a relative has died, he pauses, and deposits a piece of meat near by.

When a child dies, everything it has used,

either as a plaything or in any work it did, is placed in or upon its grave.

There exist also among the Innuits many curious customs connected with hunting. They cannot go out to take walrus until they have done working upon tuktoo clothing; and after beginning the walrus hunt, no one is allowed to work on reindeer skins.

When a walrus is caught, the captor must remain at home, doing no work, for one day; if a bear is killed, he must remain quiet, in like manner, for three days; after the taking of a whale, two days. If, however he is on a hunt, and game is plentiful, the Inuit frequently keeps on at the sport, making up all his resting days at the end of the hunt.

When a seal is captured, a few drops of water are sprinkled on its head before it is cut up. If there is no water to be had, the man holds snow in his hands till he squeezes out a single drop, the application of which answers every purpose.

Women are not allowed to eat of the first seal of the season, and this rule is so strictly enforced that they do not feel at liberty even to chew the blubber for the sake of expressing the oil.

There is a regular order for cutting up a walrus. The first man who arrives at the captured animal cuts off the right arm or flipper; the second, the left arm; the third, the right leg or flipper; the fourth, the left leg; the fifth, a portion of the body, beginning at the neck, and so on till the whole is disposed of.

One very curious custom among the Innuits is this. At a time of the year apparently answering to our Christmas, they have a general meeting in a large igloo on a certain evening. There the *angeko* prays on behalf of the people for the public prosperity through the subsequent year. Then follows something like a feast. The next day all go out into the open air and form in a circle; in the centre is placed a vessel of water, and each member of the company brings a piece of meat, the kind being immaterial. The circle being formed, each person eats his or her meat in silence, thinking of Sidne, and wishing for good things. Then one in the circle takes a cup, dips up some of the water, all the time thinking of Sidne, and drinks it; and then, before passing the cup to another, states audibly the time and the place of his or her birth. This ceremony is performed by all in succession. Finally, presents of various articles are thrown from one to another, with the idea that each will



WINTER COSTUMES.

receive of Sidne good things in proportion to the liberality here shown.

Soon after this occasion, at a time which answers to our New Year's Day, two men start out, one of them being dressed to represent a woman, and go to every igloo in the village, blowing out the light in each. The lights are afterwards rekindled from a fresh fire. When Captain Hall asked a native the meaning of this, the reply was, "New sun—new light," implying a belief that the sun was at that time renewed for the year.

The language of the Esquimaux is peculiar to themselves. They have nothing written,

and all that they can tell is derived from oral tradition, handed down from parent to child for many generations. The pronunciation of the same words by Esquimaux living a considerable distance apart, and having little intercourse, is so different that they can hardly understand each other on coming together.

ARCTIC SCENES.

We must defer the completion of our sketch of Esquimaux customs till our next paper. Space only remains to append a few passages from McDougall's "Voyage of the Resolute," explanatory of the accompanying illustrations.



INTERIOR OF A TENT.



PACKING THE SLEDGE PREPARATORY TO MARCHING.

"As the severity of the weather increased during the winter, each man stretched his ingenuity to the utmost to invent a 'face protector;' for the face is peculiarly sensitive, particularly the nose, cheek-bones, and chin, whilst the under eyelid comes in occasionally for a frost-bite.

"As always happens where many turn their attention to the same subject, the number produced was great, and the shapes varied according to the ideas of the designer, who, by-the-by, invariably proclaimed

the superiority of his own invention, by wearing it even at the expense of being frequently frost-bitten.

"The old cover, used by the Expedition of 1850-51, was simply a piece of cloth lined with lambskin or flannel, cut so as to cover the whole of the cheeks, leaving an aperture for the nose, which in its turn was covered with an angular piece of the same materials. This was found to answer very well, and was the prevailing fashion for some time; but as it was necessary to secure it round the head previous to



ARCTIC TRAVELLING IN THE MONTH OF JUNE.

putting on the cap and muffler, it was not convenient for removal, to ascertain whether or not the cheeks were bitten.

"The favourite cover of this cruise is even more simple, being composed of a kind of veil, made of seal-skin or cloth, lined with flannel as before; it is attached to the cap outside, by buttons, and herein its utility consists, as the breath escapes without becoming solid.

"Another great inconvenience experienced whilst walking during intensely cold weather is the congelation of the eyelids, by the action of the cold on the exhalation of moisture from the eyes. It is then necessary to withdraw the warm hands from the recesses of the mittens, and apply them to the eyes, in order to melt the ice, and restore the sight.

"It is absolutely necessary, during the prevalence of very cold weather, that each person should have a companion when walking any distance from the ship; and a standing order to that effect should be issued, in order to avoid the neglect of frost-bites, and the more serious results arising from falls, cracks in the ice, &c., whereby a broken leg, or a sprained ankle, by preventing an immediate return to the ship, might possibly cost a man his life.

"It is therefore prudent *always* to have a companion; you are then enabled to inspect each other's faces occasionally, and perform the friendly office of removing frost-bite, which, if neglected, leaves an unpleasant scar, and renders the spot peculiarly sensitive for the future."

The privations and fatigues of Arctic life

and travelling can scarcely be exaggerated. We give Mr. M'Dougall's description of a single march in the month of June:—

"*Thursday, June 23rd.*—At 5 p.m. advanced to the eastward. Our track lay amongst continuous pools of water, knee-deep '*per mare, per glaciem.*' About 7.30 we were abreast of the cairn on Cape Bounty. Here the floe was even worse than before, the men at times being obliged to extricate each other from the deep sludge, as well as to dig out the sledge, which often sunk below the bearers. We, however, managed to make a little progress in the right direction; and when, about 9.30 p.m., we encamped, many of the crew as well as myself were fast asleep before tea was announced.

"*Friday, 24th.*—At 2 a.m. we again started; the weather at the time was overcast and gloomy, with occasional showers, which penetrated to our shirts long before the march was over. About 4 we observed the ship; at 6 pitched tents on a patch of comparatively hard snow. At this time the weather had cleared off, and we were favoured by a warm sun and clear sky. We therefore took advantage of this promise of a fine day by undressing before bagging ourselves, and hanging our clothes outside the tent to dry.

"At 3 p.m. packed up and started for the ship. Our clothing had dried during the time we were encamped, but we were again soon wet up to our middles, and reached the ship in 'that state' at 7 p.m., after four hours' march through one continuous pool of deep water."

THE VITAL TELEGRAPH.



THE striking resemblance between that wonder of modern invention the electric telegraph, and the system of nerves in the human frame, cannot fail to have been noticed by every one acquainted with the principles and mechanism of the two systems. Indeed, there have not been wanting theorists who have gone so far as to consider the vital principle and that of electricity identical, or nearly so; and who regard the subtle agency which is conducted along the galvanic wires as the same as that which travels along the delicate nerves of a living animal. More careful investigators treat such a proposition as a mere theory, not established by sufficient evidence. Still there are points of resemblance which render the comparison a curious and interesting one, and

may serve to convey some useful information in a manner likely to be retained easily in the memory.

The nervous system consists of the brain as its centre. From this, and from a prolongation of the substance of the brain, in the form of a soft rounded cord, enclosed within the bones of the spine, and commonly called the spinal marrow, proceed a number of extremely fine and delicate threads, which are distributed to every part of the body. These are the nerves. The minute filaments of which the nerves are composed never unite together; but though they may lie side by side in the same band, remain distinct and separate, from their commencement in the brain, to their termination, it may be, in the most distant part of the body. This is precisely the case with the wires

of the electric telegraph. They are stretched side by side, but are never allowed to unite, or even touch one another.

The nerves have not all the same office. Some are distributed over the different muscles of the body; and their office is to convey the influence of the will from the brain to the fibres of the muscle, to cause those fibres to contract, or shorten, and thus to produce the voluntary movements of the body. Other nervous filaments have the property of communicating sensation.

The nerves are simply the media to convey impressions either to the brain or from it; and do not possess in themselves any inherent power of producing either motion or sensation in the parts to which they are distributed. Compare this with the electric telegraph. The wires have no electric property in themselves, but are merely lines of communication to convey the electric influence from one point to another.

Immediately connected with the foregoing principle is this—that the integrity of a nerve is essential to its action. If a nerve be divided, the parts below the division to which that nerve was sent are paralysed. Both the sensibility of the parts, and the power of moving them, are lost. Here, again, the parallel holds good. Let an electric wire be broken, or cut asunder, and it becomes utterly useless, so far as the purposes of the telegraph are concerned. It ceases to convey the galvanic charges beyond the part divided.

The effect of dividing or cutting across a nerve, in producing paralysis, proves that the power of the will and the faculty of sensation have their seat in the brain.

With regard to the influence of the will on the various muscles of the body, among many other wonderful results, it may not be uninteresting, though a little out of course, to mention one curious circumstance—the difficulty we often experience in moving one muscle, without at the same time involuntarily, or against our will, moving others. For example, moving one eye, and keeping the other steady; turning the two eyes in opposite directions; closing one lid, the other remaining open; or frowning without dilating the nostril. We must also all have noticed the grimaces people are apt to make in violent efforts of the body, particularly where the muscles of respiration are concerned. The difficulty here is to keep the muscles of the countenance at rest while those of the chest and limbs are forcibly ex-

erted. Again, try to extend or straighten the two middle fingers separately, and not at the same time unbend the other fingers, and without practice it will be found impossible. Or attempt to turn round one arm in one direction, and the other arm in the opposite, and we may venture to predict that the first experiment will be a ludicrous failure. The explanation of these and similar examples is this. In some of the actions referred to, it is necessary to move part of a muscle only, while the remainder is at rest. To do this the will must act on particular nervous filaments without affecting others close beside them. In the other instances, the muscles simultaneously contracted are supplied with nervous fibres which have their origin in the brain, either near each other, or in exactly similar situations of the two sides; and it is difficult for the will to excite one fibre, or set of fibres, without at the same time stimulating those that are contiguous or corresponding. To render this clearer, take an illustration. An unpractised player on the pianoforte, in attempting to strike one note, will often hit an adjoining key at the same time; or if he is playing with both hands, he finds it difficult at first to prevent his right hand from imitating the example of his left. After a time, however, the manipulation becomes easy, and he is able to execute the most difficult and rapid movements with the greatest ease and accuracy. Reflect on the complicated processes in operation, and few things will seem more wonderful than the performance of a skilful pianist or organist, especially when we recollect that, while the fingers and feet are tripping it so nimbly, the presiding will, with corresponding rapidity and precision, is striking the chord of a still more beautiful and delicate instrument in the brain and nerves.

Thus much in illustration of the connection of the brain and nerves in our voluntary movements. It is not so easy to admit that the brain is also the source of sensation. Such is, however, the fact. Divide the nerves whose terminations are spread over the hand and arm—separate them, that is, from the brain—and the sensibility of the parts is entirely lost. Divide the spinal chord itself, and all parts below the division are paralysed and insensible. In the nerves of motion, the influence is sent from the brain to the other end of the nervous fibre. In the nerves of sensation, on the contrary, the impression is conveyed from the far extremity of the thread upwards to the brain.

We do not, however, refer the sensation to the brain, but to the end of the nerve on which the impression was made. Even when the end of a nerve is removed, if the portion still connected with the brain be irritated, the resulting sensation is still referred to the natural and original termination of the nerve—as is strikingly exemplified in the case of persons who have happened to lose a limb. The impression of cold, or a blow on the stump, is referred by such persons to their amputated fingers or toes for years even after the operation.

Besides our sensations and voluntary movements, there is another class of functions over which the nervous system presides, viz., involuntary actions established for the continuance and defence of life—such as respiration, coughing, swallowing, winking, and all sudden instinctive movements to avoid a threatening danger. The manner in which they are performed is this: an impression or irritation is made on the end of a nerve; this impression is immediately propelled to the brain or spinal cord, and is communicated through it to other nerves, either springing from the same place or connecting the one with the other by some peculiar sympathy. For example, a strong light falls on the iris, or coloured curtain surrounding the pupil of the eye, and no effect is produced; but let the rays of light pass through the open pupil, and fall on the retina or nerve of vision, the impression is instantly conveyed along the optic nerve to the brain; thence some peculiar influence, not the will, is transmitted along another nerve to the iris, which immediately contracts, to shut out the too dazzling glare. Again: let any pungent particles irritate the nostril or throat, the irritation is communicated by one set of nerves to the brain; thence another set of nerves immediately conveys an involuntary stimulus to the muscles of respiration, and these are forced to sudden and violent effort to expel the intruding substance by the forcible passage of the breath. In this way coughing and sneezing are effected.

This connexion between the muscles of respiration and those of the face explains in part the simultaneous disturbance of the breathing and the countenance, under the influence of the passions.

Our limited space will not allow of further illustrations; and we must now revert to the comparison with which we started, and in a few words draw the parallel between the entire nervous system and the machinery of a government carried on by means of the electric telegraph.

The brain is the seat of power. The nerves are the telegraphic wires to transmit communications to and from this central station. In the brain are seated the presiding Will and its consort in dominion, the sensitive Vital Principle. On all sides they are surrounded and protected by a perfect system of surveillance in the Senses, and a most obedient and prompt executive in the Muscles. From the eye, the watchman looks abroad, and communicates by the fibres of the optic nerve, as by so many electric wires, the condition and movements of the world around. From the ear, the listening sentinel catches the most distant sounds, and reports them, through a similar medium, to the same centre of government; while the sense of touch, a sort of universal coast-guard, transmits to head-quarters, with equal fidelity, intelligence of a still more varied character.

The several muscles of the body may be regarded as the executive power. Between them and the brain is another series of galvanic wires—the nerves of motion—by means of which the ready forces receive and implicitly obey the mandates of the sovereign will.

Let an enemy attempt an entrance through the open portal of the nostril or the throat, information is instantly conveyed to the presiding powers, who despatch their peremptory orders along the nerves to the muscles of respiration, and by their vigorous efforts the intruder is speedily expelled. Let wholesome airs and friendly odours seek admission, they are received and welcomed. Let a reasonable supply of food be offered, it is admitted, duty free; and in a thousand other ways this most efficient telegraphic system is employed to command the means of enjoyment or of sustenance, and in case of sudden emergency or threatened danger, to rouse the protecting powers of the body to take up arms and defend the citadel of life.

C. A. H. B.

CURIOSITIES OF THE LONDON POST-OFFICE DIRECTORY FOR 1867.

IF anybody is curious to know the relative importance of each trade in London, judged by the numbers of those who follow it, you can get this information without much difficulty from the Trades' Directory.

The publicans appear to be far and away the most numerous. This volume contains the names of about 4,700, not including 300 hotels, taverns, or coffee-houses, of a superior class, which are ranged by themselves, and 100 private hotels, not licensed. Of beer retailers there are not less than 1,700, of wine merchants an equal number. Even this estimate by no means exhausts the list of those whose business it is to supply London with stimulants. Some 150 brewers are in the list; and then the brewers' agents, the distillers and spirit merchants, the dealers in liqueurs, cider, and perry, have still to be reckoned. It is probably below the mark to say that 10,000 persons in this "Directory" are shown to be engaged, either wholly or partially, in "the quor traffic." Of course this does not include whole army of brewers' men, draymen, waiters, barmen, and barmaids, tapsters, cellar-men, potboys, and hangers-on of all sorts whose interests are also bound up in this traffic. We don't venture to estimate their numbers.

After the publicans, the bootmakers take rank. Of these there are over 3,000—all we presume keeping something like a shop, and 200 wholesale makers. The grocers and tea-dealers are less numerous by a hundred or so. Next come the tailors, 2,600; the bakers, 1,850; the butchers, 1,750; the tobacconists, 1,500; and the milliners, 1,400—as numerous a body as the greengrocers. The lodging-house-keepers own to a strength of 1,350, but must really be a much more imposing body. With these the dairymen and the builders take the same rank. The linendrapers only muster some 1,100; but then the haberdashers, 400, the hosiers, 500, and the outfitters, 250 strong, march in separate companies. Of private schools, there are nearly 1,200.

It is hardly necessary to say that among the names of persons, the great family of Smith is pre-eminent. In the Commercial Directory, where the names are entered in alphabetical order, over 1,500 Smiths are registered, and the curious may like to know that 130 answer to the Christian name of John. Be it remembered that these are all householders and heads of

families. If we add the women and children, the lodgers, and working men of the same clan all over London, whose names do not appear in directories, we shall have a population of Smiths equal to that of many considerable towns which return their two members to Parliament. The Joneses are only half the number of the Smiths. Next to them come the Browns, who fall short of 700; the Johnsons and the Williamses muster some 500 each; while the hardly less familiar name of Robinson is only borne by 250 persons.

This year 50 new trades have been added to the Directory. The search after "new things" never ends, and from year to year a Beckman might gather in these pages materials for a new history of invention. Sometimes it is science that gives birth to a trade, sometimes it is a passing caprice. In either case the want brings the supply. London traders take care that no one shall long be able to say with a clear conscience that he cannot get all that money can procure. When the want has thus been met, it is for the directory maker to record the fact in his register of new trades. The list is not quite so fantastic as usual, but is still a curiosity in its way. It includes aluminium agents, anti-friction powder manufacturers, artificial plant and bouquet makers, brimstone refiners, church vestment warehouse (Romish Church), dolls' boot and shoe makers, earth-closet manufacturers, esparto merchants, gazogene manufacturers, graphotypers, paper fastener makers, parkesine manufacturers, school and exhibition decorators, sodium and (patent) sodium amalgam manufacturers, and stay-fastening manufacturers. It is only reasonable to suppose that, as new trades are born, old ones die out; but they pass away unnoticed and unsung.

So with the changes which each year sees among the people whose names, dwellings, and avocations such a book undertakes to chronicle. An old inhabitant possessing the requisite local knowledge can read no sadder volume than an old directory. To him the register of his street or quarter must call up painful recollections of men who one by one have been struck down in the hard battle of life, whose places are now filled by a new crowd of busy, struggling, successful, disappointed workers. But the book itself deals neither with success or failure, with ruin or death. If you answer to the yearly muster-roll, well; if not, your name is blotted out.

Leaves from the Book of Nature: Descriptive Narrative, &c.

A THOUSAND AND ONE STORIES FROM NATURE.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

BY THE REV. F. O. MORRIS, B.A., RECTOR OF NUNBURNHOLME, YORKSHIRE, AND CHAPLAIN TO HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF CLEVELAND, AUTHOR OF A "HISTORY OF BRITISH BIRDS" (DEDICATED BY PERMISSION TO HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN), ETC., ETC.

THE ANT.

LXXII.

In further noticing the apertures of some ant-hills, I fully ascertained the nature of the labour of their inhabitants, of which I could not before even guess the purport; for the surface of the nest presented such a constant scene of agitation, and so many insects were occupied in carrying materials in every direction, that the movement offered no other image than that of confusion.

I saw then, clearly, that they were engaged in stopping up passages. For this purpose they at first brought forward little pieces of wood, which they deposited near the entrance of those avenues they wished to close; they placed them in the stubble, and then went to seek other twigs and fragments of wood, which they disposed of above the first, but in a different direction, and appeared to choose pieces of less size as the work advanced. They at length brought in a number of dried leaves, and other materials of an enlarged form, with which they covered the roof, an exact miniature of the art of our builders when they form the covering of any building. Nature, indeed, seems everywhere to have anticipated the inventions which we boast, and this is, doubtless, one of the most simple.

Our little insects, now safely in their nest, retire gradually to the interior, before the last passages are closed. One or two only remain without, or concealed behind the doors on guard, while the others repose or engage in different occupations in the most perfect security.

I was impatient to know what took place in the morning upon these ant-hills, and therefore visited them at an early hour. I found them in the same state in which I had left them. The ants were wandering about on the nest; some others issued from time to time from under the margin of the little roofs found

at the entrance of the galleries; others afterwards came forth, who began removing the wooden bars that blockaded the entrance, in which they readily succeeded. This labour occupied them several hours. The passages were at length free, and the materials with which they had been closed scattered here and there over the ant-hill.

Every day, morning and evening, during the fine weather, I was a witness to similar proceedings. On days of rain, the doors of all the ant-hills remained closed. When the sky was cloudy in the morning, or rain was indicated, the ants, who seemed to be aware of it, opened but in part their several avenues, and immediately closed them when the rain commenced.

Could the most enlightened reason, which ascribes such procedure to mere animal instinct, have done more?

THE ASS.

LXXIII.

"As stupid as an ass," has grown into a proverb; yet the ass is, like all other animals, capable of appreciating kindness. A poor ass in our neighbourhood comes on a Sunday to certain houses to beg. He looks in at the window first, and when he finds that he is seen, he goes to the door and waits there patiently until he is sent away or rewarded with a potato or two, or a crust of bread. There are about two hundred houses in the street, but he never calls where he is not in the habit of getting something. Should a policeman come up while he is waiting, he immediately leaves the flags and stands on the road, but as soon as the man is out of sight, he comes back to the door; the police have been in the habit of beating him when they found him on the footpath. Having visited all his friends, he then picks up what he can on the piece of waste ground behind the houses.

LXXIV.

The manner in which the ass descends the dangerous precipices of the Alps and Andes is too curious and indicative of sagacity to be passed over without notice. It is thus graphically described in the "Naturalist's Cabinet": "In the passes of these mountains, there are often on one side steep eminences, and on the other frightful abysses; and as these for the most part follow the direction of the mountain, the road forms at every little distance steep declivities of several hundred yards downwards. These can only be descended by asses; and the animals themselves seem perfectly aware of the danger, by the caution they use. When they come to the edge of one of the descents, they stop of themselves, without being checked by the rider; and if he inadvertently attempt to spur them on, they continue immovable, as if ruminating on the danger that lies before them, and preparing for the encounter; for they not only attentively view the road, but tremble and snort at the danger. Having at length prepared for the descent, they place their forefeet in a posture as if they were stopping themselves; they then also put their hinder feet together, but a little forward, as if they were about to lie down. In this attitude, having taken a survey of the road, they slide down with the swiftness of a meteor. In the meantime, all that the rider has to do is to keep himself fast on the saddle, without checking the rein, for the least motion is sufficient to destroy the equilibrium of the ass, in which case both must inevitably perish. But their address in this rapid descent is truly wonderful, for in their swiftest motion, when they seem to have lost all control of themselves, they follow the different windings of the road with as great exactness as if they had previously determined on the route they were to follow, and taken every precaution for their safety."

LXXV.

Leo, in his "Description of Africa," gives the following account of a performance which he witnessed in Egypt: "When the Mohammedan worship is over, the common people of Cairo resort to the suburbs to see the exhibition of stage-players and mountebanks, who teach camels, asses, and dogs to dance. The dancing of the ass is diverting enough; for after he has frisked and capered about, his master tells him that the Sultan, meaning to build a great palace, intends to employ all the

asses in carrying mortar, stones, and other materials; upon which the ass falls down with his heels upwards, closing his eyes, and extending his chest as if he were dead. This done, the master begs some assistance of the company, to make up for the loss of the dead ass, and having got all he can, he gives them to know that truly his ass is not dead, but only being sensible of his master's necessity, played that trick to procure some provender. He then commands the ass to rise, which still lies in the same posture, notwithstanding all the blows he can give him; till at last he proclaims, by virtue of an edict of the Sultan, all are bound to ride out next day upon the comeliest asses they can find, in order to see a triumphal show, and to entertain their asses with oats and Nile water. These words are no sooner pronounced than the ass starts up, prances, and leaps for joy. The master then declares that his ass has been pitched upon by the warden of his street to carry his deformed and ugly wife; upon which the ass lowers his ears, and limps with one of his legs, as if he were lame. The master, alleging that his ass admires handsome women, commands him to single out the prettiest lady in the company; and accordingly he makes his choice by going round and touching one of the prettiest with his head, to the great amusement of the spectators."

THE TURKEY.

LXXVI.

A gamekeeper in Norfolk had under his care a flock of nominally wild turkeys, descended from some that were imported into Norfolk from America, during the last century, by the then Earl of Buckinghamshire. These turkeys roosted in a wood which was frequented by foxes; and the gamekeeper, wishing to protect the turkeys from their attacks, moved his dog kennels under the trees upon which the turkeys perched, in order that the dogs might act as their guardians against the foxes. This lasted for some months, after which the foxes having been destroyed, the gamekeeper removed his dogs back to his own cottage, which was distant about a mile from where they had been quartered in the wood. On getting up the next morning, his surprise was great in observing that the turkeys had followed the migration of their protectors, and were all roosting on the trees which overhung the spot to which the dogs and their kennels had just been removed.

Songs of the Garden.

BY MRS. ELLIS, AUTHORESS OF THE "WOMEN OF ENGLAND."

III.

The Primrose.

STAR of the woodland! with my beaming face

I wake to greet you in the garden bowers.

Mine is no glittering robe, nor queenly grace,
And yet how welcome are my simple flowers.

The children love them, when, with happy feet,
They run from school before the close of day;
And find them scattered, ever pale and sweet,
Like flecks of moonlight in their homeward way.

Old people love them, for they say the time
Of pleasant youth comes back again to them;
When love and hope were in their sunny prime,
Each bud a flower, and every flower a gem.

Kind were the hands that brought us long ago
From the wild wood, and gently placed us
here;

And faithful have we been to bloom, and grow,
And yield our fragrant thanks from year to
year.

Though many a change we've seen since first
we came,

Of human happiness, and human grief;
Yet life and death have found us still the
same—

The same in garniture of flower and leaf.

Youth with its merry laugh has passed us by,
And passed the feet of heavy laden toil;
Beauty has watched us with admiring eye,
And age has stopped to greet us with a
smile.

Fond love has lingered, with its footsteps slow,
Pacing the garden walks by twilight dim;
And holy strains from happy souls that flow
Have broke the silence with their evening
hymn.

Even now, while shadows creep along the grass,
And steal the moonbeams through the leaf-
less trees,

Are there not feet that linger as they pass,
And sounds that softly come and go like
these?

Hush, little birds! your warbling cease awhile,
And let a sweeter voice than yours be heard:
Look, sister flowers, for lo! a lovelier smile
Than ours beams forth with every whispered
word.

No tears are now upon the maiden's cheek,
No shadow flits across her snow-white brow:
Hush! little birds, and let us hear them speak,
What none beside the garden flowers should
know.

No!

SHALL we tell what said the maiden
To a listening ear that day,
When her heart, so sorrow-laden,
Cast its heavy load away?

No more sad, and no more lonely,
For a few brief moments only:
Shall we tell? Ah, no.

All her future lay before her—
Happy future—hers and his.
Such a sunny mist came o'er her,
Such a glow of girlish bliss;
Such a light upon her brow,
That she spoke, scarce knowing how;—
Boldly? No, that could not be;
But with faith so firm and true,
As the picture rose, and grew,
Brighter in the sunny glow,
That it seemed no fantasy.
Did he see it? No.

Close within the garden bounds,
Circled by her father's grounds,

Stood a cottage, thatched and lowly;
And her footsteps wandered slowly
As they came upon the spot.
Here, she thought, their lives might be
(Worldly strife and care forgot)
Spent in calm felicity.
And she ventured smiling, blushing,
While her young heart's tumult hushing,
Just to say it might be so:
But he answered, "No."

Never stooping down to see
What in those sweet eyes might be,
Answered quickly—sharply, No:
In a manly voice and strong.
Never dreaming how they go—
Words like this, remembered long—
Down into the deep heart's core,
Seed of sorrow evermore,
Bitter fruit to keep in store,
From a careless No.

Nothing meant he but to say
Lowly cot was not for him;
Not for him to cast away
Honour for a girlish whim;
Not to waste his noble powers
In the calm of silent hours.
Rather let him boldly go
Where the stir of manhood raging,
Hand to hand their conflict waging,

Soldier in that glorious strife
He might live, and feel it life.
Would she keep him? "No."

Simple word, and promptly said;
But the maiden bowed her head,
And she spoke not for awhile—
Could not speak, and could not smile.
Something seemed to darken o'er
All her world, so bright before.

Have you seen a landscape so?
After slumbering broad, and fair,
In the glow of Summer air;
Steals across the midday sun
One small cloud, and only one,
Shadow casting far below,
Like that one word, No.

Soon it passes, and again
Floods of light o'er hill and plain
Sweep the little cloud away
From the face of golden day;
And the stream with silent flow,
And the fields, and forests deep,
Once again in sunshine sleep.
But her cloud is long in going;
Ah! poor child, may never go.
Do the wisest always know
What their careless lips are doing,
When they answer No?

THE JOYS OF HOME.

SWEET are the joys of home,
And pure as sweet; for they,
Like dews of morn and evening, come
To wake and close the day.

The world hath its delights,
And its delusions too;
But home to calmer bliss invites,
More tranquil and more true.

The mountain flood is strong,
But fearful in its pride;
While gently rolls the stream along
The peaceful valley's side.

Life's charities, like light,
Spread smilingly afar;
But stars approached become more bright,
And home is life's own star

J. B

The Home Library.

The Imperial Bible Dictionary. Historical, Biographical, Geographical, and Doctrinal. Edited by the Rev. PATRICK FAIRBAIRN, D.D. London: Blackie and Son.

"The Imperial Bible Dictionary" is a monument of learning, ability, and patient perseverance. The work was projected nearly twelve years ago, but the length of time which has been devoted to its preparation will surprise no reader who examines the mass of Biblical information, comprehensive yet concentrated, which it contains. Possibly Dr. Smith's "Dictionary of the Bible," on account of the profound research displayed in the discussion of some abstruse topics, may possess a peculiar interest to the scholar; although we are bound to add that in several of its articles theological views are broached which can scarcely be harmonized with the Scripture testimony; but for the student who is anxious to possess a dictionary of the Bible, characterized by ample though not obtrusive learning, and by a distinctive and avowed attachment to Evangelical truth, Dr. Fairbairn's work stands foremost, if not alone.

Avoiding a very common error in such compilations, the editor has not aimed to secure a large body of contributors with but a few miscellaneous articles from each, but he has so far narrowed his circle of literary coadjutors as to enable him to entrust a considerable number of articles—often a connected series—to a single individual. Thus, for example, the Life and Epistles of St. Paul, with several kindred subjects, are from the pen of the Rev. E. A. Litton, M.A.; the zoological articles are written by the well-known naturalist P. H. Gosse, F.R.S.; and all the botanical subjects are treated by one who is an enthusiast in this department of science, James Hamilton, D.D., F.L.S.

The advantages of this arrangement will be at once apparent. It secures not simply an able writer, but the *ablest* writer for the special topic to which he has devoted time and thought; and also gives an individuality of character to the treatment of various branches of the same topic, which adds greatly to the reader's interest, and guards against otherwise almost unavoidable repetition.

A series of steel engravings accompanies each volume; and interspersed with the text throughout, admirable woodcuts of plants, animals, scenes, and places, are introduced.

It would be impossible to express too strongly our appreciation of this Imperial work. It is a treasury not only of Biblical information, but also of the whole science of Divinity.

A Memoir of the Rev. Robert Turlington Noble, B.A., Missionary to the Telugu People in South India. By his Brother, the Rev. JOHN NOBLE. With Map and Six Illustrations. London: Seeley, Jackson, and Halliday.

Rare talents, inflexible purpose, heroic endurance, and Christian devotedness, combined to form a character which placed Mr. Noble in the foremost rank of the Missionaries of the Cross. "Firmness and perseverance" were his watchwords, and no hindrances were ever allowed to damp the ardour of his self-denying zeal.

The brightest prospects at home were set aside, and in 1841, he, and the lamented Henry Watson Fox, went forth to found the Telugu Mission. This country, stretching for nearly 700 miles along the Madras Presidency, was peopled by twelve millions of souls, who had, for more than two generations, been under our government, but utterly neglected by our Church. Yet the field was encouraging. The Telugus are described as "speaking a soft and flowing language, and possessing a disposition and character superior to many others of the natives of that great peninsula, having greater energy, more manliness and independence, stronger natural affections, and less of deceit and dishonesty, and thirsting after knowledge." Masulipatam, on the coast, was chosen as the chief station; and here, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Fox, Robert Noble arrived in 1843, some time after reaching Madras, where a preparative stay was made.

Opening his school—for the leading feature of his work, like Dr. Duff's, was educational—with only two pupils, its attendance rose to 310; and although the number of avowed and baptized Brahmin converts was but twelve, a widely extended Christian influence was exercised by it. The intelligent alumni of this institution are now to be found usefully filling varied departments of civil life over many towns and villages. Take, for example, the weighty testimony of Sir Charles Trevelyan, when Governor of Madras in 1859:—

"Wherever I went, I visited and examined into the state of the schools; but the great source of satisfaction to me was the state of the educational institutions at Masulipatam. I had not been on shore a day before I became sensible of the great benefits which Mr. Noble, the manager of the Church Mission Schools at Masulipatam, has conferred upon the Northern Circars, by preparing so many intelligent and well-conducted natives for the public service. When I passed through Masulipatam, early in the morning, I saw numerous groups of well-dressed youths going with their books in their hands to school. Mr. Noble, who has devoted,

for sixteen years, moral and intellectual attainments of a high order, to the instruction of the rising generation; Mr. and Mrs. Sharkey, and Seshaya Sastre, the teachers in these schools, will be known hereafter as those who have planted the germs of an improved learning in this interesting and important part of the Madras Presidency. Masulipatam bids fair to become to the Northern Circars more than Oxford and Cambridge have been to the United Kingdom."

Mr. Noble came to Masulipatam, it is said, "with a full intention of burying his bones there;" and he kept to his purpose. He toiled on till October, 1865, when he "entered into rest" at the age of 56, after twenty-four years of missionary labour.

Universally mourned by Europeans and natives—the scene at his funeral was most affecting. One incident recorded strikingly marks the success of his labours:—

"It is a remarkable fact, though altogether undesignated, that those who were chosen with regard to correspondence in stature to bear him to his grave, were Christians of as many former castes and creeds. At the left foot was an Englishman—at the right a Mussulman; the centre was upborne on the right by a Pariah—on the left by a Shoodra; while a Brahmin bore the right shoulder, and a Vellama the left. The service was read by a Shoodra and a Brahmin (deacons, the first-fruits of Mr. Noble's ministry), and by an Eurasian and an Englishman."

Seldom has a more valuable Missionary Biography been given to the world: and its value is the greater in these days when men, who would even call themselves Christians, appear disposed to question the obligations of the Saviour's command to "preach the Gospel to every creature," or at any rate practically ignore those obligations—*sometimes* on the plea that Missionary work is a failure! A number of Mr. Noble's former Telugu pupils, now in positions of rank and influence, after his death, issued an address, for raising a memorial scholarship fund; and we quote their testimony, as a memorial alike of his worth and his success:—

"His conduct (they say) was quite consonant with his name; his name was most significant: he was Noble by name, noble in mind, noble in action, noble in purpose; he was altogether noble, made of a noble stuff, and endowed with noble faculties: by his nobleness he was endeared to people of different ranks, creeds, and dispositions; he became the friend of the young and old, rich and poor, master and servant, high and low, enlightened and ignorant. His great motto seems to have been, 'Let us do good to all.' In his humble calling, by his singular devotedness and peculiar philanthropy, he became great—rose high in the estimation of others. The chiefest authorities had the greatest respect for him; Collectors and Judges paid the utmost deference to his word. His word, like that of Cæsar, 'might have stood against the world.' We said, he gave his money and time: was that all? Nay, he gave himself up entirely. After the Government examinations came in, he taught every day regularly ten hours; so heavily did he tax his strong constitution and overwork himself, that his iron frame at last succumbed to the Herculean work, and he himself fell a victim to the cause of education. He taught while

he was able to sit up, and worked till the very last atom of strength was exhausted. The school was his wife, the pupils his children; its distinction was his life, and its destruction (which God forbid) his death; at the cost of his own life he has left it at the pinnacle of glory. The wish of every friend will and ought to be that the glory bought with such a dear price should never sink, but become imperishable."

Truly may it be said in honour of his sacred memory, "Si monumentum queris, circumspice."

A Few Words on the Sabbath Question: A Tract for the Times. By the Rev. J. J. T. WILMOT, A.M., Author of "A Few Words on Education." London: W. Macintosh.

Much may be said in "few words," and much is said in this "Tract for the Times." A comprehensive view is taken of the Scriptural sanctions of the Lord's Day, and the practical hints which follow are thoroughly to the point, and likely to prove very useful. The value of the Sabbath as a gift which man needs, is admirably enforced, with special reference to the peculiar character of this busy age. "The day was made for man. Surely man now, as much as ever, has need of it! It may well be that he has need of it more than ever, by reason of the increased business and the hurried life of our times."

The Scattered Nation. Edited by C. SCHWARTZ, D.D. London: Elliot Stock.

This magazine, by its title, calls attention to one of the most remarkable facts in the history of the world—the fact that *there is* a "Scattered Nation." The papers are all ably written, and treat of questions of the deepest interest to Bible students. "Ritualism Judged by Moses" is the Editor's contribution.

Whose are the Fathers? By JOHN HARRISON, Curate of Pitsmoor, Sheffield. London: Longmans, Green, and Co.

This is a "book for the times." The result of immense labour, it embodies within a reasonable compass the testimony of the Fathers of the first six centuries, and of the latter half of the sixteenth century, on "The Church and its Ministry," furnishing the most conclusive evidence of their close adherence to Scriptural truth, and their utter rejection of Romish and Tractarian error. A work of greater value at the present juncture could scarcely be found. High Churchmen, so called, are frequently in the habit of assuming that the early Fathers favour their alien doctrine; and although our appeal must ever be to "the Bible, and the Bible alone," for "the religion of Protestants," it is well that this assumption should be exposed. The witness of the "Reformers" serves to establish the thoroughly anti-Romish character of our Book of Common Prayer. Mr. Harrison has well earned the gratitude not only of the Church of England, but of all who feel the inestimable value of Protestant and Evangelical truth. Let the intelligent laity

read his book; let those who have the means place it in the hands of the clergy; and it will prove an effectual antidote for the Ritualistic trifling of the day. Mr. Harrison's work deserves to be a standard book of reference; and we shall be very thankful if our recommendation promotes its wide circulation.

The Ladies' Treasury. 3, Amen Corner.

Ablly edited by Mrs. Warren, this magazine contains a good deal of information which ladies especially will know how to value.

Alice Thorne; or, A Sister's Work. Edinburgh: Johnstone, Hunter, and Co.

Without any qualification, we can recommend this story for our "daughters." The narrative is natural, the incidents homelike, and the lessons enforced are based on a clear discernment of the motive power which the reception of Evangelical truth can alone secure.

Charley Layton; or, The Timely Escape. By MARIANNE PARROTT. London: W. Macintosh.

This, too, is a thoroughly good book. For parish libraries and young men's reading-rooms, especially in country districts, it will be found very suitable.

Taking Tales for Cottage Homes. Edited by W. H. G. KINGSTON. London: Griffith and Farran.

The first tale is true to the title of the series; and Mr. Kingston's name is a pledge that those which are to succeed it will be equally good.

The Maxims of the Bible.

The Precepts of the Bible.

Comfort for the Contrite.

A Morning and Evening Prayer for a Family. London: W. Hunt and Co.

The Rev. F. O. Morris has done good service by selecting these "Maxims" and "Precepts" of the Bible, and publishing them in a cheap form for parochial distribution. These little books will be highly valued by the pious poor. "Comfort for the Contrite" will be very useful to district visitors.

Songs for the Household, Sacred and Secular.

By the Rev. HENRY BOYDEN, Incumbent of St. David's, Birmingham. Birmingham: E. Clulie.

Simple strains of home harmony, indicating a poetic mind and a tender spirit.

Living unto God; or, Chapters in Aid of the Christian Life. London: Elliot Stock.

Eighteen excellent and thoroughly practical and Evangelical discourses. "Thoughts on Christian Childhood," by the Rev. S. G. Green, we would particularly commend to parents and teachers.

Possibilities in a Parish. By a Yorkshire Clergyman. London: W. E. Painter.

A national reformation might indeed be expected if the clergy generally followed the example of this "Yorkshire Clergyman."

Sinai: A Sacred Poem. By the Rev. S. J. STONE, B.A., Windsor. London: W. Mitchell. Oxford: Parker and Co.

As the Oxford Triennial Prize Poem, the merit of "Sinai" has been so acknowledged that we need simply call attention to its publication. Mr. Stone is well known to the readers of "OUR OWN FIRESIDE," not only by his contributions to our pages, but as the gifted author of "Lyra Fidelium."

A Biblical and Theological Dictionary. By SAMUEL GREEN. London: Elliot Stock.

The information given is concise, but amply sufficient to meet the requirements of Sunday-school teachers. The "sixteenth thousand" indicates the public appreciation of the writer's labours.

Without a Friend in the World. By the Author of "Worth her Weight in Gold." London: W. Macintosh.

This tale appeared in the second volume of "OUR OWN FIRESIDE." In its separate form we doubt not it will secure a large circulation.

The Bible Story Book. By the Rev. B. H. DRAPER.

Mary and her Mother. Scriptural Stories for very young Children.

Childhood in India. By the Wife of an Officer. London: Jackson, Walford, and Hodder. Capital presents for young children.

The Fulness of Jesus; or, Devout Reflections upon the Relations of Christ to His People. By the Rev. G. CROWTHER SMITH, Chatham. London: W. Macintosh.

Simple, earnest, and spiritual, we strongly recommend this little volume.

A Tale of Two Brothers. By JAMES F. COBB. London: Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge.

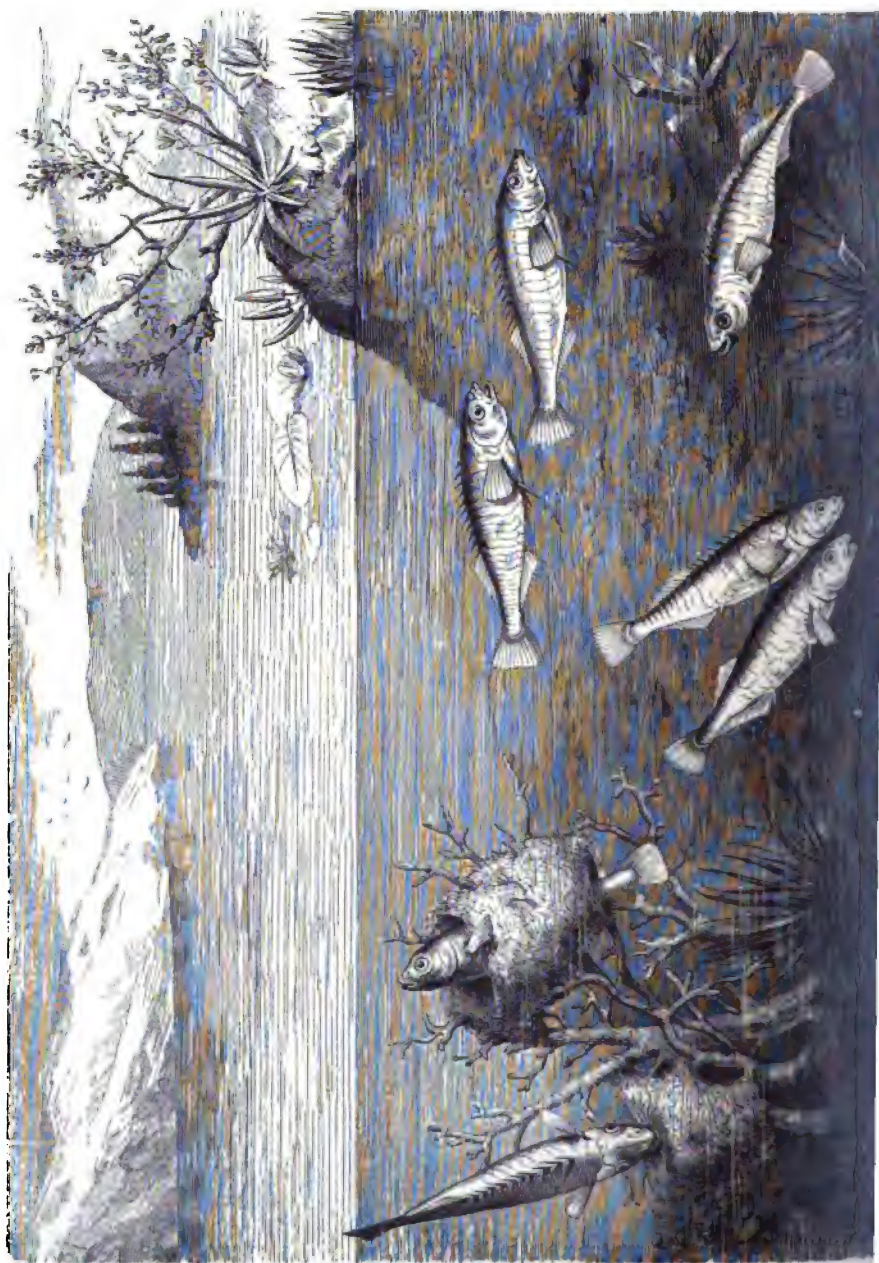
Our readers are well acquainted with Mr. Cobb's gifts as a writer of tales. "The Two Brothers" will find no end of patronage wherever it is placed in the parish or school library.

Hannah's Home. Edinburgh: W. Oliphant and Co.

An excellent book for a servant, and very suitable for the cottage library.

The Story of Jesus in Verse. By EDWIN HODDER. London: Jackson, Walford, and Hodder.

Mr. Hodder's purpose is excellent, and we are much pleased with his work. There is no doubt that nursery rhymes outlive nursery story books. Many of the pieces in this little volume will retain a hold upon the memory of the children who may read and learn them when other prose instruction has been entirely forgotten. The Author, in the Preface, underestimates his execution of his purpose; but it will, we trust, be appreciated in thousands of homes. "Jesus Preaching" is admirably written; and is a fair specimen of the other sketches. There are several good illustrations.



The Christian Home.

WOMAN'S FAITH;

OR,

PRAISE AND BLAME.

BY MRS. ELLIS, AUTHORESS OF "THE WOMEN OF ENGLAND," ETC.

CHAPTER IV.

AS the pleasant holiday time passed on with these families, there were many consultations on the subject of the educational prospects of all. It was only the Andersons who were in doubt about what to do with their niece. Mr. Dunlop felt no doubt that he had made the best choice for his boys, and the clergyman and his wife were equally satisfied that the change they were contemplating for their daughter was also the best.

The Dunlops felt the greater satisfaction in having fixed upon what they believed to be the right school, because they were likely to be called home earlier than they had anticipated. They would consequently have to leave their boys to be admitted a few days after their departure; but this was of less consequence on account of the early and once intimate acquaintance which had existed between Mr. Dunlop and the gentleman who now held the responsible position of head of the school.

Already preparations were in progress for the parents' return. Much that was necessary to the comfort of their Canadian home had been selected and packed, and now it was generally known in the neighbourhood that Mr. Dunlop was looking out for a good farm-labourer to take back with him. Of course there were many who offered themselves, but chiefly such as had failed to make their own way respectably in England, and of these the greater number had large families, and some of them sickly and some help-

less wives. It was not at all such that Mr. Dunlop wanted, but a healthy, hard-working, respectable young man, not older than his own sons. It was to some extent their place of usefulness that he wanted filling, and he had long wished for an English servant to assist in the business of the farm.

At last a very likely young man came and offered himself; but when asked whether he was single or married, he blushed and looked so sheepish, that Mr. Dunlop began to apprehend some kind of "affair," and hesitated. It is true that Tom Lawson, as the neighbours called the young man, looked too juvenile to be married. "But what made the fellow blush so, and twist the brim off his hat?" said Mr. Dunlop, when he talked the matter over with his wife. "I don't like it, and I don't think I shall engage him."

Mrs. Dunlop suggested that the youth might have an attachment, and was there any harm in that?

"Yes, a great deal of harm," replied her husband. "His heart will be hankering after the old country, and I want a whole man, with head, heart, and hand all equally engaged in my service. It is bad enough to have only help that is hired where I used to have the willing help of the boys; but a man who is pining and miserable because he has left his love behind him will never suit me."

"Do you think they *do* pine much?" asked Mrs. Dunlop very quietly, and with the nearest approach to an arch expression which her smile ever wore.

Mr. Dunlop thought he should know better when he saw the youth again; and accordingly he drew from him by degrees the whole story of his attachment, which, so far from binding him to his native country, was one great cause of his wishing to escape from it. Poor Tom had a very bungling way of describing his circumstances. He had no idea that they contained in reality the elements of poetic interest. It was a dreadful ordeal to him to be questioned about that which caused him so much both of pleasure and pain; and his hat again suffered severely in his hands, while he stood twisting the brim until it was scarcely any brim at all. The substance of his simple but disjointed story was this. James Halliday had a niece, an orphan, and the handsomest girl in all the country; Tom was quite sure of that. But all owing to him, for he lived only a mile distant, this girl had been sent to service a long way off, to be out of his way. James Halliday wanted a better match for his niece than a poor farm-labourer, and he made no secret of saying, what was very offensive to Tom, that he thought her handsome looks ought to find her a gentleman for a husband. The girl was an honest girl, as good as she was handsome, and nothing vexed her more than to hear her uncle talk in this way. But he was a bad man, was James Halliday, Tom said; and if he did not believe that Nelly was as true a girl as ever walked, he would never leave her in her uncle's power.

"But why should you leave her at all?" inquired Mr. Dunlop.

"Why, you see, sir," replied Tom, "there's no peace with her uncle so long as I am about. Nelly can't even live at home with him, but has to be thrown amongst strangers, and all along of me."

"From the account you give of James Halliday," said Mr. Dunlop, "I should have thought it no advantage for his niece to live with him."

"Oh, James is not altogether bad," replied the young man. "He's not unkind where he takes to any body. He was always fond of Nelly Armstrong, and sent her to school, and had her taught like any lady.

And now she has to work at common, hard house-work, till her little white hands are getting red and coarse, and all on account of me. No, sir, I can't stand it. I'll be off somewhere; and if you don't hire me, why I must look out for another master."

"Then you mean to give Nelly up?"

"Me give Nelly up?" said the youth, evidently perplexed with an incomprehensible idea. "Me give Nelly up? What do you mean, sir?"

"I mean that you think this the best way of putting an end to the affair."

"Putting an end to it? Never!"

"Then you can trust Nelly, though you go away and leave her?"

"Aye, that I can. Trust her? Why, bless you, sir, I could trust her if the Pope of Rome came a courtin' to her."

"The Pope of Rome, my good fellow, must not have a wife."

"Then I'm sorry for him. But concerning Nelly and her uncle and me, it's all to be kept secret, what I've been speaking of. I don't mind telling you what our plan is; indeed, perhaps I ought to tell you before you engage with me. Our plan is this. If so be that I like the country, and save a bit of money, and think there is a reasonable prospect of a comfortable home for Nelly, she's to come out all unbeknown to her uncle—that is, when she's old enough to take her affairs into her own hand. I suppose there's marrying done there, sir?"

"Oh yes, plenty of marrying. But how is Nelly to find the means of going out to Canada?"

"Why, sir, I don't mind telling you; but there's a bit of money that was her mother's lying in Squire Underthorne's hands; and when she comes of age, this money will fall to her, and nobody has any right to hinder it. Don't you see, sir?"

"I do, Tom. But it seems to me that in this case you are leaving a good deal to depend upon a woman's faith."

"Yes; and if I had ten times more that was nearer and dearer to me—though that could not be—I would trust it all to Nelly's faith."

"But you say she is so handsome; and

beauty, you know, brings many temptations to a young girl."

"Beauty! It isn't that. It's the frailty that's in their hearts when they do fail; it's not the beauty that's in fault. A good girl, a real out-and-out good girl, is as good when her face is pretty as when it's ugly, and a little better, *I think.*"

Mr. Dunlop could not help smiling at this not very singular conclusion; but altogether he was so satisfied that the young man's intentions were honest and right, and he felt so much pleased with his manly look and manner, but especially with the resolute purpose which was manifest through all his bashfulness and previous hesitation, that he finally closed with his proposals, and engaged him as his farm servant, to set out with them on their almost immediate return, and to take charge of a variety of agricultural implements, in the use of which Tom Lawson had the reputation of being very clever.

While these arrangements were progressing satisfactorily, Mrs. Godwin did not forget to call on the Andersons with the promised prospectus of the school to which her daughter was going in the course of a few weeks. Agnes Godwin was nearly the same age as Margaret, but more juvenile in character, more dependent than girls of her age often are, and certainly much more dependent than Margaret. She had from her childhood been so tenderly brought up, besides being in her own nature so timid and gentle, that no one could look into her fair sweet face without longing to shield her from all harm or danger. Besides which, her mother, being of that class which are called the best of mothers, had been perhaps a little too good for her daughter's benefit—had spared her too much, done too much for her, and so, by her continual acts of sweet self-devotion, had kept her child at once from all the hardships of life, and from all that discipline which seems necessary to render hardship endurable.

It was sometimes said of Agnes Godwin that harsh censure would kill her. The slightest frown from those she loved seemed to darken her whole life; while, on the other hand, a word of praise or a look of affec-

tionate approbation seemed to lift her up into a region of delight, in which her countenance was suffused with sunshine, and her tone and manner enlivened as by a kind of secret well-spring of joy.

This disposition is generally called amiable—tractable—easily managed. It is indeed easy to work upon by the two opposite influences of praise and blame; but what then? What happens to such a character where the praise comes from a quarter towards which it is dangerous to lean?—when the blame falls unjustly upon that which we ought to imitate ourselves, and to regard in others with reverence and love?

"I have come," said Mrs. Godwin, unfolding the prospectus and presenting it to Mrs. Anderson, "to talk to you a little more fully about this school. I think I heard you say that you were looking out for something of the kind."

"I am," replied Mrs. Anderson. "We wish to place Margaret amongst companions rather older than herself, than younger. The school where she has been is excellent for little girls, but the time has come when perhaps it will be wiser to make a change."

"I don't know what you will think of my cousin's plans?" said Mrs. Godwin. "My cousin, Miss Clare, is rather a singular person, but very clever. I have known her from a child, and you may believe I have a high opinion of her heart as well as her capabilities, when I tell you that I am about to entrust my own daughter to her charge. We don't get on at home with all the method I should like; and a year or two at school, if we can afford it, with companions, some of them older than herself, I consider likely to be of great use to Agnes. Still I could not entrust her to a stranger. I feel that I must *know* the person under whose care she is placed, and I think I do know my cousin, at least as well as I should know a sister. I must, however, repeat what I have said, that Miss Clare is singular. She thinks for herself, and acts upon her own convictions. What is rather remarkable, and perhaps may appear a little startling to you, is, that she never was at school herself, and knew very little about

the routine of school-management when she first began. But she associated herself with a lady well versed in these matters, and she herself has the advantage of having seen much of the world, of society, and of human nature, into which she has a wonderfully clear insight."

"Never was at school?" repeated Mrs. Anderson, rather doubtfully.

"You must not for that reason doubt my cousin's own educational attainments," said Mrs. Godwin. "It was a sort of crotchet of her father's, who made up his mind that all schools were bad, and that for girls they were unnecessary. But he spared nothing for masters, and even taught his daughters himself sometimes. So that had his life been spared, they would doubtless have been, as he wished them to be, the most learned and accomplished of women. But he died early, and the widow and children had to struggle on with many difficulties. Miss Clare has now for some years had a very flourishing and happy school—at times, I believe, more pupils than she knows how to accommodate."

"But how can she teach herself, never having been at school?" asked Mrs. Anderson, still doubtful of the possibility of such a thing.

"Pray understand me," replied Mrs. Godwin, "when I assure you that my cousin was well taught, though not at school; and I rather suspect that her father's prejudice against schools in general put her upon devising plans by which the evils he so often spoke of might be avoided. I have heard her say that as these plans grew in her own mind, she felt as if she must test them practically; and so, in the course of time, her great experiment was made, and I have every reason to believe that her plans succeed admirably. I am not versed in these matters myself; but you must read the prospectus which I will leave with you, and form your own conclusions. I can only say that I shall be glad indeed to send my daughter in company with this brave girl of yours, to whom I think I may say with confidence, that my cousin would never fail her in kindness of heart, nor in just and honourable treatment."

Margaret, who had been listening with intense interest to what was going on, looked at her aunt with inquiring eyes, anxious to know what impression had been produced on her mind with regard to this momentous question,—for such it was to the young inquirer. "If she would only consent!" said the girl to herself, for a longing desire possessed her mind to escape from the mere routine discipline to which she had for years been subjected, and to enjoy the privilege of association with a lady who had the courage to think, and the independence to act for herself.

There was one point greatly in her favour, which Margaret was not aware of. Notwithstanding the avowed *singularity* of Miss Clare's character, and something like *novelty* in the whole affair, the recommendation of a clergyman and his wife had weight enough to overbalance these objections; and after a good deal of inquiry and consultation, chiefly on very inferior points of consideration, Mrs. Anderson went so far as to accept the prospectus, and even to smile favourably as she did so, from which Margaret began to hope.

For some time after the departure of her guest, Mrs. Anderson appeared to be studying the prospectus which she held open in her hand. At last the patience of her niece would hold out no longer, and she ventured to say, "Well, aunt, what about the school? Do tell me what you think. I should so much like to go. And with Agnes Godwin too! I am only sorry that she is such a timid little thing. But I can help to take care of her, perhaps, for she has never been away from home, and will very likely want a little help sometimes."

"Ah! there it is," said Mrs. Anderson. "I thought how it would be after all the praise you have received; you must begin directly to pride yourself upon your superiority."

Margaret was both surprised and shocked. She had never heard the praise so lavishly bestowed upon her by the Dunlops, who, from the joy and gratitude of their own feelings, gave a very exaggerated colouring to her conduct, which, as she truly said, was

credible to her only so far that it would have been disgraceful to do otherwise. She had only heard the kind, motherly expressions of approbation with which Mrs. Godwin had greeted her, and remained ignorant and wondering as to the meaning of these strangely humiliating words. All she could do was to plead her own excuse by saying that she had no idea of her own superiority except in strength, and a little in resolution.

"Agnes may know a great deal more than I do," she added; "she has been so well brought up. She may be much more clever. It is not in that way at all that I thought of helping her, but because she does not know what a school is, and I do. And then she has always been so tenderly treated at home. If I was ever so ignorant and stupid, I might still help her a little to make her way amongst strangers."

"She will be with a kind relative," observed Mrs. Anderson.

"Yes," said Margaret, "that will be a great comfort to her, poor child. I wonder what Mrs. Godwin meant by saying that Miss Clare was singular. I thought ladies who had schools were never singular—that they had a set rule of their own, and walked by it, spoke by it, ate by it, did all things by it, and did always right."

In her excitement about the school, Margaret was forgetting herself strangely, and thinking aloud to her aunt almost as she used in the presence of her father. A strange restlessness took possession of her. She wanted to talk to everybody about the school. Especially she wanted to run off to the Dunlops, and tell Harry, for he also was about to make the same experiment of being placed in a large school amongst strangers, and to him the experiment was new indeed, having never been at school in his life, only taught with his brothers at the house of a neighbour in Canada.

Altogether it was a time of great excitement, the more so with the boys because of the preparations going on for their parents' return, in all which they were profoundly interested, regarding for a time the new agricultural implements as far more

important than any books, or other scholastic appliances which might be required at Dr. Lambert's academy. It was great fun they thought to have Tom Lawson to help; and he, far from acting the sentimental swain, entered warmly into the enterprise, most thoroughly enjoying the bustle of preparation, and the hearty outspoken cheerfulness of the boys. For they were cheerful up to this point. They were always cheerful when there was anything to do that was useful and helpful to their parents. It was only in indolence, and useless, lifeless confinement that their spirits burst forth into mischief and became a torment to quiet people. They were not accustomed either to think much about the future. They said it would be time enough to sit down and cry when their father and mother were actually gone; and as to the school!—a shrug of the shoulders was quite enough for that at present.

Even Margaret obtained very little consideration from them, so far as school-prospects were concerned. They were sorry to part with her, and would have been extremely sorry had they not also been going. So with a little touch of disappointment Margaret again drew back into herself. Mrs. Godwin had kindly offered to take her along with her own daughter; and such an arrangement being extremely agreeable to all parties, it was finally settled that on the reopening of Miss Clare's establishment both girls should be committed to her care.

Nothing could exceed the curiosity felt by Margaret during the journey, respecting the appearance, manners, and general character of Miss Clare. A thousand questions suggested themselves, which she was only hindered from asking by the recollection that this wonderful woman was nearly related to the kind lady who had helped her into her present interesting position. In vain she tried to picture Miss Clare in her own mind. Something large and strong, and almost terrible, always rose before her when she did so; and yet her friends had told her that Miss Clare was only of ordinary size, and by no means formidable in her appearance. But still

Margaret wondered, and drew strange pictures to herself.

Her own experience of school-life had not hitherto been productive of any peculiar interest. She had been subjected to a plan of training by no means uncommon, though perhaps a little antiquated now—a plan which may not inappropriately be called the *look at me* system. The lady to whom her education had at first been committed was one who taught that the head of the establishment must not only be infallible herself, but a pattern to be imitated in all things by others. Hence the unnatural stiffness of such models generally; for how could they dare to move, or speak, with all eyes upon them looking for perfection?

It may be said that this system is very old, and nearly defunct. So let it be. But there is another system demanding more attention, and which, while more easy, and much more agreeable to the teacher, is far more dangerous to the taught. It is the *please me* system. It is a plan of discipline which resolves itself to this—Let the aim of pleasing me be the principle of conduct throughout the school; let the fear of displeasing me be a constant check upon those who are tempted to do wrong; let those who please me enjoy favour and confidence; let those who displease me suffer general condemnation, and know no peace until favour and confidence are restored.

So far as this system went, good Mrs. Godwin thought that she understood education, and her sweet daughter Agnes was prepared to act upon this rule. To her it was not difficult. It was the rule of her happy home, and to that extent it was safe—safe at home where all is under Christian guidance and instruction, and where the law of government is one of justice, purity, and love; but safe nowhere else—most unsafe where the law is different from this, and where the discipline is in hands that are anything but pure.

There is, in fact, no picture of human life more frightful than that of a weak, sensitive girl, sent out into the world after being educated upon this plan. We have only to ask how often power and influence

are vested in pure hands, to understand why it is so. As the basis of a life of individual responsibility, there can scarcely be any system of education more fallacious than the *please me* system; and for women especially none can be more dangerous. Do not the most besetting temptations of women assail them under the plea of *pleasing me*? And supposing the *me* to be false, deceitful, guilty—what is to become of the victim of such a principle? The child, especially the girl, who has been taught no higher, purer, or more stable rule of conduct than this, even if mercifully preserved from imminent peril, will yet become at times so morally bewildered—will look around her in such amazement on discovering that to please some too fascinating *me* would have been to entangle herself in what was absolutely wrong, that in common humanity, as well as in common sense, we ought to save the young from this cruel delusion, even at the cost of some amount of sweet and genuine satisfaction to ourselves. We may know the sincerity of our own desires for their good—that we ourselves would not willingly lead them astray; that it would sorely grieve us rather than give us pleasure to see them step ever so little out of the right path; but we do not know the different characters and circumstances with which they may come in contact; we do not know who they may admire and love, and consequently delight to please; nor do they know, until they have made the experiment for themselves, how they may be betrayed by the influence of some whom they cannot please without doing wrong.

But Miss Clare was one who had looked thoughtfully and fairly into these matters. As already said, she had known much of the world, had mixed much in society, and she believed she had discovered that many of the temptations by which women in the ordinary course of life are assailed, come before them under the specious character of pleasing, such as—I must do this in order to please, or, I must avoid that or I shall displease—whom?

Ah! that is the question. Miss Clare was accustomed to say, "If we could place

steadily before us our One Infallible Guide and Pattern, the Saviour Himself, I freely grant that there could be no peace—that there ought to be none without at least endeavouring to please Him. And next to Him, and above all other lawful purposes in the way of pleasing, I would speak of parents—Christian parents. Beyond this, I scarcely dare go; only so far as that to a spirit chastened by Divine influence, and so brought to the love of what is right and holy, there will always be a natural pleasure and a great reward, in pleasing good people everywhere and however associated with us, either by relationship or by any other tie. But this impulse of love, and its just reward, I would place far beyond any art or act of pleasing. It is, in fact, the satisfaction of disciples whose service is one of perfect love—the true fellowship of Christians with their Divine Head and Master—a communion comprehending all that is most approved by Him in thought, word, and act, and from which to be shut out is misery indeed.

Before reaching the pleasant residence of Miss Clare, Margaret had absolutely wearied herself with expectation. The consequence was, that she leaned back in the carriage, and became very silent; while Agnes, on the contrary, became animated, and talkative in the extreme, asking her mamma a thousand questions, chiefly about what she thought Miss Clare would like in dress, manners, and general deportment. Once only, Margaret interrupted these inquiries with a remark which she made laughingly, though rather teased by her companion's incessant flow of words.

"My dear," she said, "Miss Clare will be pleased with you for your own sweet self, and surely that will be enough."

But Agnes, who understood nothing by this remark, only went on more industriously re-arranging the exquisite bouquet of flowers which she was carrying in her warm little hand, to present, as it seemed, like a kind of peace-offering to the arbiter of her fate on first entering her awful abode. "I wish I knew," she kept saying to herself, "what flowers she really does like best."

Agnes had seen Miss Clare once in her life, but she was not much the wiser for that, having no very critical or observant eye; and now a kind of terror was creeping fast upon her, notwithstanding all that Mrs. Godwin could say of her cousin's kindness of heart.

"I wish papa had given me some of those favourite flowers of his that smell so deliciously," she said; "I am sure Miss Clare would have been pleased with them. And, mamma, dear, do you think she will like us to kiss her?"

"I think kissing comes by liking," said Mrs. Godwin, laughing at this new perplexity. "In this case I really cannot help you, except to observe that such an act of familiarity should scarcely be first offered by children like you. But see, there is the house, and a very pleasant place it looks."

The welcome of Miss Clare was so easy, warm, and cordial, that Margaret felt at home with her from the first moment of their arrival; only a little disappointed to behold, instead of some wonderful being—a sibyl at least—merely a plainly dressed woman of ordinary size, with nothing very strongly marked in her appearance, except a clever style of head and face, an expression of candour and cheerfulness especially in her smile, and in her eyes a capability of looking earnestly and clearly into the face of the person to whom she was speaking.

"I believe I shall like her very much," Margaret whispered to her companion, as they were being conducted up stairs.

"Perhaps I shall too," replied Agnes, "when I have got over my nervousness; but oh, Margaret, I am so afraid of those terribly clever women!"

"I don't see anything terrible about Miss Clare," said Margaret, as soon as they were alone, "and indeed I think people who are the opposite of clever frighten me quite as much; they make such stupid mistakes, and when they will act out their own blunders, one never knows what to do."

"Oh!" said Agnes, "we can do as we like with silly people."

"Can we?" said Margaret, in a tone which implied that she had some experimental knowledge of what she was talking

about. But she pursued the subject no farther; for everything about her new home was interesting to her, and the whole change in her circumstances so absorbing, that she had no thought to spare for anything else just now.

Before their things were half adjusted in the little bedroom which the two girls were to share together, Mrs. Godwin came up, and told them, with considerable interest, that they were just in time for a general address about to be given that afternoon by Miss Clare herself to the whole school. "I find," she added, "that we are the last to arrive, or nearly so; but I have obtained permission to be present, and I shall be delighted to hear what I suppose will be a full description of your duties, and of how you will be able always to give satisfaction to Miss Clare."

The little party descended accordingly with great expectations, Margaret profoundly interested about what they were to hear, Agnes trembling almost as much as if she had to deliver the address herself. Certainly their entrance into the large room where such addresses as well as other lectures were given, was rather formidable; and even Margaret's stout heart quailed before the array of strange faces all turned towards the new girls; while many knowing looks were exchanged amongst those who had the skill, or thought they had, to discern the character of every fresh comer by a single glance.

Nothing could be more simple than the language of Miss Clare's address; and her manner of giving it, instead of the delivery of a pompous harangue, was altogether what might have been spoken of as half an hour's sensible, friendly—nay, even motherly talk, with no assumption on the part of the speaker, except such as arose naturally out of age and experience. It was, she said, because she had seen and known so much of human life, that she was able to tell them what was likely to be the end of many things—the result of many habits, and modes of action, of which they could only see the beginning; such, for example, as the doing what is called only a *little wrong*, which looks often so insignificant and harmless at first.

From her experience, and knowledge of human life, she said, it would probably often happen that she should be able to tell them to what a little wrong will grow, and *must* grow, if persisted in, because all wrong is opposed to the holy law of God, and is hateful in His sight, while in its very nature it must be injurious to the doer.

Miss Clare in her address, however, dwelt more on principles of action than on actions. In setting forth the absolute necessity of obedience as a principle, she spoke first of obedience to the will of God; and then of obedience to rightly constituted authority; and she described the former, not as a blind or servile obedience, but as a just and willing tribute rendered from the weak to the strong—from the simple to the wise—from the helpless and erring to the powerful and good—an obedience like that of a dependent child to a wise and loving father.

Many other principles of conduct were slightly touched upon, such as kindness, integrity, punctuality, and order; but that which most surprised Margaret was that the address comprehended the whole company as one family, or community, each individual member of which was bound up in the interests of the whole. There was no division of the school into governor and governed—superior and inferior. All were included as mutually dependent one upon another—mutually conducive to the happiness and the good of all. *Unless*, the speaker freely granted—unless they should prefer the misery and harm of all—the disgrace and ruin of the school. In which case, they could accomplish such an end, no doubt, because she was only one, and they were many. Her only alternative would be to break up the school, and that she certainly should do, for she would never hold by a school which she believed to be doing harm instead of good.

This view of the subject, however, she was unwilling to dwell upon, and she believed it to be wholly unnecessary. As she asked the good faith of all present to believe that she was herself supremely anxious for their good, so she assured them of her good faith in treating them as the children of honourable,

Christian parents, to whom it would be impossible not to desire that the school should be a good and happy school, and ever improving. Thus when she spoke frankly and openly of the harm they could do if they preferred evil to good, it was only to place before them a clear view of their own power, in order that they might see the importance of using it rightly; for if they were capable of being so strong when united on the side of wrong, what might they not effect when their united power was used, with God's blessing, on the side of right? A number of children—even little children—could do much by each doing their part, and doing it unitedly; but they must never forget that only in doing what they believed to be right could they expect the blessing of their Heavenly Father. With that blessing what might they not accomplish if undertaken humbly, and prayerfully, and in obedience to His holy will!

If in her address Miss Clare was careful to place all under the same law morally, she was especially careful to do so religiously—to show them that all stood under the same condemnation as sinners in the sight of God—all needing the same pardon, all dependent upon the same promises, and all invited to come to the same Saviour, as their only hope of eternal salvation.

Before commencing the address, Miss Clare had read aloud the simple rules of the school, to the observance of which there was no reward attached, nor indeed to any other kind of merit, and to the breaking of them no punishment. And yet, when she rose to leave the room, there were few members of that youthful community who did not feel themselves pledged to the keeping of these rules, perhaps in part because their power to break them had been freely acknowledged; but more especially because the welfare of the whole school had been so clearly and openly committed to them as a sacred trust amongst themselves.

On returning to her sitting-room, accompanied by Mrs. Godwin, that good lady could not help expressing her astonishment at some portions of her cousin's address. "Why, my dear Jane," she said, "I should

expect a rebellion to-morrow. How could you tell your pupils that it is in their power to ruin the school?"

"Because it is the truth," replied Miss Clare.

"But we do not always tell young people the whole truth," observed the mother.

"No, my dear cousin," replied Miss Clare, "we don't tell them so much truth as we ought. We are afraid of our dignity suffering in their eyes."

"How so?"

"I mean that in my case, for example, it is better, in my opinion, that I should take my stand upon the simple truth—upon the fact that I am one and they are many—than that I should assume a power which I really do not possess. But I do this especially in order that they may realize the responsibility on their part of maintaining a high state of order and discipline in the school—that they may feel their share in the honour of a high moral tone being kept up, and their share in the shame of the opposite of this. I do not wish them to throw all the responsibility on me. You see they are many of them verging upon womanhood, and it is high time they should begin to feel this responsibility for themselves. I want them also unitedly to understand the true dignity and happiness of helping always to maintain what is right."

"But you ought to be obeyed."

"Trust me for that. When I cease to be obeyed, I will break up the school. It will be time that I should do so. I *will* be obeyed, because obedience to me, and to the teachers next to me, is one of those conditions of order and of duty without which the school could not stand. But you see it is impossible for me to explain everything at once. I have taken up general principles to-day. We shall meet again for consideration of the general state of the school every month, and when any of the rules are broken as a habit, or if any particular form of disorder has crept in, or if any spirit of disobedience has manifested itself, which by the way is the last thing to be apprehended according to my system of management, then will be the time to explain these matters more in de-

tail. But come, let us talk about home. I am at ease now, more so than before my little speech was made. What of the orphan girl who comes with your daughter? I like her countenance, only she looks so strangely bewildered, and perplexed."

Mrs. Godwin, glad of an opportunity for explaining all that she knew of Margaret, and her circumstances, entered fully into the subject; and in the meantime the young strangers made their first attempt at acquaintance with those who were to be their associates in future. And thus their first day in Miss Clare's establishment was closed by the two elder ladies talking over together

many family affairs in a comfortable little sitting-room by themselves; and the young girls, at once interested and abashed, meeting, as well as they could, the well-meant advances of their companions.

On the following morning, with many kisses and a few tears, Mrs. Godwin departed, and the children commenced their studies; on the part of Agnes with great anxiety to please her teachers; on the part of Margaret with some appearance of absence of mind, but with great internal concern about those *principles* which Miss Clare had spoken of so emphatically as the foundation of human conduct.

APRIL SHOWERS.



APRIL is like a young and passionate child,
Beauteous but strong of will,
For ever changing. Soft and mild
As love can make her now,
With angel smile upon her brow;
Anon, inclined to tempers that are ill
And weeping floods of tears:
So, when this welcome month appears,
She comes to our caresses
With unbound flowing tresses,
Singing a merry tune
Of coming May and June,
And ushered in by sunshine sweet,
The daisies springing at her feet;
Crowned with gay hyacinth and primrose pale,
And followed by the nightingale.

But a cloud gathers, and her lovely face
Frowns dark with passion's storm,
Shrouding awhile the grace
Of her fair form.
Torrents of tears come down:
But, glittering through her frown,
A rainbow arch is spread
Over her head,
And the clouds part asunder
With one sharp roll of thunder,
And sunshine glorious
Bursts forth again victorious!
And April, flinging back her tresses,
Courts fresh caresses;
And wreathes her hair again with flowers
Wet with the vernal showers.

Beautiful April! whom men deem fickle,
In changeful rainbow hues,
We love thee dearly and sincerely:
Nor should we need the harvest scythe or sickle,
But for thy showers and dews.

BENJAMIN GOUGH.


EARTHLY STORIES WITH HEAVENLY MEANINGS.

BY THE EDITOR.

III.

THE UNJUST STEWARD.

"And he said also unto his disciples, There was a certain rich man, which had a steward; and the same was accused unto him that he had wasted his goods. And he called him, and said unto him, How is it that I hear this of thee? give an account of thy stewardship; for thou mayest be no longer steward. Then the steward said within himself, What shall I do? for my lord taketh away from me the stewardship: I cannot dig; to beg I am ashamed. I am resolved what to do, that, when I am put out of the stewardship, they may receive me into their houses. So he called every one of his lord's debtors *unto him*, and said unto the first, How much owest thou unto my lord? And he said, An hundred measures of oil. And he said unto him, Take thy bill and sit down quickly, and write fifty. Then said he to another, And how much owest thou? And he said, An hundred measures of wheat. And he said unto him, Take thy bill, and write fourscore. And the lord commended the unjust steward, because he had done wisely: for the children of this world are in their generation wiser than the children of light. And I say unto you, Make to yourselves friends of the mammon of unrighteousness; that, when ye fail, they may receive you into everlasting habitations."—*ST. LUKE xvi. 1-9.*

HRISTIAN privilege brings with it Christian responsibility. Grace "establishes the law," by disposing the heart to render spiritual obedience to its holy requirements. The soul, "quickened" according to God's Word of Gospel promise, desires to "run in the way of His commandments."

This is the healthy activity of Christian piety. But sometimes the spiritual health is grievously impaired because the believer loses sight of the indissoluble connection between his privileges and his responsibilities.

To guard us from this danger the Bible equally and unceasingly insists upon both; and a remarkable instance of this Divine watchfulness is afforded in the relative position of the parables of the Prodigal Son and the Unjust Steward,—the former significant of the extent of Christian Privi-

lege, the latter significant of the extent of Christian Responsibility.

I have no doubt the two Parables, although recorded in different chapters, and specifically addressed to different classes of hearers, were spoken on the same occasion. The "Prodigal Son," including in its completeness the portrait of the Elder Brother, contemplated on the one hand the publicans and sinners who "drew near" to the Divine Teacher to hearken to His gracious words, and on the other the Pharisees and Scribes who stood "murmuring" by their side. The "Unjust Steward" was designed to convey needful exhortation to a third class—those whose hearts had been touched by the marvellous pictures which the Saviour had drawn illustrative of the infinite grace of the Heavenly Father, and who therefore might profitably be reminded of the Christian's Stewardship of Responsibility. The Pharisees and Scribes, the publicans and sinners, were still surrounding our Lord, but having already spoken fully to them and invited them to come near, the Teacher, "rightly dividing the word of truth," turned to those who, as His professed followers, *had* come near, and urged them to Christian faithfulness and diligence in His service. "And He said *also* unto His *disciples*, There was a certain man," &c.

Our Lord would impress upon us the necessity of seeing Christian Privilege and Responsibility in one light. He would teach us that if we look at either apart from the other, spiritual injury must result. The fact that we see them as one is the proof that we see each correctly. They are as inseparable as cause and effect.

The Pharisees and Scribes did not see the privileges of the Gospel correctly. They did not comprehend how God could be "just," and yet "receive sinners." They thought they saw their responsibilities; they thought they discharged them; but, in

truth, they did not know what their responsibilities were. They were thus blind both to privileges and responsibilities. In this unhappy state they stood condemned alike by the Law and the Gospel. To reach their case, as well as to win the heart of the prodigal, God's matchless love had been the Saviour's theme. Grace abounding to the far-off wanderer, encouraging him to seek to be restored to his once-valued place of privilege as a Son in his father's house, might open the eyes of Pharisees and Scribes to the error into which they had fallen. By enlarging their views of God's love, they might be led to appreciate the extent and spirituality of His righteous claims.

But now there was danger in the reverse direction. Grace might be abused. It might be said, "Since grace abounds, God will not mark what is done amiss. We may safely continue in sin. We cannot be worse than the Prodigal; and at the last, if we ever experience his remorse, we need only adopt his resolve, and we shall meet his welcome." Fairer words, less explicit and avowed, might partly hide this carnal reasoning from those who indulged it: but even Christian men must be strangers to themselves, if they are not conscious of the *tendency* of the natural disposition thus to lower the standard of self-denying holiness, by distorted, if not perverted and false, views of Divine mercy.

Therefore, addressing His "disciples"—those who professed to receive His gracious words, professed to see aright Christian privilege—Jesus, in this Parable, reminded them, that, as His disciples, they held a *responsible Stewardship*—a stewardship which demanded great diligence, wisdom, and discretion in order to the discharge of the obligations it imposed.

The leading design of the Parable thus understood, its practical exposition will require that we should glance at the circumstances which led to the commendation bestowed by his lord upon the unjust steward.

"A certain rich man had a steward," or overseer. By falsifying his accounts this

steward had cheated his master; but at length, suspicion having been aroused, the wrong-doer was summoned to his master's presence and required to render an account of his stewardship. Probably this requirement was designed as a test, in the expectation that it would disclose his suspected guilt. To a great extent the proprietor was doubtless at the mercy of his steward, and could only hope to convict him by obtaining in this way the information which he alone possessed. The Steward saw the danger which impended, and the prospect of expulsion from his office prompted him to speedy action to ameliorate, if not wholly to guard against, the consequences which would follow. Unaccustomed to manual toil, and dreading the shame of beggary, he determined to seize upon the opportunity afforded by the temporary delay allowed for the preparation of the accounts, to make the debtors to the estate his friends. One by one he obtained an interview with them, and artfully involved them as accomplices in a positive act of dishonesty. He held their acknowledgments for goods received, or their signatures for the agreed rental of their lands. These acknowledgments he surrendered to them and received others in return for smaller amounts. There would of course be at least a tacit understanding that the advantage conferred would hereafter meet with a substantial equivalent. He relied upon the so-called "honour" which even thieves are said to recognize in their dealings with one another. As accomplices they had a bond of mutual interest. They could not reveal his guilt without exposing their own dishonesty; and the remembrance of his knowledge of their complicity, as well as their sense of the obligation conferred, would ensure him a return in the time of poverty and distress.

Now, apart from the thorough and palpable dishonesty of the Steward's plan, it certainly might be termed *clever*. He was a worldly wise man. He exemplified "the wisdom of the serpent;" but still, in the common acceptance of the word, it was "wisdom." He formed a resolution. The question is not whether that resolution was

right, or even whether it was the best he could have formed as a stroke of temporal policy,—it was neither, for “honesty is the best policy:” although it is important to bear in mind that the Christian is not honest merely because it is *politic* to be so. But the Steward “resolved what to do;” and then he acted promptly. He carried out his resolve at once, and so made provision for the future contingency.

By some means not mentioned in the Parable the injured proprietor heard of his Steward’s conduct, probably when it was too late to remedy the wrong committed. He could not fail to be struck with the “cleverness” of the plan adopted, and influenced by this feeling he “commended the unjust Steward, *because he had done wisely.*”

To avoid possible misapprehension, it is to be noted that the word “lord” does not indicate the Lord Jesus, the speaker of the Parable. We should greatly err if we supposed that in any sense Christ commended the wisdom of the Steward. That wisdom was worldly wisdom at the best; and our Lord’s purpose was to enforce, not by way of *imitation*, but by way of *contrast*, the need of another kind of wisdom, in order to the discharge of the obligations of Christian Stewardship. Hence, at the close of the Parable, this worldly wisdom, as to its character, is carefully distinguished from spiritual wisdom. “The children of this world *in their generation,*” as those who are living only for temporal objects, “are wiser than the children of light”—who are living for spiritual ends. Wisdom aiming only at “things temporal” is indeed “folly,” when “things eternal” are allowed to have any existence. “The wisdom of this world” is then seen to be “foolishness with God.”

Neither are we to suppose that the lord of the Steward commended his servant’s injustice. He commended the man “because he had done *wisely.*” He commended his cleverness, his ingenuity, his cunning sharpness. As the sufferer, he was not likely to approve his dishonesty. The commendation was simply the sentiment which in such cases finds expression in ordinary, every-day conversation. For instance, on hearing an

account of some nefarious burglary accomplished under difficult circumstances, men will say, “How clever they must have been to manage everything so secretly and so successfully!” No crime in fact is committed without the criminal’s exhibiting *some* qualities which, were they applied to lawful ends, would claim our admiration, and which, even under the circumstances of misapplication, we must admit were *cleverly* directed to the accomplishment of the end desired. The proprietor commended the Steward, not for the faithfulness with which he had been served, but for the *cleverness* with which he had been cheated.

The circumstances of the Parable now before us, we shall find its practical application exactly harmonizing with the view we have taken of the great Teacher’s design in uttering it, namely, to impress upon His disciples *the extent and the obligations of Christian Responsibility.*

At first sight it might have seemed a more profitable turn in the narrative, had the Steward, when he was driven to consideration by the threatened consequences of his unjust dealings, been represented as forming the resolve of the prodigal,—seeking his master’s forgiveness, and then being reinstated in his favour. But this would really have defeated the very object of the Parable. That object was to teach the disciples that responsibilities are attached to privileges, and that, in order to the discharge of those responsibilities, the faithful stewards of the manifold grace of God must be earnest, persevering, and diligent. The striking example our Lord adduced of the world’s use of the mammon of unrighteousness was “the Earthly Story” designed to bear this spiritual, “Heavenly Meaning.”

“The children of this world are, in their generation, wiser than the children of light.” As if our Lord had said, “This unjust Steward is a type of ‘the children of this world,’—not in his dishonesty, but in his ‘wisdom,’ so far as wisdom may be regarded as consisting in the adaptation of means to ends irrespective of *spiritual* considerations. Like him, the children of this world are

wise in the entire consecration of their energies to the attainment of whatever they desire to possess—'wiser than the children of light.'"

How true this judgment is, conscience and experience alike testify. Suppose it were possible to select a representative of each class—the children of the world and the children of light; suppose from an eminence we could overlook and watch these representatives as they pursued their respective paths—what would the eye of the spectator behold?

He would see the child of the world making continual and rapid progress. He rises early and late takes rest, and eats the bread of carefulness. He has marked out his course with anxious forethought; and from that course he does not allow himself to be drawn aside. No matter what he is aiming at, whether riches, honour, rank, intellectual superiority, or mere pleasure and enjoyment—he strives that he may attain—he gives himself wholly to his work—he spares no effort to ensure success.

The child of light also makes progress; but how heavily he walks! His hands hang down, his feet are halting; and ever and anon he slumbers on his way. The goal is before him, but he seems to see it through a clouded atmosphere, and sometimes doubts prevail as to whether he may not after all fail to reach it! How often he needs the exhortation, to brace his resolution and stimulate spiritual activity—"Let us not be weary in well-doing!"

We all know how to account for this contrast. The child of the world encounters no opposition from his own heart; he carries no cross of personal self-restraint and self-denial; his efforts are all in unison with his natural impulses and desires. In more respects than one he is like the unjust Steward. In his spiritual relationship to God he has misemployed and wasted his master's goods; and whenever the thought of an account to be rendered alarms him, he is equally earnest and clever in devising plans to quiet conscience, and escape the consequences which he dreads. He seeks a false peace, but *the way* in which

he seeks it—the whole-heartedness with which he seeks it—still testifies that "the children of this world are, in their generation, *wiser* than the children of light."

The child of light, on the other hand, is baffled and hindered by opposing forces without, as well as by the strivings of unsubdued nature within. He is often burdened and oppressed by "the body of sin and death." When he "would do good,"—when he would press on his way—"evil is present" with him. The adversary is powerful, and the weak flesh shrinks from the Cross of the Master, whereby he is to be "crucified to the world, and the world unto him."

This explains the contrast. We see *why* things temporal absorb the whole man—engage all the undivided and unflagging powers and energies of those who pursue them, whilst the interest and zeal of the children of light in things spiritual require constant motives to stimulate and deepen them.

But now mark the use which the Great Teacher makes of the contrast thus presented. He does not justify it; He does not leave us to conclude that it is unavoidable—that it *must* be thus. On the contrary, having drawn the contrast, He immediately proceeds to make it the basis of an earnest exhortation.

"The children of this world are in their generation *wiser* than the children of light: and I say unto you, *Make to yourselves friends of the mammon of unrighteousness.*"

Our Lord would have His disciples so reflect upon the contrast He had presented in such vivid terms, as to be stirred up to emulate the decision, the earnestness, the skill exhibited by the unjust Steward, the type of the children of this world; and that the exhortation might not lose any of its power because of its general application, He especially dwells upon its particular bearing on the question which the Parable would naturally suggest to the disciples—the responsibility of Christian Stewardship in *the use of money*: "I say unto you, *Make to yourselves friends of the mammon of unrighteousness.*"

This particular application of the lesson

of the Parable is most noteworthy, and strikingly illustrates the truth—"Never man spake like this man." The impression on many minds after reading the Parable might lead them to expect some denunciation of the lust of money, or at least a solemn admonition to His hearers to "seek first the kingdom of God and His righteousness." But the right precept is in the right place. Our Lord is in this Parable contemplating the case of those who *are* seeking, or, at least, profess to be seeking first the kingdom of God; and He supplies them with a precept which would not only test their profession, but direct them *how* to act in harmony with it—*how* to "seek first the kingdom of God and His righteousness:"—

"Make to yourselves *friends* of the mammon of unrighteousness. . . . He that is faithful in that which is least, is faithful also in much; and he that is unjust in the least, is unjust also in much."

How marvellous the discrimination and the discernment of character indicated in these remarkable words! No doubt he that is faithful in much—he who "seeks first the kingdom of God"—will be faithful also in that which is least—our Lord does not call this in question; but it is equally certain—and this test is perhaps more easily apprehended, and it was *the* test to be enforced here—"he that is faithful in that which is least,"—he who as a faithful Steward "makes to himself friends of the mammon of unrighteousness,"—will be "faithful also in much,"—will "seek first the kingdom of God and His righteousness."

Our Lord, we perceive, would deal with the perilous deceptions which men are prone to practise upon themselves, in the estimate they form of religious Stewardship. It is easy enough to admit in general terms that we are only stewards. Of course God is the great proprietor, and sooner or later we must yield up all to Him. We are only tenants at His will, and we can carry nothing out of the world. This is all indisputable; and influenced by these considerations, men acknowledge their stewardship; and, more particularly, in the use of money most men will make some recogni-

tion of the claims of religion. But this Parable places Christian Stewardship on a far higher platform than this recognition implies. It teaches us that the charge "Occupy till I come," is one of those commandments which are "exceeding broad,"—that it embraces *every* talent, and the *whole* of each talent entrusted to us. All is to be held for God, and to be sanctified by consecrating it to His service. Not only in great things, and under peculiar circumstances, but under *all* circumstances, and "in that which is *least*"—in the use of money—"the mammon of unrighteousness," our stewardship requires us to be "faithful."

To be "faithful"! Not, mark, to throw up our stewardship! Not to give up our worldly business! Not to withdraw from the station in life in which it has pleased God to call us! An alarmed conscience may prompt us to try to escape from our stewardship—to bury ourselves before our time, by going out of the world into a monastery or a convent; but an enlightened conscience bids us continue "in the world," and to be faithful stewards there; to hold all our talents—business, learning, labour, rank, time, family social and political influence, money—that which is "least," as well as that which is "greatest"—for God. "Whether we eat, or drink, or whatever we do," our Stewardship bids us "do *all* to the glory of God."

Christian Stewardship regarded in this its true Scriptural light, may well lead the disciple to ask, "Who is sufficient for these things?" And the question itself would alone help to prove that the view we have taken of that stewardship is the right view. For it is a Scriptural question, and although we are constrained to answer, "Not one of us is sufficient," we are not therefore to be discouraged and distressed: for the promise meets the necessity, "My grace is sufficient for thee." However high the standard of duty, the supply of grace is equal to our need; and we may add, not only is the supply of our need secured, but we are stimulated to seek it by the added consideration that the *reward* of grace hereafter shall be *added* to the supply of grace here.

Hence we find the exhortation in the parable, "Make to yourselves friends of the mammon of unrighteousness," is accompanied—intertwined—with a gracious assurance, which not only implies the possibility of Christian faithfulness, but encourages the Steward by showing him that the Divine glory at which he aims is indissolubly connected with his own best—eternal interests. "Make to yourselves friends of the mammon of unrighteousness; *that, when ye fail, they may receive you into everlasting habitations.*"

In other words, we may so discharge the responsibilities of Christian Stewards as to make even our wealth, which, from the unrighteous purposes to which it is so often devoted, is characterised as the "mammon of unrighteousness," subservient to our everlasting welfare. Our Lord, "lifting the pure lesson of the Parable from the impure ground on which it lies," teaches us that we may use our earthly possessions in such a way that they shall help, and not hinder the soul's welfare in the world to come.* By a right

* "A ship leaves our shores bound westward to an Atlantic port: the wind, being from the north, beats on her right side all the way. She makes a quick voyage and reaches her destination in safety. Another ship at another time leaves these shores for the same destination: the wind blowing from the south, beats on her left side. She wanders from her course and is shipwrecked. Whence these opposite results? Was the first ship saved because she met a north wind, and the second lost because she fell in with a wind from the south? Nay, verily: but because the one so received the wind, from whatever point of the compass it might blow, as to be impelled by it onward in her course; and the other, instead of wisely employing every wind to help her forward, allowed herself to drift before the wind that happened to blow.

"Mammon, the world—ah, is it not adverse to the interests of our souls? What then? Believer, adversary though it be, you may make it your friend. A skilful seaman, when once fairly out to sea, can make a wind from the west carry him westward; he can make the wind that blows right in his face bear him onward to the very point from which it blows. When he arrives at home, he is able to say the wind from the west impelled me westward, and led me into my desired haven.

"Thus if we were skilful, and watchful, and earnest, we might make the unrighteous mammon our friend; we might so turn our side to each of its tortuous impulses, that willing or unwilling, conscious or unconscious, it should from day to day drive us nearer home."—Rev. W. Arnot.

employment of our money, as well as every other talent, we may instrumentally exercise such an influence on others for their spiritual good, that of those who are taken to the everlasting habitations before we fail and go the way of all flesh, it may be said *they are waiting to welcome us!* The abundant entrance of the faithful Steward himself is all of grace; but as, on earth, "it is more blessed to give than to receive," and

"All other joys grow less
To the great joy of doing kindnesses,"

so, in heaven, we may well imagine much of its happiness will be derived from the hallowed associations which link us eternally with those whom it was our highest privilege here to lead to the Cross of Christ, there to form the hallowed resolve of Christian Stewardship—"We are not our own, but have been bought with a price, and are bound to glorify God in our bodies and our spirits which are His."

And thus, recurring to our opening remark, just as Christian Privilege brings with it Christian Responsibility, so Christian Responsibility *discharged* serves to intensify our enjoyment of Christian Privilege.

Let us then never view them apart. If we have "freely received," let us "freely give." If we have been brought home to God, let us seek to win others to share our happy experience; let us aim so to live that "when we fail"—when our Stewardship ceases—there may be some to welcome us to the "everlasting habitations," some to echo the blissful words of the great Proprietor, "Well done, good and faithful servant; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

He who anticipates this reward of grace in heaven, will be often found a waiting suppliant at the throne of grace on earth.

E A S T E R H O P E .

VALETE PRÆTERITA, FUTURA PETIMUS.

"I shall go to him ; but he shall not return to me."



LOOK not behind, nor watch the setting ray.
Leave the last smile of day
To die away ;

Content in darkness for a time to rest,
Till a new Sun arise from Ocean's throbbing breast.

Mourn not for strength and health, and joys gone by
Of earlier years ; nor sigh
For Youth's keen eye.

These never shall return to this worn frame,
But unto that renewed by Him from Whom they came.

Dwell not in tombs. The memories of the dead,
Life's autumn leaves, are shed
Around their head.

And we look forwards to a Heavenly Spring ;
Which shall to them and us perpetual Summer bring.

Ye words once spoken on Gennesaret's shore ;
Ye deeds unseen before ;

And evermore ;

O Sychem's well, and thou Gethsemane ;
O griefs which love desires, yet cannot bear to see ;

O Judgment Hall, and toilsome way of woe ;
To you fond pilgrims go,

And tears must flow ;

But haste, the tomb is empty ; He is gone ;
And they who linger there must linger sad and lone.

His footstep is on Olivet ; but far
Above the highest star

His mansions are.

And when He comes, His Presence shall transcend
The past, and all this sweetness with that glory blend.

The past is past, and may not come again.

O forward to complain !

Reflect, refrain.

The past is past ; but, lo, a future bright
With o'er-abounding joy, and all-surpassing light.

Onwards, then, onwards ; upwards lift the eye.

Where earthly blessings die,

There let them lie ;

That out of their dear graveyard may arise
Joys which fade not, but deathless bloom neath kindlier
skies.

ANON.

THE BIBLE AND OUR FAITH.

BY THE REV. S. WAINWRIGHT, VICAR OF HOLY TRINITY, YORK; AUTHOR OF
"CHRISTIAN CERTAINTY," ETC.

CHAPTER IV.

"The entrance of Thy Word giveth light."

ENGLAND was Old two thousand years ago. Deeply shrouded in the darkness of remote antiquity, while the sea-kings were yet unborn, while the East was still the centre of human power, our Island Home lay like a dot upon the waters, a sort of fabled region of terror. Our great historian has shown how, in times comparatively modern, the shores of Britain were, to the polished race which dwelt by the Bosphorus, "objects of a mysterious horror, such as that with which the Ionians of the age of Homer had regarded the Straits of Scylla and the city of the Læstrygonian cannibals. There was one province of our island in which, as Procopius had been told, the ground was covered with serpents, and the air was such that no man could inhale it and live. To this desolate region the spirits of the departed were ferried over from the land of the Franks at midnight. A strange race of fishermen performed the ghastly office. The speech of the dead was distinctly heard by the boatman: their weight made the keel sink deep in the water; but their forms were invisible to mortal eye. Such were the marvels which an able historian, the cotemporary of Belisarius, of Simplicius, and of Tribonian, gravely related in the rich and polite Constantinople, touching the country in which the founder of Constantinople had assumed the imperial purple."*

But apart from these fables, viewed in the light of modern progress, the aspect of aboriginal Britain is one full of interest. When the Tenth Legion had not yet made proof of the courage of the indomitable islanders, nor Cæsar's shipping

"(Poor ignorant baubles!) on our terrible seas" encountered the fury of our northern tempests,

"With rocks unscaleable, and roaring waters;"† when Helvellyn and Scafell rejoiced in their solitary sublimity amid the glories of the thunder-storm; when the eagle hovered over Skiddaw, the wolf prowled on the banks of the Rother

and the Don, and a savage wilderness of wood frowned from the heights of Benmacdhui; even then our country was rich with the all but inexhaustible wealth of her natural resources, though they were undeveloped. They slept in the bosom of the soil like might in the arm of a giant. Even then the march of events was hurrying on the hour when the land of forests and floods, of swamps and morasses, of savage beasts and men almost as savage, was to appear among the nations, girt and ready for the race, the enterprise, the war. Even then her mountain fastnesses treasured greater wealth than the mines of Mexico and Peru; her swamps were destined to brighten with the waving green and gold of flax and wheat, or to echo the tinkling of the sheep-bell and the lowing of countless herds; her valleys were to gleam with the beauty of home-stead and farm; on castled crags the feudal turrets were to rear their heads; and over the whole land were to spread the innumerable and inestimable blessings of a Christianised civilization.

"Christianised!"

That amongst those who bear the Christian name there should be found any (even one) who could assign to civilization the precedence of Christianity, would seem to be a thing impossible. Unhappily, however, such persons are not wanting. But when, having found the holders of this strange opinion, we inquire for the facts which may seem to render it credible, we find they are non-existent. The opinion is grounded only on a prior opinion, and is tenable only in the absence of facts.

For there is no lack of facts: they are neither few nor far between. But all and singular, with the most perfect unanimity, agree to refute the opinion. For they show that although you may have a certain superficial civilization without Christianity, yet this civilization is of such a kind that the development of its existence is but another term for the progress of its decay. Its dies by its own hand. It begets a monster of moral corruption, which at last strangles the hideous parent from whom it sprang. Civilization without Christianity is a weltering mass of corruption, too heavy for earth to bear. Its reeking vices

* "Macaulay's History of England," Vol. I., p. 5.

† "Cymbeline," Act iii. scene 1.

drew down the fiery rain on the vale of Sodom three thousand years ago. Its withering blight fell upon Egypt, and left it "the basest of kingdoms;" upon Babylon, which was thenceforth swept as "with the besom of destruction." How proud the boasted civilization of Greece and Rome! How unrivalled their martial prowess—their achievements in letters and in arts! But "how are the mighty fallen, and the weapons of war perished!"

"We have the Pyrrhic dance as yet:
Where is the Pyrrhic phalanx gone?"

If we are to listen to the voice of antiquity, or to credit the testimony of experience, we shall learn that not all the traffic of Tyre, not all the grandeur of Nineveh, not all the wisdom of Greece, not all the power of Rome, can serve as a substitute for that "Righteousness" which alone exalteth a nation. To be the salt of the earth, is the prerogative of Christianity alone. For nations, as for individuals, there is no immortality without the vital element of a conserving moral power. It is for lack of this that the nations when weighed in the balances have been found wanting. No "policy" of statecraft can ever make a people: it is the character of the people that must ever make the policy. And that which chiefly moulds the character of a people is Religion.

The wide difference which distinguishes Protestant from Popish countries, for instance, is not unfrequently found to exist under circumstances which make it impossible to assign any other adequate cause for its existence than the difference of religious creed. Even among subjects of the same state, and natives of the same soil, the uniform difference is invariably found. Go where you will, the votaries of Popery present the same proofs of intellectual, moral, and social depression. In the progress of education, in the diminution of crime, in the vast undertakings of commercial enterprise, in all that concerns the healthy development of the energies of a free people, the undeniable superiority of Protestantism is due to the fact that, while a corrupt Church has made the Word of God of none effect through her tradition, "the Bible, the Bible alone, is the religion of Protestants."

It is owing to the Bible, that "Old England" and "Merry England" are synonymous terms. The nations that envy our country her fame and fortune should follow her faith.

Britain is *Great Britain* after all, not merely, nor even chiefly, through her mineral treasures, but through that wealth of moral energy which she has found in an open Bible. It is our freedom—mental, social, political, religious,—which has made us great; and this, with God's blessing, we owe to His Word. The charter of our liberties, the source of our prosperity, is the Bible. It is this that has made Great Britain the home of freedom, an asylum for the oppressed, the mother of nations, and the mistress of the seas. And wherever this cause has been allowed to operate, it has been followed by similar results. Into what country has Christianity ever entered without a troop of blessings in her train?

It is true indeed that the Bible is not a code of civil law. It can reach public institutions only through its influence on private character. Yet even on public institutions its operations have been as remarkable for their importance as for their beneficence. *It has mitigated the conduct of war and the treatment of captives. It has softened the administration of despotic, or of nominally despotic, governments. It has abolished polygamy. It has restrained the licentiousness of divorce. It has put an end to the exposure of children, and the immolation of slaves. It has suppressed the combats of gladiators, and the impurities of religious rites." By its ordinance of the Sabbath it has conferred an inestimable boon on all mankind. Wherever it has been received, it has produced numerous establishments for the relief of sickness and poverty; and, in not a few, a regular provision by law. Then, too, how incalculable in private life have been its benefits! What myriads of homes has it made happy! What deathbeds has it cheered—what sorrows alleviated! What precious immortal souls through its Divine enlightenment have "washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb"!

Now lay these particulars together. Contrast the New Zealand of this day with the New Zealand of sixty years ago; or the Britain of Macaulay with the Britannia of Tacitus. The difference has proceeded from the doctrine of the Cross—the teaching of the Bible. Can you conceive of moral effects more unmistakeable in their indication of the Divine Origin of their Cause? Whence did this Book derive this power? "Is not this the finger of God?"

FAULT-FINDING.

BY MRS. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

IT may safely be set down as a maxim that nobody likes to be found fault with, but everybody likes to find fault when things do not suit him.

Let my courteous reader ask him or herself if he or she does not experience a relief and pleasure in finding fault with or about whatever troubles them.

This appears at first sight an anomaly in the provisions of Nature. Generally we are so constituted, that what it is a pleasure to us to do, it is a pleasure to our neighbour to have us do. It is a pleasure to give, and a pleasure to receive. It is a pleasure to love, and a pleasure to be loved; a pleasure to admire, a pleasure to be admired. It is a pleasure also to find fault, but not a pleasure to be found fault with. Furthermore, those people whose sensitiveness of temperament leads them to find the most fault, are precisely those who can least bear to be found fault with; they bind heavy burdens and grievous to be borne, and lay them on other men's shoulders, but they themselves cannot bear the weight of a finger.

Now the difficulty in the case is this: There are things in life that need to be altered; and that things may be altered, they must be spoken of to the people whose business it is to make the change. This opens wide the door of fault-finding to well-disposed people, and gives them latitude of conscience to impose on their fellows all the annoyances which they themselves feel. The father and mother of a family are fault-finders *ex officio*; and to them flows back the tide of every separate individual's complaints in the domestic circle, till often the whole air of the house is chilled and darkened by a drizzling Scotch mist of querulousness.

Enthusius falls in love with Hermione, because she looks like a moonbeam,—because she is ethereal as a summer cloud, *spirituelle*. He commences forthwith the perpetual-adoration system that precedes marriage. He assures her that she is too good for this world, too delicate and fair for any of the uses of poor mortality,—that she ought to tread on roses, sleep on the clouds,—that she ought never to shed a tear, know a fatigue, or make an exertion, but live apart in some bright, ethereal sphere worthy of her charms. All which is

duly chanted in her ear in moonlight walks or sails, and so often repeated, that a sensible girl may be excused for believing that a little of it may be true.

Now comes marriage,—and it turns out that Enthusius is very particular as to his coffee, and he is excessively disturbed if his meals are at all irregular, and that he cannot be comfortable with any table arrangements which do not resemble those of his notable mother; he also wants his house in perfect order at all hours. Still he does not propose to provide a trained housekeeper; it is all to be effected by means of certain raw servant-girls, under the superintendence of this angel who was to tread on roses, sleep on clouds, and never know an earthly care. Neither has Enthusius ever considered it a part of a husband's duty to bear personal inconveniences in silence. He would freely shed his blood for Hermione,—nay, has often frantically proposed the same in the hours of courtship, when of course nobody wanted it done, and it could answer no manner of use; and thus to the idyllic dialogues of that period succeed such as these:—

"My dear, this tea is smoked: can't you get Jane into the way of making it better?"

"My dear, I have tried; but she will not do as I tell her."

"Well, all I know is, other people can have good tea, and I should think we might."

And again at dinner:—

"My dear, this mutton is overdone again; it is *always* overdone."

"Not always, dear, because you recollect on Monday you said it was just right."

"Well, *almost* always."

"Well, my dear, the reason to-day was, I had company in the parlour, and could not go out to caution Bridget, as I generally do. It's very difficult to get things done with such a girl."

"My mother's things were always well done, no matter what her girl was."

Again: "My dear, you must speak to the servants about wasting the coal. I never saw such a consumption of fuel in a family of our size;" or, "My dear, how can you let Maggie tear the morning paper?" or, "My dear, I shall actually have to give up coming to dinner if

my dinners cannot be regular;" or, "My dear, I wish you would look at the way my shirts are ironed,—it is perfectly scandalous;" or, "My dear, you must not let Johnnie finger the mirror in the parlour;" or, "My dear, you must stop the children from playing in the garret;" or, "My dear, you must see that Maggie doesn't leave the mat out on the railing when she sweeps the front hall;" and so on, upstairs and downstairs, in the lady's chamber, in attic, garret, and cellar, "my dear" is to see that nothing goes wrong, and she is found fault with when anything does.

Yet Enthusius, when occasionally he finds his sometime angel in tears, and she tells him he does not love her as he once did, repudiates the charge with all his heart, and declares he loves her more than ever,—and perhaps he does. The only thing is that she has passed out of the plane of moonshine and poetry into that of actualities. While she was considered an angel, a star, a bird, an evening cloud, of course there was nothing to be found fault with in her; but now that the angel has become chief business-partner in an earthly working firm, relations are different. Enthusius could say the same things over again under the same circumstances, but now they never are in the same circumstances. Enthusius is simply a man who is in the habit of speaking from impulse, and saying a thing merely and only because he feels it. Before marriage he adored his wife as an ideal being dwelling in the land of dreams and poetries, and did his very best to make her impractical and unfitted to enjoy the life to which he was to introduce her after marriage. After marriage he still yields unreflectingly to present impulses, which are no longer to praise, but to criticise and condemn. The very sensibility to beauty and love of elegance, which made him admire her before marriage, now transferred to the arrangement of the domestic *ménage*, lead him daily to perceive a hundred defects and find a hundred annoyances.

Thus far we suppose an amiable, submissive wife, who is only grieved, not provoked,—who has no sense of injustice, and meekly strives to make good the hard conditions of her lot. Such poor little, faded women have we seen, looking for all the world like plants that have been nursed and forced into bloom in the steam-heat of the conservatory, and are now sickly and yellow, dropping leaf by leaf, in the dry, dusty parlour.

But there is another side of the picture,—

where the wife, provoked and indignant, takes up the fault-finding trade in return, and, with the keen arrows of her woman's wit, searches and penetrates every joint of the husband's armour, showing herself fully as unjust and far more capable in this sort of conflict.

Saddest of all sad things is it to see two once very dear friends employing all that peculiar knowledge of each other which love had given them, only to harass and provoke,—thrusting and piercing with a certainty of aim that only past habits of confidence and affection could have put in their power, wounding their own hearts with every deadly thrust they made at one another, and all for such inexpressibly miserable trifles as usually form the openings of fault-finding dramas.

For the contentions that loosen the very foundations of love, that crumble away all its fine traceries and carved work, about what miserable worthless things do they commonly begin!—a dinner underdone, a newspaper torn, a waste of coal or soap, a dish broken!—and for this miserable sort of trash people will sometimes waste and throw away by double handfuls the very thing for which houses are built, and coal burned, and all the paraphernalia of a home established,—*their happiness*. Better cold coffee, smoky tea, burnt meat, better any inconvenience, any loss, than a loss of love; and nothing so surely burns away love as constant fault-finding.

For fault-finding once allowed as a habit between two near and dear friends comes in time to establish a chronic soreness, so that the mildest, the most reasonable suggestion, the gentlest implied reproof, occasions burning irritation; and when this morbid state has once set in, the restoration of love seems well-nigh impossible.

For example: Enthusius having got up this morning in the best of humours, in the most playful tones begs Hermione not to make the tails of her *g's* quite so long; and Hermione fires up with,

"And, pray, what else wouldn't you wish me to do? Perhaps you would be so good, when you have leisure, as to make out an alphabetical list of the things in me that need correcting."

"My dear, you are unreasonable."

"I don't think so. I should like to get to the end of the requirements of my lord and master sometimes."

"Now, my dear, you really are very silly."

"Please say something original, my dear. I

have heard that till it has lost the charm of novelty."

"Come now, Hermione, don't let's quarrel."

"My dear, who thinks of quarrelling? Not I; I'm sure I was only asking to be directed. I trust some time, if I live to be ninety, to suit your fastidious taste. I trust the coffee is right this morning, *and* the tea, *and* the toast, *and* the steak, *and* the servants, *and* the front-hall mat, *and* the upper-story hall door, *and* the basement premises; and now I suppose I am to be trained in respect to my general education. I shall set about the tails of my g's at once, but trust you will prepare a list of any other little things that need emendation."

Enthusius pushes away his coffee, and drums on the table.

"If I might be allowed one small criticism, my dear, I should observe that it is not good manners to drum on the table," says his fair opposite.

"Hermione, you are enough to drive a man frantic!" exclaims Enthusius, rushing out with bitterness in his soul, and a determination to take his dinner at Delmonico's.

Enthusius feels himself an abused man, and thinks there never was such a woman,—the most utterly unreasonable, provoking human being he ever met with. What he does not think of is, that it is his own inconsiderate, constant fault-finding that has made every nerve so sensitive and sore, that the mildest suggestion of advice or reproof on the most indifferent subject is impossible. He has not, to be sure, been the guilty partner in this morning's encounter; he has said only what is fair and proper, and she has been unreasonable and cross; but, after all, the fault is remotely his.

When Enthusius awoke, after marriage, to find in his Hermione in very deed only a bird, a star, a flower, but no housekeeper, why did he not face the matter like an honest man? Why did he not remember all the fine things about dependence and uselessness with which he had been filling her head for a year or two, and in common honesty exact no more from her than he had bargained for? Can a bird make a good business manager? Can a flower oversee inexperienced servants, and impart to them the high crafts and mysteries of elegant housekeeping?

If his little wife has to learn her domestic rôle of household duty as most girls do, by a thousand mortifications, a thousand perplexities, a thousand failures, let him, in ordinary fairness, make it as easy to her as possible.

Let him remember with what admiring smiles before marriage he received her pretty professions of utter helplessness and incapacity in domestic matters, finding only poetry and grace in what after marriage proved an annoyance.

And if a man finds that he has a wife ill-adapted to wifely duties, does it follow that the best thing he can do is to blurt out, without form or ceremony, all the criticisms and corrections which may occur to him in the many details of household life? He would not dare to speak with as little preface, apology, or circumlocution, to his business manager, to his butcher, or his baker. When Enthusius was a bachelor, he never criticised the table at his boarding-house without some reflection, and studying to take unto himself acceptable words whereby to soften the asperity of the criticism. The laws of society require that a man should qualify, soften, and wisely time his admonitions to those he meets in the outer world, or they will turn again and rend him. But to his own wife, in his own house and home, he can find fault without ceremony or softening. So he can; and he can awake, in the course of a year or two, to find his wife a changed woman, and his home unendurable. He may find, too, that unceremonious fault-finding is a game that two can play at, and that a woman can shoot her arrows with far more precision and skill than a man.

But the fault lies not always on the side of the husband. Quite as often is a devoted, patient, good-tempered man harassed and hunted and baited by the inconsiderate fault-finding of a wife whose principal talent seems to lie in the ability at first glance to discover and make manifest the weak point in everything.

We have seen the most generous, the most warm-hearted and obliging of mortals, under this sort of training, made the most morose and disobliging of husbands. Sure to be found fault with, whatever they do, they have at last ceased doing. The disappointment of not pleasing they have abated by not trying to please.

I have spoken hitherto of fault-finding as between husband and wife: its consequences are even worse as respects children. The habit once suffered to grow up between the two that constitute the head of the family descends and runs through all the branches. Children are more hurt by indiscriminate, thoughtless fault-finding than by any other one thing.

Often a child has all the sensitiveness and all the susceptibility of a grown person, added to the faults of childhood. Nothing about him is right as yet; he is immature and faulty at all points, and everybody feels at perfect liberty to criticise him, till he takes refuge either in callous hardness or irritable moroseness.

A bright, noisy boy rushes in from school, eager to tell his mother something he has on his heart, and Number One cries out,—

"Oh, you've left the door open! I do wish you wouldn't always leave the door open! And do look at the mud on your shoes! How many times must I tell you to wipe your feet?"

"Now, there you've thrown your cap on the sofa again! When will you learn to hang it up?"

"Don't put your slate there; that isn't the place for it."

"How dirty your hands are! what have you been doing?"

"Don't sit in that chair; you break the springs, jouncing."

"There, if you haven't torn the braid all off your coat! Dear me, what a boy!"

"Don't speak so loud; your voice goes through my head."

Now the question is, if any of the grown people of the family had to run the gauntlet of such a string of criticisms on themselves, would they be any better-natured about it than this juvenile member doubtless proves?

No; but they are grown-up people; they have rights that others are bound to respect. Everybody cannot tell them exactly what he thinks about everything they do. If every one could and did, would there not be terrible reactions?

Servants are frequently only grown-up children, and the same considerations apply to them. A raw, untrained girl introduced into an elegant house has her head bewildered in every direction. There are the gas-pipes, the water-pipes, the whole paraphernalia of elegant and delicate conveniences, about which a thousand little details are to be learned, the neglect of any one of which may flood the house, or poison it with foul air, or bring innumerable inconveniences. The setting of a genteel table, and the waiting upon it, involve fifty possibilities of mistake, each one of which will grate on the nerves of a whole family. There is no wonder, then, that the occasions of fault-finding in families are so constant and harassing. The mistress is often rasped, irritated, despairing—and with good reason; the

maid is the same, and with equally good reason. Yet let the mistress be suddenly introduced into a printing-office, and required, with what little teaching could be given her in a few rapid directions, to set up the editorial of a morning paper, and it is probable she would be as stupid and bewildered as Biddy in her beautifully arranged house.

There are elegant houses which, from causes like these, are ever vexed like the troubled sea that cannot rest. Literally, their table has become a snare before them, and that which should have been for their welfare, a trap. Their gas, and their water, and their fire, and their elegancies and ornaments, all in unskilled hands, seem only so many guns in the hands of Satan, through which he fires at their Christian graces day and night,—so that, if their house is kept in order, their temper and religion are not.

As a means to a peaceful and restful home-life, no words can express, no tongue can tell, the value of NOT SPEAKING. "Speech is silver, but silence is golden," is an old and very precious proverb.

"But," say many voices, "what is to become of us, if we may not speak? Must we not correct our children, and our servants, and each other? Must we let people go on doing wrong to the end of the chapter?"

No; fault must be found; faults must be told, errors corrected. Reproof and admonition are duties of householders to their families, and of all true friends to one another.

But, gentle reader, let us look over life, our own lives and the lives of others, and ask, How much of the fault-finding which prevails has the least tendency to do any good? How much of it is well-timed, well-pointed, deliberate, just, and so spoken as to be effective?

"A wise reprover upon an obedient ear," is one of the *rare* things spoken of by Solomon,—the rarest, perhaps, to be met with. How many really religious people put any of their religion into their manner of performing this most difficult office? We find fault with a stove or furnace which creates heat only to go up the chimney and not to warm the house. We say it is wasteful. Just so wasteful often seem church-services, and sacraments; they create and excite lovely, gentle, holy feelings; but, if these do not pass out into the atmosphere of daily life, and warm and clear the air of our homes, there is a great waste in our religion.

There is no mistake as to the sincerity of the religion which the church excites. What we

want is to have it *used* in common life, instead of going up like hot air in a fire-place to lose itself in the infinite abysses above.

In reproving and fault-finding, we have beautiful examples in Holy Writ. When St. Paul has a reproof to administer to delinquent Christians, how does he temper it with gentleness and praise! how does he first make honourable note of all the good there is to be spoken of! how does he give assurance of his prayers and love!—and when at last the arrow flies, it goes all the straighter to the mark for this carefulness.

But there was a greater, a purer, a lovelier than Paul, who made His home on earth, with twelve plain men, ignorant, prejudiced, slow to learn, and who to the very day of His death were still contending on a point which He had repeatedly explained, and troubling His last earthly hours with the old contest, "Who should be greatest." When all else failed, on His knees before them as their Servant, tenderly performing for love the office of a slave, He said, "If I, your Lord and Master, have washed your feet, ye also ought to wash one another's feet."

When parents, employers, and masters learn to reprove in this spirit, reproofs will be more effective than they now are. It was by the exercise of this spirit that Fénelon transformed the proud, petulant, irritable, selfish Duke of Burgundy, making him humble, gentle, tolerant of others and severe only to himself: it was he who had for his motto; that "Perfection alone can bear with imperfection."

But apart from the fault-finding which has a definite aim, how much is there that does not profess or intend or try to do anything more than give vent to an irritated state of feeling! The nettle stings us, and we toss it with both hands at our neighbour; the fire burns us, and we throw coals and hot ashes at all or sundry of those about us.

There is *fretfulness*, a mizzling, drizzling rain of discomforting remark; there is *grumbling*, a north-east storm that never clears: there is *scolding*, the thunderstorm with lightning and hail. All these are worse than useless; they are positive *sins*, by whosoever indulged,—sins as great and real as many that are shuddered at in polite society.

All these are for the most part but the venting on our fellow-beings of morbid feelings resulting from dyspepsia, overtaxed nerves, or general ill-health.

You and I do in one week the work we ought

to do in six; we overtax nerve and brain, and then have weeks of darkness in which everything at home seems running to destruction. The servants never were so careless, the children never so noisy, the house never so disorderly. The only thing, after all, in which the existing condition of affairs differs from that of a week ago is, that we have used up our nervous energy, and are looking through blue spectacles. We ought to resist the spirit of fault-finding at this point, and cultivate silence as a grace till our nerves are rested. There are times when no one should trust himself to judge his neighbours, or reprove his children and servants, or find fault with his friends; for he is so sharp-set, that he cannot strike a note without striking too hard. Then is the time to try the grace of silence, and what is better than silence, the power of prayer.

But it being premised that we are *never* to fret, never to grumble, never to scold, and yet it being our duty in some way to make known and get rectified the faults of others, it remains to ask how; and on this head we will improvise a parable of two women.

Mrs. Standfast is a woman of high tone, and possessed of a power of moral principle that impresses one even as sublime. All her perceptions of right and wrong are clear, exact, and minute; she is charitable to the poor, kind to the sick and suffering, and devoutly and earnestly religious. In all the minutiae of woman's life she manifests an inconceivable precision and perfection. Everything she does is perfectly done. She is true to all her promises to the very letter, and so punctual that railroad time might be kept by her instead of a chronometer.

Yet, with all these excellent traits, Mrs. Standfast has not the faculty of making a happy home. She is that most hopeless of fault-finders,—a fault-finder from principle. She has a high correct standard for everything in the world, from the regulation of the thoughts down to the spreading of a sheet or the hemming of a towel; and to this exact standard she feels it her duty to bring every one in her household. She does not often scold, she is not actually fretful, but she exercises over her household a calm, inflexible severity rebuking every fault; she overlooks nothing; she excuses nothing; she will accept of nothing in any part of her domain but absolute perfection; and her reproofs are aimed with a true and steady point, and sent with a force that makes them felt by the most obdurate.

Hence, though she is rarely seen out of temper, and seldom or never scolds, yet she drives every one around her to despair by the use of the calmest and most elegant language. Her servants fear, but do not love her. Her husband—an impulsive, generous man, somewhat inconsiderate and careless in his habits—is at times perfectly desperate under the accumulated load of her disapprobation. Her children regard her as inhabiting some high, distant, unapproachable mountain-top of goodness, whence she is always looking down with reproving eyes on naughty boys and girls. They wonder how it is that so excellent a mamma should have children who, let them try to be good as hard as they can, are always sure to do something dreadful every day.

The trouble with Mrs. Standfast is, not that she has a high standard, and not that she purposes and means to bring every one up to it, but that she does not take the right way. She has set it down that to blame a wrong-doer is the only way to cure wrong. She has never learned that it is as much her duty to praise as to blame, and that people are drawn to do right by being praised when they do it, rather than driven by being blamed when they do not.

Right across the way from Mrs. Standfast is Mrs. Easy, a pretty little creature, with not a tithe of her moral force of principle, whose great object in life is to avoid its disagreeables and to secure its pleasures.

Little Mrs. Easy is adored by her husband, her children, her servants, merely because it is her nature to say pleasant things to every one. It is a mere tact of pleasing, which she uses without knowing it. While Mrs. Standfast, surveying her well-set dining table, runs her keen eye over everything, and at last brings up with, "Jane, look at that black spot on the salt-spoon! I am astonished at your carelessness!"—Mrs. Easy would say, "Why, Jane, where *did* you learn to set a table so nicely? All looking beautiful, except—ah! let's see—just give a rub to this salt-spoon;—now all is quite perfect." Mrs. Standfast's servants and children hear only of their failures; these are always before them and her. Mrs. Easy's servants hear of their successes. She praises their good points; tells them they are doing well in this, that, and the other particular; and finally exhorts them, on the strength of having done so many things well, to improve in what is yet lacking. Mrs. Easy's husband feels that he is always a hero in her

eyes, and her children feel that they are dear good children, notwithstanding Mrs. Easy sometimes has her little tiffs of displeasure, and scolds roundly when something falls out as it should not.

The two families show how much more may be done by a very ordinary woman, through the mere instinct of praising and pleasing, than by the greatest worth and principle, seeking to lift human nature by a lever that never was meant to lift it.

The faults and mistakes of us poor human beings are as often perpetuated by despair, as by any other one thing. Have we not all been burdened by a consciousness of faults that we were slow to correct, because we felt discouraged? Have we not been sensible of a real help sometimes from the presence of a friend who thought well of us, believed in us, set our virtues in the best light, and put our faults in the background?

Let us depend upon it, that the flesh and blood that are in us—the needs, the wants, the despondencies—are in each of our fellows, in every awkward servant and careless child.

Finally, let us all resolve,—

First, to attain to the grace of SILENCE.

Second, to deem all FAULT-FINDING that does no good, a SIN; and to resolve, when we are happy ourselves, not to poison the atmosphere for our neighbours, by calling on them to remark every painful and disagreeable feature of their daily life.

Third, to practise the grace and virtue of PRAISE. We have all been taught that it is our duty to praise God, but few of us have reflected on our duty to praise men; and yet, for the same reason that we should praise the Divine goodness, it is our duty to praise human excellence.

We should praise our friends—our near and dear ones; we should look on and think of their virtues till their faults fade away; and when we love most, and see most to love, then only is the wise time wisely to speak of what should still be altered.

Parents should look out for occasions to commend their children, as carefully as they seek to reprove their faults; and employers should praise the good their servants do, as strictly as they blame the evil.

Whoever undertakes to use this weapon will find that praise goes farther in many cases than blame. Watch till a blundering servant does something well, and then praise him for

it, and you will see a new fire lighted in the eye; and often you will find that in that one respect at least you have secured excellence thenceforward.

When you blame, which should be seldom, let it be alone with the person, quietly, considerately, and with all the tact you are possessed of. The fashion of reproving children and servants in the presence of others cannot

be too much deprecated. Pride, stubbornness, and self-will are aroused by this, while a more private reproof might be received with thankfulness.

As a general rule, I would say, treat children in these respects just as you would grown people; they are grown people in miniature, and need as careful consideration of their feelings as any of us.

LIGHT ON CHURCH MATTERS.—III.

THE BIBLE AND THE REFORMATION.

BY THE REV. J. B. OWEN, M.A.



HE Reformation restored to us the Canonical Scripture as the Rule of Faith.

"I adore," said Tertullian (C. Her-mog. c. 22) "the fulness of Scripture. If anything be not written, alas ! let them fear that which is doomed to those who should add or take away anything from it." On this principle our 20th Article declares, "It is not lawful for the Church to ordain anything that is contrary to God's Word written; neither may it so expound one place of Scripture, that it be repugnant to another;" and, on the other hand, as our Church *professes* no novelties herself, she *tolerates* none, at least in her own ministers. They are at liberty to exercise their right of private judgment upon her Articles of faith, as to whether they will bind themselves to expound the truth accordingly; but she holds them responsible afterwards to the terms of their ordination. The Thirty-nine Articles set forth neither more nor less than "the Faith once (Απαξ—once for all) delivered to the saints;"—they enact nothing new, but her members "having tasted the old wine do not straightway desire new," but say, "the old is better;" and she is no more to be denounced as a mere Protestant *élève* for protesting against the novelties of Pius, than the Universal Church was merely Protestant at the first four General Councils,—or for protesting at Nice against the heresy of Arius; or at Constantinople against Macedonius; at Ephesus against Nestorius, or at Chalcedon against Eutyches. At the same time that the supremacy of Scripture as the Rule of Faith is prominently enforced by the formularies of our Church, the Reformation did not ruthlessly exclude all subordinate appeal to the testimony, though carefully admitting them *as* testimony only, of Tradition and the Fathers.

Like the pious Elihu in the book of Job, she reverently saith; "Days should speak, and multitude of years should teach wisdom;" hence in her Ordinal, Homilies, and Canons she frequently appeals to "ancient authors,"—"Fathers,"—"Decrees,"—and the custom of the primitive Church.

She does not condemn the sacred right of private judgment rationally understood, but directs its exercise in her communion in such wise as it shall tend, to the best of *her* judgment, to the edification of her children. If there be any perverse, self-willed setter up of new and diverse doctrines, the Ishmael is banished from the household which he disturbed, and "the son of the bondwoman is not suffered to be heir with the son of the free."

The restoration of the Bible to the people was the first great distinguishing feature of the Reformation. Up to this period it was unknown to the people. In the Price Current of a compendium of English History, attached to a Directory, read by a friend of mine, a clergyman, a few weeks since, these dates occur:—

"A.D. 1274, A Bible with comment, £33 6s. 8d.

"A.D. 1283 (nine years after), An English slave and his family, 13s. 4d.!"

These two entries explain each other—the dearness of the Scriptures bears a natural proportion to the cheapness of slaves. Let us contrast them with two other dates:—

"A.D. 1832, A Bible—neat, portable, and without comment, 1s. 6d.

"August 1st, A.D. 1832, A British slave and family, black or white, Home or Colonial, not to be had for twenty millions sterling!"

If the plea be urged, that printing was too recently invented to have Bibles at all within

the reach of the poor—let it be answered,—How did the Bereans and early Christians search the Scriptures daily? Whence had the Jews their multitudinous manuscripts of the Old Testament? Whence had the many thousands of mendicant Monks their four-volumed Breviaries?

Alas! so scarce was Scripture at the dawn of the Reformation, that when one large volume was chained in a church, the people flocked to hear it read with the greatest avidity. To this day there is a grievous famine of Scripture in Spain and Italy, the obvious cause of which is to be found in the ascendancy of Popery.

The plausible pretext of reserving the Scriptures under the lock and key of a dead language, to preserve it from abuse and injury, is like the policy of some ancient Jewish Priests, who hid the Book of the Law till it was lost among the rubbish of the Temple; or like sending an innocent man to prison under pretence of taking care of his person.

This was not the method of the true Head of the Church. When He preached, EVEN HE appealed to the standard of faith,—“Thus it is written.” When He reproved the Pharisees, He inquired of them: “Have ye not READ?” When He would account for all their heresies, He declared “Ye do err, not knowing the Scriptures.” And in order to keep His Church in the way of truth to the end of time, He gave them as their abiding rule of faith, what a poor converted Romanist once described to his Priest who challenged his right of searching the Word of God for himself, as a “search-warrant.” “Sure,” said he, “I’ve a search-warrant in the blessed words, ‘Search the Scriptures, for in them ye *think* ye have eternal life.’” And who does not *think* so, when he reads the Scriptures prayerfully?

The comfort and increase of this “thought of the heart” the Reformation bestowed upon the people. It revealed Revelation—it *printed* Scripture—it stereotyped the glorious Book in the hearts and memories of a grateful nation—it published the Magna Charta of the faith once delivered to the saints, by which religion henceforth was proclaimed free as the grace of its Divine Author, and accessible as His tender mercies. It commenced that career of illustrious philanthropy which has translated the Scriptures in 173 languages and dialects—more than half the languages of the globe; and increased their circulation to more than fifty millions of copies!

LADY HERBERT OF LEA ON THE NUNS OF ST. THERESA.

In her “Impressions of Spain,” just published, Lady Herbert gives an account of her visit to the Convent of St. Theresa, in Seville. Ford, in his hand-book, describes Theresa as the “crazy nun,” the “love-sick nun,” the “tool of the Jesuits,” whom Gregory XV., “bribed by the gold of Philip IV., placed in the calendar of Romish saintesses, instead of in Bedlam.” Lady Herbert states that the Convent is “strictly enclosed,” and “to enter it, she had to obtain *special Papal permission*.”

Having referred to the difficulties which Theresa encountered in the establishment of this institution, in the 16th century, Lady Herbert thus details the habits of the inmates.

“They consist of twenty-two sisters, who keep a perpetual fast, living chiefly on the dried ‘Cabala,’ or stock fish of the country, and only on festivals and at Easter tide allow themselves eggs and milk. They have no beds, only a hard mattress stuffed with straw; this, with an iron lamp, a pitcher of water, a crucifix, and a *discipline*,* constitutes the only furniture of each cell, all of which are alike. . . . Opposite the place of the Superior (in the refectory) is a *skull*, the only distinction.

“They are allowed *no linen*, and wear only a brown mantle and serge scapular, with a black veil, which cover them from head to foot. They are rarely allowed to walk in the garden, or to go out in the corridor in the sun to warm themselves. Their house is like a cellar, cold and damp, and they have no fires. Even at recreation they are not allowed to sit *except on the floor*; and silence is rigidly observed except for two hours in the day. They have only five hours sleep, not going to bed till half-past eleven, on account of the office. At eleven one of the Novices seizes the wooden clapper (or *crecella*), which she strikes three times, pronouncing the words: ‘Praise be to our Lord Jesus Christ, *and to the blessed Virgin Mary, His Mother*; my sisters, let us go to Matins to glorify our Lord.’ Then they go to the choir, singing the *Miserere*. They are called again at half-past four by a sister, who chants a verse in the Psalms. At night a sentence is pronounced aloud, to serve as a meditation. It is generally this:—

“‘My sisters, think of this; a little suffering, and then an eternal recompense.’

“They see absolutely *no one*, receiving the Holy Communion *through a slit in the wall*.

* A whip for scourging!

The English lady was the first person they had seen face to face, or with lifted veils, for twelve years. They play the organ of the chapel, which is a public one, though they themselves are entirely invisible; and they are *not even allowed to see the Altar*; which is concealed by a heavy black curtain drawn across the grating looking into the Church. They have an image of their great foundress, the size of life, dressed in the habit of the order, and to her they go night and morning, and salute her as to a mother."

We do not wonder that Lady Herbert should say: "It was with a feeling almost of relief that the English lady found herself once more in the sunshine outside these gloomy walls." But we do wonder—although, perhaps, if we sufficiently pondered what is going on in England we should *not* wonder—to find Lady Herbert expressing her approval of these inhuman austerities. She continues: "Does it not touch the most indifferent among us to think of our self-indulgence, being as it were, *atoned for by their self-denial?*" and then adds, "The time will come when we shall see from what miseries, from what sorrows, *we and our country* have been preserved by lives like these, *which save our Sodom*, and avert God's righteous anger from His people."

In another of her works, also just published, entitled "Three Phases of Christian Love," Lady Herbert writes thus admiringly of a Superior of a convent:—

"She had the profoundest veneration for holy places and holy things, for Holy Water among others, which she took on every occasion, especially if she feared having committed some slight infraction of the rule. Her respect for her directors and especially for N. T. Père may be measured by her belief in their being to her the representatives of God on earth. She would read the precious letters of the T. H. Père on her knees, and when desired by him to write on any subject, she was most careful to use his very words. '*It is the voice of God,*' she would say. One of the sisters asked her for her rosary to keep as a *souvenir*. She replied, 'Very willingly; but do not let

me be buried without one.' Writing once from Bayonne she said, 'As far as I am concerned, I have no fault to find with any of my dear sisters except for the love they bear me, which I fear is too strong and too *human*. I try to combat it by assuming a coldness of manner which I find it difficult to feel.' From the moment she entered the community she kept up no communications with her family, except an annual letter; and she never attempted to see them. Having *generously* broken through every human tie, she belonged henceforth to God alone and His poor. She allowed no indulgence to natural feelings."

Further on, we are told that when dying she would not kiss a niece who was a nun in the same convent, lest she should show that any "natural feelings" were left. One day during her illness she asked a sister to give her some holy water, adding, "It is to wash away my act of infidelity for having spoken to you during the time for silence." "But," answered the sister, "you spoke for a good purpose." "It is all the same," replied the Mother. "It was not necessary for me to anticipate the hour. I might very well have waited." "After her death," says Lady Herbert, "a holy priest wrote, *Something stops me; involuntarily, indeed, I invokes her!*"

Could a more painful picture of mental prostration well be imagined? Or could a more striking illustration be furnished of a system which may truly be said to ignore the claims of "natural affection?"

Yet Lady Herbert actually degraded herself to ask permission to "kneel down and pray for her heart's desire," in this convent, "dressed in St. Theresa's old cloak!" And she appeals to the English nation to reconsider their verdict against these Conventual Institutions, and looks forward to the day when we shall see the error of our ways!

This is what we may expect even from the enlightenment of the nineteenth century, if we fail to resist by *Bible truth* the progress of Ritualistic and Romish error. *Intellectualism* will not preserve us from the inroads of superstition.

EDITOR O. O. F.



Pleasant Readings for our Sons and Daughters.

MISS VIVIAN AND HER RELATIONS.

BY A. G., AUTHOR OF "AMONG THE MOUNTAINS," "MABEL AND CORA,"
"BEECHENHURST," ETC.

CHAPTER VI.

"We reprehend small things in others, and pass over greater in ourselves.

"We quickly feel and weigh what we suffer from others, but we mind not what others suffer from us."

THOMAS A. KEMPIS.

AFTER Constance's departure Leonard remained for a considerable time in undisturbed quiet. Edwin had betaken himself out of sight and hearing, and Captain Vivian, thus left to himself, became so absorbed in his book as to be unconscious of the lapse of time.

More than an hour had passed, when Edwin rushed up in a state of wild excitement—

"Leonard, Leonard! a horse and cart has run away! I saw it just now,—and it is tearing along the road as fast as can be,—and I saw Miss Vivian go by in her chair with Beatrice a few minutes ago."

Leonard sprang to his feet as if he had received an electric shock, flinging his book away. Edwin checked him as he was making for the front gate,—

"Not there!—they went down the lane—and if the horse turns that way——"

Leonard waited to hear no more. Well aware was he of the narrowness of the lane, rendering it impossible for two carts to pass one another. The little gate leading to it was only at a short distance from where he had been sitting, and almost momentarily he was there—saw the imminent danger Miss Vivian and Beatrice were in—snatched the feeble and terrified old lady from the ground (Beatrice having helped her out of the chair), and hurried back to the gate, bearing her in his arms, and dragging Beatrice with him. Only just in time! for as the horse and cart dashed past, carrying the chair along and shattering it to pieces, the wheels brushed the dress of Beatrice.

She drew one long breath of relief, and then stood silently, with clasped hands, trembling too much to speak. Leonard placed Miss

Vivian upon a rustic bench that was close by, and then Beatrice found voice to say,

"It is of no use attempting to thank you, Captain Vivian!"

"None, certainly," returned Captain Vivian, with a smile, and still breathing hard with the excitement and exertion. "Thank God I was in time!" he added in a lower tone. "But you are trembling, Miss Wentworth."

"Only with the fright—I suppose I was more alarmed than I knew at the time," said Beatrice.

"I ought to apologise to you for my rough mode of rescue," said Leonard, turning to Miss Vivian, as she sat looking very much bewildered and shaken. "But there was hardly time to think of politeness."

"No; and I am very much obliged to you," said Miss Vivian, rather stiffly, but extending her hand to him. "I ought to thank you for your promptitude."

"You must thank Edwin, then, for his quickness in letting me know of your danger," pleasantly answered Leonard. "But you must allow me now to take you both into the house, to rest before you return home."

"Thank you. I am sure Miss Vivian is hardly equal to going back yet," said Beatrice, and received what looked very much like a frown of displeasure from Miss Vivian for the remark.

"If you will be so kind as to call John Sanders, he will assist me back," she said, distantly. "I don't wish to trouble you any more, Captain Vivian."

Leonard raised his hat with a bow of apparent assent, and moved away; but instead of calling John Sanders, he reappeared a minute later with Mr. Mansfield himself, greatly to Miss Vivian's evident annoyance; and she stood up, though with difficulty—

"Captain Vivian is under a mistake. I do not wish to trouble you, Mr. Mansfield. Beatrice, will you have the goodness to call John Sanders?"

"I see him coming down the lane, Miss Vivian. But if you really wish to walk home, I am sure Captain Vivian will help you."

After a moment's hesitation Miss Vivian took his offered arm, and commenced her return. She was so lame and infirm, that the short walk through the garden, across the road, and up to her house, was a serious matter, and before it was half accomplished, she was fain to accept Mr. Mansfield's additional help. At her own door she paused, and in parting gave him a word of thanks; but she allowed, and indeed seemed to expect, Leonard to assist her into the drawing-room, and place her in her easy chair.

"I shall see you again, Captain Vivian," she said, giving her hand, and speaking rather as if making an assertion than asking a question.

"Pray don't consider yourself bound to invite me, merely in consequence of what has just happened, Miss Vivian," returned Leonard frankly, and perhaps with a little pride. "I am very glad to have had it in my power to be of service to you; but it is not worth a second thought, so far as I was concerned."

Miss Vivian scrutinized his face gravely for an instant.

"I believe you mean it," she said, slowly. "And, after all, it was done on the impulse of the moment. Do you think you would have done the same for me if you had had time for consideration, Captain Vivian?"

Leonard looked amazed at first, and then burst into a hearty laugh—

"My dear Miss Vivian, what a question! The only possible difference would have been, that I should have tried to discover some rather gentler and pleasanter means of giving you assistance."

"I believe you mean it," murmured Miss Vivian again. "Captain Vivian, will you come and see me to-morrow morning;—not this evening, for I do not feel equal to it? I should like to see you to-morrow at twelve."

Leonard consented, not a little surprised at the request, and then, leaving the old lady in the care of Beatrice and Bentley, quitted the house and wended his way homewards. Mr. Mansfield was waiting for him outside the door, and heard with much amusement of the invitation.

"You are coming into favour now, Leonard."

"She is a strange old lady," said Leonard, but he spoke in a very absent and uninterested tone, and the real bent of his thoughts was revealed by his warm exclamation, "Did you

ever see anything more noble than Miss Wentworth's conduct?"

"What did she do?"

"Stayed by Miss Vivian, helping her out of the chair, when she must have known it was almost hopeless to succeed in time. She could not possibly have done it, indeed. But she did not seem to think of leaving Miss Vivian, and escaping herself."

"Beatrice is one of a thousand," said Mr. Mansfield, quietly. "Any one can see what a fine, handsome girl she is; but her more admirable qualities don't so much appear at first sight—her genuine unselfishness, and nobleness, and generosity. It needs some time to become thoroughly acquainted with her. I always fancied she would suit you, Leonard."

"Not, I suppose, from your recollection of our childish days together," said Captain Vivian, with a smile. "I don't think our relations then were the most amicable in the world. She was rather blunt and decided, and liked to have her own way, I remember. I should never have guessed her now to be the same."

"It is the same character, only subdued and softened, and rightly directed by Divine grace," said Mr. Mansfield, thoughtfully. "I wish I could see more of her steadfast Christian principle in my little Constance. She is full of kindly, generous impulses, but that alone is not sufficient. I know by experience the worthlessness of mere impulse—of even good impulses—when unsupported by principle. It does more harm than good, both to oneself and to others."

"I think Constance has a sincere wish to do what is right."

"She has—or rather a succession of impulsive wishes," said Mr. Mansfield, with a half-sad smile. "She is a dear girl, Leonard, and there is much that is very admirable in her character; but I fear her eager, thoughtless nature will lead her into many a difficulty—worse still, into many an act wrong in itself, though done with the best intentions."

Leonard's opinion coincided too closely with that of Mr. Mansfield to allow him to contradict his words.

They had now arrived at the house, and separated, Captain Vivian going into the drawing-room, where, finding himself alone, he took up a book and threw himself into an arm-chair. No one came in until about five o'clock, when Constance made her appearance, looking greatly excited—

"Leonard! only think—oh, only just think—that you should have saved Miss Vivian!"

Leonard had sat up on her eager entrance, but leant back again now, composedly asking,—

"Is that all? I thought you were going to tell me some wonderful piece of news."

"I am sure it is news enough—it is as good as a romance. After all Queen Elizabeth's inveterate dislike, that you should be the one to rescue her from being terribly hurt, if not killed! And now I suppose it is all made up between you. Was she very grateful?"

"Not particularly," said Leonard, drily. "I don't think she found it easy at first to forgive the liberty I had taken in carrying her across the road."

Constance broke into a merry laugh—

"Did you really? Oh, what fun! No wonder her dignity was injured. And she wouldn't come into the house."

"No; we took her home at once."

"But I didn't know she could walk. How did you manage?"

"She walked with our help, though very slowly, and she seemed sadly aged and feeble, poor old lady."

"It is her own fault. No, I don't mean that," added Constance, colouring at Leonard's look. "I only mean that Mr. Wentworth prescribes regular fresh air, and drives, and change of scene, and good food, and she pinches and saves, and will hardly afford herself anything that she ought to have. I believe she would half-starve herself, if it wasn't for Bentley; and whatever Bentley ventures to buy, she is pretty sure to have a scolding for her 'extravagance.' But was it not like Beatrice, to stay with Miss Vivian when she saw the cart coming?"

"Very like her," said Leonard. "Have you seen her yet?"

"No; we found Mr. Wentworth in his house when we reached it, but Beatrice, you know, stayed with Miss Vivian. Oh, Leonard, who do you think is coming home?"

"Where from?"

"Ah, that would be telling all."

"Am I not to know, then? Is it a friend of yours?"

"No, indeed!" said Constance, with a tone of disgust. "I never want to see him or speak to him; but Miss Vivian means to patronize him."

"Oh!" and Leonard laughed. "Percival Gifford, I suppose?"

"Yes; though I did not think you would guess it. Mr. Wentworth was telling us about it, and he is sure he is coming home just because you are here. He is afraid you will have rather too much influence, if the field is left clear to you; so he is coming in person to see what he can do. He had better make haste. Mr. Wentworth will think you have done a wonderful stroke of business to-day."

Leonard's brow contracted with an expression of displeasure and annoyance—

"Really, Constance, if Mr. Wentworth thinks it worth his while to make such very foolish remarks to you, they are hardly worth repeating to any one else," he said, rather shortly.

"But why should you mind my telling you? Mr. Wentworth said he was sure Miss Vivian felt just the same, and he says she quite sneered at the idea of his returning only on account of his health. He thinks her only reason for intending to take him up, was just to spite you. But perhaps she will change her mind after what has happened to-day."

"Miss Vivian is at perfect liberty to take up whom she pleases, so far as I am concerned," said Leonard, coldly. "I do not think it concerns either you or me; still less have we any business to interfere with Captain Gifford's motives."

"Only we can't help being interested," began Constance; but she was interrupted by the entrance of a servant, with the information that a poor woman wanted to speak to her. She left the room, and in about ten minutes came back with burning cheeks—

"Leonard, have you seen papa lately? I mean, do you know where he is?" she asked in an unsteady voice.

"No, not at all," answered Leonard, looking up; then, struck by the distress in her face, he added, "Is anything the matter?"

"Only—only—it's all my own fault," said Constance, pressing her hands together. "Mamma might help me; but I don't know that she would think it right, after what papa said. Oh, papa," as he came in, "I wanted so much to see you!"

"What is it, Connie?" he asked kindly, laying his hand on her shoulder. "Tears in your eyes! What is it, my child?"

"I don't like to ask you, papa," said Constance, in a faltering voice. "I am afraid you won't be pleased with me; but indeed, papa, I meant to be more careful—only my money always goes so fast."

A slight cloud came over Mr. Mansfield's face, but he only said, "Go on, dear. Tell me what it is."

"Papa, I really meant to be more careful and prudent this month, but somehow my money has all gone. I haven't a penny left. And now Mrs. Rogers has come; she is a poor woman who sometimes works for me; and I owe her nearly nine shillings. She is in great distress, and says she doesn't know how to get on; and she has been to three or four houses to get payment, but no one would give it. Mrs. Wentworth owes her a pound, but she says she can't pay her now. And another lady had left her purse upstairs, and was just going out."

Constance warmed with her recital, but here she paused and looked downcast. "I don't know what to do, papa. I can't bear to send her away, for she cries, and looks so unhappy, that I am sure she is in great want. But I haven't a single penny left."

"Were you aware before this evening, Constance, that she needed or cared for immediate payment?" asked Mr. Mansfield, gravely.

"I don't know," said Constance, unwillingly. "I mean I forgot it. Yes, I did know it, because I remember now that the last time she worked for me—two months ago—she said she would like to be paid as soon as it was convenient to me, and I told her to call in a few days. But she was longer coming than I expected; and when she did come I was just out of money, as I am now, and I told her I was very sorry, and that she must come once more. I meant to lay aside the money all ready for her, but I quite forgot about it, and I haven't thought of her once since then. I am very sorry, papa."

"So am I, Constance," said her father, gently; "very sorry that you could treat a poor woman in such a thoughtless manner. You know well that I would gladly pay your bill for you, but I cannot think it good for you that I should do so. I am most anxious that you should learn to control your expenditure a little more. If you continue throwing away your money in this reckless manner, it will become a confirmed habit, and some day you will have cause to repent it—as I do now," he added, in a lower tone. "Constance, I would give almost anything to have been taught greater self-command and thoughtfulness in the use of money. There is nothing more pernicious and more difficult to overcome late in life than spendthrift habits, and carelessness

with regard to debt. It will grow upon you fearfully."

Constance was awed by the tone more than the words—a tone melancholy rather than displeased.

"I will try, papa," she said, tearfully. "But what am I to do now? I gave away my last five shillings this morning."

"To a beggar, I suppose," Leonard observed quietly, and the flush on Constance's cheek was a sufficient answer.

"I cannot pay your debt for you, Constance; but I do not like the poor woman to suffer through your carelessness. You had better give her this as a present from me, to relieve her immediate necessities;" and he handed her three or four shillings. "But remember, Constance, you are still in debt, and the first money you have must go to the payment of it."

Constance assented, and flew eagerly out of the room, followed more slowly by Mr. Mansfield. Presently she returned alone, and remarked, in her usual light-hearted manner,

"Leonard, isn't it very provoking that money should run away so fast as it does?"

"Very," said Leonard, drily. "Especially if the owner wishes to keep it."

"I don't know that I do that exactly, but I certainly don't wish to spend more than I ought. But I never can help it. Directly I go into a shop and see nice things, I can't help buying them."

"Oh, I thought it had all gone to beggars!"

"No, only part; and the worst of it is, that I have bought some very useless things for myself. And I don't know how to keep from doing it."

"The simplest way would be never to take your purse with you unless necessary, and then take no more money than you absolutely need," remarked Leonard, rather carelessly.

Constance looked struck with such a novel idea, and laughed—

"I never thought of that before. So I might. But then in some shops we have bills, and I could tell them to put it down to my account if I bought anything."

"Then I would resolve never to buy anything without twenty-four hours' consideration. If at the end of that time you still wish for it, and think it worth procuring, and feel that you can afford it, buy it by all means."

"What an idea! Yes, it would be a very good plan, I suppose—I see it would. But I should buy very few things at that rate, Leonard."

"Then the point at which you aim would be very easily attained," said Leonard, smiling.

"But I should never be able to do it," said Constance, after a moment's thought. "I never can keep my resolutions more than a day or two at the most."

"There may be a reason for that, Constance," said Leonard, gravely. "If we form resolutions in our own strength, there is no hope that we shall keep them."

Constance coloured, and looked down.

"But I really don't mean any harm when I give away my money and spend it so fast," she said, in a kind of apologetic tone.

"I am afraid good intentions will hardly take the place of good deeds," said Leonard, quietly.

"But do you think it really was wrong of me to give my last five shillings to that poor wretched-looking woman to-day?" asked Constance, with the peculiar child-like simplicity and wistfulness of manner that were occasionally hers.

"I think," Leonard answered, gently, "that the question is not whether the poor woman needed help, but whether the money was yours to give to her."

"Oh, Leonard, that is unkind," and Constance burst into tears. "I shouldn't have thought of giving it to her if I had remembered Mrs. Rogers, but I quite forgot her."

"We can hardly call forgetfulness an excuse for doing wrong," said Leonard, still kindly.

"No, I suppose not—only it is better than if I had done it on purpose, like Mrs. Wentworth. I mean, if I had refused to pay Mrs. Rogers only just because I wanted the money for something else—because I wanted it for myself."

"But did you not spend it for your own gratification?" asked Leonard. "I do not quite see the difference."

"Buying presents for others, and giving to the poor, isn't the same thing as getting smart, expensive things for one's self," said Constance, in a rather hurt tone.

"Not precisely the same thing, certainly, yet I hardly know that it is in this case deserving of more praise," replied Leonard, though he spoke so gently that she could not be offended. "I am afraid they both arise from much the same motive."

"What motive?" asked Constance, rather impatiently.

"The love of self-pleasing," said Leonard, quietly. "I do not wish to appear harsh or

unkind, Constance, but this is just what I had in my mind this afternoon, when we were talking in the garden, and you thought I expressed myself coldly. I think that my sister" (he spoke the word with a smile) "is as loving and generous as possible by nature; but I do not think she is so much the latter by principle, or she would hardly think it right either to spend or to give away more than she can rightly afford,—to use money which, strictly speaking, does not really belong to her. Are you offended with me, Constance, for speaking so plainly?"

Constance shook her head.

"I suppose it is all true; but it seems hard that I should be blamed for wanting to do good," she added, sighing.

"Not for wanting to do good, but for attempting to do it in the wrong way, Constance. I give you credit for the most generous wishes and impulses. I know well that you would like to make every one in the world happy, if such a thing were possible. But still we must not forget that there is such a thing as generosity at the expense of justice—and then it is only a false and mistaken generosity."

"As I am afraid mine often is," said Constance, with another sigh, "I see what you mean, Leonard, and I suppose you are right; indeed, I know you are. And papa is really distressed that I am so careless about money. He says I am too much like him, and that if I grow up so I shall find it almost impossible to conquer it. But I can't help being glad that I am like him in anything. I do admire him so much," added Constance, with a smile, as she left the room to prepare for dinner.

Not a very promising termination to the conversation, Leonard thought.

"Leonard, have you seen Miss Vivian this morning?"

"Yes, I have only just returned," said Leonard, quietly, though with a sound of amusement in his voice that made Constance exclaim,

"What did she say? I know it was something droll. Do tell me all about it."

"I have nothing to tell you," Leonard tried to speak unconcernedly, but the corners of his mouth twitched.

"Nothing!—and you looking so brim-full of laughter! Oh, you really must tell me all about it, please, Leonard. You have quite roused my curiosity."

"I have done so unintentionally, then. Is your father in-doors?"

"I won't answer your question, if you don't choose to answer mine," returned Constance. "What *did* Miss Vivian want with you? How did she behave?"

"She was—very kind," said Leonard, with another attempt to suppress a laugh. "I can't give you any more information about it."

"But why not? What makes you so mysterious all at once? Did you do nothing but talk? Were you alone with her?"

"Had you not better go and make inquiries of Miss Vivian herself?" quietly asked Leonard.

"I would if I thought there was any hope of her condescending to answer me."

"Miss Vivian said she should be quite willing to see Miss Mansfield, if at any time she cared to go to the house."

"No! did she really?" cried Constance, incredulously.

"Those were her words. I cannot say her manner was very warm or encouraging."

"And will she be dreadfully cold? But I really think I must venture to go as she has asked me. Was she very stiff to you?"

Leonard shook his head.

"How impenetrable you are," said Constance, half provoked. "Will nothing make you tell me, Leonard? I really am very curious as to the particulars of your interview."

"I am sorry I cannot satisfy your curiosity. Perhaps I had better tell you at once that Miss Vivian made me promise to keep secret those very particulars."

"Then there *was* something important going on. I was sure of it. And you won't tell me what?"

"After promising not to do so?"

"Just give me a hint, and I shall be sure to guess," said Constance, laughing. "There could be no harm in that."

"Happily I know you too well, to believe that you mean what you say. You could not really wish me to do anything so dishonourable."

"My feminine curiosity is my excuse," said Constance, though she coloured at the rebuke contained in his words. "But you should not tantalize me so. Can't you even let me know how long the secret must be kept?"

"No, I cannot," said Leonard, with a sudden gravity that perplexed her still more.

"But haven't you an idea? Is it anything very important?"

"I do not consider it at all likely to prove so. Certainly it is not worth your troubling yourself in this manner."

"But it *may* be important. Do you mean that, Leonard?" she asked eagerly.

Leonard was silent.

"Do you mean that it *may* be something important?" repeated Constance. "And important to whom?"

"I have said quite as much as I have any right to say," returned Leonard, moving away. "I am sorry to disoblige you, Constance, but it is out of my power to do as you wish."


And, curious or no, Constance was obliged to submit.

After that day, Leonard seemed to be quite received into favour at Vivian Mansion. Miss Vivian was indeed very variable in her moods towards him; one day almost warmer to him than she was to Beatrice—which is not saying much, for cold was her very warmest manner—and another day stiff and chilling to the last degree. Altogether, however, she decidedly encouraged his visits; and when a day or two passed by without her seeing him, she was usually far from pleased. Constance went once to call, but did not receive sufficient encouragement to care to repeat her visit, Miss Vivian being civil, but very cool. Constance wondered how Leonard could make up his mind to spend so much of his time with her, and thought he must find it terribly dull and irksome, until she discovered accidentally that he usually contrived to go over just when Beatrice was there. Not a little amused, she mentioned the circumstance to her father, and he laughed heartily—

"Well done, Leonard! I suppose he thinks we shall give him credit for motives of pure benevolence towards the old lady. I have suspected something of the sort once or twice before, when he was so impatient to go to the old mansion at a certain hour of the day. But how does he know when she is there? Beatrice has no stated time for paying her visits."

"Perhaps he watches for her coming along the road," suggested Constance, merrily. "Or else he knows by instinct. I shall try and find out some day."

MRS. GRUNDY.

 HO does not know Mrs. Grundy? Which of us has not trembled at her name, and submissively obeyed her dictates? Who can conscientiously deny that he is subject, in a greater or less degree, to the tyrannical government of this mysterious sovereign? Her sway is absolute, universal, supreme. Despotism, beneath whose yoke whole nations groan, yield implicit obedience to regal splendour; their persons are protected by guards, their dominions are defended by armies; magistrates, inquisitors, and spies are incessantly employed in bringing their enemies to justice, and in endeavouring to procure obedience to their laws. But Mrs. Grundy, single-handed and unprotected, without throne, crown, or sceptre, without magistrates, armies, or guards, without even a recognised code of laws or a clearly defined identity, exacts universal homage and receives universal and complete submission.

This, too, is all the more extraordinary if we remember the fact that Mrs. Grundy is anything but a *beloved* sovereign. Indeed, few people would hesitate to speak of her in terms of unqualified dislike, and those few generally hate her in their hearts, although a fear of her awful presence may restrain them from speaking their minds. Yes, whatever may be the secret of her power, it is certainly not the affection of her subjects, for I doubt if the most tyrannical of despots was ever so cordially detested as she. And this should not surprise us, if we consider the character of this mighty potentate, in so far as we can penetrate through the veil of mystery which shrouds her from curious eyes.

There can be no doubt that Mrs. Grundy is a terrible mischief-maker. Who invents scandalous stories, disseminates malicious insinuations, exaggerates petty foibles, and detracts from the character of the great and good? Mrs. Grundy! Who spoils the pleasure of half the croquet parties, picnics, &c., that take place? Mrs. Grundy! Who betrays people into foolish display and unnecessary expense, and then derides their attempts to imitate those richer than themselves? Mrs. Grundy! Or, to come from great things to small, who forces us to wear apparel often both uncomfortable and unbecoming? Who insists on our adopting bonnets in which we look

ridiculous, and dresses whose inordinate length renders us odious to ourselves and our fellow-creatures? Who prescribes for us styles of coiffure which from our hearts we detest, and has of late years presumed to dictate the colour of our hair? Mrs. Grundy! And we submit to this system of bullying! and we glory in submitting to it! and we pretend to like it!

Well, perhaps it is the best way. Resistance to the fiat of Mrs. Grundy is worse than useless, and it is always well to give in with good grace. Accustomed to the yoke from our infancy, the idea of shaking it off appears too wild to be entertained for a single moment; nay, as I have already said, we glory in our servitude, and I am sure that not one in ten of the young ladies who may read this paper would be able to contemplate, with any degree of tranquillity, the consequences of being seen walking in Rotten Row without a pair of gloves on. Indeed, I tremble as I write the words, for I feel confident that many of my acquaintances, should they discover me to be the author of this paper, would regard me as little better than an "outer barbarian" for suggesting the possibility of so glaring an impropriety. I hasten on therefore to assure them that I did but mention it as a proof of our complete subjection to Mrs. Grundy, for my terror of that mysterious individual is far too strong to permit me ever to do more than to *imagine* so flagrant a breach of her laws.

These last remarks refer exclusively to young ladies; but the empire of the dread tyrant is very far from being restricted to this or to any class of the community. Her authority extends to both sexes, to all ages, all ranks, all nations under the sun. Even in the matter of dress, the lords of creation are quite as much the victims of her tyranny as we are ourselves, however much they may ridicule our subordination in this respect. I could give a hundred instances in proof of this assertion, were I not restrained by the fear of becoming personal—no! let me be honest—by the fear of Mrs. Grundy; for I feel that I should incur the deep displeasure of that implacable being, were I to reveal here the many and anxious discussions I have heard concerning the proper shape of shirt collar, the correct style of breast-pin, the fashionable cut of overcoat, and the thousand other points referred by gentlemen

to the dread power they affect to despise, but lack courage to resist. Yes, disguise our allegiance under what form we will—call our tyrant by what name we please—her existence and our submission are deplorable but indubitable facts. We may talk about the “eyes of the world,” about “keeping up appearances,” about a regard for “the proprieties,” or a respect for “public opinion,” but all these forms of expression mean the same thing, and are merely different modes of acknowledging the authority of Mrs. Grundy.

To my mind's eye, Mrs. Grundy always presents herself in a definite and embodied form, which I shall endeavour to describe. Should the portrait bear no resemblance to the Mrs. Grundy who may have been conjured up by any imaginative readers, I can only remind them that a great poet has said—

“*Varium et mutabile semper femina.*”

Mrs. Grundy, from a mental and from a physical point of view, is no exception to the rule, for she may truly be called “uncertain, coy, and hard to please:” while with regard to her outward appearance, I question if two people are haunted by precisely the same Mrs. Grundy, so that no one need wonder if my description should fail to agree with their previous idea of this wondrous woman. She, then, ever appears before my terrified vision as a lady of uncertain age, with a tall, wan, and ungraceful figure. Her nose is long, sharp, and red; her eyes are of a greenish grey; her lips are thin, and her mouth closes like a trap; her hair is sandy, and arranged in small curls on each side of her forehead; her expression is severe; her shawl is folded with

painful precision, and she invariably carries a reticule. Should you meet a person answering to this description, take care, as you value your peace of mind, how you conduct yourself so long as her awful eye is upon you.

I have only “one word more” to say about Mrs. Grundy, and that is, that although I maintain that all mortals are more or less subject to her, there are various degrees of servitude; and whilst some people are only her subjects, others are her servants, and others her slaves. When I think of the miseries endured by the last class, their very existence appears to me astonishing, for its every hour is embittered by the relentless oppression of their despotic ruler. They dare not laugh nor cry, sit nor stand, without the example, or at least, the permission, of their tyrant. I have seen two of these miserable individuals sit beside each other at a ceremonious dinner-party, both longing to relieve the tedium by a little conversation, but shrinking with horror from the notion of saying a single syllable until the ceremony of an introduction had taken place.

But oh! what am I doing? Defying the most stringent laws of the tyrant I have professed to revere! showing contempt for her time-honoured rites and ceremonies, and giving ample cause for suspicion that they have been neglected by me! How shall I defend myself? How escape the vengeance of Mrs. Grundy? At this moment I see her before me in the character of Avenger. I behold the tall figure—I know the malignant glitter of the grey-green eye—hear her awful voice denounce my contempt of her authority—and, overcome with terror, I drop my pen.

DIDO.

THE STICKLEBACK.



HE Stickleback is one of our commonest British fishes, and is known in different parts of England under the names of Tittlebat, Pricklefish, and Sharplin. It belongs to the vast order of the spine-finned fishes.

It is a most bold and lively little fish, hardly knowing fear, pugnacious to an absurd degree, and remarkably interesting in its habits. Even more voracious than the perch, it renders great service in keeping within due bounds the many aquatic and terrestrial insects which, although

performing their indispensable duties in the world, are so extremely prolific, that they would render the country uninhabitable were they allowed to increase without some check.

Any one can catch a Stickleback without rod, float, or even hook. All that is needful is to repair to the nearest streamlet, armed with a yard or two of thread and a walking-stick. Thin twine will answer very well instead of the thread, and even the stick is not absolutely needed. Having proceeded, thus equipped, to

the bank of the stream, a worm may be picked out of the ground, tied by the middle to the thread, and thrown quite at random into the water.

The Sticklebacks will not be in the least frightened by the splash, but rather rejoice in it, as calling their attention to food. In a moment the worm will be the centre of a con-tending mass of little fishes, rolling over and over, struggling to the utmost of their power, and entirely hiding the worm from sight. Now let the angler quickly lift the bait out of the water, swing it on shore, and he will almost certainly find that he has captured two Stickle-backs, one hanging to each end of the worm and retaining its hold so perseveringly, that it can hardly be induced to relinquish its gripe. This process may be repeated at pleasure, and as the Sticklebacks never seem to learn wisdom, a large store may soon be accumulated. This is a good way of stocking an aquarium, as the strongest and liveliest fish are sure to be caught first.

"I have caught them," writes Mr. Wood, in his invaluable "Natural History," "by hundreds in a common butterfly-net, by the simple strata-gem of lowering the net into the water, dangling the worm over the ring, and by de-grees lowering the worm and raising the net until I had the whole flock within the meshes." Mr. Wood continues: "Should my reader be disposed to place his newly captured specimens in an aquarium, he must make up his mind that they will fight desperately at first, and until they have satisfactorily settled the cham-pionship of the tank their intercourse will be of the most aggressive character. Never were such creatures to fight as the Sticklebacks, for they will even go out of their way to attack anything which they think may possibly offend them, and they have no more hesitation in charging at a human being than at one of their own species. I have known one of these belli-gent fish make repeated dashes at my walk-ing-stick, knocking his nose so hard against his inanimate antagonist, that he inflicted a perceptible jar upon it, and, in spite of the blows which his nose must have suffered, re-turning to the combat time after time with undiminished spirit. These combats are most common about the breeding season, when every adult Stickleback challenges every other of his own sex, and they do little but fight from morning to evening. They are as jealous as they are courageous, and will not allow an-other fish to pass within a certain distance of

their home without darting out and offering battle."

Any one may see these spirited little com-bats by quietly watching the inhabitants of a clear streamlet on a summer day. The two antagonists dart at each other with spears in rest, snap at each other's gills or head, and retain their grasps with the tenacity of a bull-dog. They whirl round and round in the water, they drop, feint, attack, and retreat with astonishing quickness, until one confesses himself beaten, and makes off for shelter, the conqueror snapping at its tail, and inflicting a parting bite.

"Then is the time to see the triumphant little creature in all the glory of his radiant apparel; for with his conquest he assumes the victor's crown; his back glows with shining green, his sides and head are glorious with gold and scarlet, and his belly is silvery white. It is a little creature certainly, but even among the brilliant inhabitants of the southern seas, a more gorgeously coloured fish could hardly be found. If the conqueror Stickleback could only be enlarged to the size of a full-grown perch or roach, it would excite the greatest admiration. It is curious that the vanquished antagonist loses in brilliance as much as the conqueror has gained; he sneaks off igno-miniously after his defeat, and hides himself, dull and sombre, until the time comes when he too may conquer in fight, and proudly wear the gold and scarlet insignia of victory."

These struggles are not only for mastery, but are in so far praiseworthy, that they are waged in defence of home and family.

As a rule, fishes display but little archi-tectural genius, their anatomical construction debarring them from raising any but the simplest edifice. A fish has but one tool, its mouth, and even this instrument is of very limited capacity. Still, although the nest which a fish can make is necessarily of a slight and rude character, there are some members of that class which construct homes which deserve the name; and the Sticklebacks cer-tainly furnish the best instances of fish archi-tecture. (*See Frontispiece, page 173.*)

They make their nests of the delicate vege-tation that is found in fresh water, and will carry materials from some little distance in order to complete the home. They do not, however, range to any great extent, because they would intrude upon the preserve of some other fish, and be ruthlessly driven away.

When the male Stickleback has fixed upon a

spot for his nest, he seems to consider a certain area around as his own especial property, and will not suffer any other fish to intrude within its limits. His boldness is astonishing; for he will dash at a fish of ten times his size, and, by dint of his fierce onset and his bristling spears, drive the enemy away. Even if a stick be placed within the sacred circle, he will dart at it, repeating the assault as often as the stick may trespass upon his domains. Within this limit, therefore, he must seek materials for his nest, as he can hardly move for six inches beyond it without intruding upon the grounds of another fish. This right of property only seems to extend along the banks and a few inches outwards, the centre of the stream or ditch being common property. Along the bank, however, where vegetation is most luxuriant, there is scarcely a foot of space that is not occupied by some Stickleback, and jealously guarded by him.

Although the nests of the Stickleback are plentiful enough, they are not so familiar to the public as might be expected—principally because they are very inconspicuous; and few of the uninitiated would know what they were, even if they were pointed out. Being of such very delicate materials, and but loosely hung together, they will not retain their form when removed from the water, but fall together in an undistinguishable mass, like a coil of tangled thread that had been soaked in water for a few weeks.

The materials of which the nest is made are extremely variable, but they are always constructed so as to harmonize with the surrounding objects, and thus to escape ordinary observation. Sometimes it is made of bits of grass which have been blown into the river, sometimes of straws, and sometimes of growing plants. The object of the nest is evident enough when the habits of the Stickleback are considered. As is the case with many other fish, there are no more determined destroyers of Stickleback eggs than the Sticklebacks themselves; and the nests are evidently constructed for the purpose of affording a resting-place for the eggs until they are hatched. If a few of these nests be removed from the water in a net, and the eggs thrown into the stream, the Sticklebacks rush at them from all sides, and fight for them like boys scrambling for halfpence. The eggs are very small, barely the size of dust-shot,


and are yellow when first placed in the nets but deepen in colour as they approach maturity.

Sometimes the Stickleback becomes rather eccentric in its architecture, and builds in very curious situations. Mr. Couch, the well-known ichthyologist, mentions a case where a pair of Sticklebacks had made their nests "in the loose end of a rope, from which the separated strands hung out about a yard from the surface, over a depth of four or five fathoms, and to which the materials could only have been brought, of course in the mouth of the fish, from a distance of about thirty feet. They were formed of the usual aggregation of the finer sorts of green and red seaweed, but they were so matted together in the hollow formed by the untwisted strands of the rope, that the mass constituted an oblong ball, of nearly the size of the fish, in which had been deposited the scattered assemblage of spawn, and which was bound into shape with a thread of animal substance, which was passed through and through in various directions, while the rope itself formed an outside covering to the whole."

"As a general fact," writes Mr. Wood, in whose recent work, "*Homes without Hands*," much additional information will be found, "the flesh of the Stickleback is despised as an article of food, but in my opinion wrongly so. I have often partaken of these little fish fried, or even baked, and think them decidedly palatable—delicate, crisp, and well-flavoured, with the slightest possible dash of bitter, that gives a unique poignancy to the dish. At all events, the young of the Stickleback and the minnow frequently do duty as whitebait, and the guests never discover the deception. Yet there is hardly any place in England where even the starving poor will condescend to eat this delicate and nutritious little fish, which can be scooped by thousands out of any streamlet, and does not require more trouble in cooking than the red herring."

The only use that at present seems to be made of this fish is to spread it over the ground as manure, an office which it certainly fulfils admirably, but might, in all probability, be better employed in feeding man than manuring his fields. An oil is sometimes expressed from them, and the refuse carted off to the fields, but the value of the oil seems hardly to repay the trouble of procuring it.

HOW WE STORMED MY UNCLE'S CITADEL.

 EW houses in A—shire were more pleasant to visit than my uncle Ralph's. We have delightful recollections of the sunny morning-room—which would have been small, but for the large oriel window—in which we generally passed the forenoon: and the old oak-panelled library, with its deep recesses, and well-filled shelves, where, when we were children, we had many a game of hide-and-seek. As we grew older, we learned to reverence the old tomes; and one of our greatest pleasures was to mount the ladder, and, searching among the higher shelves, bear down with triumph any book of which the pictures betokened perilous adventures, or hairbreath escapes.

But if the interior of the house showed signs of a refined taste and a bounteous purse, outside these tokens were no less plainly visible. Its spacious pleasure-grounds, and richly stocked gardens, we only considered of secondary importance to the level and extensive croquet ground, which was the pride and delight of our hearts.

And the owner of this beautiful place was warm-hearted, hospitable Squire Ralph. For by this name he was known and called by every man, woman, and child, for miles around. We even sometimes alleged that the very dogs and horses tried to make a sound like his name. At his approach the dogs barked and bounded, and by running round him, mumbling at his trousers, and thrusting themselves between his legs, did all they could to impede his progress. The horses pawed the ground, whinneyed, shook their pretty manes, and in every artful way tried to attract his attention. The Squire had a pleasant word and a kindly glance for every man and animal on the place, but his kindest smiles and most endearing expressions were reserved for his bright-eyed daughter Lilly.

Only less beloved than the Squire was his wife. She was one of those people to whom the very sun seemed partial; and the gloomier the day, her face seemed the brighter. A little golden-haired boy laughingly called her Aunt Sunnie, and the name clung to her ever afterwards.

Almost every one has some cause of irritation, however small; and insignificant though

it may appear, my uncle's custom of reading the daily paper during breakfast was every morning a source of annoyance to my aunt. She, like many old ladies, was a little bit of a doctor, and professed to disapprove of the habit on sanitary principles. She said she considered reading during meals interfered with digestion; but I and my cousins, some of whom were generally to be found in my uncle's hospitable mansion, insisted that my aunt looked upon a perusal of the papers as wanting in respect and attention to herself and the hissing urn over which she presided.

One morning we were assembled in the oriel window, arranging the sides of a croquet match, when Aunt Sunnie entered the room, looking rather disturbed.

"Auntie dear!" cried my lively cousin Hetty, "there is but one cloud to be seen this morning, and that is on your face; what can have caused anything so unusual?"

"Well, Hetty, the older I grow, the more I dislike, for various reasons, this habit of your uncle's, of reading during breakfast. I have just been wondering if the postman's appearance could not be delayed for half an hour. Perhaps he might be induced to come by the high, instead of the low road, and thus he would not arrive till after breakfast."

"Oh, aunt Sunnie, I am afraid that would not do. We should be prosecuted for interfering with her Majesty's mail, and besides," added Hetty, looking slyly round, "some other people would be disappointed as well as uncle; but I have an idea. Suppose we try to take uncle's citadel by stratagem! What do you all say? Will you all help?"

"Agreed!" and "What fun!" cried a chorus of voices.

Thereupon we sat down to mature our plans, and finally arranged that every one at breakfast should be supplied with a newspaper.

The following morning, when uncle Ralph appeared, instead of being met by the usual merry "Good mornings!" a mumbled sound of greeting was all that was heard from behind the circle of open newspapers. He appeared mystified at the aspect of affairs, but sat down saying nothing.

Aunt Sunnie seemed bewildered, and uncertain whether to laugh or cry, but nobly

acted her part, keeping her eyes fixed upon the leading article, turned upside down.

Now, this new turn of affairs did not at all suit my uncle, as he liked us to share his feelings of joy or sorrow as to the ups and downs of the money market; and to share in his amusement at the idea of its being interesting to the inhabitants of Great Britain in general, to know that one of the Royal Princes walked, another rode, and another did something of equal national importance.

Uncle Ralph continued reading the paper diligently during the consumption of one cup of tea, but when he asked for a second he threw the paper to one side, clearly showing that the assault had begun to take effect. The hopes of the besieging party were fast rising, and Aunt Sunnie was looking radiant.

After breakfast, we held a council of war, and considered the aspect of affairs so hopeful, that Hetty, as commander-in-chief, advised the

continuance of the siege. This we determined to do, and next morning we commenced the attack by throwing a shower of grape and canister into the enemy's stronghold.

Hetty opened fire by reading aloud the latest telegrams, and almost simultaneously every piece of news of any importance was proclaimed, amid such a hubbub as rendered comprehension impossible.

My poor uncle could stand this no longer, but waving his handkerchief above his head as a token of capitulation, doubled up his paper, and laughingly threw it at Hetty, who passed it on to Aunt Sunnie. We then all joined in the *feu de joie* of laughter which succeeded the surrender; and now, whenever we see our good-natured uncle Ralph cast a longing glance towards the newspaper, we remind him of our stratagem, which never fails to have the proper effect.

CLARENCE.

THE STORY OF A PIN.

THERE is no account in existence of the first pin that ever was made; but it is well known that in the olden time pins were made of boxwood, bone, or silver. Now they are usually made of brass. Ten persons are generally employed to make one pin, but unitedly these can make 5,500 pins in eight hours. The first thing to be done in the making of a pin is to draw out a quantity of brass to a wire of the thickness of the pin to be made. When the wire has been properly drawn out, it is wound up into coils of equal size; and then, to burn off any dirt or impure substance that may cling to it, it is dipped into a mixture of acid and water. After the wire has been thus cleaned, it is straightened and cut into pieces of equal length. These are then cut into shorter pieces by a pair of large and powerful scissors worked by the foot. The next thing is to make points to these pieces, which is done by two revolving wheels, much like those used by knife-grinders in the street, only smaller, and made of steel instead of stone. When the points are all sharpened, the wires being cut into the proper length for pins, they are then ready to receive their heads, and for this purpose they are placed in the hands of another workman, whose

entire business it is to fasten the heads on the stems. But first, the making of the heads demands a little attention. You see the little crown or head of a pin looks like a twisted turban; this is because the thin wire which forms the head is first twisted round a revolving axis. It requires great dexterity and care on the part of the workman to make it ready for the stem; and yet how quick and clever this workman must be, when he can make 5,500 pins' heads ready in the course of an hour! When the heads have been properly prepared, another workman takes them to fasten upon the stems. This man is provided with a steel die, containing a hollow exactly the shape and size of the pin's head. After dipping the stem into a bowl containing a number of loose heads, he catches one upon the wire, and, slipping it on to the proper end, it is instantly pressed in the steel die so as to bring it to a proper shape, but it is not firmly fastened until this process has been repeated two or three times. After this, the pin has to be polished and whitened, so that a great deal of additional trouble is necessary before it is fit for a lady's use. Doubtless those who share this trouble would question the propriety of wasting "only a pin."

C. A. H. B.

Science, Art, and History.

OUR SKETCH-BOOK ABROAD.

IV.—THE ARCTIC REGIONS—THE ESQUIMAUX.



THE ESQUIMAUX CANOE.

THE dress of the Esquimaux is made of the skins of reindeer and of seals; the former for winter, the latter for summer. The jacket is round, with no opening in front or behind, but is slipped on and off over the head. It is close-fitting, but not tight. It comes as low as the hips, and has sleeves reaching to the wrists. The women have a long tail to their coat, reaching nearly to the ground. These jackets are often very elaborately ornamented. Capt. Hall thus describes the trimming of one: "Across the neck of the jacket was a fringe of beads—eighty pendants of red, blue, black, and white glass beads, forty beads on each string. Bowls of Britannia metal tea-spoons and table-spoons were on the lap hanging in front. A row of *elongated lead* shot ran around the border of the tail. Six pairs of Federal copper cents, of various dates, were pendent down the middle of the tail; and a huge brass bell, from an old-fashioned clock, was at the top of the row of cents."

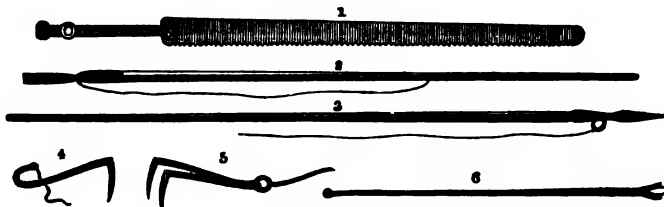
All the jackets have a hood made at the back, for carrying their children, or covering their

heads in cold weather. In winter they wear two jackets: the exterior one with the hair outside, the inner one with the hair next to the body. Before the men enter into the main igloo, they take off the outer part of their jackets, and place the same in a recess made in the snow wall of the passage-way.

Their breeches reach below the knee, and are fastened with a string drawn tightly around the lower part of the waist. Those worn by the women are put on in three pieces, each leg and the body forming separate parts.

The full winter dress for the feet consists of, 1st, long stockings of reindeer fur, with the hair next the person; 2nd, socks of the eider-duck skins, with the feathers on and inside; 3rd, socks of sealskin, with the hair outside; 4th, kumings (native boots), with legs of tuktoo, the fur outside, and the soles of ookgook.

All wear mittens, though the women generally wear only one, and that on the right hand; the left is drawn within the sleeve. Finger-rings and head-bands of polished brass also form part of the female costume.



ICE INSTRUMENTS.

ESQUIMAUX FOOD.

Curious indeed are the tastes and habits of the Esquimaux regarding food.

We are told that on one occasion, when Sir Edward Parry wished for a portrait of one of the women in the tribe, he could find no present so acceptable for herself and her husband as a packet of candles, which they ate with avidity; though he had the politeness to draw the wicks out of the lady's mouth whilst she swallowed the tallow.

An intelligent young man, named Ayonkitt, had been invited by Commander Lyon to dine with him, shown how to use his knife and fork, and taught to wipe his mouth before drinking. Afterwards he was conducted to wash his face and hands; and so anxious did he appear afterwards to possess the cake of Windsor soap, that Lyon presented it to him; when, to his utter amazement, Ayonkitt swallowed it, as if it had been a sugar-plum.

This peculiarity of taste is sufficiently accounted for by the knowledge of what constitutes the ordinary food of the people. Captain Hall gives the following interesting description of a native feast:—

"A whale had been captured by the *George Henry's* crew, and the natives gave every assistance in towing it alongside the ship. We of the white race were proud of our victory over such a monster of the deep, and they of the darker skin were rejoiced at having aided in the capture of what would very soon give them an immense quantity of 'black skin' and 'krang' for food.

"The skin of the *Mysticetus* (Greenland whale) is a great treat to the Esquimaux, who eat it raw; and even before the whale was brought to the ship, some of the skin, about twenty square feet, had, by permission, been consumed by hungry natives. The 'black skin' is three-fourths of an inch thick, and looks like india-rubber. It is good eating in its raw state even for a white man, as I know from experience; but when boiled and soured in vinegar, it is most excellent.

"I afterwards saw the natives cutting up the *krang* (meat) of the whale* into such huge slices as their wives could carry; and as they worked, so did they keep eating. Boat-load after boat-load of this did they send over to the village, where several deposits were made upon islands in the vicinity. All day long

* "The blood of this whale, a short time after its death, was rising 100° Fahrenheit. Forty-eight hours after, its *krang* was still quite warm."

were they eating; and, thought I, 'What monstrous stomachs must these Esquimaux have!' Yet I do not think, on the whole, they eat more than white men. But the quantity taken in one day—enough to last for several days—is what astonishes me! They are, in truth, a peculiar people. 'God hath made of one blood all nations of men to dwell on the whole face of the earth, and hath determined the times before appointed, and the bounds of their habitations.' Take the Esquimaux away from the Arctic regions—from the shores of the northern seas, and they would soon cease from the face of the earth. The bounds of their habitations are fixed by the Eternal, and no one can change them. Thus these people live.

"My opinion is, that the Esquimaux practice of eating their food raw is a good one—at least for the better preservation of their health. To one educated otherwise, as we whites are, the Esquimaux custom of feasting on uncooked meats is highly repulsive; but *eating meats raw or cooked is entirely a matter of education*. 'As the twig is bent, the tree's inclined,' is an old saw, as applicable to the common mind of a people in regard to the food they eat as to anything else. When I saw the natives *actually feasting on the raw flesh of the whale*, I thought to myself, 'Why cannot I do the same?' and the response to my question came rushing through my brain, independent of prejudice, 'Because of my education—because of the customs of my people from time immemorial.'

"As I stood upon the rocky shore, observing the busy natives at work carving the monster before me, my eye caught a group around one of the *vertebræ*, from which they were slicing and eating thin pieces of ligament that looked *white and delicious* as the breast of a Thanksgiving turkey! At once I made up my mind to join in partaking of the inviting (?) viands actually smoking in my sight. Taking from the hands of Ugarnng his seal-knife, I peeled off a delicate slice of this spinal ligament, closed my eyes, and cried out, 'Turkey!' But it would not go down so easy. Not because the stomach had posted up its sentinel to say, 'No whale can come down here!' but because *it was tougher than any bull beef of Christendom!* For half an hour I tried to masticate it, and then found it was even tougher than when I began. At length I discovered I had been making a mistake in the way to eat it. The Esquimaux custom is to get as vast a piece into their distended mouths as they can cram.

and then, *boa constrictor-like*, first lubricate it over, and so *swallow it quite whole!*

"When you are in Rome, do as the Romans do.' Therefore I tried the Esquimaux plan, and succeeded; but that one trial was sufficient at the time.

"A day or two afterward I again went on shore to where a portion of the whale's carcass remained.

"The natives were so careful of the prize, that numerous piles of stones, covering deposits of krang and blubber, were seen on the islands around. This would seem to bespeak a *provident*, instead of an improvident trait in their character; but I am inclined to think the former is more the exception than the rule.

"One old woman kindly came to me and offered a generous slice of the '*whale-gum*' she was feasting on. Reaching out my hand, with one stroke of her '*ood-loo*' (a woman's knife—an instrument like a mincing-knife) she severed the white, fibrous strip quick as thought. It cut as old cheese. Its taste was like unripe chestnuts, and its appearance like cocoa-nut meat. But I cannot say this experiment left me a very great admirer of whale's gum, though, if the struggle was for life, and its preservation depended on the act, I would undoubtedly eat whale's gum until I got something better to my liking."

On another occasion, Captain Hall describes a seal-feast:—

"One of the natives on his way to the ship discovered a seal-hole, but, being hurried for time, he merely erected a pile of snow near at hand, and *squirted tobacco juice as a mark upon it*. On his return he readily found the hole by this mark, and he determined to try for the prize by spending the night in attempting to gain it. Accordingly, binding my shawl and various furs round his feet and legs, he took his position, spear in hand, over the seal-hole. This hole was buried in two feet of snow, and had been first detected by the keen sagacity of one of the dogs with him. While watching, he first thrust the spindle shank of the spear a score of times down through the snow, until he finally hit the small aperture leading through the ice. It was a dark night, and this made it the more difficult: for, in striking at a seal, it will not do to miss the exact spot where the animal comes to breathe—no, not by a quarter of an inch. But, to make sure of being right when aiming, he put some dark tuktoo hair directly over it, and thus, after patiently watching the whole night long, he was re-

warded in the early morning by hearing the seal blow. In a moment more he captured it by a well-directed aim of his spear.

"The seal weighed, I should say, about 200 lb., and was with young. According to Innuït custom, an immediate invitation was given by the successful hunter's family for every one to attend a '*seal-feast*.' This was speedily done, and our igloo was soon crowded. My station was on the dais, or bed-place, behind several Innuït women, but so that I could see over them and watch what was going on.

"The first thing done was to consecrate the seal, the ceremony being to sprinkle water over it, when the stalwart host and his assistant proceeded to separate the '*blanket*'—that is, the blubber, with skin—from the solid meat and skeleton of the seal. The body was then opened and the blood *scooped* out. This blood is considered very precious, and forms an important item of the food largely consumed by Esquimaux. Next came the liver, which was cut into pieces and distributed all around, myself getting and eating a share. Of course it was *eaten raw*—for this was a raw-meat feast—its eating being accompanied by taking into the mouth at the same time a small portion of delicate white blubber, which answered the same as butter with bread. Then followed distributing the ribs of the seal for social picking. I joined in all this, doing as they did, and becoming quite an Innuït, save in the *quantity* eaten. This I might challenge any *white man* to do. No human stomach but an Innuït's could possibly hold what I saw these men and women devour.

"Directly the feast was ended all the company dispersed. Tookoolito then sent around bountiful gifts of seal-blubber for fire-lamps; also some seal meat and blood. This is the usual custom among the Innuïts, and, undoubtedly, is a virtue to be commended. They share each other's successes, and bear each other's wants. Generally, if it is found that one is short of provisions, it may be known that all are. When one has a supply, all have."

Sometimes the seal meat is cooked in a pan suspended for three or four hours over the fire-lamp. When it is ready, it is served up by first giving each person a piece of the meat. This is followed by a dish of smoking-hot soup—that is, the material in which the seal has been cooked.

The seal meat is eaten by holding it in both hands, the fingers and the dental "*mill*" supplying the offices of both knife and fork.



CUTTING THROUGH THE ICE.

HOSPITALITY OF THE ESQUIMAUX.

The hospitality of the Esquimaux is proverbial. Captain Hall has recorded several most gratifying instances of humane feeling evinced towards himself as "a stranger in the land." We must content ourselves for the present with a single quotation:—

"For some time I had been suffering from painful boils, and September 3rd found me quite ill, and confined to my fur bed inside the tupic. I felt no inclination to eat until the kind-

hearted Tweroong came in, with her pretty china tea-saucer full of golden salmon, smoking hot. The very sight of it made me better.

"The next day, September 4th, I was still confined to my tent by sickness. The abscess on my shoulder had become so painful, that every remedy in my power to apply was resorted to. At length a salve formed of reindeer tallow gave me some relief. During this time every kind attention was paid to me by the Innuït women, especially Tweroong, who



AMUSEMENTS ON THE ICE.



BEAR DISCOVERED ON THE ICE.

frequently brought various cooked dishes to tempt my poor appetite. O woman! thou indeed canst rob pain of its sting, and plant refreshing flowers in its place. Thy mission is a glorious one. Even among the rudest tribes of the earth thy softening hand and kindly heart are found! The vision of Tweroong will long live in my memory. God bless the kind-hearted Innuït for her thoughtfulness, and her care of the white-man stranger in her own wonderful land!"

ARCTIC SCENES.

We continue our illustrations of Arctic Scenes. "CUTTING THROUGH THE ICE" to release a vessel whose course is impeded, is a frequent and animating spectacle. Huge saws are employed, and the men work to a musical, although somewhat noisy chorus. The saws, varying from fourteen to sixteen feet, are worked by whips attached to a pendant rove through a gin, which is hooked to a shackle, supported by a bolt rove through the head of



PURSUIT OF SCIENCE UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

three spars, forming a triangle. The sketch of the saw and various ice instruments (page 213) will convey a better idea of their shapes and uses than pages filled with a written description. "AMUSEMENTS ON THE ICE" during the long dreary months of detention so frequent in these regions, are of no slight importance. Leap-frog, cricket, and foot-ball are the favourite games of Arctic explorers. "THE DISCOVERY OF A BEAR" approaching the vicinity of a party thus enjoying themselves, would doubtless give an agreeable change of occupation, in the efforts made to bring master Bruin down. Captain Hall's account of his first encounter with a Polar Bear will be read with interest:—

"I was engaged writing in my cabin, when a shout was heard on deck, 'A bear! a bear!' and immediately relinquishing my pen for the rifle, I went up and joined a party who started in chase.

"The bear took a direction near the island where my dogs had been placed, and the howling they made was truly terrible.

"Several of the crew had preceded us, and as we neared one of the outer islands, about half a mile from the ship, bang went the first gun. Then a second report, and soon afterwards I could see the bear retreating across a channel to another island. He had received some severe wounds, for blood was pouring out on either side of him, crimsoning his white coat and the ice beneath. The channel was covered over with ice that appeared too frail for us to make passage upon. Down through this ice every now and then the bear would plunge. But soon returning to the same hole, he slid himself out of it upon the ice in a very sprawling, but to me interesting manner. Once out, he immediately rose upon his haunches, knocked his tormentors, (the Esquimaux dogs) to the right and left with his fore-paws, and then ran on. But the dogs were again upon his track, surrounding and cutting off his retreat to the shore. Thus we were soon up with him, though keeping at a respectful distance from the wounded prey. Charley, an Esquimaux, desired to try his hand at my rifle, and knowing he was a good marksman, I allowed him to do so. He fired as the bear was again on his haunches engaged with the dogs. The shot took effect in his breast, and the brave beast fell kicking and tumbling; but, after a moment's struggle, was once more on his feet, again flying away. Morgan, of our ship, now tried his double-barrel, with three bullets in each, but both barrels missed fire. Another shot was then fired, and this time the bear tumbled over, as we all thought, dead. A cheer from us followed; but hardly had our voices died away, when the poor beast was again on his feet, struggling to get off, white men, Esquimaux, and dogs all after him. Once more a heavy charge—this time from Morgan's gun—went into him, striking his face and eyes, and down went Bruin 'dead again.'

One cheer was given, then another commenced, when, lo! as if the noise had revived him, the brute, seemingly with as many lives as a cat is said to have, went off again, running feebly, but still with some remaining vigour. Spears were now thrown at him by the natives, but these rebounded from his tough hide, proving as harmless to him as toothpicks.

"Once more he was down. Then raising his head, and looking round upon his foes, who numbered a full score without including the dogs, he seemed as if preparing for the last fight and death-spring. It was a dangerous moment, and so all felt. But now was the time for me to try my hand. Hitherto I had not fired. This, then, was the moment to do so. I stepped out, and placed the hair-trigger as it should be, and levelled my gun.

"'Shoot at his head!' was the cry of those around; but I watched my opportunity, and, when he gave a certain downward throw of his head, fired, tapping the jugular vein. It was enough. One convulsive movement, as the blood oozed out from the keen cut made by my rifle ball, and the life of the polar bear was ended.

"The next task was to get the carcass on board, and at first we intended to drag it there. A line of sufficient length was upon the ground, ready for placing round the bear's neck; but this was finally abandoned, as his weight (near that of an ox) would break through the treacherous ice around the island where we were. It was then decided that the Esquimaux should skin the animal on the spot, quarter it, and then carry it piecemeal to the ship. Accordingly, we left them to the task, and had not long been back to our cabins when the prize arrived, the carcass still smoking hot, though the skin was already frozen stiff.

"As regards the use made of our prize, I have only to say that we divided it with the Esquimaux, and had a capital dinner off a portion of our share. I liked it better than the best of beef-steaks."

"THE PURSUIT OF SCIENCE UNDER DIFFICULTIES" illustrates an incident recorded in "The Voyage of the *Resolute*":—

"Sunday, 23rd, at 1 a.m., the quartermaster went outside on the floe, to register the thermometers, which were kept in a box secured to a table. In the act of reading off, his attention was attracted by a slight noise. His surprise may be imagined when, on looking round, he observed a bear within five yards of him. His situation, to say the least of it, was not an enviable one, for one spring of the brute would have put an end to his registering thermometers for ever. Happily, however, the quartermaster (Silvey) had sufficient presence of mind to throw the strong light of the lantern full on the face of the animal; it answered the purpose effectually, for Bruin (startled by such an unusual aurora) beat a hasty retreat; the alarm was immediately given, and two officers went in pursuit, and traced him to the mass of hummocks astern, where they lost the trail."

THE BASTILLE.

THROUGH a closely-pressed crowd, which filled the street of S. Antoine, in Paris, on the 22nd of April, 1869, moved a brilliant procession. At the head of it, on a prancing warhorse, rode King Charles V. of France, clad in armour.

When the procession reached the gate of S. Antoine, the guild of masons received the king, and conducted him to an extensive excavation. Here Hugo d'Aubriot, provost of the city of Paris, stood, with trowel, mortar, and hammer in hand, and with a prepared speech greeted the king. Charles answered, that he came in armour because the work which was to be begun would be in the service of war; a work against the enemies of their fatherland; to hinder whose violence a new wall would be built around Paris, to be terminated by a strong fortress—a Bastille—which should defend the entrance to the city, the gate of S. Antoine. Then the foundation-stone was laid. Shouts of joy resounded; and amid the huzzas of the excited crowd, the king returned.

The gloomy, gigantic wall rose slowly, and the works were not completed till 1383. Originally designed for the protection of the principal gate of Paris, the fortress was regarded by the citizens as an object of the greatest interest. Hugo d'Aubriot directed and superintended the works. Bridges and strong houses were raised in conformity with his plans, and he it was who formed the first subterranean canal through the streets of Paris.

Little did he imagine that he would be the first victim of the dismal purpose to which the fortress was afterwards devoted. Yet so it proved. Hugo d'Aubriot is the first known state prisoner whom the impenetrable vaults of the Bastille received. Accused of heresy, the gifted architect pined for many years in the subterranean dungeons of the building which his own skill had erected.

Authentic records concerning the Bastille are very scanty. Many documents have been destroyed; but it appears tolerably certain that after D'Aubriot, it was not until the year 1475 that another personage of importance was confined in its dungeons. This was Louis of Luxembourg, Count of St. Pol and Constable of France, who had offended Louis XI.

He was beheaded at the conclusion of his trial, in the first court of the prison.

The inhumanity of Louis XI. almost defies description. He was wont to amuse himself by torturing animals, as well as his prisoners, and to him the Bastille owed three dreadful dungeons, called "cages de fer."

These rooms were constructed like cages, and consisted of beams or rafters lined with iron plates. They were six feet broad, and eight long; but, on account of the almost funnel-shaped form of the timbered floor, they formed a most tormenting abode. The inventor of these cages was the Bishop of Verdun.

In the year 1476 James d'Armagnac, Duke of Nemours, was cast into one of these cages, charged with high treason. A letter, dated January 30, 1477, is still found in the collection of the national archives, in which the duke sends a petition to the king, beginning with the words, "From my iron cage in the Bastille." Armagnac was at length beheaded; his children being compelled to be present at his execution.

These prisoners of noble birth and name are the only ones in the fifteenth century concerning whose dreadful fate documents have been preserved. Not until later times do we become aware of a complete and organized government in the Bastille." For many years the proceedings appear to have been carefully concealed.

The massive building, with its eight circular towers, presented an imposing spectacle, whether contemplated from the garden, or from the street of S. Antoine. Designed at first for the protection of the gate, which lay behind, it was subsequently enclosed by the new walls which were erected in that part of the town, and the gate of S. Antoine was placed further back. The castle stood on the right shore of the Seine. The entrance to it was in the street of S. Antoine, where the Boulevard Bourdon now is, along the canal of S. Martin, which is a remnant of the moat that once surrounded the Bastille.

The entire fortress consisted of eight towers, which were united by buildings reaching to their summits. The towers stood at almost equal distances apart; and formed, with their intermediate buildings, two courts; the larger

one being 120 feet in length, and the other 50. The first court was 80 feet broad, and a fountain bubbled up in the centre; the second was 50 feet in width.

Four of the towers looked out towards the suburbs; four towards Paris. The battlements were united by a platform, which was kept in very good condition, and served as a promenade for those prisoners to whom it was wished to show special indulgence. The prospect which these favoured ones enjoyed was indeed beautiful. The whole of the vast metropolis extended itself at their feet. They saw the flourishing suburb S. Antoine; they followed the flowing course of the Seine; and their gaze embraced even the smiling plains of Ivry. How fearful the contrast when, after a short duration, the gloomy gaoler again imprisoned the unfortunate creatures!

Five different kinds of prison dungeons were recognized. The most fearful were those contained in the vaults of the towers, and the intermediate buildings. They were, from their close vicinity to the river, called "cachots," and harboured toads, spiders, and rats. A layer of mud and filth covered the ground, from whence arose noxious vapours, which could only be very partially dispersed by means of a kind of air-tube. The furniture consisted of an iron bedstead, fastened to the wall, with a few boards nailed across. The approach was secured by two iron doors, seven inches thick, each provided with three strong bolts, and the same number of locks.

Next to these vaults came the "cages de fer," which have been already described. The third kind of dungeons were the so-called "calottes." They were placed in the fourth story of the towers, and were considered to be the most cheerful rooms in the Bastille; but the space was very contracted.

The remaining rooms consisted of octagons from eighteen to twenty feet broad, and fourteen high. All the windows were placed high up, and could only be made use of by means of three steps.

Within the Bastille, all was mysterious and

secret. By far the greater number of prisoners were not real criminals, but persons who had offended some individual of rank, who had it in his power to make use of this provision for getting rid of a troublesome opponent. One never knew how many unhappy individuals the dreadful prison contained—where they were placed, when they were discharged, whether they died, or whether they pined still in their dungeons!

The prisoners were accompanied in all their walks by sentinels, who narrowly observed their movements and deportment. If a prisoner went into a court or corridor, where his presence was not desired, immediately a bell was rung by one of the guards at the entrance. At this sign, all the soldiers drew their caps over their faces, and the watchman called out to the prisoners in the court, "To the cabinet." This word "cabinet" referred to some openings in the wall, about twelve feet long, and three broad; and into these niches those present had to squeeze together until their mysterious fellow-sufferer had been removed.

Outside the Bastille stood four guards to watch passers-by, so that no sign should be communicated by them to the towers.

None of the guard might sleep beyond the walls of the Bastille without permission from the governor. Even the officers required his consent to dine out of the fortress. In order to remain the night out, it was necessary to produce an order from the minister.

Subject to the governor, in the management of the interior affairs of the Bastille, were the major, the adjutant-major, and the lieutenant. The inferior officers, the gaolers and the door-keepers, were mere tools. Since the latter came into unavoidable contact with the prisoners, the coarsest and dullest persons, with whom secrets seldom or never were in danger, were chosen for these posts. They cleaned the rooms, brought the prisoners their food, and waited on them in case of sickness. They acted as the spies of the governor, and the executors of his sternest decrees.

(To be continued.)



THE OLD BASTILLE.

Leaves from the Book of Nature: Descriptive Narrative, &c.

A THOUSAND AND ONE STORIES FROM NATURE.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

BY THE REV. F. O. MORRIS, B.A., RECTOR OF NUNBURNHOLME, YORKSHIRE, AND CHAPLAIN TO HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF CLEVELAND, AUTHOR OF A "HISTORY OF BRITISH BIRDS" (DEDICATED BY PERMISSION TO HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN), ETC., ETC.

THE DOG.

LXXVII.

A gentleman belonging to Greenock, who was among the saved from the wreck of the ill-fated screw steamer *Anglo-Saxon*, describes, in a letter to a relative residing in that town, a remarkable circumstance connected with the landing of one of the boats belonging to the ship. He says: "The last time I saw Captain Burgess (the commander of the *Anglo-Saxon*), he was assisting to lower the small boat, in which were twenty-two men, one lady, and myself. We left the ship without food, water, compass, or sufficient clothing. We were knocked about in a dense fog all day, not knowing whither we were drifting. Towards eve, however, we espied a cliff, off Belleisle, when we steered for Cape Race, which we made. Approaching the shore, we saw a man carrying a gun, and accompanied by two large Newfoundland dogs. He evidently saw us, and made signals for us to approach the shore cautiously. We followed his course for some time, till he was hid from us by a large cliff which it was impossible he could descend. The two dogs, however, soon appeared descending this dangerous headland, and, reaching the water, dashed precipitately into the sea, howling dreadfully. Having swam out close to our boat, they then turned towards the shore, keeping a little distance ahead of us, indicating that we were to follow them. Our singular pilots seemed to understand the danger of our position, as we did not dare to deviate from the course they were leading us without a loud howl being uttered by them. At last we arrived in a large natural creek, where a safe landing was effected. No other similar creek was to be seen, which caused us all to wonder at the sagacity displayed by these dumb animals. No doubt our preservation was in a

great measure attributable to these noble dogs. An alarm having been raised, a rope was let down by a pulley, and we were all taken up the cliff, which is 150 feet in height. We were shortly after enabled to reach the lighthouse, where every attention was paid to us."

LXXVIII.

"Very much interested in the race whose faculties and habits you describe so well, I beg to offer you an instance of as close an approximation to reasoning in a dog as it has ever been my fortune to meet with:—

"A few years ago I had (alas for the past tense!) a bull-terrier named Pincher, which I am not ashamed to say I dearly loved. He had prescriptive rights, and was not ignorant of the fact; he knew, also, that he had a character for good temper, rarely allowing anything to ruffle him. So much is necessary by way of preliminary. One morning, at breakfast, he was sitting in his usual place, close beside my chair, waiting quietly for whatever I might give him. There was another dog in the room, a very small terrier—a female, by the way—watching for her chance, and not particular about the doctrine of *mourum* and *tuum*, but appropriating to her use as waifs and strays anything that came within her reach. I had thrown several morsels, which I make no doubt, had been seized by the little terrier, when, to my surprise, I suddenly heard an angry growl. I looked round quickly, and caught Pincher in the fact. He had lost his temper; but the very instant his eye met mine, he converted his growl into a most demonstrable yawn, and took no further notice of the little terrier, which went on picking the bone that ought to have been Pincher's. It was perfectly clear that by this manoeuvre he was taking care of his reputation for gallantry, as well as temper, and argued rapidly as

follows: 'That growl must be made to appear an accidental noise. What shall I do? Oh, I see. A yawn will turn it off. Here goes!' Don't you suppose he got patted on the head, and called a 'good dog,' and received a double portion forthwith? Not that he cared about eating, except just as a hungry dog sometimes ought to care—as you, or I, or any other man may. No; his dish might be set before him at all moods of appetite, and if you wanted him to abstain, it was only necessary to say, 'Pincher!' in a peculiar tone, and he waited till the word 'Yes' was uttered, and then he fell to.

"I could tell you many more anecdotes of the poor dear fellow, whom I lost in a very sad way, but am afraid of trespassing too much upon your attention."

THE HARE.

LXXIX.

While waiting for dinner at the residence of J. Hooper, Esq., of Hoddesdon, in Hertfordshire, with whom I had had a long ramble by the side of the river Lea, with a view to the publication of my trip upon that stream and its tributaries, in the *Field*, I was asked by the lady of the house whether I would like to see "Harry" before he retired to bed. In the full expectation that I was about to be introduced to a juvenile member of the family, with whom I had not previously made acquaintance, I descended to the parlour, where "Harry" was presented to me in the guise of a tame hare.

Harry has been in the family for five years, having been taken when a leveret by a woman while harvesting, and reared by hand. He runs about the house and rooms like a cat. He will eat almost everything, showing a great partiality for sweet cakes. He has partaken of four Christmas puddings. He will not permit such gustatory viands to be long on the table before his well-known inquiry is heard; and if not attended to, he is rude enough to jump on the table—very often to the surprise of a guest not previously aware of the presence of so "timid" an animal—and, after scattering the glasses right and left, help himself from his mistress's plate.

The memory of this interesting creature appears to be no less remarkable than his perfect docility. The family having occasion to quit England for a tour on the Continent for eighteen months, left "Harry" with a trust-

worthy person in the neighbourhood. When on their return he was restored to the mansion at Hoddesdon, he not only clearly recognized his old haunts beneath the chairs, &c., but manifested the most intense delight at the sight of Mrs. and Mr. Hooper, from one to the other of whom he ran, and, leaping upon their laps, licked their faces and hands in obvious joy.

Two puppies were, by way of an experiment, introduced upon one occasion into their room. Harry, without first seeing the pups, sniffed the air, and, raising himself up on his hind legs, looked with erected ears cautiously around. Then perceiving his natural enemies, his frame shook for awhile in a paroxysm of fear, and then the poor fellow rushed up the corners of the room, and fell back in his futile efforts to escape.

One way in which Harry shows his delight when his master and mistress arrive after a few hours' absence, is to scamper madly round and round the room, and finish his spree by a spring upon one of their laps. He knows full well that so splendid a circus-like performance will then be rewarded by a slice of bread-and-butter and sugar. If spread without the latter accompaniment, he very plainly tells that he has been deprived of one of his luxuries; but he eats the proffered food sans the saccharine notwithstanding.

THE CAT.

LXXX.

Lieut.-Colonel W. A. G. Wright, Royal Marines, has been recently transferred on promotion from Plymouth to the division at Portsmouth. On Saturday, the 30th of December, a favourite cat was secured in a basket, and forwarded by the South Devon railway to Portsmouth, when it was received in the Colonel's new residence. The cat remained the Saturday night, but was missed on the Sunday. On Wednesday, the 3rd of January, it was observed in the garden in the rear of its master's former residence at Stonehouse (Plymouth), now unoccupied, and has since been fed by an officer of the corps, who lives adjoining. The animal is a large, strong male; it was born in Stonehouse, is only twelve months old, and never before quitted the town. How it managed to find its way back so great a distance in so short a time seems inexplicable.

Songs of the Garden.

BY MRS. ELLIS, AUTHORESS OF THE "WOMEN OF ENGLAND."

IV.

Song of the Early Blossoms.

BEAUTIFUL blossoms of early Spring,
Sprinkling the garden o'er,
What pleasant hope for the future
we bring,
What promise of welcome store!

See how a liberal hand has cast
Such bounty o'er branch and wall,
That, if half our promise should fail at last,
There would still be fruit for all.

Beautiful children of early Spring,
We laugh in the grave old tree;
While over our heads the merry birds sing,
And hums the wandering bee.

We have cups of ruby, and stars of white,
And drops like rosy dew,
And garlands to wave in the sun's broad light,
Where the scented breeze blows through.

Little care we when the wind sweeps by,
He finds us ever at play,
And our blossoms may gladden some distant
sky,
Should he carry their bloom away.

Little care we for a cloudy day;
The sun will smile again;
And the garden we love can never look gay
Without the genial rain.

Oh, life is a bright and a pleasant thing
To flowers that gaily bloom;
But brightest of all when a promise they
bring
Of fruit for days to come.

So we merrily sing to the passing hours,
For a happy work we do.
We hail the sunshine, and welcome the
showers,
That make our promise true.

Parting.

THERE is a springtime, and a promise too
For human happiness and human
love,

When youth goes forth, and sees the skies all
blue,

No shade on earth, and not one cloud above.

So walked a manly form with hope inspired,
Along that flowery garden's peaceful round;
His head erect, his eye with ardour fired,
His step impatient of the narrow bound.

So walked another manly form, but not
With head erect, or purpose fixed, and true;
Some lingering tenderness for that calm spot
Across his brow a shade of sadness threw.

Perchance some thought within his soul
that day

Of wasted life a deeper shadow cast;
While cloudy visions all before him lay
Dim and uncertain like his idle past.

Yet gently, fondly did he press the hand—
His sister's hand—that lay within his own.
It seemed as if those two could understand
Better than all the world what each had
known.

Had they not shared the same sweet home
of love,
The sports of childhood, and its passing tears,
The joys that quickly come, and lightly move
To sunny laughter in life's early years?

Had they not listened to her evening prayer,
Standing beside the same fond mother's
knees?

Had they not learned a heart-communion there,
Deep as no language of the lip can be?

Between the two, so walked the gentler form,
Struggling to hide the tumult of her breast;
Now flushed with hope—with maiden blushes

warm—

Now pale with fears, and thoughts that
would not rest.

Yet bearing all as many griefs are borne
 In the strong might of woman's quenchless
 love;
 Wearing that outer calm so often worn,
 Life's darkest depths, and heaviest waves
 above.

Not for herself did murmur of complaint
 Wake the sad echoes of her yearning heart,
 Only for them came whispers soft and faint;
 Only for them, complainings how to part;

Only for them—what roughness by the way!
 What strange perplexities, with all things
 new!

Only for them—what weariness by day,
 By night what solitude,—what dangers too!

So sped the hours, their last together spent,
 Short as a moment afterwards they seemed.
 Lover and brother then together went,
 And she too said farewell as if she dreamed.


The last words spoken, soon the door was shut,
 And she, the left one, stood within the door;
 Never to listen for the well-known foot,
 Nor run to meet the kindly greeting more.

O flowers of beauty and of gay delight!
 O happy blossoms on the listening trees!
 Tell not what deep, impassioned grief that
 night
 Joined the sad murmurs of the passing
 breeze.

Sudden as gush of pent-up tide there came
 Tears such as youth and love alone may
 shed;
 Life's generous outburst, ere the world can
 tame
 That stream by nature's own sweet waters
 fed.

But soon that stormy passion was repressed,
 For she, the child of duty, must not stay.
 Gathering her grief up close within her breast,
 She locked it there, and went her silent way.

WAITING FOR SPRING.

AITING for Spring! The mother,
 watching lonely
 By her sick child when all the night
 is dumb,
 Hearing no sound save his hoarse breathing
 only,
 Saith, "He will rally when the Spring days
 come."

Waiting for Spring! Ah me, all nature tarries,
 As motionless and cold she lies asleep,
 Wrapt in her green pine robe that never varies,
 Wearing out Winter by this southern deep.

The tints are too unbroken on the bosom
 Of those great woods; we want some light
 green shoots;
 We want the white and red acacia blossom,
 The blue life hid in all these russet roots.

Waiting for Spring! The hearts of men are
 watching,
 Each for some better, brighter, fairer thing;
 Each ear a distant sound most sweet is catching,
 A herald of the beauty of his Spring.

Waiting for Spring! The nations in their
 anger,
 Or deadlier torpor wrapt, look onward, still

Feel a far hope through all their strife and
 languor,
 And better spirits in them throb and thrill.
 Waiting for Spring! Christians are waiting
 ever,
 Body and soul by sin and pain bowed down;
 Look for the time when all these clouds shall
 sever,
 See high above the cross a flowery crown.
 Waiting for Spring! Poor hearts! how oft ye
 weary,
 Looking for better things, and grieving
 much!
 Earth lieth still, though all her bowers be
 dreary;
 She trusts her God, nor thrills but at His
 touch.

It must be so—the man, the soul, the nation.
 The mother by her child—we wait, we wait,
 Dreaming out futures; life is expectation,
 A grub, a root that holds our higher state.

Waiting for Spring—the germ for its perfection,
 Earth for all charms by light and colour
 given,
 The body for its robe of resurrection,
 Souls for their Saviour, Christians for our
 Heaven.

CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER.

The Home Library.

Taking the Consequences: A Book for the Present Day. By CHARLOTTE BICKERSTETH WHEELER, author of "John Lang Bickersteth," &c. Manchester: Palmer and Howe. London: Seeley, Jackson, and Halliday.

The Bishop of Ripon recommends this work as one likely to be profitable, both for warning and instruction. We have read it with much interest; and although some might be disposed to think that the Author has a little over-coloured a few of her pictures, we fear that the pictures are but too truthful, and only illustrate the fact, that truth is "stranger than fiction." The lessons of the tale are given in very brief but striking reflections, likely to leave a deep impression on the mind. For example:—

"Reader, be your lot in life whatever it may, the hour must come when a real practical *heart-trust* in a Heavenly Father, will be worth worlds to you."

"It is over directly," pleads the mistress prone to be overcome by temper. Ah! we must wait the final revelation of all things ere we presume to say of one hasty, capricious act or word, that its results are over."

The book is specially adapted for elder daughters, who may be contemplating the most important step in life; but it will be almost equally profitable for those who have taken that step. Valuable hints are given as to the management of domestics. We quote an amusing incident which conveys its own moral:

"Not long since a servant remarked to her mistress, 'I think, ma'am, there is not much work done in this house that you do not know how to do.' 'If there were, Mary, I should soon learn how to do it,' was the quiet reply,—a reply that was rendered none the less striking by the fact that the speaker had that very month had the honour of entertaining royalty at her table, in the person of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales."

The Teacher's Model, and the Model Teacher. By WILLIAM H. GROSER, F.G.S. London: James Clarke and Co.

"*Mulum in parvo.*" Written by one of the most earnest and successful educators of the present day, this manual embraces the teachings of experience, and we cordially commend it to all teachers.

Lessons from the Life of the late James Nisbet, Publisher, London. A Study for Young Men. By the Rev. J. A. WALLACE. Edinburgh: Johnstone, Hunter, and Co.

We hope young men will study these lessons derived from the records of a good man's life. The biographer has done his work well, and is entitled to special commendation for avoiding the prolixity which spoils so many memoirs. The book is, like the subject of it, matter-

of-fact, earnest, decisive, and practical. Mr. Nisbet was a noble Christian tradesman, and a genuine philanthropist; a man of few words and many deeds. It seems almost incredible how he got through his engagements, and exercised such extensive influence; but early rising, persevering assiduity, and doing one thing at a time, are wonder-working servants; and he knew their value experimentally. It appears that during the course of about thirty years of his business-life, he was in the habit of collecting for more than five hundred charitable objects, or societies: and, adding together the various items, many of them small sums, it appears as the result, that there has actually passed through his hands the large amount of £145,339 16s. 4d.! We should like to make some extracts; but we can only find space for the following model picture of the business transactions of this exemplary publisher:—

"There are some men who, while scrupulously observant of all the outward forms of religion, are yet notorious, in their business transactions, for acts of meanness and of selfishness not less discreditable to themselves than inconsistent with the profession which they make. It was otherwise with James Nisbet. His religion was as apparent in the counting-house as it was in the sanctuary. While he made it a matter of conscience to exclude from his stock every book which was not of a moral or religious character, he was distinguished, in his dealings with the authors of publications of which he thoroughly approved, by the exhibition of more than ordinary kindness and liberality. He was not satisfied with purchasing the copyrights on terms highly advantageous to the parties who disposed of them; but when the sales were larger than he at first anticipated, instead of retaining the entire profits to himself, which, of course, he was legally entitled to do, he was in the habit, from time to time, of making the most liberal advances, and thus, after the transactions seemed to be closed, many an author was made to share unexpectedly in the riches of his liberality. One estimable man, whose praise is in all the Churches, and whose admirable works have met deservedly with a wide circulation, felt himself constrained to adopt the somewhat unusual course of putting a curb on his publisher's generosity. His notes upon the subject are exceedingly creditable to himself, and I hope I may be excused if I venture to quote a few sentences:—

"I shall agree to accept a hundred guineas, but no more. . . . I had no reason to expect anything for this book. You remember our conversation about the price of it. Then I do not think you can afford it. Should there ever be so much profit on it, I shall be very glad. You have taken such pains with my little productions, and given such a quantity away, that I should be very glad if this one brought in a few pounds' profit to the good old house of James Nisbet and Co. They will do good with the money. But I

should be very unhappy in accepting a sum which made this impossible. I remember writing the same way about the tracts, and you gave the money in my name to different objects. But, for the reason now stated, I do not wish this either. I deeply feel the generosity and personal kindness which have prompted you and your worthy partners to make such an offer; but the half of it is all that I can take. It will defray the journey I am now about to take, and will be as seasonable, as more would be oppressive. Now, my dear friend, I hope you understand the business part of this letter, and that you will make me happy by letting me have my own way for once."

One Hundred and Fifty Original Sketches and Plans of Sermons, comprising various Series on Special and Peculiar Subjects adapted for Week Evening Services. By JABEZ BURNS, D.D., Author of "Pulpit Cyclopædia," "Marriage Gift Book," &c. London: Richard Dickinson.

These are not "skeletons"—the dry bones of sermons which when they were preached had little, if any, substantial worth in them, and are now far more difficult to clothe with flesh than it could be to write original compositions altogether. They are "Sketches and Plans," and will furnish real and legitimate help, especially to young preachers. The subjects are varied, the themes are striking, and the treatment of them—without the least approach to the "sensational" desecration too widely prevalent in the modern pulpit—is impressive and suggestive. The theology is Catholic—a faithful echo of the Evangelical doctrines of the Thirty-nine Articles. We notice that consecutive subjects are dealt with in shorter or longer series; and we quote the following very important remark from Dr. Burns' Preface:—

"It is impossible by disjointed or isolated sermons to train hearers to a systematic view of the harmonious truths of Holy Scripture, and to such sermons is due that want of connected and comprehensive views of truth which is so extensively manifested in our day."

Apostolic Ministry. By the Rev. H. THOMPSON. London: W. Macintosh.

A very able sermon, preached at the opening of St. Simon's church, Southsea. It is sold for the benefit of the Church Building Fund, and we shall be glad if our notice adds to its circulation.

Christian Ministers and Anti-Christian Priests. By EDMUND WARD PEARS, M.A. Reading: S. E. Hobbs.

A Protestant lecture, containing much important information. The writer "calls a spade a spade." We commend it to our readers.

Our Society. Edited by SOMERSET E. PENNEFATHER and HENRY C. DOUGLASS. London:

We notice this little monthly serial, in the hope that we may introduce it to some of our "Young Men's Institutions," for which it is admirably adapted. The editors are members

of the London Church of England Young Men's Society, and deserve great credit for the result of their literary aspirations already secured in the first and second numbers of the periodical. They have certainly done their best to make "Our Society" as pleasant as possible—in this particular setting an example to everybody else.

The Triumph over Midian. By A. L. O. E. London: T. Nelson and Sons.

A. L. O. E. will never lack a hearty welcome from those who can appreciate the good her works have done among the rising generation. In "The Triumph over Midian," the Scriptural narrative is made the basis of a series of admirable expositions,—the lessons of each exposition being illustrated and applied in the successive chapters of a Tale of Family Life, running through the volume, which possesses very considerable merit. We are much pleased with this interesting and instructive book.

Truth in the Heart, and other Stories. By the Rev. J. W. ALEXANDER, D.D.; New York. London: T. Nelson and Sons.

These stories are really first-rate. There is a simple straightforwardness about the characters which is very refreshing. A manly, Christian tone is preserved from the first page to the last.

Alice Thorne; or, A Sister's Work. Edinburgh: Johnstone, Hunter, and Co.

The lesson of Christian usefulness, under the varied circumstances of youthful life, is faithfully pressed upon the reader; so that the book will be alike valuable in the hall and the cottage.

Twigs for Nests; or, Notes on Nursery Nurture.

By the Author of "The Expositions of the Cartoons of Raphael," &c. London: James Nisbet and Co.

These "Notes on Nursery Nurture," we are informed in the Preface, "are the result of an intimate acquaintance with two generations of children, and are presented without any pretence either to originality or completeness." Any one reading the Preface—brief enough—will have no uncertain pledge of the worth of the book. It may not be exactly "original," or "complete," but as far as it goes, we really think its contents are incapable of improvement. We are particularly struck with one point, namely, that we find throughout, the faith that "Twigs for Nests" are a *growth* and not a *manufacture*, and the acknowledgment of the universal law, that

"Except the Lord build the house,
They labour in vain who build it."

The volume is tastefully illustrated in graphotype, after designs by artists of reputation. We hope to find space for a quotation next month.



[See page 271.]

THE BASTILLE: A Patrol

The Christian Home.

WOMAN'S FAITH;

OR,

PRAISE AND BLAME.

BY MRS. ELLIS, AUTHORESS OF "THE WOMEN OF ENGLAND," ETC.

CHAPTER V.

FROM his life of many years in Canada, Mr. Dunlop was but little acquainted with scholastic matters in England, and especially ignorant of the progress which education had been making since he left the country. He had himself been taught by a Mr. Lambert, who was considered an excellent mathematician, and a young man of unexceptional character. Subsequently this gentleman had risen to the position of head of a large establishment, extensively and favourably known as Dr. Lambert's Academy.

At the time of Mr. Dunlop's present visit to England, both Dr. Lambert and his academy had sunk a little into the shade, a natural consequence of being unable to change with the changing views of society. By the help of many able masters, however, and partly in consequence of its once good name, the establishment was still kept up in a lingering, old-fashioned way, while the Doctor himself spent the greatest portion of his life in his own study, poring over old books and abstruse calculations, as ignorant of the world, and even of what was transpiring around him, as if he had lived in a mountain cave, instead of the centre of a school.

Mr. Dunlop held firmly by the belief, not at all peculiar to him, that if a school has once been good, and is conducted by a good man, it must remain good. He overlooked the fact that good people as well as bad grow old, and are sometimes dull of hearing, sometimes rather blind, and that they do not

always clearly understand what is going on. It was thus with Dr. Lambert, that, while his personal influence when really brought to bear upon any specific point was still right and good, yet, owing to his age and infirmities, the conduct of the school was left almost entirely to different masters, who found enough to do in conducting the routine of every day.

Some idea of the antiquated character of this academy had been conveyed to the younger members of the Dunlop family by a pupil, whose acquaintance they had made at Brighton; but although tolerably free to express their opinions to their father on this or any other subject, the boys made no impression by their remonstrances against Dr. Lambert and his school. Both together had so long constituted what is generally understood by an *institution*, in the estimation of Mr. Dunlop, that no crude opinions of inexperienced youth were likely to affect the case at all. Thus it had become a settled matter that the boys were to be placed with Dr. Lambert—George Dunlop only for one year, preparatory to his entering into a mercantile house in London, for which arrangements had been made; and the two younger brothers for the completion of their education for whatever line of life they might subsequently choose.

The little town of Eastwick had been much enlivened by the presence of the Dunlop family, and the boys being somewhat better understood here than at Brighton had become general favourites; for many were the kindnesses they had done amongst the people,

sometimes helping an old fisherman to shove off his boat amongst the breakers, sometimes conducting home a stray child, or even carrying a basket of fish for a poor woman. The wonderful history of little Archy's escape, too, had afforded the village gossips a theme of never-tiring interest; so that now when all preparations were completed for the departure of the family, a general regret seemed to pervade the place, shared in by all except James Halliday, who openly expressed his satisfaction in having got rid, as he called it, of Tom Lawson. He should now, he said, bring his niece home again to keep house for him, and "that trouble would be done with."

Whatever might have been annoying to the Dunlop boys in the contemplation of their school-prospects, vanished almost from remembrance on the departure of their parents, whom they accompanied to Liverpool, and finally took leave of on board the vessel which was to convey them across the Atlantic. It was a dreary time to the boys, especially when all the packing, the bustle, and the excitement was over; so dreary, that they felt as if not caring much where they went, nor what might become of them. They soon, however, recollected with satisfaction that Mr. Godwin's house at Eastwick was to be their future home during the holidays; and no assurance could have been more welcome to them than that in any time of sickness or trouble, they were to regard Mr. and Mrs. Godwin as standing to them in the relation of parents.

This was rather a serious undertaking on the part of the clergyman and his wife, only rendered a little more easy by certain arrangements of their own, which the absence of their daughter was one means of enabling them to carry out. The plan was for Mr. Godwin to take pupils to be educated with his own sons, who were at present very young. The Dunlops, and especially Archy, had begged hard to be amongst these pupils; but that wonderful advantage which is commonly supposed to belong to mixing with a large number of boys was deemed indispensable in Archy's case, and his entreaties, although supported by the mother, were set aside.

George Dunlop had no such lingering de-

sires. He very much preferred a large and mixed establishment; and Harry, though he was apt to speak very slightly of Dr. Lambert's academy, had yet some secret preference for the enterprise of entering into what looked more like the great world than the quiet little parsonage at Eastwick.

So the three brothers set out from Liverpool, by no means light of heart, to find their way to their new home. They were not at all curious about dwelling-houses, nor fastidious in regard to the elegances or even comforts of life; consequently there was little to excite their attention in the exterior aspect of Dr. Lambert's establishment. They were received with civility, as a matter of course, and conducted through all the preliminary arrangements of settling-in for lodging, food, and lessons, sometimes wondering a little in their own minds why they were not welcomed by the "good Doctor," as their father had been accustomed to call the master.

Dr. Lambert, who now took but little part either in arrivals or departures, sat all the while in his study, closely occupied in a minute and difficult calculation, in which at this time he was almost entirely absorbed. Habitually he had always been absent and unobservant with regard to common things; but with an increase of deafness, he had lately become more than ever abstracted from the bustle of the school, and so difficult of access, that much of what would have been told him could he have heard it easily, was now not told him at all. In early life he had never been fond of society, and now he was still less so. Of all studies, that of human nature had appeared to him the most trifling, and the least productive of valuable results. Perhaps he knew too little of it, to be able to form any decided opinion on the subject; for as a person may live in a garden or a forest for a whole lifetime, and know nothing of botany, so Dr. Lambert lived in the midst of human beings, and understood them only so far as to be able to discuss the chemical properties of their food, or the physical structure of the genus man.

After the three Dunlops had had time to settle themselves a little into their sleeping apartments, and to fall in with other academi-

cal arrangements, they were ushered into the private study, where the old Doctor sat amongst his books. Here he made a few inquiries about their parents, their home, and the pursuits to which they had been accustomed; after which they were dismissed to the playground, to take their chance amongst the other boys.

To Harry this first presentation to his companions was neither alarming nor without interest. To George the simplest introduction was all he required or cared to encourage, because he was placed under the especial charge of one of the head masters, to whom his progress in some of the higher branches of study was committed, so that he need not necessarily mix with the younger portion of the school at all. But to poor little Archy, all this was miserable in the extreme, and the more so, that, owing to his sensitive nature, he soon became aware that he was an object of ridicule, not so much for being miserable, as for allowing himself to appear so.

It was altogether a rough beginning for the boys, and many rough and hard things followed, of which Dr. Lambert was profoundly ignorant. It is true he had at stated periods a class of the older boys to receive instruction from his own lips. It is true also that he sometimes walked the whole length of the great schoolroom while lessons were going on, seeing very little, and hearing less; and as this kind of oversight was considered by the public to be *exercising influence*, the school kept up a fair amount of pupils, and the parents were satisfied.

Little Archy, when he went to bed the first night, buried his face in the pillow and cried bitterly. He had been placed in a room apart from his brothers, and he felt inexpressibly lonely and miserable. He did not like either his bed or his food, and he was hungry as well as wretched. He did not like anything at first, and least of all his companions in the room where he slept.

It was pitiful to see the poor fellow's face when he appealed to his brother Harry, a few mornings after their arrival, to ask him what he thought he ought to do. "For you see, Harry," he said, and his voice was half

choked by sobs, "they none of them pray; and while I was on my knees last night, some boy threw an apple at my head, and then there was such a burst of laughter all through the room!"

"I wouldn't mind them," said Harry; but while his brother told his simple tale, the hot blood had rushed into his cheeks, and his dark eyes flashed with indignation. But he restrained himself, and repeated, "I wouldn't mind them, Archy; they will soon grow tired of that, if you take no notice."

"No, they won't," said Archy. "They don't mean to give it up. They intend to do something worse than that. I heard them whispering on the other side of the room, and planning to empty the water-jug upon me the next time."

"The wretches!" exclaimed Harry; and now indeed he was furious. "Let them do it!" he said. "Let them dare to do it only once, and I'll see whether they ever do it again!"

"But, Harry," said Archy, "do you think it matters much? I spoke to George about it, and he said I could pray thinking in my bed. Do you think it really does matter much?"

"As to that," replied his brother, "there is no doubt but we can pray without kneeling, and quite as earnestly, but——"

"Yes, Harry, *but*—you think as I do, I believe; you think that we ought not to be frightened out of really showing our reverence and love to God, and that we ought neither to be afraid nor ashamed to pray."

"You are right, Archy, we ought not."

"But if they should throw the water all over me?"

"You must bear it, I think, my boy."

"Yes, I suppose I must; and I mean to try to bear it. The holy martyrs, you know, bore a great deal more than that."

"Ah, little Archy, but they were made of different stuff from you! You'll never be a martyr, my boy. Don't think of anything so dreadful as that."

"And yet, Harry, you know I ought—I ought to suffer rather than be ashamed of owning Christ. He suffered for us. I think I *could* bear it, only for the laughing. I am

sure I could bear it if you were in the room. I wonder why they put me there, with that set of boys. But I suppose I ought to bear that too."

"No, Archy, I don't intend to let you be there alone. I'll fight your battles for you, never fear; and if I cannot actually get you out of that den, I'll silence them all; so trust to me."

Harry was promising more than he was likely to be able to perform; and perhaps Archy thought so, for while he tried with all his might to believe that his brother would keep him unharmed, his anxious face still wore that expression of supplicating distress, which few could behold unmoved; and while the older brother looked affectionately into those soft, appealing eyes, he felt as if he could do battle with an army of dragons to save the boy from suffering or wrong.

Although at first well pleased with the freshness and variety of interest afforded by the school and its many inmates, Harry Dunlop began after awhile to see so much that was not in accordance with his notions of right, that he assumed, perhaps too much, the office of champion where there was weakness to be protected, or injury to be redressed; and being an active and powerful youth, and a stranger to fear, with a hot, impetuous temper, he was not long in bringing about him a host of enemies, none of whom, however, were able to charge him with cowardice or deceit.

Perhaps Harry could have done better had he known more of the internal working of boys' schools in general; had he known more also of the phraseology adopted, the habits approved, and the peculiar notions of honour existing amongst English boys. His notions and that of his family were founded upon a Christian basis—upon the golden rule of doing to others as we would that they should do to us; and while often a great deal too careless about externals, or rather about points of inferior consideration, he was staunch and true; and bold to maintain in himself, and to enforce from others, what he knew to be just and right.

"A domineering fellow!" the boys con-

sidered him at first; and he was so ready to do battle both in word and act, and he looked so terrible with his great flashing dark eyes, his square shoulders, tall figure, and powerful fists, that they some of them stopped to consider before pushing a quarrel too far with him. But they disliked him all the more, that they were afraid to fight him.

It probably never occurred to Harry Dunlop that, while many wrong things in the school were countenanced or allowed, his own mode of taking the law into his hands might be equally wrong on his part. The fact was, that the whole moral aspect of the school was new to him; and he neither understood how such violations of his code of right and wrong had crept in, nor what was his proper place in the midst of this moral confusion. "The standard of right was so low," Harry said, "that the whole establishment wanted remodelling." He had not yet learned that, in the great world which he would soon have to enter, the same confusion would be found, often the same low standard set up, and the whole social system marred by prejudice and worldly interest, and a general departure from the simplicity and purity of the Gospel of Christ. He had not yet learned that the grand enterprise of setting all this right is not to be accomplished by any single-handed interference, however daring and determined, but by the union of many in one blessed object, and by the patient labour, long-suffering, and faith of all who enlist under the banner, and take upon themselves the name of Christ.

Anything but patient, Harry Dunlop resisted and rebelled; and where his brother Archy was concerned, he fought manfully, and the more so that he was beginning to find and feel his want of power to bring about any radical change in the moral tone and internal working of the school. Perhaps no greater vexation could have happened to this high-spirited youth than that of failing, as he did, in his purpose of having his young brother removed from the disagreeable companionship of his present bedroom, and placed nearer to himself. With all his burning indignation roused to the utmost,

he made loud and angry complaints throughout the school about the treatment to which his brother was subjected; and these for awhile kept off the execution of the project which the boys had in store for little Archy. But it came at last; and when in the morning Harry found what had been done to his brother, he showed the boys on the playground what staff he was made of, by fighting them one after another, until the mark of his powerful hand was left on many a rueful face.

But this was not all. The matter was not going to rest here, because the root of it was not here. The boys had most of them discovered that they were one party, and the masters another, than which no more fatal discovery can be made in any school, in any family, or even in any community. Where there is no oneness or acknowledged dependence between the governed and those who govern, there must be a disjointed and often opposing state of things. In schools especially, where the object of the pupils is merely personal, individual, and selfish, and where, in this capacity, they are continually working, not *with*, but *against* their teachers or governors, there can be nothing but hopeless labour, and miserable discord.

Such was the case in Dr. Lambert's academy, with the addition of much that was underhand and treacherous on the part of the boys, who considered themselves as one party, entirely distinct from the teaching party, and as such, worked out their own separate purposes with considerable determination and skill.

According to this system, the masters or governors of the school really could not know what was going on amongst the boys, unless any of the latter should be what is called *mean enough to tell*. They had no other means of knowing, for let them watch as they would, the boys being many, and they few, there was always a chance in favour of the larger party.

Into this state of moral perversion and disorder, which often exists under an outward aspect of what is called *good government*, the three brothers, fresh from their Canadian home, had plunged without any preparation

from their parents, or from their previous mode of life, for such a condition.

George Dunlop did very well. He was intent upon his studies, and cared little to mix with the boys, whose amusements were not often to his taste. He was not accustomed either to take up other people's grievances; only for love of his brother Archy, and because he considered himself in part his protector, he listened to the story of his troubles, and did his best to render them endurable. His policy was perhaps a wise one, but it did not reconcile Archy to what he had to bear, when George continually urged him to keep quiet, and not to let the boys see that he cared for them—above all things, to avoid an open quarrel; while Harry was irritated the more that George, so old and steady and powerful as he was, would not help him to set things right.

George would have helped willingly enough had he seen a fair prospect of success; but seeing none at all, he only begged his brother Harry to be quiet, and turned again to his studies.

"One must have something to bear," he said; "and Archy will never make a man if he cannot stand a little rough play."

"Play!" said Harry, with a look of ineffable contempt; "there is no play—there ought to be none—where it is not play on both sides. There is no play for a true man, let alone a Christian, where the joke is misery on one side, and only vulgar fun on the other. I hate a cruel, unfair play, and I hate that you should call it play."

"Very well," said George; "then I don't suppose you mean either to fish or hunt again?"

But Harry was gone. The story of the jug of water was fresh upon his mind, and the idea of his precious little brother not only made the laughing-stock of a room full of insolent boys, but actually lying in his wet things, uncomplaining, on a cold winter's night, wrung his heart, and almost forced the tears from his eyes, only that he would not be made to cry by those fellows—no, he defied them to do that.

In this excited state, and meeting, as he thought, with no sympathy from his older

brother, Harry suddenly conceived the idea of appealing to the head of all power and all authority for redress. The idea was no sooner entertained than acted upon, and he actually rushed into the presence of Dr. Lambert himself. No such act of audacity had ever been committed within the memory of any one in the academy. But Harry feared nothing. He could have faced a lion just then; much less was he likely to fear a deaf old man, who started from his seat, and almost sprang into the air at this sudden invasion of his private apartment.

Harry knew that he must speak loud, to make the Doctor hear, and he did so with a will. He had much upon his mind to say, and this might be his last and only chance for saying it. It was a good cause that he was doing battle for, why should he fear? For weeks and months he had been witness to abuses in the school, of which he felt sure that the Doctor must be ignorant. He would make him acquainted with it, if he died for doing so. Such was the spirit in which Harry burst in upon the privacy of old Dr. Lambert, and in a voice which certainly made him hear, though it failed to make him understand, he told him what he thought of his school, the low state of morals amongst the boys, and the neglect and mismanagement everywhere.

Had a comet fallen from the sky at the feet of the poor old Doctor, he would have been more at home with it than with this turbulent fellow. He looked about him in a state of apprehension and terror not to be described; and stretching out his feeble trembling hand, was about to ring for help, when his arm was seized by the strong hand of the resolute boy, and he sank down again into his chair, gasping for breath, and utterly unable to defend himself from what he believed to be a wicked, and perhaps murderous assault upon his own person.

"I only want you to hear me," Harry kept repeating. "I only want justice to be done. It is you, and you alone, who can set everything right. For my father's sake you ought to listen to me, for I am sure he never meant to leave us in so horrid, and miserable, and wicked a school as this."

But it was impossible for Harry to obtain a hearing; nor indeed had he set about it in a way at all likely to produce the desired effect. The impossibility of making the impression he intended, rendered him more impatient and more earnest, so that his loud speaking, enforced by violent gestures, had altogether the effect of something very bold and desperate on the part of the boy. While this was at the highest, one of the masters came in, and, to the unspeakable relief of the terrified old man, immediately ordered the audacious youth to leave the room.

Harry obeyed with a bad grace, looking back, before he disappeared, with an expression on his countenance which probably settled the matter in the minds of both gentlemen as to whether such a boy ought not to be immediately expelled. It was the only safe way for themselves, they believed, as well as the only just way of treating such unpardonable insolence, by making a public example of the offender.

Instead of being abashed or humiliated, Harry was delighted when this decision was communicated to him, and openly exulted in the face of the master who had been the witness of his audacious conduct. Secretly, however, there was one cause of regret which he could not contemplate with his accustomed bravery. There was one thought which brought him down from his high flights of indignation, making the hot tears sometimes start into his eyes, and even causing him to question whether he would not, after all, give in, and ask to be forgiven. This thought was of his brother Archy. How *could* he leave him? Who would fight the little fellow's battles for him when he was gone? No one, he thought, had ever understood Archy's weak points of character as he had done; and now, if he should leave him, how could he be able to stand against his persecutors? Worse than all was the question often recurring to his mind—would Archy be able to maintain his Christian character, or would he fall in some unguarded moment, owing to his natural susceptibility to praise and blame? Then came a painful reflection to the brother's mind, "Perhaps if I had been more patient, more forbearing—if I

had waited for opportunities of doing good—perhaps I might have served my brother better, and done more good in the school than by my openly expressed abhorrence of the whole concern.”

The saddest part of Harry's young life was beginning to be that in which reflections of this kind were forced upon him by the consequences of his own hastiness and violence. He was right in the first instance about the moral wrong, but his impatience and presumption in taking the matter into his own hands for redress was that which destroyed all chance of doing good.

Secretly to call himself a fool, and to stamp his foot, and clench his hand, as if to fight even against himself, was all that Harry did under this half-relenting; and this was only in secret. He would have scorned to acknowledge that he had done wrong or acted foolishly to any one in that “horrid place,” as he chose to call it. Only he did wish from his heart that he could tell his parents all, for he felt sure they would think of the school as he did, and then Archy would be taken away. As for George, he was scarcely at all affected by these transactions—only so far as to remonstrate rather severely with Harry for his stupidity in attempting to meddle where he had no business, and with things which it was impossible that he could alter. “Little Archy would have done well enough,” he said, “if you would have let him alone; but now you have set the whole school against him. You need not, however, give yourself any trouble on his account. He will have me to consult in all his difficulties, and I will take care of him, you may be quite sure of that.”

With these assurances Harry was obliged to appear satisfied, although the real state of his mind was far from being that of complacency or peace. Had the whole truth been told, he would have had to confess that he was in no slight degree disgusted with himself, as well as with others. Yet what could he do? If he acknowledged ever so humbly that he had been wrong, nobody would understand him; and, besides, he felt sure that under similar circumstances he should do the same again. So it was better,

he thought, that he should leave. God would protect little Archy. He must pray for him now that he could not fight for him; and there would be the prayers of the good parents far away, and the boy's own prayers. Harry did not doubt for a moment that his brother would hold fast by his religious faith and trust. All that he feared for him in this respect was from the strange associations of the school, the complication of interests, and the false estimate of things amongst the boys, by which he feared that his brother might be induced to mistake evil for good, and good for evil. “He will be so inclined to lean to what is praised and thought well of in the school,” Harry said to himself, while pondering sadly on the subject, “and he will be made so wretched by being disliked and shunned.”

Amongst these painful reflections, Harry was particularly annoyed by calling to mind the influence and example of one of the older boys, who was a great favourite with the pupils, and even with some of the masters, though there were others who suspected him of not being amongst his companions exactly what he endeavoured to appear to them. This boy might have been taken as an example of the effect of that kind of education which deals only with the outer life, leaving the inner to take care of itself—in other words, to form itself upon any basis which companionship or situation may happen to create.

Wherever principle is lost sight of under a system of routine, human selfishness or passion is sure to crop out in one form or another. A routine government does not alter the internal nature of those who are so governed. It does not even reach that nature; and here lies its greatest fault—that action only is restrained, while the motive for action remains the same, ever ready to burst forth into life and power when the outwardly restraining rule is withdrawn or relaxed: nay, worse perhaps than this, ever ready to work its own way into action through hidden or deceptive channels.

The boy who caused Harry Dunlop such anxious apprehensions in relation to his brother, was one who managed to keep up

a very fair character as a whole, while in reality he was the instigator of much that was not only forbidden, but absolutely wrong. Indeed, whoever acted under the guidance of this boy, could scarcely avoid doing wrong, because his plan was to deceive, so far at least as to secure his own gratification and amusement, without losing his good name and standing in the school.

Charles Hetherington was not a boy of absolutely bad character, at any rate before entering Dr. Lambert's academy. He was not even now the black sheep of the flock. He would scarcely have been called a boy of bad principles—rather one of no principle at all—one who thought only of the passing moment, and how to get the greatest possible enjoyment for himself out of it at any price. He was no deep, deliberate deceiver, who could lay his plans systematically—rather, a volatile, quick-witted fellow, ever ready at subterfuge; one who, when closely pushed, would tell a falsehood with a droll grimace, making his companions laugh, while he put on a face of solemn gravity—"Only for fun," he would have said. He meant no harm to anybody, and the boys, the little boys especially, delighted in Charles Hetherington, and thought him a hero.

Such was this lively, pleasant, and really good-natured youth, for the first year or two of his school-life; but as *no* principle is apt to become *bad* principle, so, under the merely outside rule of Dr. Lambert's academy, "Charley" as the boys called him, was growing up into a selfish, bad man—selfish, although he could freely throw away his money when it suited his fancy to do so; and bad, because he had never learned to recognise, reverence, and love what is good. In fact, the good and evil of things generally were considerations neither interesting nor familiar to him. It was "what I like"—"what I mean to have, or to do"—these were the considerations which had weight with him; and they were all, or nearly so.

Beyond this, Charles Hetherington had a gentlemanly manner, a handsome face, an agreeable and affable address, and he was not backward in doing little acts of kindness which gained him more good-will than they

were worth, because, had they been looked into, they would have been found almost always to arise out of some motive which had self for its foundation. There was altogether nothing uncommon in the boy's character—certainly nothing great, nor would it have been worth describing, only so far as it was capable of influencing others.

To Harry Dunlop the companionship of such a boy was neither attractive nor agreeable. He and Charley, the favourite of the school, had not an inch of common ground to stand upon together; and they seemed to be fully aware of this fact. From the first they were mutually repelled, but had never quarrelled, partly because Charley possessed a temper that was seldom if ever ruffled. These who care nothing about right and wrong, and indeed comparatively little to disturb them—all goes well with them, so long as their own personal enjoyments are secured.

Nothing could have been more incomprehensible to this youth, than why Harry Dunlop should get himself into trouble about the moral condition of the school; and he was, perhaps, never heard to laugh more heartily, than when the cause of Harry's being sent away was discussed amongst the boys, who being for the most part glad that he was going, joined in the laugh, and thoroughly enjoyed the varying, but ridiculous comments made upon the affair altogether.

It was true that Harry ~~must go~~. The Doctor did not feel sure of his life while he remained, and the masters declined undertaking the responsibility of such a pupil. Mr. Godwin was therefore communicated with, and Harry himself wrote immediately on the same subject, not sparing himself, and certainly not sparing others. His anxious fears respecting his brother Archy had been the only cause of sadness to him on quitting the establishment; and it was chiefly while pursuing his somewhat melancholy journey, that he called to mind the many dangerous and unpleasant phases of the character just described. He did not like the boy, but Archy did—that was the trouble which hung upon his spirits; for Archy would always defend Charles Hetherington against his

brother's contemptuous remarks, sometimes on the plea that he was kind, or amusing, or gentlemanly; and always that he was good-natured.

"If that fellow should pretend to take little Archy up," said Harry to himself, "it will be all over with him." With this thought he sank back in the carriage which was conveying him rapidly to Eastwick, and felt perhaps as miserable and depressed as he had ever done in his short life. Indeed, there was much in his present situation to make him feel so. It is true that he had a comfortable home in prospect, for Mr. Godwin had written kindly, notwithstanding a letter of grave complaint against the boy from the head master of the academy,—it is true that he was going to enjoy the calm of a well-regulated Christian household, with no small share in the parental care and affectionate interest prevailing there; but still there were considerations connected with this sudden change that were anything but gratifying to Harry's self-esteem, and the word *expelled* seemed to his imagination to be written not only upon his own person, but upon his portmanteau, and upon all that belonged to him.

It was no small comfort to Harry, on arriving at the village nearest to Eastwick, to see the well-known figure of Mr. Godwin, who had come in his pony chaise to meet him. "It was Mrs. Godwin's doing," he said; "she would not rest until I promised her that I would come myself." But it was not altogether so. His own heart had been deeply touched by the situation of the boy, left in a strange country, and coming back without either parents or home. From Harry's strongly-worded letter to himself, he thought he understood the whole state of the case as it related to his being sent away from school. Dr. Lambert's was a school which he had never liked for these boys. In their case he considered it especially unsuitable; but the matter was a delicate one to meddle in; and he had deemed it best, all things considered, to let the experiment be fairly tried.

Harry Dunlop was to be Mr. Godwin's pupil now. Such had been the arrangement made before his parents left the country, that if anything occurred to render the stay of the boys at the academy unsuitable, they should finish their education under Mr. Godwin's care; or be otherwise disposed of according to the best of his judgment.

OF MARRIAGE.



SEEK a good wife of thy God, for she is the best gift of His providence;
Yet ask not in bold confidence that which He hath not promised:
Thou knowest not His good will—be thy prayer, then, submissive
thereunto;

And leave thy petition to His mercy, assured that He will deal well with thee.

If thou art to have a wife of thy youth, she is now living on the earth;

Therefore think of her, and pray for her weal; yea, though thou hast not seen her.

They that love early become like-minded, and the temper toucheth them not:

They grow up leaning on each other, as the olive and the vine.

Youth longeth for a kindred spirit, and yearneth for a heart that can commune
with his own;

He meditateth night and day, doting on the image of his fancy.

Take heed that what charmeth thee is real, nor springeth of thine own imagination;

And suffer not trifles to win thy love, for a wife is thine unto death.

The harp and the voice may thrill thee, and sound may enchant thine ear,

But consider thou, the hand will wither, and the sweet notes turn to discord:

The eye, so brilliant at even, may be red with sorrow in the morning;

And the sylph-like form of elegance must writhe in the crampings of pain.

O happy lot, and hallowed, even as the joy of the angels,

Where the golden chain of godliness is entwined with the roses of love:

But beware thou seem not to be holy to win favour in the eyes of a creature,
 For the guilt of the hypocrite is deadly, and winneth thee wrath elsewhere.
 The idol of thy heart is as thou, a probationary sojourner on earth;
 Therefore be chary of her soul, for that is the jewel in her casket:
 Let her be a child of God, that she bring with her a blessing to thy house—
 A blessing above riches, and leading contentment in its train:
 Let her be an heir of Heaven; so shall she help thee on thy way:
 For those who are one in faith, fight double-handed against evil.
 Take heed lest she love thee before God—that she be not an idolater:
 Yet see thou that she love thee well, for her heart is the heart of woman;
 And the triple nature of humanity must be bound by a triple chain,
 For soul, and mind, and body—godliness, esteem, and affection.
 Mark the converse of one thou lovest, that it be simple and sincere;
 For an artful or false woman shall set thy pillow with thorns.
 Observe her deportment with others, when she thinketh not that thou art nigh
 For with thee will the blushes of love conceal the true colour of her mind.
 Hath she learning? it is good, so that modesty go with it;
 Hath she wisdom? it is precious, but beware that thou exceed;
 For woman must be subject, and the true mastery is of the mind.
 Be joined to thine equal in rank, or the foot of pride will kick at thee;
 And look not only for riches, lest thou be mated with misery;
 Marry not without means, for so shouldst thou tempt Providence;
 But wait not for more than enough, for marriage is the duty of most men:
 Grievous, indeed, must be the burden that shall outweigh innocence and health,
 And a well-assorted marriage hath not many cares.
 In the day of thy joy consider the poor: thou shalt reap a rich harvest of blessing;
 For these be the pensioners of One who filleth thy cup with pleasures:
 In the day of thy joy be thankful—He hath well deserved thy praise;
 Mean and selfish is the heart that seeketh Him only in sorrow.
 For her sake, who leaneth on thine arm, court not the notice of the world,
 And remember that sober privacy is comelier than public display.
 If thou marriest, thou art allied unto strangers; see they be not such as shame thee:
 If thou marriest, thou leavest thine own; see that it be not done in anger.

Bride and bridegroom, pilgrims of life, henceforward to travel together:
 In this, the beginning of your journey, neglect not the favour of Heaven:
 Let the day of hopes fulfilled be blest by many prayers,
 And at eventide kneel ye together, that your joy be not unhallowed:
 Angels that are around you shall be glad—those loving ministers of mercy,
 And the richest blessings of your God shall be poured on His favoured children.
 Marriage is a figure and an earnest of holier things unseen,
 And reverence well becometh the symbol of dignity and glory.
 Keep thy heart pure, lest thou do dishonour to thy state.
 Selfishness is base and hateful; but love considereth not itself.
 The wicked turneth good into evil, for his mind is warped within him;
 But the heart of the righteous is chaste—his conscience casteth off sin.
 If thou wilt be loved, render implicit confidence;
 If thou wouldst not suspect, receive full confidence in turn;
 For where trust is not reciprocal, the love that trusteth withereth.
 Hide not your grief nor your gladness; be open, one with the other.
 Let bitterness be strange unto your tongues, but sympathy a dweller in your hearts:
 Imparting halveth the evils, while it doubleth the pleasures of life:
 But sorrows breed and thicken in the gloomy bosom of Reserve.

TUPPER.

PROVERBS.

ONE man's wit and all men's wisdom," a definition extemporised by Lord John Russell, at Sir James Mackintosh's breakfast-table, is the best description of a proverb with which we are acquainted. As terse as the "*Celebre dictum, scitâ quassiam novitate insigne*" of Erasmus, or the "*Much matter decocted into few words*," of Thomas Fuller, it comes more within our modern limits than Ray's "*Short sentence or phrase in common use, containing some trope, figure, homonymy, rhyme, or other novelty of expression*;" whilst, over and above, it gives the *rationale* of this universal literature—the origin and rise of the popular adage. For the gift of utterance does not always accompany the gift of understanding. Although there may be exceptional instances, like the Merry Monarch,

"Who never said a foolish thing,
And never did a wise one;"

we have no doubt that most people have got more wisdom in their heads than they have ever been able to put into their words. There are many who pass through life judiciously, usefully, honourably, who have never uttered one memorable saying. Mute sages, dumb philosophers, saints dwelling in silence, they let their light shine, and they manage their affairs with discretion, but they give forth no oracles. Hereafter they will be remembered, not for the good things they have said, but for the right deeds they have done. It will be their "*works*," not their words, which will "*follow them*."

Such practical men, however, are often quick in recognizing their own principles of action when enunciated by others; and, whether it be a forcible observation in a sermon, a pithy sentence in a book, or a happy hit in the harangue of a public speaker, they hail with delight a maxim in which their own minds are so vividly reflected, and which exhibits so well the *rationale* of their own procedure. "*That man speaks sense*," is their instant response to the saying which gives a key to so many of their own actions, and the truth of which a lifetime's experience enables them to counter-sign. "*It is just what I myself have always thought*;" and, not without a certain self-complacency, they treasure up the dictum, and produce from time to time its portable and much-comprehending philosophy.

Nevertheless, a maxim does not necessarily become a proverb. Many grubs never grow to butterflies; and a maxim is only a proverb in its caterpillar stage—a candidate for a wider sphere and longer flight than most are destined to attain. And, in order to secure universal currency, it must meet a general want, and it must suit the popular taste. Hence, in every community, it is with "*poor Richard*," and his brethren among the people, that most proverbs have originated; and, in as far as any of them may have had a literary source, we should look for their first promulgation not to Hooker, and Milton, and Sir Thomas Brown, and the souls sublime who were more cosmopolite than British, but to Latimer, and Shakspeare, and Bunyan, who never spoke to hearts of oak unless with an English tongue. Fine speeches may be quoted; but they are only the standing homely saws of Anglo-Saxon parentage, which keep their ground, and are transmitted from age to age.

As far as we are acquainted with the proverbs of any modern nation, the bulk of them is older than its printed literature; and the number, we suspect, is very small which can be traced up to a definite authorship. But, at this moment, there are many which are working their way into general currency; and after they have been somewhat shortened or new-shapen, we shall find among our everyday axioms—

"The evil that men do, lives after them;
The good is oft interred with their bones."

"Solitude is sometimes best society,
And short retirement urges sweet return."

"Trifles light as air,
Are to the jealous confirmation strong,
As proofs of Holy Writ."

"The rank is but the guinea stamp,
A man's a man for a' that"—

as well as Gray's "*Full many a gem*," and Pope's "*Ruling passion strong in death*," and Beattie's "*Ah! who can tell how hard it is to climb!*" And we may add that, as we become more cultivated, and as a finer sense diffuses itself throughout the community, many a choice saying, now locked up in printed books, or only current amongst the well-informed, will pass into proverbial frequency; such as the remark of Coleridge, "*To most men, experience is like the stern lights of a ship, which*

illumine only the track it has passed;" and many of those vivid sentences in which, like sparks from a thunderbolt, Napoleon flashed out his own intensity: "The heart may be torn to pieces, whilst the soul stands unshaken;" "It is the good cause, not the stake, which makes the martyr;" "Usually the truest wisdom is a resolute determination;" "On unity of action depends the success of means;" "The man who least of all belongs to himself, is the man whom the events of Providence call to the government of nations;" "Every hour of time lost is a chance of misfortune for the future;" "There are calumnies by which innocence itself is confounded."

Occasionally the proverb carries something *in gremio*, which, so far, fixes its date. The Spanish proverb, "A great lance-thrust to a dead Moor," sends us back to the conflicts between Christian and Saracen, and is evidently contemporary with, "The Jew ruins himself with passovers, the Moor with wedding feasts, and the Christian with lawsuits." Such sayings as "Big churches, little saints;" "God's friend, the priest's foe;" "Monks and mice seldom take leave without mischief;" "Touch a friar, and all crows flutter as far as Rome;" and others, in which the German vocabulary abounds, would point to the dawn of the Reformation, when people were beginning to espy rents in the rochet and rust on the mitre. English history has told us the origin of the adage which is read on the scroll of the Garter; and of more than one proverb, that great record of inventions and antiquities—the Bible—has preserved to us the age and the first occasion. "Is Saul also among the prophets?" is, of course, older than the days of Solomon; and David quotes as already a time-honoured saying—"a proverb of the ancients,"—"Wickedness proceedeth from the wicked." As far back as the age of Moses, it had become proverbial to compare a "mighty hunter" to Nimrod; and a proverb corresponding to "Man's extremity is God's opportunity," is immortalised in connection with Mount Moriah, and the crowning act of Abraham's faith (1 Sam. x. 12; xxiv. 13: Gen. xxii. 14; x. 9).

Like primeval poems, the first proverbs would be abundantly simple. A certain trimness of terseness distinguished some saying, as in the case of the above-quoted, "Wickedness proceedeth from the wicked," and coming neatly through the lips and falling nicely on the ear, it grew into a favourite phrase, and was so oft reiterated, that at last it could not

be forgotten. But as by and by men grew more ingenious or refined, mere neatness was not pleasing enough. The pillar required to be fluted, the rectangular plinth was exchanged for a florid capital, the single verse was replaced by an elaborate stanza, and the proverb suggested improvement. A humorist stuck a feather in its cap, or added a sting to its tail, by way of making it more arresting or more emphatic; or a poet turned it into metaphor, and fitted it with metre, so as to make it more convenient to the memory. "Know thyself," was the Heaven-descended simplicity of that oracle which faced the devotee as he approached the Delphic shrine; and it may be accepted as the fundamental precept of the old Greek ethics. But "Know thyself" grew trite; and from Æsop, with his fault-basket slung behind the back, visible to all save the owner, down to the Ayrshire bard—

"Oh, wad some power the giftie gie us,
To see oursel's as others see us!"—

moralists have striven to furbish up the old familiar maxim, and bring out its meaning anew. *Μηδὲν ἄγαν*; "Nequid nimis;" "Exceed in nothing," is an advice so good, that it is quite a controversy who first gave it. Diogenes Laertius claims it for Pythagoras, Aristotle assigns it to Bias, and something very like it can be detected in Homer and Hesiod, not to say Euripides. But plain *μηδὲν ἄγαν* began to lose its force; so Alpheus turned it into a punning epigram, and said, "How exceedingly delighted he was with this caveat against exceeding"—

Τὸ μὴδὲν γὰρ ἄγαν, ἄγαν μὲ τίρπνι:

And Horace needs must say—

"Est modus in rebus:

Virtus est medium vitiorum utrumque redactum."

And so on it went, till now every nation has its own way of saying, "Stop in time." "Too keen an edge does not cut," say the French: "Too fine a point does not pierce." "Too many sacks are the death of the ass," cry the Germans; and, "Too much wax burns the church," re-echo the Portuguese. "Too many sailors sink the ship," shout the boatmen on the Nile; whilst the English captain translates it, "Too many cooks spoil the broth;" and the Scotch steward or stoker replies, "O'er mony greeves but hinder the wark." But by this time our Scotch readers are exclaiming, "O'er meikle water drooned the miller;"

"Enesh's as gude as a feast." So, if you please, no more of "Ne quid nimis."

Like our Edward the Third and his "Honi soit qui mal y pense," the Arabs have a historical origin for many of their proverbial sayings. "God has His hosts, amongst them honey," is said to have been first used when the Emperor Moawiah heard that his enemy Ashtar was killed by eating honey made from poisonous herbs; and, "He is fond of championship who takes locusts under his protection," commemorates Modleg Ben Sowaid, a plucky chieftain, who carried the law of hospitality so far that, when a flight of locusts alighted on his territories, and some neighbouring tribe was tampering with them, this Quixote of the desert drove off the invaders, and saved the locusts.

To an ethnologist, or a student of human nature, there can be no materials more valuable than the proverbs of a people. They are its most genuine cardiphonia—the confidential communings of the nation in the unreserve of its own homestead—the deliverance of the collective wisdom on all the subjects which engross its thoughts, and form the theme of its most frequent discussion. In authorship there may be idiosyncrasy; Byron may be no true type of the Anglo-Saxon, nor Erasmus of the Hollander; but neither Englishmen nor Dutchmen can repudiate their proverbs. These are the nation's own composition—its autobiography; what Augustine would have called its confessions and retractations. Before a maxim could become a proverb, it had to pass the ordeal of universal suffrage; and without millions of votes in its favour, it could never have been installed; and now that it has reached this rank, it is the accredited representative of its constituents; and as long as it carries their commission, we are entitled to regard it as their exponent. With this, the People's Own Book, in our hand, we cannot fail to perceive the native servility of the Hindoo, the self-possessed worldliness and mere materialism of the Chinaman, the gorgeousness of the Persian, the pensive enthusiasm and fundamental religiousness of the Slavonian, the high-souled chivalry of the Spaniard, the sly vindictiveness of the Italian, the gaiety of the Frenchman, the thrift and caution of the Scot.

Nor is it merely revelations of principle which these proverbs afford, but they give us every race in its humour. According as the bee feeds on the thyme of Hymettus, or the

heather of the Grampians, the honey is differently flavoured; and even so the wisdom hoarded in these ancient hives has an aroma characteristic of the various regions where it has been gathered. The basis, or essential principle, may be the same, but the gust or bouquet differs according to the national genius. Take the following group:—

"Since I wronged you, I have never liked you."

"The day I did not sweep the house, there came to it one I did not expect."

"Never speak of a rope, in the house of a man who was hanged."

"If you want to beat a dog, say he ate your iron."

"To be a merchant; the art consists more in getting paid than in making sales."

"A fool, unless he knows Latin, is never a great fool."

"If the rings are lost, here are the fingers still."

"He who wants to be rich in a year comes to the gallows in half a year."

"A gentleman would rather have his garments rent than mended."

"They took away the mirror from me because I was ugly, and gave it to the blind woman."

In these "refranes" of Arragon and Castile the humour is subtle; and the satire, where satire occurs, is very delicate, and full of quiet dignity. The first two examples and the last are an expedient of frequent occurrence in the proverbs of Spain. In order not to give offence, or by way of "an excellent oil which will not break the head," the mentor admonishes his friend by reproving himself, or confessing his own stupidity. Broader in their mirth, and more caustic in their tone, is the following cluster:—

"A blate cat makes a proud mouse."

"Better a toom house than an ill tenant."

"Jouk and let the jaw gang by."

"Mony ane speirs the gate he kens fu' weel."

"The tod ne'er sped better than when he gaed his ain errand."

"A wilful man should be unco' wise."

"He that has a meikle nose thinks ilk ane speaks o' 't."

"He that teaches himsel' has a fool for his maister."

"He [the miser] would rake hell for a bodle."

"It is an ill cause that the lawyer thinks shame o'."

"Lippen to me, but look to yoursel'."

"'Mair whistle than woo', as the souter said when shearing the soo'."

"Ye gae far about seeking the nearest."

"Ye'll na sell your hen in a rainy day."

"Ye'll mend when ye grow better."

"Ye're nae chicken for a' your cheepin'."

"Ye wad do little for God, if the deil were deid."

The reader will not fail to contrast the frank directness of the "ye"—the German "Du"—in the last specimens, with the self-accusing "I" of the courtly Spaniard. In all the samples there is, perhaps, no one more characteristic than, "Lippen to me, but look to yoursel'." Cromwell must surely have heard it before he gave his famous watchword, "Trust in Providence, and keep your powder dry."

The natural productions, and the usages of countries, are inevitably mixed up with their proverbs. "Never trust to a well in front," is an excellent Bechuana proverb, acquired from Dr. Livingstone, obviously the proverb of travellers through arid regions. So far akin to it are the Arabic, "The last drinks least," and, "If water is present for ablution, the use of sand is discontinued"—alluding to the mock ablutions in sand which the Mecca pilgrims go through during those portions of the march when there is too little water for washing. "The over-hasty traveller neither saves his cattle, nor makes out the journey," is a Bedouin adage; as also, "Fairer than a white egg in a green meadow," implying "entertainment for man and beast"—food and repose in charming combination. The seafaring habits and the amphibious territory of the Dutch come out in their sayings. "The best pilots are ashore;" "Pull gently at a weak rope;" "After ebb comes flood, and with prosperity come friends;" "Cover the pot—an eel is in it;" "Large fish leap out of the kettle;" "Coupled sheep drown one another;" "The first in the boat has the choice of oars;" "Still water stinks;" "A wreck on shore is a beacon at sea." The proverbs of Arabia abound in lions, horses, and camels; those of Spain and Italy in asses; those of our own country in foxes, dogs, and cats; and, judging by this rule, the animal which has laid the most powerful hold on the Frenchman's imagination is the wolf. "The lion's nose is well defended," is a very deep remark of some Assyrian explorer. "Let the night be your camel," is the ripe result of the experience of some white-bearded cattle-lifter among the sons of Ish-

mael; and, no doubt, Abd-el-Kader was well acquainted with the simile, "More beautiful than a black horse with white feet," as well as that maxim, "The eye of a good horse serves for a tooth,"—for as long as the eye flashes, there is no need to look for age-marks in the mouth. "A braying ass eats little hay," is Italian experience. And not to multiply our own canine, feline, and vulpine adages, we may give a specimen of Gallic lycanthropy—"Wolves do not eat each other." This must be the effect of French civilization, for in Russia they have the reputation of being cannibals; and, indeed, our neighbours seem to have discovered that this panegyric was precipitate, for they themselves have modified the proverb into, "Provender is scarce when the wolf eats his comrade." But there can be no doubt about the following: "The death of the wolf is the health of the sheep;" "When the wolf is dead all the dogs give him a bite;" "Talk of the wolf, and you will see his tail;" "He who kennels with wolves must howl;" "Counted sheep are eaten by the wolf;" "The wolf is not so big as he is reported;" and, "The wolf will die in his skin." But we do not remember that the French have got the adage of their neighbours in the Peninsula, "The wolf does that in the course of the week which prevents him from coming to church on Sunday."

As proverbs are meant to be portable, it is essential that they should be packed up in a few words, and it is very desirable that they should assume the shape most convenient for the memory. Hence, in every language, a large number have taken the form of poetry; and in the languages of Europe, they have extensively availed themselves of the mnemonic aids supplied by rhyme and alliteration. "A cat may look at a king;" "He that comes unca'd, sits unserved;" "Out of debt, out of danger;" "All is not gold that glitters;" "Time tries a'," are instances where much of the pith depends on that sort of initial rhyme, so native to our tongue, and so agreeable to our ears. Of rhymed endings, the examples are equally abundant. In English we have, "Safe bind, safe find;" "A friend in need is a friend indeed;" "When the cat's away, the mice will play;" "Early to bed, and early to rise, is the way to be healthy, wealthy, and wise;" "He who would thrive, must rise at five; he who has thriven, may sleep till seven," and a multitude besides, but not more than can be paralleled in Dutch, Spanish, and

German. At first sight, one would be apt to suppose that the language which gives a proverb in rhyme is its mother-tongue, and that the others possess it by translation. But this does not always hold. We say, "Birds of a feather flock together;" but the Book of Ecclesiastes (xxvii. 9) has said, two thousand years ago, "The birds will resort unto their like." The Dutch say, "Handelt gū pek, gū krijgt een vlek;" but, in so saying, they have only versified Ecclesiastes xiii. 1, "He that toucheth pitch shall be defiled therewith." The Spaniards say, "No hay mejor bocado que el hurtado;" but this is only their rendering of "Stolen waters are sweet, and bread eaten in secret is pleasant" (Prov. ix. 17). Besides, many proverbs have their metrical equivalents in many tongues, and it is hard to say which is the oldest. In virtue of its terseness, we are disposed to think that the English, "What cannot be cured must be endured," is older than the German, "Was man nicht kann meiden, soll man willig leiden;" but who shall decide the question of priority as between the English, "Man proposes, God disposes;" the French, "L'homme propose, et Dieu dispose;" the German, "Der mensch denkt's, Gott lenkt's;" the Dutch, "De mensch wikt, maar Gott beschikt;" the Danish, "Mennesket spæser, Gud raar'er;" the Spanish, "La gente pone, y Dios dispone"?

Nothing has latterly contributed so much to promote the study of the proverbs of the people as the delightful work of Archbishop Trench, in which, like a mosaic on sandalwood, or rather, "like apples of gold in baskets of silver," the gems supplied by an extensive erudition acquire new beauty from the deep wisdom, the ingenious criticism, and the charming instruction in which the collector has set them.*

But upwards of a hundred years have passed since proverbs were recognised by our authors and orators. Sermons of the Reformation period are full of them. Latimer often clinched his argument with a text from this oral Bible of the multitude; and Jewel mingled them with aphorisms almost as good of his own invention. With the ready wit of these "wise saws," John Knox had his quiver richly furnished. "Ding down the nests, and the rooks will flee awa'," is said to have been fatal to the Cathedral of

St. Andrew's; and "Better that women should greet nor bearded men," was the apology with which the author of "The Monstrous Regiment" consoled himself for having drawn the tears from Mary's eyes; nor would he fail to use such artillery in his sermons. They held their place all through the following century. "Better bow than break;" "Even reckoning makes lasting friends;" and similar extracts from the book of common sense, enrich the racy pages of South; and their presence is often perceptible in the allusions as well as direct quotations of Barrow. There is nothing of which Jeremy Taylor does not contain something, consequently his works are spiced over with a good sprinkling of proverbs. Unlike South, who dealt chiefly in family condiments of native growth, most of Taylor's are exotic. Many of them are French and Italian. But the preachers who followed Tillotson were fine gentlemen, and would have deemed it an indication of low breeding to introduce into their elegant discourses the wisdom of the highways and hedges. But Matthew Henry abounds in proverbs. It is likely that they flourished in the cheerful circle at Broad Oak, and that to the memory of the only son, their associations, far from being vulgar, were only kindly and happy. And as we turn over the leaves of his "Exposition," so rich in sanctified wisdom, and through which there reigns such an atmosphere of perpetual summer, we cannot fail to recognise the frequent recurrence of these fruitful sayings, as one great element of our instruction and enjoyment. "When the wine is in, the wit is out;" "The wicked cut their throats with their own tongues;" "Drive the nail that will go, and draw out that which goes amiss;" "Forecast is as good as work;" "To keep doing fairly and softly goes far in a day;" "Many a beau becomes a beggar;" "God blesseth the giving hand, and makes it a getting hand;" and similar sentences, flashing out from every page—some of them the old current coin of the realm, and others newly struck in the Henrican mint—surprise the reader by their vividness, and enrich him by their sterling solidity. Like steel in a fountain, the sparkle pleases the eye, and the tonic strengthens the heart.

At this moment we do not recollect having ever heard a proverb quoted in the pulpit, those of Scripture excepted, and even them but rarely. In one respect this is well. So far as it is the object of sanctuary services to edify the devout, and raise to an elevation still

* See OUR OWN FIRESIDE, Vol. I., p. 103, "The Poetry, Wit, and Wisdom of Proverbs," p. 270, "The Morality of Proverbs;" Vol. II., p. 159, "The Theology of Proverbs;" a Series of Papers by the Archbishop.

higher, minds already spiritual, it is hardly possible to keep at too great a distance all that savours of this poor world—its shabby ways and its low concerns. But this is not the only end of pulpit ministrations. Most of the sermons to which it has been our lot to listen, have been addressed to those that are “without,” rather than those that are “within.” The preacher evidently assumed that quite as many of his hearers were careless or unconverted as Christian; and, with this assumption, we have sometimes thought that the object of the earnest speaker might have been all the better gained by an occasional descent to their own level, by speaking to them not in theological phraseology, but in their own vernacular language, and by drawing facts and illustrations, not so much from a region which, alas! is to the unbeliever little more than a Utopia, but from objects which their own eyes have seen, and their own hands have handled; as well as by founding arguments or inferences, not on propositions which they dimly comprehend, but on premises which they themselves concede. In such a case where, for the moment, the preacher merges the pastor in the evangelist or missionary, he could not find better precedents than the addresses delivered long ago on the hills of Galilee and in Roman court-houses; and where, from accepted axioms and experiences of their own, stepping-stones were constructed to aid doubters or disbelievers in their passage over to the realms of faith. Happily and wonderfully, counterparts to the things unseen are on every side of us—at our feet, and in our hands; and a wise steward will, from time to time, bring out of his treasure new examples; and, no less happily, traces of the Divine autograph still remain on the ruined tables of man’s heart (Rom. ii. 15); and (no doubt mingled with much error) these fragments of primeval ethics float about in the proverbs of all nations; and whether expressly quoted or indirectly indicated, few proofs should be more cogent than the coincidence of the voice from Heaven with the “still small voice” within. The case should be very clear when the light of conscience only confirms what the light of revelation first pointed out; and it is not easy for the self-condemned judge to escape, when the parable reaches its moral, and discloses, “Thou art the man!”

Many of our readers are acquainted with those maxims which lie at the foundation of our common law, and which are, in fact, an oral or proverbial code; and any one who

wishes to master the philosophy of our subject, and ascertain how profound and pervasive in all communities is this sort of sententious jurisprudence, cannot do better than study some treatise on the sources of our Teutonic legislation. In so doing, like Molière’s hero, who had spoken prose all his life without knowing it, he will be delighted to find to how much legal wisdom he has been giving utterance every time he said, “The last out closes the door.” In the adage, “The will is the soul of the work,” he will find the reason why, in prosecutions for libel or murder, all the evidence or argument often bears on the animus—the malice prepense. Every lady who bespeaks costly jewels or dresses, and orders the bill to be sent to her husband, will be happy to learn, that “Whosoever owns the head, wags the beard;” but the boy whose ripe redstreaks have dropped on the wrong side of the fence, the sportsman whose covey has migrated to his neighbour’s preserve, knows to his sorrow, “All belongs to your neighbour which falls into his garden.” The pleasant old times have passed away, when the serfs of the abbey or the sacristans of the cathedral could claim ecclesiastical exemption, and say, “It is good to dwell under the crooked staff,” the crosier, to wit; but we believe that the maxim, “Whoever has the church has also the churchyard,” is still so far valid, that before becoming mutton, the minister’s sheep are entitled to retire amongst the tombs of his parishioners, and ruminate there for a season. “When the feet are bound, the tongue runs fastest,” suggests a hope of extrication to gentlemen who have signed deeds with the pistol at their ear, as well as to heiresses who have conveyed away their fortune under ghostly intimidation in a cloister; but, to the unhappy legatee who has entered probate to a bankrupt’s will, the doctrine is not so comfortable, “Whoever inherits a farthing must pay a dollar.” At the seaside people constantly leave on the dry beach or the benches, books, telescopes, parasols, or brooches, but never find them there when they return. This evidently arises from an erroneous notion about *tresor-trove*, or from the Scandinavian theory of “*jetsom and flotsam*” having supplanted the older Saxon and Hebrew rule, “Thou shalt not steal.” In such places it might therefore be well to revert to first principles, and, by way of rubric to the eighth commandment, write up in Gothic letters, and leave it as a mediæval mystery, in which case it is sure to be read, marked, learned,

and inwardly digested, "Ein Fund verhohlen, ist so gut als gestohlen."

Speaking of inscriptions and the middle ages, we are reminded of another use to which adages or moral maxims were once applied, and for which they are still available. St. Augustine had inscribed on his dining-table the couplet from Horace:—

"Quisquis amat dictis absentem rodere famam,
Hanc mensam indignam noverit esse sibi."

Thus "Englished" by the author of "The Holy State":—

"He that doth love on absent friends to jeer,
May hence depart, no room is for him here."

To the present day, the Jews fasten, but not very conspicuously, on their doorposts a parchment scroll, containing Deut. vi. 5—9; and on the lintel of many a Christian building, sacred and civil, ancient and comparatively modern, is some suggestive motto. On the Geraldine tower of Seville it is, "Nomen Domini fortissima tarris;" and on the innermost of the seven gates of the fortress at Rhodes, erected by the knights of St. John, it was, "Nisi Dominus custodierit, frustra vigilat qui custodit," a sentence with which, in its abbreviated form, "Nisi Dominus frustra," all Londoners are sufficiently familiar. On the new Royal Exchange, in large letters and honest English, we read, "The earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof,"—an inscription for the selection of which we are indebted to the good taste and good feeling of the lamented Prince Consort. The hospitable portals of Montacute House, Somerset, proclaim—

"Through this wide-opening gate
None come too soon, none go too late."

And on Sudbury House, Derbyshire, is the devout acknowledgment, "Omne bonum Dei donum." Sometimes a pun lurks in the legend. Thus, under a stone pansy at Beauvais, we read "Plus penser que dire;" on the parsonage at Barnard Castle, Yorkshire, in allusion to the family name, Dugard, "Ce que Dieu garde, est bien gardé;" and on the manse of St. Martin's, in Perthshire, "Nulli certa domus." No doubt, in very pious or very virtuous mottoes, there may be danger of Pharisism, as in the case of the Athenian Pharisee, who had written on his door, "Let none enter here but honest men," prompting the mischievous Diogenes to inquire of the porter, "Pray, sir, does your master come in by the window?" But unless we make up our minds to run this risk, we must give up the building of churches and hospitals, as well as the writing of mottoes

upon them; and we confess a great respect for the courage with which these old worthies hung out their colours, and carved on the chief stone such words as may still be read here and there; for example, in Edinburgh, throughout the Cowgate or the Canongate.* And if we may speak of our own experience, an apposite quotation or a significant motto is "a nail fastened in a sure place." Like a name beneath a picture, or like an old acquaintance suddenly encountered in the apartments of some show-place, the one lights up the other, and the two are henceforward pleasantly linked together. The pleasant little town of Königswinter, beside the Drachenfels, always calls up a Luther-like saying which we read long ago on one of its old houses, "Er wohl gebant wer Gott vertrannt"—"Well builds he who trusts in Thee." Sauntering through a sort of mosque, in the gardens of Schweitzingen, near Heidelberg, we still remember how our fancy was taken with two texts from the Koran inscribed on the dome, "Get of gold as much as you need, of wisdom all that you can;" "A fool's heart is in his mouth; a wise man's tongue is in his heart;" and any of our friends who go to see the Kaisersaal at Frankfort, will probably retain the effigies of its emperors all the longer if they mark down on the spot, and in connexion with their history, some of the well-selected mottoes, such as that under Henry IV., "Multi multa sciunt, se autem nemo;" or that on his hapless successor, "Miser qui mortem appellit, miserior qui timet;" or that on Conrad III., "Pauca cum aliis, multa tecum loquere;" or that on Frederick I., "Præstat uni probo quam mille improbis placere." Thanks to heraldry, a few good maxims, as well as some more dubious, are still inscribed on signet rings, on carriage doors, and silver spoons; nor is it taking too literally "the sure word of prophecy" to hope for a time when, on horse-trappings and table equipage, shall be read watchwords of piety and avowals of personal devotion. "In that day shall there be upon the bells of the horses, HOLINESS UNTO THE LORD. . . . Yea, every pot in Jerusalem and in Judah shall be holiness unto the Lord of hosts" (Zech. xiv. 20, 21). R.

* Of these a friend has copied down the following: Over 121, Cowgate, "O magnifie the Lord with me, and let us exalt His name together." On 137, Cowgate, apparently an old Tailors' Hall,

"Almightie God, who founded, built, and cround This work, with blessings make it to abound."

On 269, Cowgate, "All my trist is in ye Lord." On 242, Cowgate, "Be mercyfull to me, O God. 1574." On John Knox's house in the Canongate, "Lufe God abufe al, and yi nychtbour as yiself."

LIGHT ON CHURCH MATTERS.—IV.

THE CHRISTIAN MINISTRY NOT A PRIESTHOOD.

BY THE REV. J. B. MARSDEN, M.A., INCUMBENT OF ST. PETER'S, BIRMINGHAM.*



UNLESS the sacraments of the Christian Church are sacrifices, its Ministry is not a Priesthood; for by a priest is meant, in theological controversy, one whose office it is to prepare and offer up a sacrifice. If, then, there are no sacrifices in the Church of Christ, of necessity there can exist no sacrificing priest.

This is no idle dispute, which aims at nothing higher than the rejection of an obnoxious word. The word indeed is harmless, and does not properly convey the meaning which is now connected with it.† The question at issue is in reality, whether the Christian ministry in fact originated with Christ and His Apostles, or was it a mere revival of a branch of the Jewish polity, accommodated to the circumstances of the Christian Church? Does the minister of Christ succeed to the office of the Levite, or is the institution one which owes all its authority to the sanction of Christ, and traces all its duties to His commands?

The Reformers thus understood the question. They saw that the notion of a Priesthood had its origin in a profound ignorance of the meaning of the Old Testament; they justly maintained that when Moses was read, the veil was still upon the heart of the disciples of the Papacy. And having dismissed for ever the superstition of mediators and sacrifices applying the merit of Christ both to the quick and dead, the notion of a Priesthood fell together

* Mr. Marsden has permitted us to quote this paper from "The Churchmanship of the New Testament." (London: Hamilton, Adams, and Co.) The value of this work will be best estimated from our extract. As a popular yet thoroughly learned hand-book on "The Origin and Progress of certain Opinions which now agitate the Church of Christ," it has our strongest recommendation.—Ed. O. O. F.

† Priest, a corruption of the Norman *prêtre*, as this of the Latin *presbyter*, and this again of the Greek *πρεσβύτερος*, an elder. It is remarkable enough that our language, rich as it is in synonyms, contains no word to correspond with *ιερεύς*, or *sacerdos*. From sheer penury of language, we term this officer a priest; that is, we render *ιερεύς* and *πρεσβύτερος* by the same word, although they have nothing in common; for the priest is not necessarily an elder, nor the elder a priest, either in Jewish or Pagan literature. It seems to be a fair and reasonable inference, that in the Anglo-Saxon Church there was no priest, no *ιερεύς*. It will be admitted, by those who are competent to judge, that if the office had existed, an appropriate name for it would have existed also: nor is it credible that a word of such importance, once naturalized, should have been ever lost.

with it. Priest and altar perished in one overthrow. They remarked again upon "the accuracy with which the various ministers of the primitive Church were reckoned up in Scripture; prophets, apostles, evangelists, pastors, teachers, and the like; but in this rehearsal they found no mention made of priests. And yet (they said) it is most improbable they should have been omitted, if either Christ had appointed them, or if they had been necessary for the Church, or even useful."

Again; they remarked this difference between the priesthood and the ministry. "All those who believe in Christ are priests (in the spiritual or figurative sense),—not in regard of their ministry, but because all the faithful, as kings and priests, may through Christ offer up spiritual sacrifices unto God. The ministry, then, and the priesthood, are things far different the one from the other; for the priesthood is common to all Christians, the ministry to but a few."

To the men who revered the Scriptures those reasons were sufficient. They renounced the Romish priesthood; they retained the Christian ministry. Their justification is thus summed up by one of the Continental Churches,‡ and we venture to affirm it is, though brief, triumphant and complete: "We have not taken away the ministry of the Church, because we have thrust the Popish priesthood out of the Church of Christ. For surely in the new covenant of Christ there is no longer any such priesthood as was in the ancient Church of the Jews; which had an external anointing, holy garments, and very many ceremonies which were figures and types of Christ: who, by His coming, fulfilled and abolished them (Heb. ix. 10, 11). And He Himself remaineth the only Priest for ever; we do not communicate the name of priest to any of the ministers, lest we should detract anything from Christ."

If the Protestant doctrine be correct, it has been a daring and impious thing ever since the death of Christ to assume the priesthood;

‡ Hall's "Harmony of Confessions," p. 247.

since He himself abideth a Priest continually—the only Priest in earth or Heaven whom the Church confesses. It was not to be expected that an assumption so offensive to God should be innocent in its consequences to man. And certainly no corruption of the Papacy has been more pregnant with mischievous results; none has been more pernicious, whether to the laity, or to the so-called priest himself. It reduced the one to the most wretched and degrading thralldom; in the other it became a systematic scheme of almost blasphemous impiety.

The Confessional, with all its horrors, belongs to this false notion of a Priesthood. The subject is one on which we are not disposed to dwell. The delicacy of English minds revolts; and the purity of the Gospel forbids. But we shall not be deterred from calmly asserting the Inquisition itself is, in comparison with the Confessional, a mild and gentle instrument of spiritual despotism. That torments the body; this racks the soul. The inquisitor, having slain the body, has lost his power; he has no more that he can do, and we defy him; the more he refines his tortures, the sooner his victim is released. But the confessing priest works upon more enduring materials, and upon a subject more keenly suffering,—he tortures an enduring soul!

That men should have recently been found, wearing the garb of Christian ministers, and bearing upon their souls the vows of a Reformed Church, who have endeavoured to revive this practice, is a circumstance from the shame of which our Church will not soon recover. That the discovery (however insignificant the names of those who have attempted to revive it) has not roused the Church and nation with a burst of indignant and insulted feeling, seems to be a melancholy presage for the future; an evidence indeed not to be mistaken of our deep infatuation.

In the Confessional the priest is more than man, and the penitent is less. It is the perfect consummation of arrogance on the one side, and blasphemous assumption of the prerogative of God; and on the other, of prostrate imbecility, of cringing weakness, of the folly which, distrusting God and all His promises of grace, has confidence in the mumbled spell of an impostor.

The monastic life is another consequence of this false notion of a Priesthood. Short of a profession of open vice, nothing can well be conceived more perfectly degrading than the profession of a monastic life. At the best it is

the valour of a soldier who escapes without a wound, because he hides himself from danger as the fray comes on. It is an inglorious retreat, and not a manly struggle; and of all the incantations of the papal sorceress, the monastic vow is beyond compare the most effective, if it do not aggravate the storm it pretends to set at rest, and provoke the conflict it professes to avoid. The act itself is sin; sin of no ordinary cast; it is a daring defiance of the God of nature, an insult to the God of grace.

Yet the monastic life, with its enormous train of evils, arises from the notion of a Priesthood, and it is chiefly defended on this ground. If the Eucharist be indeed a sacrifice, shall it be consecrated by hands unclean? Ceremonial washings, and the purification of the flesh, were required from the Jewish priest before he sacrificed. He lived apart; for the Levites had cities of their own. Shall the priest of the Christian Church be less precise? The analogy is suited to his purpose; and thus he becomes a *mimic* of the ancient law: a mimic, and not an imitator; for mimicry is unreasoning imitation; a servile copying of the actions of other men, without the power of comprehending to what they lead, or why they were at first performed.

The Priesthood is an office in every point inferior to the Christian ministry; as the Law is in every point inferior to the Gospel. The priest was a mere functionary; his duties were professional. Learning and wisdom and exalted piety might all be wanting, yet he was an efficient priest. A blemish in his flesh excluded him from the sacred office, but not a blemish in his understanding or his heart. To slay the sacrifice, to enter the most holy place, to return blood-sprinkled, and even to bless the people, were official acts in which the question of character or fitness was not involved. Added years contributed little to the usefulness of the priest as such, or yet to his authority. He who was anointed yesterday was in perhaps every sense as effective as the veteran who had served in the courts of the Lord's house for years. Nay, at the age of fifty, in the full prime of life, if life be measured by ripeness of intelligence and mental power, the Levites were dismissed (with the exception of the high priest) from their laborious service; a service the more laborious because it was chiefly mechanical.

The spiritual instruction of the people was not committed to the Priesthood. Their office

was to administer the symbolic service, of which the meaning and the end was Christ. They were, in a judicial sense, the keepers of the Law, and their expositions of it were those, so to speak, of the bench rather than the pulpit; expositions of its meaning in the letter, not of its spiritual application to the conscience. We by no means contend that a holy priest would not instruct the people in a much higher sense, and endeavour to reach the conscience and the heart with spiritual lessons. But when he did so he rose above his office and its legal requisitions; for the time he was a prophet rather than a priest. It was by a succession of prophets that the work of instruction was carried on. The prophets, rather than the priests, were the spiritual teachers of the people; and the chief of the prophets were not of the tribe of Levi.

Granting, then, that the Christian ministry were a Priesthood, the admission would be degrading. It stands already upon much higher grounds, and has a nobler office. What if it were true that "the clergy are entrusted with the awful privilege of making the body and blood of Christ" (a phrase with which of late years we have become so painfully familiar), the youngest of their body and the most unworthy could perform this awful mystery. He would then, in fact, be entrusted, equally with the wisest and the best, with the power of working miracles. But the power of working miracles is by no means the highest that Christ confers upon His ministers. Laymen frequently possessed it as well as ministers; and St. Paul taught even laymen to regard it as by no means their highest gift, or one to be greatly coveted. Granting, we say, that the ministry were a Priesthood, the concession would add nothing to their true dignity. Already they are "ambassadors for Christ," and "fellow-workers with God;" shall they forsake this high distinction to encumber and degrade themselves again beneath a yoke of Jewish bondage?

If we take the New Testament for our guide, and are content to submit to its decisions, we shall at once reject the imposture (for we must call it so) of a sacrificing priesthood in the church of Christ. St. Paul writes largely on the subject of the Christian ministry. His charge to the Ephesian elders, his letters to Timothy and Titus, dwell almost exclusively upon it. But we cannot gather from them that Christian ministers are priests; or that the celebration of the Sacraments is their highest function.

We would speak with caution here; or rather we would speak with truth. Far from us be the levity which would even seem to disparage the two sacred ordinances of Christ, though we combat deadly superstitions arising from the sinful exaltation of them. Christ sent forth His first disciples to baptize and to preach; these men set apart others for the same work, —the ministry of the Word and Sacraments. But if the reader should search for any indications of the superior dignity of the Sacraments compared with the preaching of the Word, he will search in vain. St. Paul made his boast at Corinth that Christ sent him not to baptize, but to preach the Gospel; he rejoiced that, with a very few exceptions, he had baptized none of them; and, on the other hand, he thanked God that he spake with tongues more than they all—that is, he preached the Gospel not only in Greek and Hebrew, with which he was familiar, but, through miraculous aid, in other languages; and in this he gloried. Does this agree with that disparagement of preaching, of which we hear so much? The great business of the ministry was, then, the preaching of the Word; not in the restricted sense in which we sometimes use the term; for it was to be done in public and in private, in the weekly assembly and from house to house. It included reproof, and counsel, and exhortation. It was to be practised in season and out of season; with the wayside passenger, as when Philip the deacon preached Christ to the Ethiopian eunuch; at midnight in the houses of the faithful, as when Paul preached in the upper chamber, and Eutychus was restored to life. Such duties, interrupted by laborious study, intermixed with prayer and praise, relieved by meditation, stimulated by success, and freshened up even by persecution, were the life of a Christian minister. They are so still. But the man who would attain to such a life must be a man of God. He must be sustained by higher considerations than those of his priestly office or his apostolic descent. He must have more than an official sanctity, or he will not be an able minister of the New Testament, but a hireling, and perchance a drudge.

These principles were common once in England, and its Church was built upon them. The preaching of the Word was honoured as no less than the Sacraments, an ordinance of Christ Himself. Our very definition of a Church is this: "A congregation of faithful men, in which the pure Word of God is preached, and the

Sacraments be duly administered" (Art. 19). They ought to be our glory as hitherto, through God's infinite mercy, they have been for nearly three hundred years our safeguard and defence. Unhappily, it is once more necessary to state them with caution, and to fence them round with proofs. They are received with suspicion, or rejected with disdain. Yet they stand on record. God's Word still sheds its clear stream

of light across a troubled sea: and the formularies of our Church are faithful still: they distribute and reflect the light of Scripture. Alas, they are beacons that have served of late to show how swiftly and how far the tide has carried us from that Protestant truth which made England great, and her Church the glory of Christendom, and the joy of the whole earth.

TRUE ADORNING OF WOMAN.

SUFFER me, then, my fair hearers, to recommend this exchange,—this preference of decoration. Like 'the king's daughter, be all glorious within.' Let the Bible be the mirror at which you dress; and while others are weightily engaged in catching a fashion, or adjusting a curl, let the object of your cultivation be the understanding, the memory, the will, the affections, the conscience. Let no part of this internal creation be unadorned: let it sparkle with the diamonds of wisdom, of prudence, of humility, of gentleness. These ornaments alone will confer dignity, and prepare for usefulness. If destitute of these, can you imagine it possible to obtain real durable regard? Need you be told that these skin-deep perfections, these exterior senseless appendages, imply no excellency in the wearer, and are only admired by the weak or the worthless? Are you ignorant that men often despise a soul lodged in a form they adore, and admire nonsense because it is poured from handsome lips? Are you designed for toys, or rational beings,—the playthings of the senses, or improving companions? Would you in company keep your husbands on thorns, while they wish you to be seen, and hope you will not be heard; know how much more likely you are to strike by the quality and pattern of your robes, than by the insipidity and inanity of your discourse?

"Adorn yourselves in the newest mode, in the richest attire, plait your hair, deck yourselves with pearls,—will these render you valuable? Will these qualify you to manage the concerns of a family, 'to give a portion to your maidens,' to train up your children

in wisdom and virtue, to be a help-meet for your husband? What! are you endued with reason and immortality, only to be enamoured with a piece of embroidery, or to pay your devotions to the colour of silk? Are you sublimely resolved never, never to leave the world of fans, and enter the region of intelligence and of mind?

"These decorations are 'not CORRUPTIBLE.' All other ornaments 'perish in the using.' All other attire gives place to the shroud. 'Beauty consumes away like a moth'—the sparkling eye 'is closed in darkness'—the body is 'laid in the grave; death shall feed upon it.' The charmer, looking in vain for admirers, says 'to corruption, Thou art my father: to the worm, Thou art my mother and my sister.'

"Accidents disfigure, and diseases corrode. How quickly time changes the countenance! How transient the empire of colours and of tints! How soon wrinkles and gaudy attire disagree! Having laid in no stock of mental influence and sober entertainment against the evil day, what becomes of these delightful creatures? A few years reduce them to insignificance, leaving them only the humiliating claims of pity, or the uncertain returns of gratitude.

"But an accomplished pious woman can never be the object of neglect; she will attract notice and confer happiness even when descending into the vale of years. The ravages of time cannot reach the soul: death cannot strip off the habits of immortality: it will only change her 'from glory to glory:' only remove her from earth, unworthy of her continuance, and place her among 'the innumerable company of angels.'"—W. JAY.

THE BIBLE AND OUR FAITH.

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CHAPTER V.

"Though many other books are comparable to cloth, in which, by a small pattern, we may safely judge of the whole piece, yet the Bible is like a fair suit of arras, of which, though a shred may assure you of the fineness of the colours and richness of the stuff, yet the hangings never appear to their true advantage but when they are displayed to their full dimensions and are seen together."—BOYLE.

BUT abundantly evident as is the Divine character of the Bible, from the history of its unique preservation and the spectacle of its unparalleled effects, it is not less so from an examination of its structure and the nature of its contents. And although, from the number and magnitude of the subjects to be comprised within the narrow limits of these chapters, our treatment of this topic must necessarily be very brief, to omit it altogether would be unpardonable. In enumerating, then, a few of the more prominent particulars in which the Bible, viewed with regard to its contents, stands alone, we give precedence to

I. Its Object.

The Bible is a revelation. "Canst thou by searching find out God?" The question is one which involves its own answer. To the sophists of our own day, alternating between the Atheism which does its best and bitterest to banish Him from the universe, and the Pantheism which pretends to identify Him with the dust beneath our feet, it is not less full of rebuke than it was three thousand years ago to the patriarch of Uz. "No man hath seen God at any time;" and, apart from the revelation of Him who is "in the bosom of the Father," no man "hath declared Him." Diogenes Laertius tells us that Pythagoras saw the soul of Homer in Hades, hanging on a tree and surrounded by serpents, as a punishment for what he had said of the gods. Yet if Homer had lived in another land, he might have learned the lesson taught by the wonders of the Exodus five hundred years before, "The gods of the heathen are no gods," as he heard the creed of Jethro reiterated by the congregated thousands on the top of Carmel: "Jehovah, He is the God! Jehovah, He is the God!"

"Know thyself!" cries the sage: but he cries in vain. For "the heart is deceitful above all things . . . who *can* know it?" "Such knowledge is too high for us, it is wonderful; we cannot attain to it." Who shall teach us? Plutarch, who tells us that the human soul is "a subtle air"? Aristotle, who maintains it to be "an active fire"? Hipponius, who makes it "an ethereal fluid"? Anaximander, who describes it as "a composition of earth and water"? Or Empedocles, who affirms it to be "a mixture of all the elements"? Shall we believe Epicurus, who places it in the stomach? or Descartes, who says it is in the pineal gland?

"If a man die, shall he live again?" And even before he dies, is he at the mercy of the Three Sisters? Are we left to the tender mercies of unpitiful Fate? or abandoned to the mockery of Chance? Moral character, moral capacity, moral conduct—are they not all imaginary? Above all, is there an actual Moral Governor—and a future Moral Retribution? or is Promasdes helpless against Arimanes? Nor is our perplexity at an end when we descend from the moral to the material. What about the world itself? whence came it? and why? A concourse of atoms—causes, in an eternal *succession* without any *precession*,—can any suppositions be more transparently ridiculous than these? and yet are not these the best of the best masters? Is matter eternal? the thing is simply inconceivable: and yet—"ex nihilo nihil fit!"

Ah, how true those words, "Vain man would be wise!" But "where shall wisdom be found?" "Man knoweth not the price thereof: neither is it found in the land of the living. The depth saith, It is not in me! and the sea saith, It is not with me! . . . God understandeth the way thereof, and He knoweth the place thereof." "O Earth, Earth, Earth. hear the word of THE LORD!"

That matter is not eternal, but "created:" that (notwithstanding Lord Monboddie and Professor Huxley) "there is a spirit in man, and the breath of the Almighty giveth him understanding;" that though a man die, he shall live again, for "the earth shall cast out the dead;" that "verily there is a God that

judgeth in the earth"—"the Creator, who fainteth not, neither is weary"—who "hath made all men of one blood," and fixed the bounds of their habitation—who "hateth nothing that He has made"—"a God of truth, and without iniquity," clouds and darkness round about Him, yet righteousness and judgment the habitation of His throne, while "His tender mercies are over all His works," speaking to the fathers in times past by "the mouth of His holy prophets, which have been since the world began," and above all—transcending the highest hopes of Socrates and Alcibiades—speaking to us in these last days by His Son:—he who, on these and kindred topics, contrasts the luminous explicitness of Holy Scripture with the obscure verbosity, the confused and contradictory guesses of the wisest heathen, will need no other proof that the Bible is in very deed a revelation of truths, which soaring, as of necessity they must, far above the influences of human reason and the comprehension of the human understanding, are nevertheless of the highest practical importance to every human being. Spurious imitations—Mohammedan or Mormon—may indeed pretend to the name of revelations, but to present any claim to the character is utterly beyond their power. "They that make them are like unto them"—revealers who have nothing to reveal. But to be a revelation in very deed; a revelation from God; a revelation of objective truth on subjects worthy the Divine interposition, and stamped with the "hall-mark" of Divine attestation—this it is which makes the Bible as different as possible from every other book, and more than justifies the Psalmist's exclamation, "The entrance of THY WORD giveth light: IT giveth understanding to the simple."

II. Characteristic and unique as is the matter of this Divine Revelation, not less so is its mode.

"This much is manifest, that the whole natural world and government of it is a scheme or system, not a fixed but a progressive one; a scheme in which the operation of various means takes up a great length of time before the ends they tend to can be attained. The change of seasons, the ripening of the fruits of the earth, the very history of a flower, is an instance of this; and so is human life. . . . Our existence is not only successive, as it must be of necessity, but one state of our life and being is appointed by God to be a preparation for another, and that to be the means of attaining to another succeeding one;

infancy to childhood, childhood to youth, youth to mature age. Men are impatient, and for precipitating things; but the Author of Nature appears deliberate throughout His operations, accomplishing His natural ends by slow successive steps. And there is a plan of things beforehand laid out, which, from the nature of it, requires various systems of means, as well as length of time, in order to the carrying on its several parts into execution. Thus, in the daily course of natural providence, God operates in the very same manner as in the dispensation of Christianity, making one thing subservient to another; this to somewhat further, and so on through a progressive series of means, which extend both backward and forward beyond our utmost view. Of this manner of operation, everything we see in the course of nature is as much an instance as any part of the Christian dispensation.* So that this characteristic progressiveness, common alike to Nature and to Revelation, is one of the many incontrovertible facts which prove that the Author of both is one and the same. The truth of God, like His unchangeable purpose, is indeed incapable of progress; but with the revelation of that truth (as of that purpose), it is otherwise. "Known unto God are all His works from the beginning;" whereas to men they are not known at all, except as (from time to time) they are made known. As, in nature, the rising sun scatters the mists of the morning, and brings into light first one prominence and then another, until every hill and valley is clothed with splendour, so, in revelation, the progress is not in the truth, but in the clearness and impressiveness with which Scripture reveals it. The landscape even when unseen is still unchanged. The progressive character of successive dispensations—the Adamic, the Patriarchal, the Mosaic, the Gospel—is evident to all; but though less visibly, not therefore less really, was the Gospel in the visions of Ezekiel and the ordinances of Leviticus,—the Gospel in type and prophecy. "Will God in very deed dwell with men upon the earth?" It required centuries of religious training to enable men to contemplate the possibility and understand the purport of the fact. Centuries more must pass before men were ready for the prophetic Gospel. "The Lord whom ye seek shall suddenly come to His temple"—"The tabernacle of God is with men." "Before the world began"†—before

* Bp. Butler's "Analogy of Religion" Part II, ch. 4.

† Tit. I, 2. *πρὸ χρόνων αἰώνων.*

the commencement of the remotest of those incalculable epochs with which geologists delight to baffle our lagging conceptions—deep hidden in the counsels of THE ETERNAL was the promise of “eternal life;” but yet that “life and immortality” were never “brought to light” but “by the Gospel.”

III. Not less prominent than the progressive character of Revelation is its Unity.

Notwithstanding its many writers, the Bible has the first requisite of a great book—a single purpose; and that purpose kept in view on every page. As the mightiest oak with its myriads of leaves is unfolded from a single acorn, so the developed revelation, like its earliest germ, is not many, but one. See its unity of doctrine:—in its declaration of the unity of God; in the creation and preservation of all things by Divine Power; in a general and particular Providence; in a Divine law, with its inscrutable distinctions between right and wrong; in its account of the moral declension and corruption of mankind; in its doctrine of atonement through vicarious suffering; in the obligation and efficacy of prayer; in direct Divine influence; in human responsibility; and in the necessity of practical holiness.

Then, again, look at its uniformly moral purpose. The Hindu Shastras dilate largely on the origin of the universe; the Koran indulges its readers with grossly sensual descriptions of the physical theory of a future life; the Talmud abounds with fables which, for lack of practical importance, are not to be surpassed, except by the Legends of Rome, or the dreams of Swedenborg; while the Bible, on the other hand, is throughout intensely moral and practical. Its cosmogony, its mythology, its metaphysics, its marvels, are all moral: it contains no ideal which is not also a reality. In its histories, biographies, prophecies, psalmody, ~~it~~ has but one aim—to reunite the sundered ties by which the whole human family is restored to its normal recognition and enjoyment of the Fatherhood of God.

Nor does this unity of purpose suffer any diminution, even in those parts of the Bible which present the greatest apparent dissimilarity. In the Old Testament we find a religion abounding in ceremonies, and adapted only to the peculiar circumstances of one nation. In the New Testament, on the other hand, we have a system of religion which, with but few ceremonies, and those of a very simple character, admits of universal application.

And yet “the Old Testament is not contrary to the New: for both in the Old and New Testament everlasting life is offered to mankind by Christ, who is the only Mediator between God and man, being both God and man.”* In both Testaments we find the same essential truths exhibited in perfect correspondence and agreement; the same views of the nature and purposes of God—the only views worthy of Him which have ever been given; the same views of the nature of man—views different, indeed, from all others, but which alone are found to agree with actual fact; and those very views of the nature of true happiness which, though found nowhere else, are proved by experience to be true. Between the scaffolding and the building there may, indeed, be very little resemblance, but there is a most intimate and necessary connexion. And between the Old and New Testaments it will often be found that the relation is closest even where the resemblance is least.

IV. This unity is the more remarkable on account of the variety of the materials from which it has been evolved.

The Bible—Book of books—consists of about seventy pieces, none longer than many a modern pamphlet, some as short as a two-paged tract. These pieces include almost every variety of literary composition. They are the production of some forty writers; men of great diversity of character, rank, genius, acquirements; separated from each other by such intervals of time as rendered a common understanding or a general confederacy impossible. They are like a long line of travellers passing a particular spot where each throws a stone, but where by and by, instead of a mere cairn, there rises a finished structure of most perfect symmetry, with fitting ornament, suitable for habitation and use. “In other words, the stray leaves, the irregular contributions of many centuries, the tracts and papers of thirty generations, turn out to be a Book!—a book with a beginning, middle, and end, pervaded by a single purpose, and developing an entire system of thought, consistent, harmonious, and complete.”

To sum up what has been said, we repeat that the Bible is perfectly unique, because there is no other book that can furnish anything at all analogous. “Nec viget quidquam simile aut secundum.” “There is no book, and no collection of books, so interlaced and interwoven one with another, in which one part

* “Articles of Religion,” Art. VII.

lends strength and light to another; and, above all, none which culminates in a Person whose place in history, as it stands in all the recorded essential features of His life, death, and resurrection, defies the assaults of hostile criticism.

"Sixty-six books in one; and between the writer of the first and the writer of the last, an interval of more than fifteen hundred years, —David outpouring his immortal Psalms when the Grecian States were instituting the Amphictyonic Council; and Isaiah his immortal prophecies when Romulus was watching for the vultures on the Palatine hill; Moses writing his primeval history

'When the Memnonium was in all its glory;'

and John depicting the Apocalyptic vision when the Temple which had been "forty and six years in building" was a heap of ashes and ruins. Among writers thus separated, collusion was impossible; and yet their various productions present us with a combination, a concord, a harmony, which is nowhere else to be found. To estimate this wonderful agreement aright, consider the subjects of which these writers

treat—subjects at once the most sublime, the most profound, the most difficult, and the most important that can be imagined. Subjects on which the greatest oracles of this world's wisdom have guessed, and blundered, and differed, and disputed, and contradicted themselves and one another, from Sanchoniathon to Swedenborg, and from Jannes to Dr. Child. Consider, too, the diversity in natural ability, in literary acquisition, in mental habits, presented by kings, statesmen, shepherds, scribes, herdsmen, fishermen, tax-gatherers, and tent makers. Yet such were the writers of the Bible. Add to this the multiform character of the unique Mosaic: psalms, proverbs, histories, prophecies, biographies, letters. And then remember that under all these conditions, and through all these agencies, the result is one."*


What Mind was that which planned, what Power that achieved this strangely wonderful design? The Book had many writers, but the Author—who was He? The sacred edifice has arisen by the labours of many builders, but who was the Architect?

* "Christian Certainty," p. 370.

LIGHTS AND SHADES OF LIFE.

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III.—THE USHER'S STORY.

 WHEN I was a boy, between eleven and twelve years of age, for one year—and one year only—I was at school, at a village in Somersetshire. The oldest usher in the school on one occasion told me the following story:—

"Some years ago there was a thief among us—a systematic, inexorable depredator of books and slate pencils, stationery and toys, cakes and keepsakes. Who he was, nobody knew, excepting always himself and His eye who takes His own time and means 'to bring to light the hidden things of darkness, and make manifest the secrets of the heart.' At first the missing things were too slight and valueless to make much stir about—odds and ends of school-deak property, which were readily replaced, and therefore less annoying. Now and then, however, the boys began to lose their knives

and silver pencil-cases. The thefts at length grew too serious not to be referred to the head master. He instituted a rigid search through desk and box, clothes and bed-chambers, and even the bed of every boy in the establishment, but with no result beyond turning out the collections of queer and unaccountable articles of material, quality, and manufacture, which constitute the time-out-of-mind accumulations of a boys' boarding school. Entangled nets of rusty fish-hooks, the flesh of little fishes sticking to them, and savouring strongly of stale fish; odd shapes of stars, fruit, vegetables; schoolfellows' faces cut out in book-covers, in old exercises, in slate, wood, raw potatoes, and turnips; mouldy morsels of plum cakes and ginger-bread, saved for consumption on the sly, forgotten till too dry and hard to be eaten; scraps of letters from home, rude

caricatures of masters and teachers, heaps of marbles and spin-tops, with here and there bits of India-rubber, old gloves, and twine-ends mingled among them, like seaweed on a beach; knifeblades without handles, and handles without blades; innumerable leaves of every branch of elemental literature and science scattered about, as if by some kind of school autumn, when their ripe owners had been shaken from the tree of knowledge, and been separated to their callings in life; worn-out sticks and whips beyond count, suggestive of a negro plantation in the neighbourhood, where the torture-stock had been used up. Nay, the inventory would emulate the catalogue of the British Museum, if every article were specified. So I dismiss the rest summarily, as presenting something of everything, and nothing without sign of mutilation, rough usage, obsolescence, or decay. The only things perfect and unblemished were the boys' best suits of clothes, which were never trusted to their custody, except for the Sundays and holidays, when the school turned out in full parade. Every boy found something he never knew he had lost, until it was recovered; but not a single loser of any of the late missing articles (the special objects of the search) found one of them. Whoever was the delinquent, he had completed the indictment which charges the prisoner that he 'did steal, take, and carry away;' but whither he had carried them, or who was the guilty deponent, still remained a myth.

"The mystery was almost as annoying as the loss. If they had known the thief, they might have hoped they knew the worst of his thefts; but it was clear he was a cunning, as well as unscrupulous knave, and there was no knowing what he might take off next, if he were not discovered and compelled to take off himself. The whole school was uneasy, suspicious, and sensible of a general misgiving and estrangement. There was a general distrust of one another. As we did not know who was the depredator, no one was sure of any one else, that he was *not* the depredator. Doubt engendered illiberal construction. Particular boys began to be whispered against, watched, misrepresented, and avoided. They, in their turn, conscious of their innocence, and misinterpreting their treatment, suspected those who grew shy of them, as indicating convictions of guilt, which made them ashamed, or afraid of more intimate relations with their victims. The school was becoming so seriously

disorganized, that the master, all other means of detection having failed, offered a reward for the discovery of the dishonest one among us. That failed also; and after an interval he offered a free pardon to the transgressor, on condition of a full confession and restitution before the current week expired. Still no boy accused himself, though it was known the thief was there, because his depredations continued at intervals, only increasing in boldness in proportion to their impunity. Delphin editions of classics were now added to the booty; then small sums of the boys' pocket money; and finally the French master's silver watch. This was intolerable.

"Another and more rigid search was instituted; and this time not only through the school, but through the kitchen, the servants' dormitories, and through every room in the house, and about the premises, even to the sheds and stables. The master privately set on foot inquiries by the police, after any of the missing articles that might be met with in the houses of the village, at the pawnbrokers, or the second-hand shops, and dealers in marine stores, but without effect. The mystery was dark and impenetrable as ever; growing darker, like the night, the older it grew. A secret watch was kept over the schoolhouse after hours; and the name of every boy seen to go in or come out of the school, was reported to the master. These boys were every one of them closely examined as to what was their business in the school at such hours; who they saw there; what they did; how long they stayed; and what they brought away with them; and their answers, carefully compared with the statements returned by the secret watchers, being found generally to correspond, the attempt at detecting in that shape was foiled. Masters, teachers, servants, and watchers, and the boys at large, were at their wit's end. Some of the younger ones, prompted by a remark of Mr. Palmer, the usher, began to ascribe the missing articles to supernatural agency, and they were afraid to walk alone after dark, for fear of meeting the schoolroom ghost. 'It had taken so many things,' they said, 'who knows if it mightn't take a fancy to a small boy, and spirit him off as secretly and irresistibly as the Delphin Virgil, or the French master's watch, which it had ticked off, in spite of the watch's ticking, telling nobody the hour when it was abstracted?'

"Another expedient was tried. The master announced that he should confine the whole

school to the playground, with no more walks out beyond bounds, and no more half-holidays, until the thief was discovered. He conjured all the boys to co-operate with him in the effort at the detection, for their own sakes, for their honour more than for the holidays, and made an affecting appeal to the unknown thief, if he had a spark of honour—even of that honour which is said to be among thieves, only he doubted it,—to come forward and relieve his schoolfellows from the embarrassment into which the individual youth had involved them. ‘Boys,’ said the worthy preceptor, in a serious tone of entreaty, ‘boys, I request your help in this disgraceful matter, as a personal favour to your master. If I have in any way won your affection, or deserved in any humble degree your consideration, I ask you to let it be proved on this painful occasion.’

“There was a dead silence, at length broken by murmurs of generous emotion among the boys, who forgot the forfeiture of the holidays, in their sympathy with their master, whose words were delivered in a tone of soft and gentle entreaty, like a man who threw himself on their candour, and felt he could trust them.

“Boys like to be trusted. Confidence is pleasing at any stage of life; but in the untried and unhacknied feelings of boyhood, it usually works an unreserved response. The boys looked at one another, as if each would say, ‘There is no resisting that!’—‘Even the thief must give it up now;’ and the look passed round the school, like a general mutual inspection. Every boy felt he could afford to bear it, because the master trusted him; and every boy looked at every other boy, as if of course the other boy thought so too. All looked, but none spoke. Whoever was the thief, he bore the scrutiny without quailing: and the school broke up in moody disappointment, that an appeal had failed which every one felt ought to have succeeded.

“During the following month, there was no fresh theft. The boys had borne their captivity ‘in bounds’ without a complaint, or even a petition to be released; and the master could hold out no longer. He yearned over their patient magnanimity, and removed the suspension of their holidays.

“The next day his own gold spectacles were missing, and after a search through the school-desk, on which he had accidentally left them (to the best of his recollection), it was ascertained that they had followed the fate of the French master’s watch. This loss was kept

secret for a week from the boys, and the masters discussed among themselves the propriety of subjecting the whole school and premises to the inspection of a detective from Bristol. Another theft of a money-letter, containing a remittance from the parent of one of the boys, and which was proved to have been delivered into the box on the school premises by the postman, determined this step, and the detective shortly made his appearance. Neither his person nor his business were known to any one except the masters. The incarnate eye of the law was on the premises night and day, unknown to any one who might be the object of its vigilance. The detective loitered about a week in the neighbourhood, searching as he best could in every direction for any tidings of one of the missing articles, of which a list had been furnished him, but without avail. The only thing discovered was the master’s spectacles, which were found hanging on a branch of an old tree near the school-house, with one of the glasses broken out. Who had hung them there, none could tell.

“The detective did his best, gave it up for hopeless, and returned to Bristol. The only effect of his services had been to increase the general uncomfortableness, by his repeated assertion that more than one hand was engaged in the business—that the thefts were too numerous, and some of them of such a quality, as could not be managed without two or more accomplices.

“Then there was more than one thief, if the detective was right—and nobody doubted his dictum; but, if so, who were the accomplices? ‘That’s just what I want to know,’ quoth Detective; ‘but I’ll stake the vally o’ the lot stole, there’s more nor one on ’em in it, and it aint boys’ job neither.’

“This last insinuation for a time implicated the ushers, the servants, and even one or two grown-up daughters of the master’s family. The only soul absolutely and universally exempted from the miserable suspicion was the venerable master himself. After the visit of the detective, as if the thief, though not discovered, was effectually alarmed, the thefts ceased. More than a month passed, the story was growing old, losing its excitement, no fresh trespass occurring to revive its painful interest. It seemed to be universally forgotten, except by the master, whom it had evidently wounded, to the quick. It had taken hold of the good man’s solicitude to an extent which disturbed his rest, impaired his appetite, affected his

spirits, and grievously troubled his family, even more on his own account than on the score of the peculations.

"He was heard to mutter in his sleep, 'That boy will come to shame; how can I save him?' His poor invalid wife sometimes asked the sleeper, 'What boy?' to ascertain if there was any particular boy on whom his suspicion rested. But the question only woke him suddenly, to cry—'What boy? Have you found him?'

"The secret weighed upon his mind, as if it were some shocking reminiscence of an evil deed of his own, as, indeed, he felt responsible for not having prevented it. Somehow, he deemed himself an accessory. The good man, on more than one occasion, had been surprised by his family, on his knees in his study late at night, pouring forth earnest supplication for 'the young thief, who was on the road to ruin; imploring mercy on the parents of the lad, lest he should break their hearts.' Then, with a bewildered mingling of Christian pity and academical resentment, the ejaculations would escape him—'The brazen-faced young rascal! the unhappy boy! the rogue! *poor lad!*' And then he would heave deep sighs, deeper than some men's sobs, and put it to his wife—'Do you think, sweetheart, there can be more than one such knave? It's not natural; it's not possible. Poor child! who can break it to his father? The young scoundrel!' 'If I were his *mother*,' said the master's wife—but at that word her voice failed her, and the old couple, who had lost a son of their own, though in the lesser bitterness of an early death, lifted up their voices, and wept together.

"If the boys had forgotten the thefts, it was too obvious their master could not forget the thief. There was one among the junior masters, whose painful anxiety on his principal's behalf seemed scarcely inferior to the mental distress which he vainly tried to divert. He continued to sympathise, and concert measures in secret with his principal, when the others had ceased. He had repeatedly expressed his conviction that none of the boys were the guilty

parties, and maintained the hypothesis that it was the work of some cunning knave, acquainted with the whereabouts and habits of the school, and whom, he constantly asserted his belief, he should one day detect. His assurances at length comforted the master, whose grief was more on the pupils' account, than for the value of the things stolen (though in the aggregate that was considerable). The whole school felt grateful to the usher for his well-timed interference, and he was so wise and accomplished, and withal so good, that his opinion carried weight with every one. His name I have called Palmer, to hide the real one. He was found, like Deborah, not 'under an oak,' but a palm tree, in one of our Eastern colonies, by a regiment on its march, and, being a white man's child, was roughly, but kindly, fathered by the soldiers, and eventually found his way with them to England, where he had been placed in an institution for foundlings. In his twelfth year his excellent character for cleverness and progress reached the ears of our master, and he, having no son of his own, and desirous of having some one about his person to trust and attach himself to, chose young Palmer. Nobly had the lad justified his patron's choice; he had now been, partly as pupil and partly as teacher, ten years in the establishment, and his literary acquirements equalled those of many of his seniors, and considerably exceeded those of his own age. His unrelenting devotion to his patron's interests had won the entire affection of the latter, and nothing seemed clearer than that Palmer's heart was full of love and gratitude to his benefactor, and that he would, if needs be, lay down his life to serve him. He entreated the master only to leave the task of unravelling this mystery to him, and to ask him no questions as to whom he suspected, though he admitted he had his suspicions, until he was in a position to state them without injustice to anybody. His patron acquiesced, and there the matter rested for the time.

(To be continued.)



Pleasant Readings for our Sons and Daughters.

MISS VIVIAN AND HER RELATIONS.

BY A. G., AUTHOR OF "AMONG THE MOUNTAINS," "MABEL AND CORA,"
"BEECHENHURST," ETC.

CHAPTER VII.

"How his noble earnest speeches,
With untiring fervour came;
'Helper of the poor and suffering'—
Truly he deserved the name."

A. A. PROCTOR.

LET me pass. Oh, don't hinder me, Bertram. I'm in a hurry."
"You always are, I think, Constance. There never was credulity to equal yours! What *will* you believe next?"

"Why shouldn't I believe him? Oh, do let me pass, Bertram. It is so unkind of you to keep me. He will be gone if I am not quick."

"And a good thing, too! Throwing away your money on idle, worthless beggars——"

"We think differently about that, Bertram——"

"And about paying bills! Didn't you say, a week ago, that the first money you had must go to a Mrs. Dodgers or Podgers who had been working for you?"

"Not all my money,—only nine shillings. I sent her the money directly I had my allowance; and if I had not, it would be no business of yours," added Constance, warmly. "Bertram, you *must* let me go now."

She burst away from him, with some difficulty, as she spoke, and rushed into the drawing-room. Mrs. Mansfield and Leonard looked up in surprise at her disturbed air, and Bertram's expression of countenance—the latter asking,—

"Is anything wrong?"

"Only Bertram is so stingy," said Constance, too hot to be very careful of her words. "He never spends a penny on any one but himself, and he would like me to do just the same."

"Nonsense," said Bertram. "The truth is, there's a whining beggar outside who has been working on Constance's soft feelings, and in-

stead of driving him away as he deserved, she is as usual doing her best to encourage fraud and mendicancy."

Leonard's lips parted with a smile of amusement at Bertram's grand observation, but he only asked,—

"What does the man say, Constance?"

"He is a soldier," replied Constance, raising her flushed face from the drawer, in which she was searching for her purse. "At least he has been a soldier; but he was wounded, and discharged, and now he has to beg."

"Why can't he work?" demanded Bertram. "I suppose he thinks he has done enough already, and that his country ought to support him for the rest of his life, in consideration of his past valuable services. The truth is, he knows we have a Captain in the house, and he has made up the story, thinking we are likely to be more susceptible of impressions from old soldiers than from any one else."

"He hasn't. It is quite true. He served in the Peninsula, and he told me the name of his commanding officer."

"General Tomkins, or Hopkins, I suppose. They would be pretty safe names to choose, for there are certain to have been Tomkinsees and Hopkinsees there. He must have been a baby drummer-boy, for he's only a middle-aged man now. I don't believe he was a year old at the time of the battle of Waterloo. How can you believe such nonsense?"

Constance deigned to give no answer, and was turning away, when Leonard rose and followed her. She gave him a doubtful look,—

"You are not going to send him away, Leonard! I must help him."

"No, but I am going to prove if he needs help, if you will allow me. If he goes away without any, it will be of his own free choice. Will you wait in the hall a minute, while I go and speak to him? You may trust me, Constance," he added, with a smile.

"Very well," said Constance, rather unwillingly. "I'll wait in the garden."

She kept out of sight, but heard a parley going on, questions and answers: then Leonard's voice demanding,—

"Where do you live?"

The answer was rather confused, and the next thing Constance heard distinctly was in Leonard's voice again,—

"Never mind that. It is not too far, and I will come with you at once. Just wait till I have fetched my hat."

Constance hurried back to the hall-door, where she met him, and asked eagerly, "Are you really going with him, Leonard? How very kind of you!"

"I have offered to do so," Leonard answered, smiling.

They went out together to the gate, but when they reached it no beggar was to be seen. Constance turned a blank look of dismay upon her companion.

"I expected it," Leonard remarked. "He did not receive my offer of a visit with any warmth."

"But where has he gone?"

"To beg money from some one else, who will give it without asking awkward questions. He was afraid of inquiries. I have found that test answer before now."

"And you really think he was an impostor?" asked Constance, in great disappointment.

"I am afraid there is no doubt of it. Never mind, Constance, *all* the poor are not impostors, whatever Bertram says."

Bertram greeted them with an inquiry as to the result, which of course they were obliged to let him know. Very triumphant he looked,—

"Just exactly what I am always telling you, Constance. It reminds me of that story of the gentleman who was in his garden, when a lame sailor came hobbling up, looking very pitiful and deplorable, and begged for assistance, giving a long list of the ships and battles he had been in, and the voyages he had taken, and the places he had visited. The gentleman heard him out, and then quietly asked him, 'Can you tell me where the maintop-gallant-studding-sail-boom is?' The sailor instantly turned and took to his heels, running out of the garden as fast as his wooden leg would carry him."

"Very good," said Leonard, laughing; "but what did you say you were always telling Constance?"

"Why, about giving to these wretched beg-

gars,—that it is just throwing her money away. They positively infest the place; and no wonder, when they can get what they like for the asking. And Constance never takes warning by experience. Only the other day she gave several shillings to a ragged man, and Mr. Wentworth, who was with her at the time, afterwards discovered, quite by accident, that he was a regular drunkard, who would not work, half-starved his family, and spent all the money he gained by begging, at the public-house."

"And the inference you draw from this is, that giving to the poor should be altogether put a stop to, as a hopeless means of doing good," said Leonard, quietly,—so quietly as to deceive Bertram into imagining that their opinions at length coincided.

"Yes—no—not exactly that; but I am sure no one ought to give a penny without being sure it is deserved; and nothing at all ought to be given to a single beggar," said Bertram, with great decision.

"Nothing at all ever to be given to a single beggar," repeated Leonard, slowly. "That appears to me rather a sweeping rule, Bertram. Then the instant a person asks your help, however real and distressing his need may be, he is utterly and irrevocably beyond the pale of your sympathy and assistance?"

Bertram looked rather taken aback at this new view of the case, but after a moment's hesitation he answered, with his usual assurance,—

"Beggars never are really in distress or deserving of assistance. They are a set of impostors."

Constance flushed up indignantly, but Leonard's quiet amused laugh had much more effect upon Bertram, and he added rather petulantly,—

"Of course you don't think so! You don't know anything about English beggars."

"Not enough to compete with a gentleman of such large experience as yourself, perhaps," ironically returned Captain Vivian. "Nevertheless, I have my own opinions upon the subject, Bertram; and I have seen enough of the English poor in my lifetime to be able to controvert decidedly your sweeping assertion that *all* who ask for assistance are impostors. I am sorry to say that there are undoubtedly very many who pretend to be what they are not; but there are also many, many poor families in the deepest need."

"I don't see how one is to know one from the other," said Bertram. "You are most likely to give to the wrong people."

"And therefore you would help nobody," said Leonard. "Why not make inquiries, Bertram, and find out for yourself which are the really deserving?"

"As you were going to do this morning," remarked Constance. "But every one has not time or power to do that, Leonard."

"A great many might do far more in that way than they ever dream of attempting," was Leonard's answer.

"But not every one, Leonard. Not girls like me. I couldn't quite go walking off with a beggar to make inquiries, could I? Mamma would not like it."

"No, indeed!" said Mrs. Mansfield, from the table where she was writing letters. "Pray don't put any ideas of that kind into her head, Leonard!"

"You need not be afraid of my advising it," said Captain Vivian. "I am afraid it would be rather too conspicuous a step for a young lady to take."

"Then what is one to do?" asked Constance, impatiently. "Bertram and Mrs. Wentworth always grumble at me for giving to the poor; but I can't leave off doing it altogether. I couldn't, and I should not think it right, and I don't believe you would either."

"No, certainly not. But there are different ways of doing things. I cannot say I quite approve of universal and indiscriminate almsgiving."

"Everybody thinks differently about that," said Constance, in rather an injured tone. "Every single person has a private theory of his own, which either can't possibly be followed out, or else seems to me quite wrong. I only know what the Bible says: 'Give to him that asketh thee, and from him that would borrow of thee turn not thou away.'"

"That is Constance's favourite text, quoted upon all manner of occasions," said Bertram. "I think she quite misapplies it."

"I don't see how I can do that," returned Constance. "It seems as plain as daylight to me."

"There is a second verse of the same description in another of the Gospels," observed Leonard. "'Give to every man that asketh of thee; and of him that taketh away thy goods, ask them not again.' What do you think of that?"

"Why, it means the same thing, does it not?" asked Constance.

"Would you take it literally? Do you think it is possible to do so? That is what I want to know."

"I suppose so,"—but Constance spoke rather doubtfully. "Ought we not to take every text literally?"

"Certainly, so far as it is in our power; but we have to reconcile this with the commandment, 'Thou shalt not steal.' I cannot imagine that it would be right to allow theft to pass unchecked and unpunished, as *must* be the case if this injunction is to be followed literally, word for word. It would alter the whole state of society,—destroy all the rights of possession,—cause, in short, a perfect chaos. No one could feel secure of anything that belonged to him; for the moment another of covetous disposition saw it—and almost all men are covetous, more or less, by nature,—it might be carried off from before his eyes, and he would not feel at liberty even to protest. Do you see what I mean?"

Constance hesitated, and then jealously inquired,—

"Are you trying to prove we ought *not* to give when asked?"

"No, not at all. I only think you are a little mistaken in your manner of giving. I want you to see that these texts must be taken in the *spirit* rather than the letter."

"That is just what I never can understand in the very least," said Constance, decidedly. "I generally find that those who talk the most about taking commands in the spirit, are the ones who do their best to neglect them altogether; and then they declare they have done as much as they thought right, or as much as was in their power, or as much as could reasonably be expected of them."

"There is truth in what you say, Constance, but that does not alter the fact," said Leonard. "People may mistake and misuse the expression, but it is no less true for all that."

"Only that I can't understand it," said Constance. "I never could, and it always puzzles me extremely. And I never found any one that really did understand it—at least so as to explain clearly what he meant."

"I think that the spirit of the two texts we have just quoted, Constance, is simply this: to be always ready and willing to give, glad to deny ourselves for the sake of others, and ever thinking—not, 'How little can I give, without being thought stingy?' but, 'How much may I give, without doing harm?' In other words, it is 'loving our neighbours as ourselves'—and the poor are as much our neighbours as the rich,—and being always on the look-out for opportunities to help them in every possible

way. It is, above all, the spirit of our Saviour, —our great Example in this as in all other matters,—a spirit of tender, unselfish love, withholding aid only when to bestow it would injure rather than benefit the recipient."

"Our Saviour helped every one that asked Him," said Constance, in a low voice.

"He did, Constance, but you must remember that His wisdom and power were infinite; that He could see into the hearts of the people, and knew every circumstance and action of their past lives; and not only of their past, but of their future lives as well. The temporal gift too, which they asked, was usually preceded by the spiritual gift of free forgiveness of their sins. Very different from our poor puny efforts! At the best we know nothing without inquiries, and can judge but by the outward appearance; and although we seek wisdom and guidance from above, we must sometimes find ourselves mistaken and deceived."

"I see what you mean, Leonard. But my original difficulty still remains, namely, that I cannot judge when to give, and when not."

"I know it is very difficult," said Captain Vivian, kindly. "I have often found it so. Nor do I know how to propose to you any definite rule. It depends so entirely on circumstances. My own idea is, that those who are the most ready to wander about and spend their days in idle begging, are not by any means the most truly needy and suffering among the poor; and money bestowed upon them is too often as likely as not to encourage vice and drunkenness, although there are, of course, exceptions. But when one has only a limited sum of money to bestow in charity—and every man's income is limited, more or less,—I cannot help thinking it better to choose with a little care the direction in which it is to go, rather than to fling it indiscriminately abroad, in the hope that if it does some harm, it may at least do some good also to counteract the harm."

Constance could not help laughing,—

"I suppose there is some reason in what you say. But it seems so cold and hard-hearted to pass by the poor creatures in distress,—in seeming distress, if you like, though I am sure many of them are what they seem."

"I have no doubt of it. But I don't advocate their being systematically passed by. There are many ways of affording help. If possible, we should have inquiries made about them; or take down their name and address, and give it to the clergyman, or the district visitor, or

the city-missionary, if there is one; or if we cannot do anything else, tell them to come to the back-door for some of the broken scraps, which ought to be laid aside for the poor."

"Yes, papa likes that done. But it seems very difficult to know how to act," and Constance sighed. "Your way is a great deal more troublesome than mine, and I suppose that is why it is so seldom carried out. It is curious that you should have described Beatrice's plans so exactly. Only she is a district-visitor herself, you know, and she always has some poor family in hand, for whom she collects and denies herself every penny that she can. I am afraid I don't deny myself much."

"No need to do so, when papa's purse is so conveniently near at hand," said Bertram, quietly. "It is very easy to be generous with other people's money."

"You need not talk about generosity, Bertram," indignantly answered Constance. "You are the last person to make such remarks."

"You will come round to my opinions by and by," said Bertram, in a satisfied tone. "Leonard has brought you half round already."

"Then I suppose she is now in a medium state of mind, which is usually just the right one," remarked Leonard. "Extremes are always wrong; and the extreme of never giving at all is worse than the extreme of giving too lavishly."

Bertram fidgeted, and muttered something half to himself about "throwing money away."

"I don't think that is exactly your failing," said Leonard, with a quiet sarcasm that brought the colour into Bertram's cheeks. "At least, not throwing it away upon the poor! I should hardly think of talking to you about indiscriminate giving. My remarks during the last half-hour have been intended for Constance. I would apply rather a different style of argument to you."

"In what way?" Bertram asked shortly.

"I think you are inclined to deceive yourself with the idea that your natural dislike to parting with your money for the good of others, is a conscientious desire not to give them what you try to believe will only injure them."

The tone was so kind, that Bertram could not take offence, though he said rather sullenly,—

"I think every one must have his own opinion upon such things."

"Hardly, Bertram. That won't do. Unless your opinions are in accordance with the Bible, they are wrong."

"I suppose every one thinks his own opinions

agree with the Bible," said Bertram, rather unwillingly.

"You mean that you consider yours do. And your opinion is, that giving to the poor is altogether useless and even wrong. I do not know how you can reconcile such an idea with texts like these." And Leonard quoted rapidly two or three verses in succession: "Blessed is he that considereth the poor: the Lord will deliver him in time of trouble." "He which soweth sparingly shall reap also sparingly; and he which soweth bountifully shall reap also bountifully. Every man according as he purposeth in his heart, so let him give: not grudgingly, or of necessity: for God loveth a cheerful giver." "He that hath a bountiful eye shall be blessed; for he giveth of his bread to the poor." "He that hath pity upon the poor lendeth unto the Lord; and that which he hath given will He pay him again."

Bertram was silent, opening and shutting his penknife with an uneasy air. Constance remarked, half to herself,—

"I always like that last verse so much."

"Ay!" returned Captain Vivian, thoughtfully. "It is a wonderful thing, that though 'the silver and gold are the Lord's,' yet He not only entrusts it to us, but when we use it in His service, He graciously speaks of it as lent to Himself, and promises to repay it. How unlike man's ways with regard to money!"

"Do you think it is always paid back?" asked Constance, slowly.

"There is the promise that it shall be, Constance. That it will be fully and doubly repaid in Heaven, I have not the smallest doubt. But I believe also, that even in this world we are rarely permitted to lose in the end by what we have given in the service of God, or to suffer from the want of it. I believe it is almost invariably made up to us in one way or another, and that the very act of laying aside part of our possessions for the service of the Lord brings a blessing upon the remainder. But you must remember that it is not by any means those who give the largest amount of pounds, shillings, and pence, who necessarily lend most to God. A hundred pounds may be presented in charity, from a desire to shine in the eyes of others, or from some less unworthy motive, and yet bring no blessing with it, while a single shilling may be given in simple faith and love, which will bear fruit to eternity—even a single penny or farthing. God does not measure the amount by our standard."

"No," said Constance. "But still a penny

or a shilling could not really do so much good as a hundred pounds."

"That depends entirely upon God's blessing, Constance," said Leonard seriously. "Without God's blessing such a gift might do infinite harm to the receiver."

Constance was silent, and then said again,—

"But a shilling is much *less* than a hundred pounds. It always must be so."

"Not always, Constance, or at least only when measured by our standard. Our Saviour said of the poor widow, that her two mites were *more* than all the rich gifts of the other people—literally more. For God looks to the heart, and estimates the amount by the proportion it bears to a man's possessions, and the degree of self-denial involved in the gift, rather than by the actual quantity. Do you not understand? Suppose there was one man with fifty pounds a year, and that out of that he gave five away in charity; and suppose there was another with a hundred thousand pounds a year, and out of that he gave fifty. Which would give the most in the sight of God—I mean apart from the motives by which they were actuated?"

"The poor man. Yes, I understand what you mean. Then Beatrice gives a great deal more than I do," added Constance, half to herself. "I don't think there is much self-denial in what I do. But I am afraid I could never spend so little money on myself as Beatrice does."

"There are very few so unselfish," said Leonard—rather absently, she thought. Then he rose from his seat: "By the bye, I promised Miss Vivian to see her this afternoon, so I must not forget."

"Is Beatrice likely to be there?" asked Constance, mischievously.

"Miss Vivian did not tell me so," said Leonard, taking up and examining a mother-of-pearl paper-cutter that lay upon the table, while a half-smile crossed his face.

"But you know it. It is very curious how often you manage to hit upon the very time that she is there. Does Beatrice inform you before-hand when she is going?"

"No, certainly not. Good-bye, Constance;" and Leonard walked to the door to avoid farther questioning. "Don't quarrel with Bertram over the old soldier. I shall be back before long."

As Constance expected, Beatrice was at Miss Vivian's. Leonard stood at the drawing-room door for a moment before he made his presence known, thinking how like a sunbeam she

looked in that dark, gloomy room. A strange contrast were the two faces—that of Miss Vivian so shallow and wasted, so restless and unsatisfied in expression; that of Beatrice so fair and peaceful, with its broad calm brow and large quiet eyes. For a moment they lighted up into positive brilliancy as she caught sight of Captain Vivian standing in the doorway, though it was with her usual composed air that she rose to meet him. Miss Vivian looked on with a kind of dry glitter in her hard dark eyes—the nearest approach to a smile of amusement that was ever seen there.

"Have you met with your cousin yet?" she inquired abruptly as he shook hands with her.

"My cousin! Oh, Percival Gifford you mean. I was not aware that he was in England."

"He arrived yesterday, as I know from a note that I have received from him. He intends to be in Rookdale to-day, and I have no doubt I shall see him very soon after his arrival."

Miss Vivian paused and scrutinized Leonard's face narrowly, expecting to observe signs of dissatisfaction at the least, but he was looking at Beatrice, and responded by an indifferent,

"Indeed!"

"I suppose you will see something of him," continued Miss Vivian, and she laughed.

"Possibly! I suppose we are likely to meet one another occasionally, living in the same place."

"You know him personally, do you not?"

"A little—not intimately."

And Leonard branched off, almost without a pause, into another subject, the first that came into his mind, which was Constance's old soldier and her disappointment concerning him. Beatrice suspected that it was from a good-natured dislike to give an unfavourable report of his cousin, in answer to the inquiries that were probably forthcoming. However, Miss Vivian's attention was now successfully diverted from Percival Gifford, and directed to Constance Mansfield.

"A good lesson for her!" was the old lady's remark at the conclusion of the story. "How any man in his senses can bring up his daughter in such spendthrift habits, is past my comprehension."

"You are mistaken, Miss Vivian," said Leonard. "My father does not encourage Constance in careless habits with regard to money. Real generosity he always does, and always will encourage."

"Ay, it sounds very fine," said Miss Vivian.

"Young people like to throw their money about, and get credit for being generous and charitable. Very fine and very plausible! They are spendthrifts nevertheless."

"Hardly, Miss Vivian. Constance may be a little too impetuous in her manner of giving, but it is at least a fault on the right side. By and by she will grow steady and prudent."

"Like her father! Very steady and prudent he is!"

"Miss Vivian," returned Leonard, quietly. "Mr. Mansfield is *my* father as well as hers, and you must not expect me to listen to any such insinuations with regard to him. They arise solely from your ignorance of his character."

"Mr. Mansfield is not your father," said Miss Vivian, highly offended. "He is no relation of mine."

"That is a point hardly worth discussion," returned Leonard, smiling. "He has been a truer and better father to me than many sons can boast."

"And I suppose you do your best to encourage that child in her extravagant habits," said Miss Vivian, sharply.

"Constance, do you mean? No, not at all. I should be very sorry to encourage extravagance."

"The whole family are extravagant, and always will be."

"Not Bertram, at all events, Miss Vivian," said Leonard, laughing. "He is prudent enough to suit even you."

"And I have no doubt you are always trying to persuade him to follow the family example," said Miss Vivian, hardly prepared, though, for the ready reply.

"Something very like it, Miss Vivian. If Constance goes to one extreme, Bertram goes to the other, and his is decidedly the worst of the two."

"I am glad there is one sensible person in the family," retorted Miss Vivian. "And I am sorry that you, Captain Vivian, are so wanting in judgment as to encourage these ruinous propensities. It is just of a piece with everything else at the present day. It is all giving—neglecting one's own family, that one may give to every worthless beggar that chooses to spend his days in idleness, and his money at the public-house."

"Marvellously like Bertram's style of argument," thought Leonard, but he only said,—

"I wish there were even more giving, Miss Vivian. Funds are sorely needed, both by

societies and by those who have anything personally to do with the poor, though I acknowledge that more is done in that way than used to be."

"You would have people ruin themselves for the sake of appearing generous," exclaimed Miss Vivian, beginning to lose temper.

"No," said Leonard, quietly and even gently. "I would simply have them act in accordance with Bible injunctions—with the spirit of our Saviour."

Miss Vivian's brow darkened visibly at the mention of anything like religion.

"Of course, that is always the way, Captain Vivian. Make up your mind to do what you wish, and then find some text in the Bible to prove you are right."

Leonard attempted no argument, but drawing a little Bible from his pocket, he turned over the leaves, and, without preface of any sort, he read aloud a few verses in succession, as he had that afternoon repeated some to Bertram,—

"Give to him that asketh thee, and from him that would borrow of thee turn not thou away.' 'He that hath pity upon the poor, lendeth unto the Lord, and that which he hath given will He pay him again.' 'He that giveth unto the poor shall not lack; but he that hideth his eyes shall have many a curse.' 'Charge

them that are rich in this world, that they be not highminded, nor trust in uncertain riches, but in the living God, who giveth us richly all things to enjoy; that they do good, that they be rich in good works, ready to distribute, willing to communicate; laying up in store for themselves a good foundation against the time to come, that they may lay hold on eternal life.

Miss Vivian listened in silence—apparently too much amazed at his audacity to interrupt him; and it was not till he paused, that she found voice to say haughtily,—

"I am much obliged to you, Captain Vivian!"

"Captain Vivian was only answering your objection about the texts," said Beatrice, gently.

"Of course; I understand very well. Captain Vivian is at perfect liberty to read texts and preach to whom he will, only not in my house! If he has nothing better to talk about, I should very much prefer to be left alone."

Captain Vivian rose in obedience to the hint, but held out his hand with a courteous air of apology,—

"I beg your pardon, Miss Vivian, if I have spoken too strongly. I had no intention of hurting your feelings."

But his hand was not accepted. Miss Vivian looked resolutely away, and with a bow to her, he said good-bye to Beatrice and quitted the room.

CURIOSITIES OF INSECT LIFE.

AMONG the many marvels which are continually before our eyes, there are few more worthy of observation, or which more forcibly illustrate the condescending wisdom and beneficence of the Creator, than the wonderful instincts, if instincts they are to be called, implanted in the minutest creatures, to enable them to provide for their hourly wants, and to secure the welfare of their progeny, which in the case of insects, for the most part come into existence after the death of the parent.

The most casual observer must have remarked at times, in field or garden, upon the leaf of an oak, or some fruit-bearing tree, a brownish patch of a downy texture, looking not very unlike a mole on the human skin. Did he ever imagine that this was a moth's nest? "Several kinds of moths," says Rymer Jones, "construct very beautiful and curious

nests, impervious to wet, and entirely composed of hair stripped from their own bodies. With this material, which they tear off by means of their pincer-like ovipositor, they first form a soft couch on the surface of some leaf; they then place upon it successively layers of eggs, and surround them with a similar downy coating; afterwards, when the whole number is deposited, they cover the surface with a roof of hairs, the disposition of which cannot be too much admired. Those used for the interior of the nest are scattered without order, but those that are placed externally are arranged with as much art and skill as the thatch of a cottage, and as effectually keep out water. One layer of these hairs partially overlaps another, and all having the same direction, the whole resembles a well-brushed piece of shaggy cloth or fur. When the mother has finished this labour, which often occupies

her for twenty-four hours, and sometimes for even twice that period, her body, which before was extremely hairy, is rendered almost wholly naked; she has stripped herself to clothe her offspring, and having performed this last duty of her life, she dies."

Many have seen the chrysalis of the butterfly hanging by its tail to a leaf of the hawthorn or a rose-bush, without perhaps considering how the caterpillar accomplished the business of suspending himself by the tail by means of silk spun from his mouth, while encased in a skin which must be cast off before the process is finished. Let us see how he sets about it. "When the caterpillar has selected an object to which it proposes suspending itself, the first process is to spin upon it a little hillock of silk, consisting of loosely interwoven threads; it then bends its body so as to insinuate the anal pair of prolegs amongst these threads, in which the little crotchets which surround them become so strongly entangled as to support its weight with ease. It now hangs perpendicularly from its silken support, with its head downwards. In this position it often remains for twenty-four hours, at intervals alternately contracting and dilating itself. At length the skin is seen to split on the back, near the head, and a portion of the pupa appears, which, by repeated swellings, acts like a wedge, and rapidly extends the slit towards the tail. By the continuance of these alternate contractions and dilatations of the conical pupa, the skin of the caterpillar is at last collected in folds near the tail, like a stocking which we roll upon the ankle before withdrawing it from the foot. But now comes the important operation. The pupa being much shorter than the caterpillar, is yet at some distance from the silken hillock upon which it is to be fastened; it is supported merely by the unsplit terminal portion of the latter's skin. How shall it disengage itself from this remnant of its case, and be suspended in the air while it climbs up to its place? Without arms or legs to support itself, the anxious spectator expects to see it fall to the earth. His fears, however, are vain: the supple segments of the pupa's abdomen serve in the place of arms. Between two of these, as with a pair of pincers, it seizes on a portion of the skin, and bending its body once more, entirely extricates its tail from it. It is now wholly out of the skin, against one side of which it is supported, but yet at some distance from the leaf. The next step is to climb up to the required height. For this purpose it

repeats the same ingenious manoeuvre; making its cast-off skin serve as a sort of ladder, it successively, with different segments, seizes a higher and a higher portion, until in the end it reaches the summit, where, with its tail, it feels for the silken threads which are to support it. But how can the tail be fastened to them? This difficulty has been provided against by creative wisdom. The tail of the pupa is furnished with numerous little hooks pointing in different directions, and some of these hooks are sure to fasten themselves upon the silk the moment the tail is thrust amongst it. Its labours are now nearly completed, but one more exertion remains; it seems to have as great an antipathy to its cast-off skin as one of us would when newly clothed, after a long imprisonment, to the prison-garments we had put off. It will not suffer this memento of its former state to remain near it, and it is therefore no sooner suspended in security than it endeavours to make it fall. For this end it seizes with its tail the threads to which the skin is fastened, and then very rapidly whirls itself round, often not fewer than twenty times. By this manoeuvre it generally succeeds in breaking them, and the skin falls down. Sometimes, however, the first attempt fails; in that case, after a moment's rest, it makes a second, twirling itself in an opposite direction, and this is rarely unsuccessful. After these exertions, it hangs the remainder of its existence in this state until the butterfly is disclosed."

Some larvæ, in an equally ingenious manner, suspend themselves horizontally by means of a girth of silk wound many times round their bodies; others, the leaf-rolling caterpillars, roll up a portion of a leaf of a plant in the form of a cylinder, in the interior of which they spin their cocoons and pass their pupa condition. The work is managed thus: the little labourer first begins by spinning silken threads, which it fastens to the edge of the leaf by one end, whilst the other is attached to a distant part of the leaf's surface; she then pulls at these cables one after another with her feet, so as at each effort to bend the edge of the leaf a little inwards, in which position she fastens it by means of additional threads. This operation is repeated again and again, and as the ropes are thus progressively shortened, the leaf becomes gradually folded more and more, until at length it is bent into a roll, and securely tied in that position by innumerable silken filaments of sufficient strength to resist the resiliency of the material employed.

It is interesting and amusing at times to watch the motions of a working bee in its busy pursuit after the two things which constitute its treasures, the pollen and the honey. The visit which it pays to each flower is of very short duration, helping itself to pollen first, and to honey, if there be any, which is not always the case, afterwards. Honey, indeed, in the proper sense of the word, it does not get at all from the flowers; but it sucks a sweet fluid, which is afterwards elaborated into honey in its own stomach, and thence regurgitated into the waxen cells of the hive. We may add, moreover, that the bee does not collect the wax, as some suppose—the wax being nothing more than a secretion from its own body, a provision of nature for the exigencies of its architecture. The bee appears to sweep the pollen together, making besoms of its hairy hind-legs, and then in a manner to dredge it into certain small receptacles on the outward surface of its thighs. This is not always a silent process, but is mostly accompanied with a subdued hum, while the performer fidgets about, sweeping the whole calyx of the flower in by no means a neat and cleanly fashion, and leaving a portion for the next comer. The sucking process, however—by which it is to be supposed he pumps the sweet fluid which is to become honey, into his stomach—is always one of profound stillness, and it is to be hoped, of enjoyment as well. It happens sometimes that the industrious and thirsty epicure is baulked, after having secured the pollen, in his attempts to get at the delicious nectar; but if he is perplexed, it is but for a moment; if he cannot get at it one way, he tries another. Look at him engaged with a larkspur in full bloom. There is but little pollen, or bee-bread, to be got from this flower, and he has soon done with the open blossom; but the larkspur wears a long and slightly curling horn in the rear, and in that, at the very extremity of it, is the fluid which Master Bee is in search of. To reach it at the natural opening is out of the question. The orifice would not admit the smallest pin's head, and the tube is two-thirds of an inch long. What does he do? He quietly crawls round to the end of the tube, and by means of some apparatus with which a kind Providence has furnished him, drills a small hole in the extremity of it, inserts his pumping engine, and drains the vessel dry. Upon plucking the flowers thus rifled, and examining them, the holes will be found neatly drilled, the soft fibre

of the flower being removed in the operation,—the hole being clean, without jagged edges, and not larger than would be made by the puncture of a shirtmaker's needle.

The "cricket on the hearth" is the sentimental and poetical favourite of a good many people who are not obliged to be his near neighbour, while he is the nuisance and plague of a very numerous class whose fireside comforts, when they have any, are on the kitchen floor. Whether we look upon him as a pet or a plague, we are certainly not in the habit of attributing to him anything like sagacity or forethought. We see him and his tribe by hundreds walking by night, along with silly cockroaches, into a dish of stale beer, to drink and drown ingloriously, or, jumping headlong into a basin of scalding tea, to perish in a boiling bath. But the cricket is not altogether a fool. The following is recorded of him: "Sitting the other day by the kitchen fire, to dry ourselves after a sudden shower, we noticed Mr. Cricket popping up his head from a crack in the hearthstone. We thought perhaps he might be hungry, and dropped a few small crumbs near his hole. Our shadow startled him, and he disappeared for an instant. In a moment or two, however, he came boldly forth, walked to the largest crumb, seized it and carried it to his hiding-place, returning immediately, until he had fetched them all. We tried him again with larger pieces—several much larger than himself. Most of these he carried off with perfect ease; but mark the perfection of his instinct. The hole in the stone from which he emerged was barely large enough to admit of his passage: when he carried small pieces of bread, he ran rapidly down the hole head foremost; but with larger pieces, he invariably got into the hole backwards, pulling the bread after him, evidently to avoid the possibility of blocking up the hole, and thus preventing his own escape in case of alarm. At last there remained one piece too large for him to remove. He now called a companion to assist; the two together dragged it to the mouth of the hole, where they ensconced themselves safely, and then, with bodies half protruded, set to work to reduce the mass to admissible dimensions, a task which it took them twenty minutes to accomplish ere the last crumb was safely housed."

The ant-lion employs rather singular measures in procuring its food. In its perfect state it closely resembles the dragon-fly; it has a small head, a very moveable neck, and

jaws like a strong pair of callipers, toothed along their inner margin. This creature will feed only on such game as he catches himself; nevertheless, he is unable to hunt even the slowest-paced insects, for not only are his movements excessively slow, but from the construction of his legs, he is only able to move backwards. As he cannot go in quest of his prey therefore, it must come to him; so he employs a stratagem, by the effect of which the game positively falls into his jaws.

Selecting a sandy soil, and choosing a situation beneath the shelter of some wall or tree, so as to be protected as much as possible from rain, the ant-lion proceeds to excavate a pit, which he accomplishes by throwing out the sand with his long jaws, walking backwards round and round until a deep conical excavation is formed in the loose sand, at the bottom of which he buries himself, remaining quietly concealed, with the exception of his jaws, which are kept half

open and ready for action. No sooner does a thoughtless insect approach the fatal pitfall, than, the loose sides giving way beneath its feet, the hapless visitor is precipitated to the bottom of the ant-lion's den, and falls at once into the jaws of its destroyer.

The insect sometimes perceives the danger, and tries to lay hold of the grains of sand at the border of the dreadful gulf; some yield beneath its feet, and it sinks lower and lower still; at last with desperate efforts it succeeds in getting hold of some piece of earth more stable than the rest, whereby it holds, or even attempts to regain the top of the dangerous steep. But the bandit has still a resource to enable him to secure his booty; with the top of his flattened head, which he uses as a shovel, he throws up a deluge of sand, which, falling in showers upon the miserable victim, already exhausted with its futile efforts, soon brings it to the bottom, there to become an easy prey to the destroyer.

T. STEWART ROBERTSON.

SONNET.



DROPPED a stone into a sleeping pool,
And watched the ripples circling to the shore,
Whereon I saw them break, and nothing more;
But all was calm again, and clear and cool.

Still stood I gazing there, with dreamy eyes,
Striving, by painful processes of thought,
To trace the changes by that action wrought,
Till I was lost amid infinities.

Thus lightly do we drop a hasty word;
But can we realize the truth sublime,
That on through boundless space that voice is heard
Reverberating to the end of Time?

Ponder these things, O mortal! and be wise—
Nature is teeming with such mysteries.

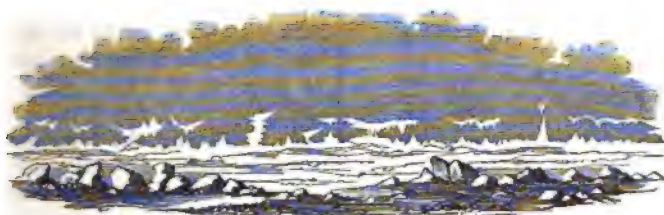
H. B. BULLOCK.



Science, Art, and History.

OUR SKETCH-BOOK ABROAD.

V.—THE ARCTIC REGIONS—THE ESQUIMAUX.



MIRAGE—BAFFIN'S BAY.



CAPTAIN HALL, of the whaling barque *George Henry*, whose long intercourse with the Innuits has enabled him to contribute more information respecting the mode of life, customs, and character of this extraordinary people than any previous writer, introduces in his narrative the following graphic and interesting account of two of the natives :—

"It was about this time I was visited by two Esquimaux, man and wife, who, together with a child afterwards born to them, accompanied me to the States. The man's name was Ebierbing—otherwise called by us 'Joe'—his wife's Tookoolito, or 'Hannah.'

"I was informed that this couple had been taken to England in 1853, and presented to Her Majesty Queen Victoria, and that the female was a remarkably intelligent, and what might be called an accomplished woman. They had remained nearly two years in Great Britain, and were everywhere well received. I heard, moreover, that she was the sister of *Toto* and *Ee-noo-loo-a-pik*, both celebrated in their country as great travellers and intelligent men, and the latter well known in England from his visit there in 1839, and from a memoir of him published by Surgeon Macdonald, of the ill-fated Franklin expedition. The first interview I had is recorded in my journal as follows :—

"November 2nd, 1860.—While intently occupied in my cabin, writing, I heard a soft, sweet

voice say, 'Good morning, sir.' The tone in which it was spoken—musical, lively, and varied—instantly told me that a lady of refinement was there greeting me. I was astonished. Could I be dreaming? Was it a mistake? No! I was wide awake, and writing. But, had a thunder-clap sounded on my ear, though it was snowing at the time, I could not have been more surprised than I was at the sound of that voice. I raised my head: a lady was indeed before me, and extending an ungloved hand.

"Of course my welcome to such an unexpected visitor in these regions was as befitting as my astonished faculties for the moment could make it. The doorway in which she stood leads from the main cabin into my private room. Directly over this entrance was the skylight, admitting a flood of light, and thus revealed to me *crinoline*, heavy flounces, an attenuated toga, and an immensely expanded bonnet: but the features I could not at first make out. I immediately tried to do honour to my unknown visitor. But, on turning her face, who should it be but a *lady* Esquimaux! Whence, thought I, came this civilization refinement? But in a moment more, I was made acquainted with my visitor. She was the Tookoolito I had so much desired to see, and directly I conversed with her, she showed herself to be quite an accomplished person. She spoke my own language fluently, and there, seated at my right in the main cabin, I had a long and interesting conversation with her.

Ebierbing, her husband—a fine, and also intelligent-looking man—was introduced to me, and though not speaking English so well as his wife, yet I could talk with him tolerably well. From them I gleaned many interesting particulars of their visit to England, and I was gratified to hear that they had actually dined with Prince Albert, who treated them very kindly, and with much consideration.

"Ebierbing, in speaking of the Queen, said he liked her very much, and she was quite 'pretty.' He also said that Prince Albert was a 'very kind, good man, and he should never forget him.'

"The following conversation, as copied from my journal, written at the time, will show the sentiments of Tookoolito on civilized life:—

"I asked her how she would like to live in England. She replied, 'I would like very well, I thank you.'

"'Would you like to go to America with me?' said I.

"'I would indeed, sir,' was the ready reply.

"In reference to the Queen of England, she said,

"'I visited her, and liked the appearance of Her Majesty, and everything about the palace. Fine place, I assure you, sir.'

"Tookoolito was suffering with a cold, and I noticed that whenever she coughed, she threw her face on one side and held her hand before her lips, the same as any lady of good manners would. Her costume was that of civilization, being a dress with heavy flounces, an elegant toga made of young tuktoo fur, deeply fringed, and a bonnet of the style invented on the principle 'cover the head by a rosette on its back.'

"As Tookoolito continued speaking, I could not help admiring the exceeding ~~space~~ *space*fulness and modesty of her demeanour. Simple and gentle in her way, there was a degree of calm intellectual power about her that more and more astonished me. I felt delighted beyond measure, because of the opportunity it gave me for becoming better acquainted with these people through her means, and I hoped to improve it towards the furtherance of the great object I had in view.

"After a stay of some duration she went on shore, and the following day I visited her and her husband at their tent. She was then in native costume, and it seemed to me that this suited her even better than the other.

"Some short time after this, I made an excursion by myself to the island on which was situated the Esquimaux 'North Star' village.

"The day became stormy after I had landed in one of the native boats, but I continued my walk, accompanied by the dogs, to a part of the island I wished to visit. On arriving there, I found a sort of natural *causeway*, formed of stones, leading to a smaller islet, and, crossing it, I continued examining the locality for some time. At length the snow-storm increased so much as to compel my return, and I made my way back to the south side of the main island.

"But now I could hardly see my way. The snow came down so thick, that I was fain to take shelter under the lee of some rocks near me, and while there, I examined my compass to ascertain if I was going right. To my astonishment I found the course I had pursued was exactly the reverse of the right one. I looked again and again, and yet the needle pointed exactly opposite to what I had expected. What was I to do? retrace my steps? For a moment I hesitated; but at length moving on, I was about walking back as I had come, when on looking at the compass again, I found it just the opposite of what it was before! Strange, thought I. Surely there must be local attraction in the rocks where I took shelter. But still it made me anxious, especially as the weather was becoming worse. Indeed, I felt it very possible I might be lost in the storm, and perhaps have to wander about all the coming night, or be frozen to death by remaining stationary, should the compass play me another trick; but at last, thanks to my faithful dogs, they actually guided me straight to the village, where I arrived without any mishap.

"The one I entered was Ebierbing's. He himself had gone out, but Tookoolito welcomed me as usual, soon entering into lively and instructing conversation. Two native boys were there at the time, and Tookoolito herself was busy *KNITTING socks for her husband!* Yes, to my surprise, she was thus engaged, as if she had been in a civilized land and herself civilized, instead of being an Esquimaux in her own native wilds of ice and snow!

"It was a strange contrast, the sight within that tent and the view without. The latter presented a picture of barrenness and storm; the former much that tended to the idea of warmth and home. Knitting stockings for her husband! How much of dear home was in that favourite domestic occupation! Then, too, her voice, her words and language, the latter in my own vernacular, were something more than common in that region. I have before said that she

was peculiarly pleasing and refined in her style and manners; and now, while sheltering me beneath her hospitable roof, with the bright flame before me, the lively prattle of the two boys came in strong contrast to the soft tones of her partly civilized tongue as my mind opened to receive all she uttered.

"What she said, and what my impressions were at the time, will be found in the following extract from my journal:—

"November 14th, 1860.—Tookoolito, after returning from England five years ago, where she and her *wing-a* (husband) spent twenty months, commenced diffusing her accomplishments in various ways; to wit, teaching the female portion of the nation, such as desired, to knit, and the various useful things practised by civilization. In all the places around Northumberland Inlet she has lived, and done what she could to improve her people. A singular fact (!) relative to dressing her hair, keeping her face and hands cleanly, and wearing civilization dresses—others of her sex, in considerable numbers, follow these *fashions* imported by her! This shows to me what one person like Tookoolito could accomplish in the way of the introduction of schools and churches among this people. To give this woman an education in the States, and subsequent employment in connexion with several of our missionaries, would serve to advance a noble and good work. And yet I must state that, unless a *working colony*, or several of them, were established, co-operating in this work, and laws were made by the fundamental power, that *should be as rigid* relative to whalers visiting the coasts as those of Denmark to Greenland, *all would be as naught*.

"The working or trading colony would make its government, school, and church institutions self-supporting. *Let the plan of Denmark for Greenland be followed. It is a good one, and works well.*

"While in the tent, Tookoolito brought out a book I had given her, and desired to be instructed. She had got so far as to spell words of two letters, and pronounce most of them properly. Her progress is praiseworthy. At almost every step of advancement, she feels as elated as a triumphant hero in battle. She is far more anxious to learn to read and write than Ebierbing. I feel greater confidence (allowing it were possible to feel so) in the success of my mission since engaging these two natives. They can talk with me in my own vernacular, are both smart, and will be

useful each in the department they will be called upon to fill. Tookoolito will especially fill the place of an interpreter.

"Tookoolito I have no doubt will readily accomplish the differences in language between the Innuits of Boothia and King William's Land, and that of her own people around Northumberland Inlet and Davis's Strait. The pronunciation of the same words by communities of Esquimaux living at considerable distances from each other, and having but little intercourse, is so different, that it is with difficulty they are understood one by the other.

"I now complete the topic interview. Before I was aware of it, Tookoolito had the 'tea-kettle' over the friendly fire-lamp, and the water boiling. She asked me if I drank tea. Imagine my surprise at this, the question coming from an Esquimaux in an Esquimaux tent! I replied, 'I do; but you have not tea here, have you?' Drawing her hand from a little tin box, she displayed it full of fine-flavoured black tea, saying, 'Do you like your tea strong?' Thinking to spare her the use of much of this precious article away up here, far from the land of civilization, I replied, 'I'll take it weak, if you please.' A cup of hot tea was soon before me—capital tea, and capitally made. Taking from my pocket a sea-biscuit which I had brought from the vessel for my dinner, I shared it with my hostess. Seeing she had but one cup, I induced her to share with me its contents. There, amid the snows of the North, under an Esquimaux's hospitable tent, in company with Esquimaux, for the first time I shared with them in that soothing, cheering, invigorating emblem of civilization—T-E-A! Tookoolito says that she and her *wing-a* (husband) drink it nearly every night and morning. They acquired a taste for it in England, and have since obtained their annual supply from English and American whalers visiting Northumberland Inlet."

ARCTIC SCENES.

The Iceberg is of course one of the peculiar features of Arctic scenery; and even on the land a large portion of the ground is concealed by perpetually accumulating ice, while the same substance covers to a great extent the surface of the ocean. There is scarcely a more beautiful object than one of the towering icebergs that abound in these regions. They are often of vast dimensions; one seen by Ross, in Baffin's Bay, was estimated to be nearly two miles and a half long, two miles wide, and fifty

feet high. Of course this estimate respects only that part which is visible above the surface of the water; but this is a very small portion of its actual bulk. In Newfoundland, the part under water is usually considered to be ten times greater than that exposed: if the ice be porous, it is not more than eight times greater.

"On an excursion to one of the Seven Icebergs," says Mr. Scoresby, "in July, 1818, I was particularly fortunate in witnessing one of the grandest effects which these polar glaciers ever present. A strong north-westerly swell having for some hours been beating on the shore, had loosened a number of fragments attached to the iceberg, and various heaps of broken ice denoted recent shoots of the seaward edge. As we rode towards it, with a view of proceeding close to its base, I observed a few little pieces fall from the top; and while

minutes after eight o'clock, I went upon deck to take my usual exercise. I noticed or felt a perceptible change in the temperature of the air. I looked at the thermometer and saw that it was falling. I tried the sea-water, and found that much colder also, being only two degrees above freezing point. I immediately concluded that we were near icebergs. At twelve o'clock the icebergs were really seen, and many of the old salts on board at once set me down as well up in Arctic knowledge.

"Directly the announcement was made I went on deck, and there, far away to the west, had my first view of an iceberg. By the aid of a good glass, the grandeur of this icy mountain of the deep was brought before me. Brief, however, was the glance I had. The motion of the vessel was such that I could not at first keep the iceberg within the field of the glass. But perhaps it was well I did not see all its



AN ICEBERG.

my eye was fixed upon the place, an immense column, probably fifty feet square, and one hundred and fifty feet high, began to leave the parent ice at the top, and, leaning majestically forward, with an accelerated velocity fell with an awful crash into the sea. The water into which it plunged was converted into an appearance of vapour or smoke, like that from a furious cannonading. The noise was equal to that of thunder, which it nearly resembled. The column which fell was nearly square, and in magnitude resembled a church. It broke into thousands of pieces. This circumstance was a happy caution, for we might inadvertently have gone to the very base of the icy cliff, from whence masses of considerable magnitude were continually breaking." *

Captain Hall thus describes his first view of an iceberg:—

"Thursday, June 21st.—This morning, a few

* "Arctic Regions," Vol. I., p. 104.

splendour and magnificence at once. For years I had longed to see an iceberg, and, even in the distant view I had, all my conceptions of its grandeur were more than realized. When first seen it was perhaps ten miles off, and appeared about 130 feet high, judging from a calculation made. As, toward evening, we approached, it appeared a mountain of alabaster resting calmly upon the bosom of the dark blue sea. Behind it was the setting sun just dipping its nether limb in the waters, while its upper reached some thick, heavy clouds extending half around the horizon, bathing them in a flood of crimson! Close by, and peering out from a break in the sky, were Venus and the new moon, making a scene of sublimity and beauty fit for a poet's pen or the pencil of an artist. Not before ten o'clock, p.m., were we alongside this beautiful pile of ice, and then, as it were, I had an opportunity of shaking hands with the first iceberg I had ever seen.

The hour named would seem to indicate that darkness was upon the face of the deep. But not so; light abounded: not that of noonday, but that of early eve, when the sun had withdrawn his glowing face. Then it was we met. Iceberg was silent; I too was silent. I stood in the presence of God's work! Its fashioning was that of the Great Architect! He who hath builded *such* monuments, and cast them forth upon the waters of the sea, is *God*, and there can be none other!

"After this, numerous icebergs were seen, one of which we passed within a stone's throw. At a distance it had appeared of a pyramidal form, but on coming close its outline wholly changed. This I find to be a characteristic of almost all views—of none more strikingly so than that of an iceberg. Distance lends enchantment to the view."

On another occasion Captain Hall writes:—

"The icebergs were numerous, and many of them deeply interesting—one especially so, from its vast height and odd-shape. I say 'odd,' though that applies to all bergs, for no two are alike, nor does any one seem long to retain the same appearance and position.

"Of the various bergs I particularly noticed, a few descriptive words may here be said. The first view of one that attracted my attention looked as if an old castle was before me. The ruins of a lofty dome about to fall, and a portion of an arched roof already tumbling down, were conspicuous. Then, in a short time, this changed to a picture of an elephant with two large circular towers on his back, and Corinthian spires springing out boldly from the broken mountains of alabaster on which he had placed his feet. The third view, when at a

greater distance, made it like a lighthouse on the top of piled-up rocks, white as the driven snow. It took no great stretch of fancy to finish the similitude when the sun to-day, for nearly the first time during the week, burst forth in all its splendour, bathing with its flood of golden fire this towering iceberg lighthouse!

"Another berg I could not help calling the Gothic iceberg. The side facing me had a row of complete arches of the true Gothic order, and running its whole length were mouldings, smooth projections of solid ice, rivalling in the beauty of all their parts anything I ever saw. The architecture, frieze, and cornice of each column supporting the arches above were as chaste and accurately represented as the most imaginative genius could conceive. Here and there I saw matchless perfection displayed in the curvature of lines about some of its ornamental parts. Springing out from a rude recess, away up in its vast height, I saw a delicate scroll, which was quite in keeping with Hogarth's 'line of beauty.'

"As I was gazing upon one of the many bergs we passed, it overturned, and burst into a thousand fragments!

"Relative to the formation of these icebergs, Sterry—upon whose authority alone I mention it, and who is entitled to his own theory upon the subject—told me that, at a place between two mountains in Northumberland Sound, he once counted something like a hundred strata of ice that had been deposited, one layer each year. They were of various thicknesses, each course marked by a deposit of sediment like dirt. He did not complete counting the number of layers, as the height would not admit of his doing so."

THE BASTILLE.

(Continued from page 222.)

THE lovers of exciting literature have not failed to find ample material in delineating the uninvestigated tortures of the Bastille. The fearful walls forbade approach to every witness, and thus the imagination remained free to conjure up the most dreadful pictures.

The only authentic documents are those from the Hôtel des Archives, which were collected and brought to a place of safety immediately

after the storming of the Bastille. These consisted of from four to five hundred manuscripts, signed by the Lieutenants of the prison. The first entire existing document bears the date of the year 1602. It relates to the captivity of a Comte de Biron. Other manuscripts, dated 1617 and 1643, mention Louis XIII. The intervening years from this time to 1660 are passed over in silence.

From the mass of succeeding manuscripts,

we shall only attempt to glean information respecting two or three special cases which will serve as examples of the rest.

In 1669 an order appears for the imprisonment of a lady, Helena de Latours, a native of Florence, accused of conspiring against the king. Amongst the papers, one letter read as follows:—

"My dear child,

"My death-sentence has just been announced to me. I do not fear to die, but I may well be alarmed by the thought that you, beloved one, will be so dreadfully affected by the sorrowful news, that your precious life may also be in danger. The hand of God lies heavy upon me, not because death calls me away, but because it separates me from you. Farewell!

"If I might but press my lips on yours! Kiss these lines, and thus you will kiss the hand which wrote them, and the heart which beats for you.

"Farewell for ever!

"From my prison, Friday, Sept. 7, 1669,"

The signature is wanting. As no remarks are registered about the sojourn of the prisoner, it appears probable that this was one of the mysterious murders of which the Bastille afforded so many instances.

One of the most fearful acts of violence reported in the documents refers to Catherine Pelissier, a maid-servant. On March 17, 1685, she was sent to the Bastille because she had expressed a wish that she might hear "that three distinguished knights had conspired against the king." Without any investigation, the unhappy woman was seized, and thrown into the prison. Accusation and judgment are entered at the same time: no day of release is given: so that there is no doubt she was one of those lamentable victims whose existence was completely forgotten, and finally perished her dungeon.

The year 1690 brought the most remarkable prisoner to the Bastille who ever languished within its walls. This was "the man with the iron mask."

Volumes have been written with the view of identifying the personality of this prisoner, but the mystery remains. The facts appear to be these: The prisoner was brought to the Bastille from Margaret Island, under the charge of the then governor, Le Comte St. Mars. He was dressed in the finest linen, and wore the most splendid clothes. He played on the guitar, was slender and tall, and spoke French with an Italian accent. During his imprisonment, he always wore a black velvet mask, with iron springs across the

mouth, and provided behind with a padlock. His hands were said to be beautiful. He was in the full vigour of manhood, but a few white hairs showed themselves from beneath the mask. He died in 1703.

For many years the literary world busied itself with conjectures about this prisoner. At length, in the year 1789, when the Bastille was taken and destroyed, it was thought the mystery must unravel itself. A soldier discovered among the heap of ruins the Register of the prison. The packets of paper were opened, but the folio leaf referring to the arrival of the masked prisoner from Margaret Island had been taken away and replaced by a newly written one!

In this leaf the name of the State Secretary, and the reason for imprisonment, are omitted. It is stated of the prisoner that "he was the man in the mask, whom no one knew;" that "he died November 19, 1703, being about 45 years old;" that "he was buried at S. Paul's," and "that, not including his burial day, he spent five years and sixty-two days in the Bastille."

The Church Registers of S. Paul's were immediately examined, and fresh conjectures made: but not to occupy further space, it may suffice to say, that, bearing in mind especially the evident purpose of the mask, to *conceal the features* of the prisoner, and the profound silence preserved by the sovereign of France, there is at least a *strong probability* in favour of the supposition that he was a brother of Louis XIV.

During the captivity of "the man with the iron mask," in the year 1702, Constantine de Renneville was imprisoned in the Bastille. Political causes no doubt were the ground of his incarceration. He attributed it himself to some satirical poems which he had composed—an extraordinary offence to be followed by an imprisonment of almost twelve years' duration!

Renneville endured terrible privations. He writes: "The governor suffered me to pine away for a long while, without straw, without a stone to rest my head on, dwelling mid the filth of the prison, with bread and water for my food. My eyes almost started from my head, my teeth fell out from scurvy, my mouth swelled, and the bones pierced my skin in several places."

This prisoner had to make acquaintance with every dungeon in the Bastille, and languished some time in each. He was not permitted to change his linen for five months, although he

saw the turnkey going about wearing the shirts that had been taken from him.

After he was set at liberty, he wrote a work in Amsterdam, in which he details the history of many other prisoners, inspiring the utmost horror in the reader's mind. On the issue of the second edition of the work in 1724, he mysteriously disappeared, and was never heard of again. Most probably the Bastille once more received him, and he was numbered amongst the many-captives in the Register, of whom it is written—"grounds for arrest unknown."

A great increase of prisoners worthy of all pity, arose from the imprisonment in the Bastille of many Protestants, after the retraction of the Edict of Nantes. But, passing by these and other cases of hardship and suffering wrongly inflicted, our last example of the terrors of the Bastille shall be that of Henri Mazere von Latude.

Latude came to Paris in 1749. He was a remarkably handsome man, ardent and enthusiastic in temperament, his head full of aspiring plans and schemes for attaining a high position for himself. He was one day an unseen auditor of a conversation between two men in the gardens of the Tuileries. They were discoursing about the Marchioness de Pompadour, and speaking of her in the most insulting terms. This conversation inspired Latude with the thought that he might become the benevolent and protecting knight of the injured lady. His plan to secure an introduction and further his design is not very easily comprehended, and certainly appears to indicate a strange mixture of cleverness and folly, as well as a lack of principle. It seems that he prepared a powder of salt and sugar, placed it in an envelope, directed it to the Marchioness, at Versailles, and posted it. Before the letter arrived, he went in person to Versailles, and requested an audience of the Marchioness. He then told her that he had overheard a conversation, and understood through it that a plot was formed to dispatch the detested favourite by means of a fearful powder, the mere vapour of which would operate in a deadly manner. This powder, he said, the conspirators proposed to enclose in a letter, and send it to her by post.

Madame de Pompadour knew very well that she was the object of universal hatred, and the design of poisoning did not appear at all an unlikely one. Greatly excited, she overwhelmed Latude with thanks, and offered him

a purse of money. This he declined to receive, but, at the request of the Marchioness, he wrote down his name and address, in order that he might be rewarded by her in a manner befitting his rank. No doubt as he left Versailles he regarded himself as if already in possession of title and fortune. So soon as the powder reached its destination and was—as he of course expected it would be—instantly destroyed to avoid peril, he anticipated a gracious message from the Marchioness.

The so-called murderous letter duly arrived. It was opened with all caution, and to the horror of the Marchioness, the powder was found! It was on the point of being destroyed, when a bystander requested that the effect of it should be first tried upon animals. A cat and a dog ate some of it, but remained in perfect health! The Marchioness was puzzled. Suddenly her glance fell upon the address of the letter; she compared the handwriting with that of Latude, giving his name and address, which was lying before her, and immediately recognized the resemblance. Instantly the whole plan of Latude was revealed, and almost before the mystified man could arouse himself from his splendid dreams of honour and wealth, he sat already in the Bastille!

At his trial, Latude confessed freely and openly what his intention had been. Lieutenant Berryer was touched by his confession, and caused it to be made known to the Marchioness; but contrary to all expectation, she decreed the most rigorous confinement for him.

After an imprisonment of eighteen months, Latude began to think of the possibilities of escape. He succeeded in a marvellous manner in leaving the Bastille unperceived by any of the sentinels, by passing slowly before them all. He then established himself in Paris, and with almost incredible folly, wrote to the king, announcing to him his flight, and entreating his pardon! A fortnight after he again sat in the Bastille.

He was now promised freedom if he would make known by what means his flight had been accomplished, in order to render escape impossible to prisoners in after-times. He gave the information, but, alas for truth in the Bastille! from that time he was placed in still stricter confinement.

There were very few men like Berryer in the Bastille, and after a period he mitigated the restraints of Latude, and provided him with a companion named Alègre. To him Latude

communicated his plan of again effecting an escape. At first Alègre believed his companion to be out of his mind; but when he had heard all, he agreed to act with him. His proposal was to ascend the chimney to the roof, and from thence, by means of a ladder, let themselves down into the vaults. No one had ever conceived anything more venturesome.

Latude had observed that an empty space existed between the floor of his room, and the ceiling of the room underneath, and here he concealed his implements. These consisted of two bands of iron which belonged to tables, a fire-steel, and a saw which he had made from an iron candlestick. The two prisoners were occupied six months in breaking away the gratings from the chimney. Then the means by which they were to ascend had to be formed of logs of wood, provided for their fires: each piece being prepared separately, in order that they might conceal them better. Another ladder was got ready for use in leaving the vaults. The two together were fifty feet long. In addition to these, the prisoners manufactured a bundle of rope three hundred and sixty feet in length! Thirteen dozen shirts, two dozen pairs of silk stockings, eighteen pairs of under-garments, three dozen napkins, several nightcaps, and a number of handkerchiefs had supplied them with their materials. Eighteen months were thus occupied.

Taking into consideration the sharp watch maintained in the Bastille and the height of the building, we may imagine with what feelings Alègre and Latude entered upon their fearful work on the night of February 26, 1756. Latude was the first to ascend the chimney. His knees and arms were soon stained with blood; but he reached the roof. Arrived there, he let down a piece of packthread. To this Alègre bound the ladders and ropes, and Latude drew them all up.

Alègre now ascended, and from the chimney on the roof, they went to the platform. The night was dark as pitch, and it rained heavily. They bound the ladders to the end of a cannon. Latude next slung the rope round his body, and, swinging it out, he began in the darkness to descend into the terrible solitude. Latude afterwards said, "I was almost powerless, and feared that I should be smashed against the walls, by the strong wind which prevailed." At length he arrived at the moat, and Alègre followed him. His descent was easier, as Latude drew the rope tightly down. Presently they distinctly heard the voices of the sentinels

in the gallery, as they went softly forward, up to their necks in water. It was necessary that they should make a hole in the wall in order to complete their liberty. This they accomplished in about eight hours, and at five in the morning they found themselves outside the Bastille. Latude writes, "We fell into each other's arms, and wept." They reached Brussels in safety, and their flight occasioned a great sensation.

Soon after, Madame de Pompadour, who was extremely enraged at Latude's escape, finding that he was in Amsterdam, caused him to be seized, and he was again thrown into the Bastille.

For forty months he was now confined in a cachot, only receiving air and light through two small holes. He became a most pitiable object; his bed was merely dirty straw, and his food such as might have been thrown to swine. After awhile he was removed to another room, because the water had entered his dungeon. Here he composed a treatise on the improvement of postal communication. The Government availed itself of his propositions, but Latude remained in prison.

In 1764 God summoned the Marchioness de Pompadour before His judgment-seat; but still Latude was not released. The letters of the wretched victim must be read in order to comprehend the full extent of the sufferings inflicted upon him.

At last he was brought from the Bastille to Vincennes, and there, for the third time, he effected his escape, but was speedily recaptured.

He now succeeded in winning over a turnkey to undertake to convey for him a letter pleading for mercy. This letter was lost—happily, as it eventually proved, for Latude. A woman named Legros found it. She was in the humble position of a laundress, but possessed the courage and perseverance of a heroine. She forwarded the writing at once, and allowed nothing to hinder her from labouring to secure the release of the captive, although he was unknown to her.

For three long years the noble woman continued her efforts, and her importunity at length was crowned with success. Latude was set at liberty on March 22, 1784, after having spent five and thirty years in prison. The Republic granted him a large sum as an indemnification, from the heirs of the Minister Arnelot.

Shouts of joy resounded through the air on July 14, 1789, when the crashing of the buildings announced a victory, and the joyful news spread through Paris, "*The Bastille is taken.*"



THE ESCAPE OF LATUDE FROM THE BASTILLE.

THE NEWSPAPER PRESS.



IN writing or speaking upon the subject of newspapers, it is very easy to fall into a ditch of popular commonplace. The words that have been used for years, when "the press" has been under discussion in magazines or public assemblies, are so large and so full-mouthed, that the echoes they leave in the ear are taken for the sound of oracles, and are repeated without thought or examination by that gigantic parrot—the public. There is no difficulty in taking a full dip of ink, and running into windy raptures about "pioneers of progress," "moulders of the national mind," "wonders of modern civilization," "monuments of human intellect," and a hundred such wordy substitutes for thought and meaning; but what does the reader gain by such slabs of unmeaning language? Like the pieces of glass in a kaleidoscope, they can be shifted into many positions, and made to look very brilliant, but they are still the same well-worn pieces, and prove nothing, however often they may be turned.

To sit down calmly, on the other hand, and analyze a thousand active organs, is a task about as agreeable as stirring up a hornet's nest. Courage bordering upon foolhardiness may court the labour—may blurt out the truth, and show that the most *prosperous* journal is that which most closely follows and interprets public opinion; but the probable reward for such an attempt to enlighten an unwilling audience may well excuse our wishing to receive it. What is left, then, for the prudent writer who does not covet the distinction of an insolvent martyr, but to sit down, as hundreds have done before him, and give a digest of a digest—a summary of a summary?

First dealing with the past, and setting aside the *English Mercurie*, which, although a forgery, long held its ground as the earliest reputed English newspaper, the list begins with news-books, bearing some such title as, *Newe Newes, containing a Short Rehearsal of Stukely's and Morice's Rebellion*, 4to, 1579. These publications continued up to 1620 inclusive.

The first of any regular series of newspapers preserved in the British Museum is dated 23rd May, 1622, and entitled the *Weekly Newes from Italy, Germanie, etc.* London: printed by J. D., for Nicholas Bourne and Thomas Archer.

In 1640 the editorial "we" was adopted by

the printer, who was the ostensible director of the paper, to whom all letters were addressed. This plan continued until about 1740, when they were sent to the author.

A few years later—about 1645—we come upon a crop of Mercuries, some of them remarkable for odd titles, as *A Preter-pluperfect Spick and Span New Nocturnal; or, Mercurie's Weekly Night Newes*, 1645.—*A Wonder! A Mercurie without a Lye in his Mouth*. 4to, 1648.

The great press-writer at this time was Marchmont Nedham (born 1620, died 1678), who, like some of his modern imitators, was not very particular on which side he wrote. Contemporary with and antagonistic to Nedham, was John Birkenhead, who was assisted by Peter Heylin. These three men may be considered as the principal Mercury writers of their time, and their organs came out at first "once a week," afterwards thrice, but certainly never daily.

At this period (1648) the first advertisement appeared in the columns of the *Impartial Intelligencer*, inserted by a gentleman at Candish, in Suffolk, offering a reward for two horses that had been stolen from him.

The first illustrated paper was also a Mercury (*London's Intelligencer*), which came out in 1643, with a variety of rude woodcuts.

About 1647 the press was put under official restrictions, and a licenser was appointed, named Gilbert Mabbot. He resigned his post upon principle, after holding it some two years. He deserves to be remembered.

In 1665 we come upon the first recognized Court organ, issued on the 13th of November in that year, and called the *Oxford Gazette*. Its writer is supposed to have been Henry Muddiman. On the 5th of February, 1666, it was transferred to London, taking the name of the *London Gazette*, which it has held to this day.

The first commercial paper was brought out by Roger L'Estrange (November 4th, 1675), being called the *City Mercury*; and the first literary paper—the great-grandfather of the *Literary Gazette*, the *Athenæum*, the *Critic*, and *Register*—was called *Mercurius Librarius; or, A Faithful Account of all Books and Pamphlets*. No. 1, April 9th to 16th, 1680.

The first medical paper came out in 1686.

In 1692-3 the licensing and censorship of papers was abandoned for ever, and the news-sheets increased rapidly in number and quality.

With this advance in numbers the advertising system developed, and it was early encouraged by such direct personal appeals from editors as the following :—

"If any Hamburg or other merchant, who shall deserve two hundred pounds with an apprentice, wants one, I can help."

"I want a cookmaid for a merchant."

"I want an apprentice for an eminent tallow-chandler."

The first daily paper was the *Daily Courant*, published 11th March, 1702.

The first tax was laid upon newspapers in the shape of the stamp duty, which came in force on the 1st of August, 1712 (10 Anne, cap. 19).

Coming down the flow of years, we find that the *Morning Chronicle and London Advertiser* (one title) was started by William Woodfall, June 28th, 1769.

The *Morning Post* dates from 1772, and the *Morning Herald* from 1780.

In 1785, on the 13th of January, was published No. 1 of the *Daily Universal Register*, a paper of four small pages, which, on the 1st of January, 1788, changed its name to the *Times*. In this year also the first daily evening paper was started by Peter Stuart, and called the *Star*. The *Morning Advertiser* was established in 1794, by the licensed victuallers of London, its profits being devoted to the maintenance of their asylum. The *Sun* arose about the same date. During the first ten years of the present century the *Times* had made no very perceptible progress, and its ultimate success was due to the sagacity of Mr. Walter, its chief proprietor, and son of its founder, who was the first to see that a newspaper circulation and influence must be based upon its advertisements. By 1814 it had distanced its competitors, and it then fixed itself in its eminent position by the introduction of steam-power in printing.

In 1809 London had sixty-three papers. Among them were *Ben's Literary Advertiser*, a monthly paper, which appeared in 1802; the *Globe*, daily evening paper, in 1803; and the *Examiner* in 1806. In 1817 the *Literary Gazette* was started. In 1820 *John Bull* made its appearance. The *Lancet* came out in 1823; the *Musical World* in 1825; the *Atlas* in 1826; the *Spectator*, the *Athenæum*, the *Record*, and *Banker's Circular* in 1828; and the *Court Journal* in 1829. We might add to this list

the *Press*, a Tory organ established by Mr. Disraeli about 1853; and the *Daily News*, a daily Liberal organ, started by Mr. Dickens about 1845.

The historians of our present newspaper press differ a little in their figures, or in their manner of marshalling them; but the following list, which we have gathered from *Mitchell's Newspaper Press Directory* for 1866, will be found pretty correct :—

LONDON.

London morning papers	11
London evening papers	10
London papers published three times a week ..	2
London papers published twice a week ..	5
London weekly papers	172
London fortnightly and monthly	26
	— 226

COUNTRY.

Papers published throughout England ..	707
Do. do. Scotland ..	138
Do. do. Ireland ..	127
Do. do. Wales ..	43
Do. do. Jersey ..	6
Do. do. Isle of Man ..	4
Do. do. Guernsey ..	4
	— 1029

Total 1,255

The abolition of the advertisement and stamp duty, with the growth of population and the removal of the condemned paper duty, are the chief causes of this expansion of newspapers. No country in the world can show such papers as the *Standard*, *Morning Star*, and *Daily Telegraph*, each delivered to the reader at a penny, and such a number of local and provincial papers equally well edited, and equally cheap. Amongst journals issued in London are more than twenty parochial organs, devoted, in most cases, to the news of a district, and all the stronger when keeping strictly to their province. Many of them represent the wants and wishes of reading populations greater than that of all England in the days of the old Mercuries; and no man who wishes well to liberty of thought and speech will jest at the parish names or vestry politics of the least of them. They are indications, however humble, of that independence and energy of thought which have mainly contributed to make England what she is, and which that Free Press which they have called into existence constitutes the most effective means of cultivating.

L.

Leaves from the Book of Nature: Descriptive Narrative, &c.

A THOUSAND AND ONE STORIES FROM NATURE.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

BY THE REV. F. O. MORRIS, B.A., RECTOR OF NUNBURNHOLME, YORKSHIRE, AND CHAPLAIN TO HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF CLEVELAND, AUTHOR OF A "HISTORY OF BRITISH BIRDS" (DEDICATED BY PERMISSION TO HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN), ETC., ETC.

THE TERN.

LXXXI.

Being on the sands of Boyndie one afternoon in the end of August, I observed several parties of pickietars busily employed in fishing in the Firth. As I was in want of a specimen of this bird, I loitered about upon the beach, narrowly watching their motions, and hoping that some of them would come within the range of my gun. The scene around was one of no common beauty. In the azure heaven not a cloud was to be seen as far as the eye could reach; and not a breath of wind was stirring the placid bosom of the Firth. The atmosphere seemed a sea, as it were, of living things—so numerous were the insects that hummed and fluttered to and fro in all directions. The sun, approaching the verge of the horizon, shot long and glimmering bands of green and gold across the broad mirror of the deep. Here and there were several vessels lying becalmed, their whitened sails showing strongly in the vivid light. An additional interest was imparted by the herring-boats, which were congregating in the bay; their loose and flapping sails, the noise of the oars, and the efforts of the rowers, told plainly that a hard pull would have to be undergone before those particular localities were reached where operations were to be commenced against the finny tribes.

While I stood surveying with delight the extended and gorgeous prospect, and witnessing with admiration the indefatigable evolutions of the Terns in their search for food, I observed one of them break off from a party of five, and direct his course towards the shore, fishing all the way as he came. It was an interesting sight to behold him as he approached in his flight, at one moment rising and at another descending—now poised in mid-air, his

wings expanded but motionless, his dark piercing eye directed to the waters beneath, and watching with eager gaze the movements of their scaly inhabitants; and now, as one of them would ever and anon come sufficiently near to the surface, making his attack upon them in the manner so thoroughly taught him by nature. Quick as thought he closed to his side his outspread pinions, turned off his equilibrium with a movement almost imperceptible, and with a seeming carelessness threw himself headlong into the deep with so great rapidity that the eye could with difficulty keep pace with the descent. In the least space of time he would be seen sitting on the water, and swallowing his prey. This being accomplished, he again mounted up into the air. He halts in his progress—something has caught his eye. He lets himself down; but it is only for a little way, for his expected prey has vanished from his sight.

Once more he soars aloft on his lively wing; and having attained a certain elevation, and hovering kestrel-like for a little with quick repeated strokes of his pinions, he rapidly descends. Again, however, his hoped-for victim has made its escape; and he bounds away in an oblique direction, describing a beautiful curve as he arises without having touched the water. Back he came to the very same spot, chagrined as it would seem at his disappointment, and instantly made a plunge. Immediately, however, he emerged again, having been unsuccessful in his dive. Soon after he winged his way nearer and nearer to the beach: onwards he advanced with zigzag flight, when suddenly, as if struck down by an unseen hand, he dropped into the water within about thirty yards of the place where I was standing. As he righted and sat on the bosom of the deep, I was in this manner enabled distinctly to

perceive that he held in his bill a little scaly captive which he had snatched from its home, and which struggled violently to regain its liberty. Its struggles were in vain: a few squeezes from the mandibles of the bird put an end to its existence.

Being now within my reach, I stood prepared for the moment when he should again arise. This he did so soon as the fish was despatched. I fired, and he came down with a broken wing, screaming as he fell into the water. The report of the gun, together with his cries, brought the party which he had left, in order that they might ascertain the cause of the alarm. After surveying their wounded brother round and round, as he was drifting unwittingly toward the shore with the flowing tide, they came flying in a body to the spot where I stood, and rent the air with their deafening screams. These they continued to utter, regardless of danger and of their own individual safety, until I began to make preparations for receiving the approaching bird. I could already see that it was a beautiful adult specimen; and I expected in a few moments to have it in my possession, as it was now not far from the water's edge.

While matters were in this position, I beheld to my utter astonishment and surprise, two of the unwounded Terns take hold of their disabled comrade, one at each wing, lift him out of the water, and bear him out to sea; they were followed by the other two. After being carried about six or seven yards, he was let gently down again, when he was taken hold of by the two who had been hitherto inactive. In this way they continued to carry him alternately, until they had conveyed him to a rock at a considerable distance, upon which they landed him in safety.

Having recovered my senses, I made toward the rock, wishing to obtain the prize which had been so unceremoniously snatched almost from my very grasp. I was observed, however, by the Terns; and instead of four I had in a short time a whole swarm about me. On my near approach to the rock, I once more beheld two of them take hold of the wounded bird as they had done already, and bear him out to sea in triumph, and far beyond my reach. This, had I been so inclined, I could no doubt have prevented. In the circumstances, however, my feelings would not permit me; and I willingly allowed them to perform without molestation an act of mercy, and to exhibit an instance of affection which man himself might not be ashamed to copy. I was, indeed, rejoiced at the

disappointment which they had occasioned, for they had thereby rendered me witness to a scene which I could not have previously imagined, and which no length of time will efface from my recollection.

THE CAT.

LXXXII.

One would hardly imagine that an animal usually so unsentimental as a cat, would ever be found to exhibit feelings of affection so lively and enduring towards another of its own species—sensibilities, in short, so human, as actually to die of grief on the death of the object beloved; but I think the following tragic little tale will at least show this to be probable. I knew well all the actors in the melancholy drama; and to my own mind, at any rate, it is clear that at least one cat has died a prey to a "broken heart."

There were, a very few years ago, in the family of an intimate friend of mine, two cats; one known by the familiar name of Tom, the other—the heroine of my story—undistinguished by any further appellation than the household cognomen of Pussy. Now Tom was much the elder of the two; but for years past he had lived in most exemplary conjugal harmony with Pussy, who had been to him all her life a faithful and affectionate partner. In most connubial peace and contentment they shared the kitchen hearth, occupying with decorum their station in the household society, and regarded by all the servants with the highest respect and good-will. But as time wore on, poor old Tom began to show symptoms of wearing out: decrepid, rheumatic, and stiff, with a coat that showed as though it were moth-eaten, it was evident life was failing him, and the little span that remained to him was a burden.

Hence it came to pass, one winter's day, that orders were issued to John that poor old Tom should be shot. Straightway the merciful death-warrant was obeyed, and in a few hours poor Tom was dead and buried. Now John had no sort of idea that Pussy had witnessed her husband's execution, but it speedily became evident that she had done so. Pussy at meal-times had been accustomed to sit on John's lap, Tom usually affecting in preference the society of Cook; but from this day forward, for the brief remainder of her existence, she never would go near John. Wonderful to tell, she steadily refused all food and all comfort, save that, after many days' fasting, she was in-

duced to eat one very little mouse. She sat, day after day, even in the frost and sleet and rain, upon the grave of her departed Tom.

"Still, still she thinks she sees him,
And, indulging the fond thought,
Clings yet more closely to the senseless turf."

She pined and wasted away for above a fortnight. When last seen she was evidently in a dying state, but her body was never found: she had crept away to some corner to die unseen.

LXXXIII.

"A peculiar instance of the instinctive clinging to an accustomed residence which is usually spoken of as characterising the cat tribe more than any other domestic animal, occurred a few days ago. A working man lately left Glenbervie to come and reside in Montrose, and having a favourite cat which he wished to take with him, the animal was carefully put into a box, and, after having been carried to Drumlithie, was thence conveyed to Montrose by rail. The cat manifested considerable discontent with the new quarter, and, after a short stay, disappeared, the family believing that she had been lost or worried. Their surprise may be judged when, a day or two after she had gone a-missing, they received word that Puss had found her way back to the old domicile. Having been closed in during the whole of the journey, and brought here by what to the animal must have seemed a strange conveyance—namely, the railway—the fact of her so quickly finding her way such a distance (about sixteen miles) is at once surprising, and discovers the wonderful, unerring power of animal instinct."

THE LION.

LXXXIV.

In the beginning of the last century there was in the menagerie at Cassel, a lion that showed an astonishing degree of tameness

towards the woman who had the care of him. This went so far that the woman, in order to amuse the company which came to see the animal, would often rashly place not only her hand, but even her head, between his tremendous jaws. She had frequently performed this experiment without suffering injury; but once having introduced her head into the lion's mouth, the animal made a sudden snap, and killed her on the spot. Undoubtedly, this catastrophe was unintentional on the part of the lion; for probably at the fatal moment, the hair of the woman's head had irritated the lion's throat, and compelled him to sneeze or cough. At least this supposition seems to be confirmed by what followed, for as soon as the lion perceived that he had killed his attendant, the good-tempered and grateful animal exhibited signs of the deepest melancholy, laid himself down by the side of the dead body, which he would not suffer to be taken from him; refused to take any food, and in a few days pined himself to death.

LXXXV.

The story of the lion in whose den a runaway slave found refuge, and endeared himself to the monarch of the desert by plucking a rankling thorn from his foot, never fails to make a deep impression on the school-boy. Years had passed over them ere these friends met again, and then the slave had been taken and condemned to be destroyed by a wild beast; and this very lion, which had been entrapped by the hunters, and was now half-starved for the purpose, was doomed to be his executioner. The cage was opened, and with mane erect and fearful roar, he darted towards his victim. But ere he had half traversed the arena he slackened his pace, and creeping towards the man, looked wistfully in his face and licked his feet. They were the companions of the desert, and the noble beast had not forgotten his benefactor!



Songs of the Garden.

BY MRS. ELLIS, AUTHORESS OF THE "WOMEN OF ENGLAND."

V.

Blighted Blossoms.

FAREWELL to the brightness of morning,
To sunbeams on mountain and plain,
Gay flowerets the garden adorning;
We never shall see them again.
Farewell to the sweetness and beauty,
The splendour of landscape and sky,—
To Spring's blighted blossoms, one duty
Is ours, and one only—to die.
We have looked on the world in its gladness,
And heard the birds warble of Spring,
And never a whisper of sadness
Did one of those messengers bring.
All nature rejoicing around us
Had tales of sweet promise to tell;
But we, when the sunny days found us,
We only could murmur farewell.
Oh, bright was the morn when awaking,
The picture all glorious and fair,
While the buds of the garden were breaking,
And May blossoms scented the air;
When dew lay like pearls on the meadow,
And larks sang aloft in the sky,
And we saw not the swift-coming shadow,
Nor knew that our doom was to die.
While the songs of the garden were telling
Of Summer with riches in store,
Of fruit in the Autumn days swelling,
And beauty and joy evermore;
Of all the gay blossoms delighting
In Spring's pleasant sunshine and showers,
Was the chill of the heart, and the blighting
Of youth's early death to be ours?
Ah, yes! Let the dark mantle cover
What now has no beauty to charm;
For sadly the night closes over
What sunshine no longer may warm.
The bloom of our young life has vanished,
Its springs are all wasted and dry;
From the garden's sweet sisterhood banished,
We have only to wither and die.

So we pass like the sunbeams of morning,
Like dewdrops that spangle the grass,
Like blushes the rose-leaf adorning,
Like the gold tints of evening, we pass.
We pass like all these in their fleetness,
But not in their fulness of time,
For we fade before tasting the sweetness
Of life in its glorious prime.
We fade from the world in its splendour,
We pass to the silence of death,
From the loves of the garden so tender,
From Spring with her flower-scented breath.
Like children called in by a father
When fain they would linger at play,
We also would linger; but rather
Be our happy choice to obey.

The Lonely Maiden.

FLOWERS, that in life's early morning
Soothed my grief and charmed my play,
Flowers, the garden walks adorning,
Hear me on my darksome day.
You alone I ask to listen,
You my bosom friends shall be,
You alone, the tears that glisten
In these drooping eyes, may see.
Happy flowers! that know no sorrow
Sharper than a summer shower;
From your sweetness I would borrow
Patience for the passing hour.
I have tasted that calm river
Whence your draughts of joy you drain;
Thankful to the bounteous Giver,
I would come and taste again.
I have heard your voices telling
Tales of gladness through the grove;
Full the happy notes were swelling,
Rich, like music from above.

Now the skies are shining o'er you,
Sunbeams glance from tree to tree,
Smiling pictures lie before you,
But the shadows dwell with me.

Sadly now my footsteps wander
Where life's happiest moments flew;
O'er the scene I gaze and ponder,
Soothed, sweet garden flowers, by you.

I could tell a tale of weeping,
I could tell of early blight,
Youthful eyes their vigil keeping
Through the darkness and the night;

But I turn and see you watching
For the day-beams from above,
Every little floweret catching
Some sweet kiss of light and love.

Silver cups the dewdrops holding,
Yellow stars the golden rays,
Velvet petals soft unfolding,
Seem to fill the air with praise.

Thus it is I come to borrow
Wisdom from your liberal store,
Comfort for my lone heart's sorrow,
Hope and gladness evermore.

Teach me then, O flowers of beauty,
Golden lessons day by day,
How to know the voice of duty,
How to listen, and obey.

Not to die as die the blighted,
Fading when the bright days come;
But more like a child benighted,
Seeking for its father's home;

Knowing that his eye is watching
For the wanderer on her way;
While his ear is listening—catching
All his weeping child may say.

So she treads the thorn and brier,
So she bears her present pain,
Gazing onward—higher—higher—
Dying but to live again.

MAY.



H, the merry day has pleasant hours.
And dreamily they glide,
As if they floated like the leaves
Upon a silver tide.

The trees are full of crimson buds,
And the woods are full of birds,
And the waters flow to music,
Like a tune with pleasant words.

The verdure of the meadow-land
Is creeping to the hills;
The sweet, blue-blossom'd violets
Are blowing by the rills;
The lilac has a load of balm
For every wind that stirs,
And the larch stands green and beautiful,
Amid the sombre firs.

There's perfume upon every wind—
Music in every tree—
Dews for the moisture-loving flowers,
Sweets for the sucking bee.
The sick come forth for the healing south,
The young are gathering flowers;
And life is a tale of poetry
That is told by golden hours.

If 'tis a true philosophy,
Then the spirit, when set free,
Still lingers about its olden home,
In the flower and the tree.
It is very strange that our pulses thrill
At the sight of a voiceless thing,
And our hearts yearn so with tenderness,
In the beautiful time of Spring.

WILLIS.



The Home Library.

Questions on the Thirty-nine Articles. By the REV. JOHN F. T. CRAMPTON, B.A. London: W. Hunt and Co.

In these days, at least, we ought not to leave the young exposed to the perilous errors respecting the most important points of Christian doctrine, which are so widely prevalent. Mr. Crampton rightly regards the Thirty-nine Articles as containing "a complete body of Divinity;" and better questions for drawing out, in a simple and lucid form, the teaching of the Articles, could not, we think, be framed.

Falling Stars. By the REV. J. CRAMPTON, A.M. London: W. Macintosh.

Mr. Crampton has given a scientific yet simple account of the Meteoric Showers of Nov. 13th and 14th, 1866. Within a brief compass he has told his readers nearly all that could be told respecting this remarkable celestial display; and his narrative of his personal observations is as interesting as it is instructive. All who wish for information, or desire to possess some memorial of the Meteoric Shower, should secure this little book.

Confirmation: what does it Profit? By the REV. GEORGE EVERARD, M.A. London: William Hunt and Co.

Of all the tracts on Confirmation we have seen, we unhesitatingly express our conviction that this is the best. Will our clerical readers make a note of this recommendation?

"Not Your Own;" or, Counsels to Young Christians. By the REV. GEORGE EVERARD, M.A. London: William Hunt and Co.

An excellent book for pastoral or parental presentation to those who have been confirmed. The counsel is practical, earnest, and soundly Evangelical.

Pymont. By the REV. W. H. HAVERGAL, M.A., Honorary Canon of Worcester Cathedral. London: J. Nisbet and Co.

This little work is written by one who from experience is able to testify to the beauties of Pymont, and the virtues of its waters. Pymont is a small but interesting town in Germany, in nearly the same latitude as London, most pleasantly situated, and commanding lovely prospects. The annual average of visitors is about six thousand; but these are principally northern Europeans. The spot is, at present, scarcely known to the English. Mr. Havergal has felt it his duty and privilege to call the attention of his countrymen to its peculiar attractions; and we doubt not, many will be induced to follow his advice and example, and pay a visit to the locality. Within a brief compass we have information respecting "Springs and Baths," "Virtues of the

Waters," "Time and Mode of taking them," "Further Notices of Pymont," "Medical Men," "Hotels," and, in short, all matters needful to help the decision of the intending visitor. We hope the philanthropic effort of Mr. Havergal will bring Pymont under the notice of many English patients who require chalybeate or saline waters. Any profits arising from the sale of the work will be devoted "towards preparations for English Service at Pymont." This, it is expected, will commence during the present summer. We quote a remark which may well be borne in mind by all English visitors on the Continent:—

"It is no breach of charity to say that too many English visitors on the Continent do things, especially on the Lord's-day, which they would be ashamed to do in England."

Double Acrostics on Scriptural Subjects. London: F. Warne and Co. Brighton: Noyes and Marchant.

Many of our readers have regretted the cessation of *The Sunday Questions for the Young*, which appeared in our second volume. They will be glad to welcome these "Double Acrostics." They are written by the author of the series of papers entitled "Voices from the Insect World," which also appeared in OUR OWN FIRESIDE, and we can truly say they are worthy of the writer.

The Finding of the Saviour in the Temple. By the REV. RICHARD GLOVER, M.A. London: William Hunt and Co.

This is an exposition of Luke xi. 46—51, based upon, and explanatory of, Holman Hunt's great sacred picture. Mr. Glover's former work, entitled "The Light of the Word," was worthy of its subject: and we are glad to welcome a second effort in the same direction. The opening chapter, "The Holy Family," is very ably written, and is especially suggestive of truths for "these times." Perhaps we shall best express our appreciation of this valuable contribution to our religious literature, by quoting a brief passage:—

THE PRE-EMINENCE OF JESUS.

"We are led to think more of Jesus than of the Temple—for 'Verily there is One here greater than the Temple.' We are led to think more of Him than of the Doctors and Scribes—more of Him than of the Priests and Sacrifices—more of Him than of Joseph—more of Him than of His blessed Virgin mother.

"And so it is always in Holy Scriptures. Wherever the Holy Family is spoken of, Jesus, even as a *Child*—nay, even as a babe in the manger—hath the pre-eminence. He is called 'the Son of the Highest,' the Royal Son of David, the King of Jacob, 'the Son of God,' 'a Saviour,' and 'Christ the Lord,' even at the time of the Conception and the Birth. The angels at Bethlehem point to Him. The shepherds seek Him.

The Magi worship Him. Simeon and Anna prophesy of Him. And thus, even in His very infancy, Christ is all and before all—even before His mother. So it is here in the finding in the Temple, in His youth; and so at the marriage of Cana, in the commencement of His opening manhood. Wherever and whenever the sacred narrative brings Jesus and His parents together, Jesus invariably hath the pre-eminence above His mother. It fixes an adoring gaze on Him, as the Divine Son of God and the sole Saviour of the world, who stands sublimely alone from all others of human-kind or angel-kind, both in His nature and His work.

"How opposite all this is to the teaching of the Church of Rome, both in her schools of divinity and art! There the mother is before the Son, and the chief endeavour is made to awaken men's sympathies and affections on *her* behalf. They are taught to look to Mary—to adore her as the queen of Heaven, and to pray to her as the saviour of sinners. The doctrine of the Romish Church—drawn not from the Bible, but from the traditions of men—has thus influenced and corrupted her schools of art; and they, in turn, perpetuate and spread the error in pictorial and sculptural forms among the people, turning their eyes off from Jesus, to fix them with adoring gaze on Mary. But when we go to the Bible, disregarding of such traditions of men, we discover this pernicious reversal of God's order, and are led to Jesus, and to Jesus only."

The Collects Verified. London: William Macintosh.

This metrical version of the Collects is designed for the use of children. As far as possible the verbal expression is preserved, and the rhyme will, no doubt, assist the memory. An effort of this kind entitles the author to the best thanks of parents, and of all engaged in the education and training of youthful minds.

The Church's Year. London: Seeley, Jackson, and Halliday.

With one or two exceptions, these Hymns on the Collects, Epistles, and Gospels, are worthy of all commendation. The lines, page 22,

"Jesu, be high praise to Thee,
Borne at *Holy Mary's* breast,"

are at least liable to misconstruction. "Humble" would have been the truer word for one who "rejoiced in God *her* Saviour."

The Preacher's Counsellor. By ATHANAS COQUEREL. Translated from the French by the Rev. R. A. BERTRAM. London: Elliot Stock.

Practical advice addressed to the Ministry by one of the most eminent pulpit orators of the present century. We are glad to notice that the author starts by stating that he "has never understood a course of eloquence which did not commence by this counsel: *Be yourself.*" The volume will be interesting to the general reader. As a proof of this, we quote the following:—

ON WIT IN SERMONS.

"In the last century the Burgomasters of Amsterdam suppressed a light duty levied in favour of the pastors of the town upon the spices imported from the Indies. A preacher of the time, much inclined to make himself singular, and very discontented with this suppression, resolved to carry this fine subject into the pulpit, and, greatly embarrassed to find a text, he preached upon

Hezekiah's presumption in showing to the ambassador from Babylon 'the spices and the precious ointment' (2 Kings xx. 13). The unfortunate preacher, in taking for the subject of so strange a homily this proof of the vanity of the King of Judah, forgot only that he was displaying his own."

"The founders of Wedgwood's great pottery manufactory in England, who contributed powerfully to the cessation of the slave-trade, by fabricating by millions a medal with a white ground, having on it a figure of a negro kneeling, chained, his hands joined together, and with this motto—'Am I not a man and a brother?' were accustomed to give a *file* to their workpeople on the anniversary of the establishment of the manufactory. The day commenced with a service of thanksgiving with a sermon, and one of the preachers called to preach before this auditory took for a text these words from a catalogue of the utensils of the tabernacle, without even making a complete sense of them, 'The dishes thereof, and spoons thereof, and covers thereof, and bowls thereof' (Exodus xxv. 29). Evidently, after the smiles induced by the reading of the text, it was only with very great difficulty that any true edification could be imparted. To change preaching into a kind of parade is something graver than a fault of taste. These mountebank tricks must be left to the Jesuits, who exhibit them instead of preaching, and who, according to the most recent testimonies, have not in Italy renounced these means of influence."

"It is rarely that such eccentricities are descended to. But it must not be forgotten that the temptation is more lively than it seems, to surprise the auditory by a text which it has never read, and of which the mere enunciation astonishes. The vanity of the preacher does itself honour by this fantastic choice; he applauds himself in secret for showing that he has found in the sacred books what no one had before discovered there. Who has not sometimes yielded to the flattery of this insinuating seduction?"

"Called as pastor to Amsterdam in 1818, called to Bordeaux in 1823, and having determined to remain in Holland, called, lastly, to be titular pastor at Amsterdam in 1825, it was necessary according to the custom to deliver afresh an introductory discourse; I preached upon the saying of St. Paul to the Corinthians, 'This is the third time I am coming to you' (2 Cor. xiii. 1). The numbers three had seduced me, and the reckoning, in reality, was so; but I had great difficulty in afterwards putting into this discourse what was fitting to the occasion. I still hear the murmur which the reading of this singular text caused among the audience, and our common edification suffered from it."

"P. J. Courtonne, a celebrated pastor of Amsterdam, in the second half of the last century, notorious for the extreme freedom of his preaching, found himself at the Hague, and appeared at the Court of the Prince of Orange. He saw himself surrounded by the officers of the Stadtholder, who pressed him to preach on the following Sunday. He resisted the entreaties, which redoubled. Pursued by these perhaps too lively solicitations, he consented to give an opportunity of hearing him, under promise that the household of the Prince would be present at the service, and on condition that no one would be offended by his freedom of speech. Both sides showed themselves faithful to the engagement; all the nobility of the Hague had invaded the church, and the preacher did not falsify his reputation for eccentricity and for boldness. He took for his subject the meeting of Philip the Evangelist and the officer of the Queen of Ethiopia (Acts viii.), and after an historical exordium, he announced in this manner the division of the discourse: 'I find in this recital four subjects of astonishment which increase one upon the other: 1st, a courtier who reads the Holy Scripture, which is sufficiently surprising; 2nd, a courtier who owns his ignorance, which is more surprising still; 3rd, a courtier who asks his inferior to instruct him, which should cause a redoubling of the surprise; and lastly, 4th, for this surprise comes to the climax, a courtier who is converted; let us, &c. This division of a sermon is full of talent, but it is remarkable for one grave defect, that of being infinitely too witty."



Portrait of Raphael, in the Louvre, Paris.

The Christian Home.

WOMAN'S FAITH,

OR,

PRAISE AND BLAME.

BY MRS. ELLIS, AUTHORESS OF "THE WOMEN OF ENGLAND," ETC.

CHAPTER VI.

THE loss of his brother Harry, with all his real or imagined power of protection, was at first severely felt by little Archy, and he would have stoutly resisted the comforter who should have told him that the day would come when his regret would be less. It is a trite saying that school is a little world, and in one sense especially is the saying a true one,—in the force of public opinion, and the certainty with which a pliant character is made to bend and accommodate itself to this opinion.

The convictions of little Archy's better understanding were far from being favourable to Charles Hetherington's general mode of conduct at school. Yet, somehow, he liked the boy; and, what perhaps had more weight, he thought the boy liked him. It was a strangely new and pleasant feeling to be liked by such a boy as Charles Hetherington. It seemed to place him in a different position with the whole school, so that he was no longer the little puling, homesick fellow that he was first thought to be, but a man and a gentleman—nay, even a fellow with some life in him, capable of an enterprise, and not afraid to help when there was fun on the way. All this, however, was the result of time. A change so great was not effected even in the course of twelve months; and at the end of that time George Dunlop left the academy to enter upon his life of business with a London merchant.

Archy had, however, the support and satisfaction of his brother Harry's companionship

during his holidays, which, according to previous agreement, were spent at Eastwick, in the family of Mr. Godwin; but here also, and especially in the society of this beloved brother, Archy was sensible of a considerable alteration in himself—a greater distance and reserve in talking over school affairs with Harry—less freedom in telling him what transpired among the boys, and a certain dread of his hearty, outspoken disapprobation when he told too much,—all which made him seldom tell his brother half. At first he wished he *could* tell him. He longed to make a clean breast by exposing some of the practices amongst his companions. But then he had been accustomed to believe no character so despicable as the tale-teller; and as Harry had left the school entirely, and was no longer one of their set, what right had he to be made acquainted with their secrets?

Thus, by degrees, Archy grew less communicative with his brother. Harry did not quite like this change—did not understand it altogether; but loving Archy as he did, he was willing to let the matter pass without any close investigation. It might, he thought, be only that the boy was growing into a man—learning to stand alone, and take care of himself,—a useful lesson, and one that must be learned sooner or later by all. Harry was the more ready to let the matter pass, because, in his own nature, he was not inclined to dwell much on complicated or mysterious subjects involving nice distinctions in regard to human motive. He looked rather at facts, understanding people chiefly

by their visible and prominent modes of action. Of his brother Archy's actions in connexion with the school he certainly knew less and less, for each recurring holiday brought him a more scanty supply of information; but when had Archy ever been anything but good, and kind, and true, within the range of his knowledge? and he could trust him now, even if he could not entirely understand him.

Yes, Harry said to himself, he could trust his brother Archy; but sometimes when he looked into those clear blue eyes of his, he thought they turned away as if to avoid his earnest gaze; and when he would have talked, as in the old times, confidently about the right and wrong of things, Archy seemed to have lost his relish for such conversation, or else it pained him; Harry could not quite tell which. When they read together their home letters too, their mother's sweet letters, written as she used to talk to them sometimes before they went to sleep, or as they wandered in the autumn woods, Archy now made no response—evinced no pleasure—did not even linger over the letters, but folded them up as soon as read, and would begin to talk on other subjects, while his eyes, in spite of all his efforts, would fill with tears which he struggled hard to hide—Harry wondered why. Was he really grown so manly that he would not let his brother see him shed a tear?—so manly, that he would not talk of home, of his parents, but especially his mother?

Harry did not know—he never even suspected—that if his brother had once allowed himself to yield, there would have followed such an outburst of feeling as might have changed the whole current of his life. If Archy had begun to tell anything, he would have told all; and what right, he asked himself again and again, had he to do that? His friend Charley continually told him that all he wanted was to be a man; and that point of glory he was determined to attain. Even his brothers had been accustomed to treat him like a child, almost like a girl. He recalled a thousand instances in which they had laughed at his tenderness of spirit, though always playfully and kindly; and

those words of Harry's were ever ringing in his ears—that he was “not of the stuff that martyrs are made of.” But he would show them all at home how mistaken they had been. Charley Hetherington knew him best—appreciated his character and capabilities as no one else had ever done. George and Harry should not be the only *men* in the family. He would prove to them all that there was something in him which they had not had the wit to discover.

So spoke the worse nature of little Archy, taking the language and the voice of the better. So spoke his inherent vanity, which the boys at the academy had learned how to work upon for their own purposes. But all the while there was another voice not silent—the voice of home, of conscience, of many holy and happy influences combined—taking the language and the voice of that communion which his own soul had once held with his Father in Heaven. This voice still spoke, and told him that in mind, if not actually in deed, he was departing from the way of peace—losing sight of the old landmarks—turning aside into troubled waters, where entanglements would beset him on every side—growing false to himself and his own true convictions, and so preparing to be false to others,—a coward at heart, while pretending to be brave—a slave to the opinion of others, while boasting of the power to govern himself. All this it told him sometimes in the stillness of night, or when home thoughts and recollections rushed upon him, or when suddenly he saw the dust upon his now seldom opened Bible.

Harry Dunlop was the more anxious really to understand his brother and his true position in the school, because the period of a long separation between them was at hand. Harry was much wanted at home, and perhaps his own inclination led him to exaggerate this want. His heart was amongst the active pursuits and stirring incidents of life, more than in quiet study or intellectual research. He had worked hard under the careful and judicious training of Mr. Godwin, because it was his duty to work; but he knew that his father needed more help than he had about him in the management of his

Canadian farm, and he felt like a bird set free when the time came for him to fulfil the more congenial duty of returning home.

It had been a great advantage to Harry that his sudden expulsion from school had been the means of his being placed with those who could understand him, who could make generous allowance for his natural tendencies of character, as well as his peculiar bringing up, and who could also exercise an unusual amount of reason in the adaptation of their instructions to his future life.

It is true that Mr. Godwin was sometimes a little perplexed with the extreme requirements of the case, for his pupil had an energy of purpose, and a force of physical action, which it was very difficult to find exercise for in his quiet home. But when most perplexed, his good wife would come to his help with her womanly acuteness and tact; and then Harry would be asked to drive her out in the pony chaise, to help her in laying out a new walk in the garden, or in any other outdoor business requiring a little physical effort and management. Especially when a new pony was bought with a spirit a little beyond her control, Mrs. Godwin wisely committed it to Harry's charge; and early on many a bright summer's morning, and often in storm and rain, he might have been seen scouring over the common, or along the green lanes, on this pony, long before the time for lessons to begin.

Boating was also a favourite amusement with Harry—not sentimental boating by any means. The fishing season was his delight, and James Halliday's cottage was to him a place of frequent resort. He liked to listen to the fisherman's long stories of hairbreadth escapes in wind and storm, and the perpetual boast of what his little craft could do. He liked the breezy atmosphere and the wild freedom of that rocky shore—the very smell of the seaweed, the nets, and the tar. People said—for what will the gossips of a village not say?—that he liked James Halliday's pretty niece. And so he did; he liked her for an honest, truthful girl, and he wanted to serve her in the matter of her emigration scheme, although the right time had not yet come; and if he liked her not the less

that she was neat and trim, and really very nice to look at and to talk to, he saw no harm in that; and seeing no harm himself, he never dreamed of other people seeing any. His conversation with the young woman was in all respects as innocent and boyish as with her father. She was at least five years older than himself, and that seemed a great deal at their respective ages. Besides which, she was like a married woman to him, and talked to him about her engagement with Tom Lawson as if it were a grave matter of fact, as indeed it was to her; while at the same time she felt a peculiar interest in Harry as the son of Tom's master, and as being likely to see her betrothed husband long before it was possible for her to enjoy that happiness.

The time had now come for Harry to experience all the joyful exultation of anticipated liberty—the last summer holidays before he should be separated from his English friends; and somehow, according to a perverse law of our nature, they became a hundredfold more dear as the time for seeing them no more drew near; and Harry, who looked but little into human nature, nor gave much attention to the reason why, was vexed with himself that he did not find the act of leaving England by any means so pleasant as he had expected that it would be.

Two pleasant summer months intervened before his final departure. There was a large gathering at Eastwick of the three families, the Godwins, the Andersons, and the Dunlops; for even George ran off from his desk for a short season of recreation amongst his friends by the seashore. Agnes Godwin was also at home, and the years which had passed over her as well as others, bringing a varied amount of maturity of mind and character to all, had brought to her a larger share of beauty and winning grace; while to Margaret they had brought a different kind of charm, perhaps more of the kind which is generally described by the word *interesting*.

A thoughtful and feeling observer looking at Margaret Courtenay would have been almost sure to look again—to wonder, in the first instance, what were her belongings or associations, and, in the next, to wonder

what she would be likely to think and feel under the influence of any event or remark of a nature calculated to excite emotion. Margaret was not beautiful. A painter would not have selected her for his model; and yet her head and face were finely formed. Here forehead and eyes were striking and attractive, giving evidence of great capability of reflection, and of a high moral tone of character. Her eyebrows had that rare beauty of being clearly defined and level when at rest, but moving with every varying thought or feeling. Her eyes, rather large, as well as intelligent, had that character which gives the impression of looking deep down into things—not glancing or flashing, but absolutely *looking*, and that steadily and truly. Her mouth, very grave when at rest, was capable of smiling with a sweetness which it was almost impossible to resist; and her utterance and mode of shaping out her words was clear and pure, and in the highest degree correct; so much so, that Margaret, in the wildest state of enjoyment, when laughing heartily, or in any other way forgetting herself, never lost this purity of voice and action. She could not lose it. It was a part of herself, and marked her out, more clearly perhaps than anything else could have done, as a gentlewoman by inalienable right,—the right of a high and noble nature. Agnes Godwin was the picture for an artist. Fair and blushing, with ever-varying colour, now heightened for a moment, and then as quickly fading with every thrill of joy or touch of pain—her's was the kind of beauty which claims, especially from men, an excess of tenderness, and which, in the home circle, makes a girl the pet of the family. Agnes being the only girl, it was but natural that it should be so with her; and as each passing year seemed only to intensify her beauty, so she became in a proportionate degree the charm, and almost the idol, of her father's household.

Of all the injustice done to woman by the world, there is perhaps none greater than that which charges her with being envious of other women's beauty. It is not the beauty, it is the false position in which *mere* beauty so often places its possessor, which may

without shame mortify, if it does not actually irritate, a rational observer; it is to see how wise men in society will bow down to it! how brave men will become slaves to it! and how, because of its universal acceptability as being what it really is not, even good and noble women will strive to imitate it, preferring, as it seems at the moment, to be petted for being pretty, rather than admired for being intellectually superior! Surely where there is rapidness beneath—where the beauty is *mere* beauty, the fantastic tricks which are played before it by those who are capable of acting out the higher parts in the great drama of life, are eminently and legitimately sources of humiliation to the beholder; and when humiliated, we are not always capable of being altogether and demonstratively amiable.

Agnes Godwin did not deserve that her attractiveness should be classed under the head of *mere* beauty. Far from it. She had been too well trained, and too pleasantly associated from her childhood, for that. But her character was still not of the most exalted description by nature. It was that kind of character which is most affected by praise and blame, and which, because it is so, is generally called amiable. "A dear, gentle, loving creature," people say; "unable to endure the breath of censure or the touch of unkindness." Phrenologically, this character is endowed with a large amount of the love of approbation,—a quality not bad in itself, and to a certain extent both useful and desirable, especially in women; but at the same time a quality which throws its possessor open to the conflicting influences of praise and blame, not unfrequently to a degree tending to absolute weakness. Such characters are generally slaves to the opinion of those by whom they are surrounded; they admire what is admired, and despise what is despised by others; and such love as they are capable of, is subjected to the same rule.

No one could have studied the characters of Agnes and Archy without perceiving in them a certain kind of resemblance, although the deeper nature belonged to the boy. No one could have seen them laughing and playing, or gravely conversing together, without

some passing thought; perhaps some idle expression, about how the two were formed for treading the path of life together. At present they were the best of friends—had always been so from the time of their first meeting. Indeed, they were such true, honest, and open friends, that nothing could make them ashamed of being so. Even Agnes, who blushed perpetually at the least hint of ridicule, or the slightest apprehension of blame, never blushed at all about Archy, but ran off with him, their arms linked round each other like brother and sister, to ramble in the fields together, or gather shells on the seashore.

It was very different with Harry. Margaret observed that Agnes shrank from his familiarity, and looked grave when he attempted to laugh with her. What could be the cause, for she had liked him very much once, and would have placed herself under his protection in preference to any other? Margaret, annoyed at this caprice, as she considered it, one day asked her friend what it meant.

"Don't you know?" asked Agnes, in reply. "Don't you remember that he was expelled from school? I heard your uncle and aunt talking about him one day, and they said what a strange thing it was for papa and mamma to treat him like the other boys; that he was disgraced for life, as, indeed, he must be."

It was Margaret's turn to blush now, and she did so with a warm glow of indignation at this manifest injustice and wrong. For what had Harry done? "What had he done?" she asked with almost passionate earnestness.

"I don't pretend to know that," replied Agnes. "I never heard the particulars; and I might not understand them if I did; but it must have been something very shocking, or he never would have been expelled; and I do not think he ought to be treated like boys who have never disgraced themselves."

"Not if his conduct had been really bad," said Margaret; "though even in that case he might surely have repented by this time. But suppose he had done only what was brave and noble, and had been altogether

misunderstood, and so sent away under what was really a misapprehension?"

But it was of no use arguing the matter out. Harry Dunlop had been *expelled*—had incurred blame—had fallen into disgrace, and that was enough to prejudice the mind of Agnes Godwin, rendering her perfectly incapable of treating him with confidence, or regarding him with pleasure.

The newly assumed reserve with his brother, which Archy seemed inclined to keep up through the whole period of the holidays, grew more and more difficult to maintain as the time of their separation drew near; the more so, that Archy felt within himself the revival of those better influences which had never been entirely lost; and while the counter influence of his school associations became weaker in proportion, he longed sometimes to cast them off altogether, and to be again the clear, open, conscientious boy he had been at home.

Harry Dunlop was not accustomed to act upon any definite plan. Too much the creature of impulse, he more frequently did just what the strong feelings of the moment stirred him up to do. But if he had actually laid a plan for drawing his brother out into fuller confidence with himself, he could not have accomplished his object more successfully than on the evening before Archy was to return to school, when the boys strolled together in the garden at a late hour. It was by a simple act of his, altogether familiar and unstudied; for he only drew his strong manly arm around his brother's neck, and called him "little Archy" in a tone of brotherly kindness and affection; but, simple as it was, there came back such home memories closely associated with that tone and manner, that Archy's full heart began to overflow under the pressure of the half-embrace.

"And what am I to tell my mother?" Harry went on to say. "How are you getting on, old fellow?"

"I don't think very well," replied Archy, after a moment's hesitation, and speaking with considerable difficulty.

"What!" exclaimed Harry, suddenly

firing up; "don't they treat you any better than when I was among them?"

"Oh yes, they treat me well enough. It is not that at all."

"What is it, then?"

"I cannot tell you, and I do not think I ought."

"Not your school secrets, perhaps. But, Archy, you ought to tell your home friends whether all is well with you. I think you know what I mean."

"Then it is *not* well with me, Harry; and I don't think it ever will be well with me again."

And after these words there followed a burst of tears, and then a kind of general confession, which, however, contained nothing so bad as Harry had begun to fear—nothing more than might have been expected, either at school or in the world, where a mixture of influences derived from different characters and different homes combine to render the path of duty both obscure and difficult. How far his brother might be implicated in what was absolutely wrong, Harry was unable to discover. To a conscience so tender as Archy's had hitherto been, any departure from the path of right would naturally look full of peril and disaster. Harry hoped and half believed that this was all, and he dealt with his brother's case accordingly—kindly, but very earnestly. To a certain extent he was right in his conclusions; but Archy knew within his heart—as who does not?—that when the boundary line of right is knowingly and intentionally trampled down, the feet will soon step over, and it may be, wander far into the wilderness beyond.

Harry Dunlop was not much skilled in giving religious advice. He was more earnest than orthodox in the choice of his expressions. Amongst other things, he warned his brother not to be a "sneak"—not to do by stealth what he would not do openly. "I don't know much about your friend Charley Hetherington," he added, "but that which I dislike most in him is that he always manages to keep well with the masters, while doing all kinds of things behind their backs, such as would break up

the school if they came to light. Now that is what I call a sneak; for if a fellow will carry on what is forbidden, let him do so openly and boldly, and dare all the consequences."

"And be expelled, as you were?" asked Archy.

"Yes, and be expelled as I was—which, by the way, was the best thing that could have happened to me, since it brought me here amongst these good people. And what if a few such cases should occur, or even a great many?—the schools would be the better for it in the end. But come, it is not of the school that I want to talk just now. It is of you, dear Archy. You say Charles Hetherington has only a few months longer to stay?"

"Only till Christmas."

"I am afraid that up to Christmas will be a dangerous time for you, because he will care less than ever what he does, and will be less restrained by the opinion of the masters."

"I don't think it will be so dangerous, Harry, because I see it all so differently now. I think I shall go back stronger and more decided than I have ever been before."

"God bless you!" said Harry, and he pressed his brother to his heart; for there were voices calling to them to come into the house, and in the morning early Archy must be gone.

The final parting of the brothers was a hurried one. There was no opportunity for more of Harry's sage advice; and before the younger brother had performed half his journey, a certain influence from the school end of it began to be perceptible to his own mind. On rising the following morning, Archy made a feeble attempt at prayer; fainter and fainter with each succeeding day; and before the end of the week his outer life was as much under the guidance of Charles Hetherington as ever.

Harry Dunlop was right in supposing that the intervening time before Christmas would be one of peculiar trial to his brother. Many schemes were projected for the autumn, in which it seemed to be a point of honour with a certain set of boys to take

part individually; and where honour was the point in question, Archy was not likely to be left behind. It was a strange kind of honour; for one of the exploits to be accomplished was that of robbing a neighbouring orchard, much celebrated for its delicious pears. A high wall had to be scaled for this purpose, and a somewhat complicated system of operations carried out in order to avoid detection, all which imparted dignity and interest to the enterprise. Otherwise one would have thought as Archy did sometimes, that it was but a mean kind of affair, being quite within the compass of the lowest vagabonds by which the country might be infested. But there was great fun, as well as honour, in this enterprise, the boys persuaded themselves; because, in the first place, the pears belonged to a miserly old bachelor, who stored them up for winter profit; and, in the next place, the danger of scaling a high wall, besides that which encircled the school premises, was such as to render it an object of ambition with the boys to be selected for this act of service.

For some time Archy escaped this appointment. He did not see the honour of it so clearly as some others did. He liked the pears, and he liked to take rank with the bold spirits of the place and time; but to appropriate what was not his own—actually to steal another person's property—was in the highest degree revolting to his feelings; and he even went so far as to propose, in the way of improvement upon their plans, that the boys should leave behind them in the garden, or somewhere about the premises, a sum of money equal to what they thought the pears were worth; but the burst of laughter which followed this proposal effectually prevented Archy ever making it again. Still, however, he continued to see the matter in the same light. He could not see it otherwise; and thus he absolutely dreaded the coming of the time when the honourable appointment should fall upon him.

Of course the premises must have been very insufficiently guarded to have allowed of these depredations. In fact the master was away, and the staff of servants was so small

that, excepting for the high wall, there was little difficulty in the way, at least with judicious management. The fruit abstracted was not in large quantities at once, and the means by which the attention of those not in the secret was diverted, were contrived with considerable ingenuity and tact. On the return of the owner of the garden, there could be no doubt but the loss would be discovered; but who could suspect the boys? Or, if they were suspected, who would be able to make out a case against them?

Charles Hetherington, who was not only the instigator of these exploits, but the contriver of ways and means, did not appear very anxious to engage his friend Archy in the service. He probably doubted his alacrity and skill, or it might be that he doubted his courage. The boys suspected the latter, and after listening to a few unpleasant insinuations of this kind, he told Archy in confidence that he thought he had better try his luck for once, if only to show the other fellows what he dared do, and could do.

It was a disadvantage to Archy in any enterprise of this kind that he was naturally neither swift nor nimble. He was not awkward, for he had always the manner of a gentleman; but his movements were slow and somewhat heavy, and in his athletic exercises he had a certain tendency to plump down at inconvenient times and places. This, amongst other causes, had operated against Archy's being sent over the wall for the plums and pears. But one night the lot fell upon him, and his repugnance to the act itself was entirely overborne by the encouragements of his friend Charley on the one hand, and by the jeering of the boys, who did not quite believe in his courage and determination, on the other. To show what he *could* do was an enterprise in itself. He forgot the meanness of the object, the slyness, the deception, the actual theft; and, flushed with excitement, Archy waited for the hour at which it was considered safe to escape through the back premises of the school.

The wall of the garden was scaled by the help of a ladder from the school stable, the descent on the other side being facilitated by the branches of a well-trained peach tree

extending horizontally. The garden was separated from the school premises by a narrow lane but little frequented.

It was part of the plan that one boy should keep watch in the lane, and secure the ladder in case of sudden retreat, while two or three other boys, placed at different stations, acted as sentinels, or relays, should assistance be required.

On the night when Archy was despatched for the fruit, Charley himself took his position in the lane. It was a quiet, starlight night, and all things seemed propitious. Archy had "climbed the wall like a hero"—his friend whispered from below; and although he could be heard to descend on the opposite side with that peculiar kind of plump which so often made the finale of his efforts, the ground being much higher on that side, and the soil comparatively soft, he was soon on his feet again and busy about his work.

All was still as Charley stood beside the wall, listening attentively. Not a step was to be heard. And now, the usual length of time having expired, he waited for the signal which was to announce that preparation must be made for some portion of the fruit being dropped from the top of the wall. Yes, there it was! Archy had not forgotten: the signal was distinct and loud. Whether it was owing to the sound being louder than usual, or whether some preconcerted plan had been laid for surprising the thief, just then a door was thrown open, and a great dog rushed furiously out of the house towards the side of the garden where Archy was in the act of clambering up by the branches of the peach tree. A horror far beyond that of being seized by the furious animal took possession of him, for he imagined the dog to be purposely set upon him by troops of men. But he reached the top of the wall, and there, letting loose his booty, almost precipitated himself upon the ladder, which he failed to catch with his feet, and so fell heavily to the ground.

Archy's fall was partially broken by the outstretched arms of his friend. He gave a sharp cry, struggled up again, and then fell down fainting and insensible. There was no time for inquiring into the nature of his

hurt. Charley seized him in his arms, adjusted the burden over his shoulders, and ran with it, as fast as the weight would allow, to a gate entering into a back yard belonging to the school, where the rest of the party were waiting. They had heard the barking of the dog, and, fearing some terrible disaster, had hastened to this spot in order to be ready to help outside, if necessary, or to secure themselves within.

The boys were not pursued, and they were glad to discover that; for Archy's case was one requiring time. By the plentiful use of cold water from the stable pump, he was at length brought round, and did not then appear so seriously hurt as they at first apprehended. By a great effort he was even able to stand, and after a while to walk, which he did with many protestations that the hurt was nothing, while occasionally he stamped his foot upon the ground, declaring that his leg was only stunned, not sprained, and that he should be all right in the morning.

Had there been light enough to see poor Archy's face while he was making these protestations, the boys would have better understood what he was enduring, and what he *could* endure. But he bore it out bravely, and walked on, only leaning heavily upon the arm of his friend, who at times almost carried him over the most difficult parts of the way.

There is a kind of delirium in excessive pain which, perhaps, happily for the sufferer, takes away the exact sense of its extent and magnitude. In the acuteness of his agony, Archy's thoughts seemed vivified, and he called to mind many things with unusual distinctness, as we sometimes do in a feverish dream. Amongst others, he recalled what his brother Harry had said about his not being of the "stuff that martyrs are made of;" and he almost fancied that no martyr could endure, without complaint, more than he was then enduring. But with this thought came another,—that martyrs endured in a good cause, not a bad one. And then, with the sudden flood of recollections that rushed upon him—recollections of his home, his parents, but especially of his mother—recollections of that peaceful and happy home,

when he was never ashamed of what he had done, nor afraid of the consequences;—Archy thought his heart would surely break that night; it was so full of suffering and distress.

By skilful management Archy was conveyed to his bed without discovery; and once there, he was considered to be safe. Of course he would be poorly in the morning, and not able to get up. The doctor might even have to pay him a visit, but there would be no necessity for him to mention his injured limb, which his companions supposed would get well of itself, if he only kept snug in bed. They were some of them sagacious enough to suppose that if it had been either dislocated or broken, he would not have been able to place it on the ground, or to walk a little with it as he did; and besides these two accidents they knew nothing, and feared nothing. He would only have to keep in bed for a few days, they said to one another, to swallow a black draught, and live on slops, and all would come right, and nothing would ever be found out.

"But won't he tell, though?" asked one of the boys. And they began to look grave again, for there had always been a suspicion amongst them that Archy did not heartily go along with them in all their transactions; that he kept a kind of reserve in his own mind to go only so far, and no further; and that under the strong pressure of some counter influence, he would some day suddenly stop. So they said, inquiringly, and somewhat anxiously, "Won't he tell?"

Perhaps Charles Hetherington had some such apprehension; for the next morning at a very early hour he stole into the room where Archy slept, ostensibly to ask how he was getting on, but secretly to ascertain the state of his mind as well as that of his body.

It seemed as if the same anxiety might be pressing on the minds of all, for Archy almost immediately asked his friend with great earnestness what he should say about his indisposition if he found himself unable to get up, as he felt sure would be the case. He had tried once or twice, he said, and it was impossible. Besides which, if he were

dressed and about, his lameness would be more conspicuous, and he should be questioned as to what he had been doing.

Charley did his best to encourage and support his friend under this painful, and to him alarming, dilemma. He could see by the light of the early morning that Archy was flushed and feverish, and he said the doctor without doubt would treat him for fever. He would only feel his pulse. He would never think of examining his leg, and Archy could lie in bed as long as he liked. He would merely have to sham a little, and a very little would serve the purpose.

"I hope it will," said Archy, sadly. "I am not clever at shamming; I never was, and don't want to be."

"But," observed his friend, "it is not quite a matter of liking—not entirely your own affair either. You have got into a mess, and you must remember that if you don't exert yourself, you will draw others in as well. As a point of honour, I don't think you are quite at liberty to do as you like now."

Archy made no reply. He looked very grave and very sad. This point of honour did not look near so fine a thing to him just then, as it had looked a few days before. Perhaps he was stupid—half asleep. Indeed, he had scarcely closed his eyes all the night, and that might be the reason why all things seemed so different. Oh, if he had but his brother Harry to talk to now! Why had he been so distant, so reserved, with him? Why had he not told him all about his school-companions, and school-life? On the remembrance of his mother, he could not, dared not, dwell; but Harry, dear Harry, he did not think he should mind him now. And one thing he was sure of,—his brother Harry would not let them cover up his hurt limb, and so prevent its being cured, rather than run the risk of getting into disgrace himself. Perhaps he should be lame for life—perhaps his leg would have to be cut off—perhaps he should die!

Such were the melancholy reflections of poor Archy on his bed. He was not the first to discover that community in what is wrong does not make real friends. It may

bind together for a while in the way of accommodation or mutual service; but a true, generous, and unselfish friendship can only exist in connection with high principles and noble aims.

The first severe ordeal that Archy had to pass through was a visit from the kind matron of the establishment, who plied him with more questions than he found it possible to reply to without evasion. Happily she was one of those bustling chatty women who do not always wait for an answer, and Archy congratulated himself on her departure, that he had escaped without telling a downright falsehood.

It is remarkable how long some children who have been scrupulously brought up, will hesitate before telling a direct falsehood, even after they have learned many a lesson in false-acting, in evasion, and subterfuge. Archy had never yet intentionally told this kind of falsehood. He did not think he

could; and the terror of being so pushed that he might either have to tell such a falsehood or betray his friends, weighed heavily upon his spirits, as he lay thinking in his bed. He had time to think now, and there was urgent need that he should think. Oh, how he longed for one true and right-minded friend to come and sit by his bed—one God-fearing friend who would help him to do right, and perhaps show him the way—who would read the Bible to him, and talk to him about good and holy things. Why did the boys come and tempt him so, and bewilder him until he could not distinguish right from wrong?

Ah, little Archy! you should have chosen the better friends when you were healthy and happy, and then your bed of sleepless pain would not have been left only to the visitations of those who had no comfort to bring you—no help in your time of need—no light in your hour of darkness.

WISDOM.

"But where shall wisdom be found? and where is the place of understanding?"—
JOB. xxviii. 12.

BUT where is Wisdom found?"
I asked the mountains in their crests of snow—
The gathering of winters—as they stood
In all the hoar antiquity of age.
"Veils she the radiance of her starlit brow
'Mid cloud-capped peaks, where warring tempests rage?
Or doth she seek, in some far solitude,
Which never yet re-echoed to the sound
Of human voice, that peace the world denies?
Child of the thoughtful eyes!
Where art thou, that thy beauty may be known?"
The hills give no reply, and I am sad and lone.

I turned me to the shades,
Where the green elm, gnarled oak, and dusky pine
Flung wide their branches on the summer breeze,
Forming a shade impervious to the sun:
A couch of leaves, whereon I did recline,
Dispensed sweet perfume: 'mid the shadows dun
A gentle rivalet marmured through the trees,
Filling with melody the distant glades—

"And here," I cried, "beneath this forest dome
Wisdom hath made her home."
A passing æphyr whispered in mine ear,
"Vain are thy thoughts, O man! her footsteps are not here."

Where, then, is Wisdom found?
"Thou hast thy secrets, O mysterious sea;
Within thy caves lie treasures that would buy
Much that the world holds beautiful and fair—
Haply the maiden hath her home with thee.
Need I describe her? she hath golden hair,
Orbed beauty dwells within her clear blue eye,
And her whole port with majesty is crowned."
—When thou cam'st forth, the first-born of old Time,
Rejoicing in thy prime,
God wrote "unstable" on thine azure brow;
And the primeval curse clings to thee even now.

A film came o'er my eyes:
Deep slumber wrapped my senses in a pall
Of strange and varying hues. Methought I slept,
And beings of a brighter mould than man
Were hovering round my couch; and each and all
Would minister unto me: some would fan
The fever of my brow, while others kept
The watch and ward that ready love supplies:
Till one bright vision, bending closely near,
Breathed in my listening ear,
"The fear of God is Wisdom, and her throne
The bosom of the just. Go, make her ways thine own."

H. B. BULLOCK.

EARTHLY STORIES WITH HEAVENLY MEANINGS.

BY THE EDITOR.

IV.

THE HID TREASURE.

"Again, the kingdom of heaven is like unto treasure hid in a field; the which when a man hath found, he hideth, and for joy thereof goeth and selleth all that he hath, and buyeth that field."—ST. MATT. xiii. 44.

IF men in general are seeking a "kingdom of heaven," it cannot be that kingdom of which our Saviour is speaking in this Parable of "The Hid Treasure." If they find a "kingdom of heaven," it must be a new one of their own discovery; they must stumble upon it in the highway, and meet with it in

the busy marts of worldly enterprise and occupation; but if Christ's teaching be true, they will never find in this "wide gate" and this "broad way," where the multitude, actuated by ten thousand objects of desire, is engrossed in the pursuit of the passing interests of time to the neglect of the enduring interests of eternity—the "kingdom of heaven" of which Jesus spake. To find that kingdom, there must be retirement from the beaten track and crowded thoroughfares of the busy world; and the Treasure must be sought in the quietude of devout meditation and inquiry, as men seek to dis-

cover the precious ore that lies deeply imbedded in the heart of the earth.

This, in few words, is the plain and unmistakeable significance of this Earthly Story. In order to present its spiritual meaning in an experimental and practical form, I shall endeavour, in the first place, to answer a dishonest objection which some might be disposed to urge; and then I shall seek to remove an honest difficulty which I believe often stands in the way of those who are really anxious to find "The Hid Treasure"—really anxious to possess and feel a personal interest in the saving truths of the Gospel kingdom. Both the objection and the difficulty will be found to turn upon the fact that the Treasure is said to be a "Hid" Treasure.

In the first place, then, I am to meet a dishonest objection, which usually takes the form of a murmuring question, and asks, complainingly, *Why is the Treasure hidden?*

Now I have characterized this objection as dishonest; and so it is. It is designed to suggest what the objector would scarcely dare to assert. The objection, in its undisguised deformity, infers that God is unwilling that men should obtain the Treasure. It rests upon the supposition that God has an ill-will to man, or at least that a limitation is necessary, lest His riches might be expended—His beneficence exhausted—His mercies come to an end. The supposition in either case is a mere excuse for impiety, and can only be traced to the promptings of "the evil heart of unbelief." It is enough to reply to the objector (and I quote the whole passage, because obedience to the exhortation with which it commences would best help the caviller to appreciate the force of the teaching with which it concludes), "But I say unto you, Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you, and persecute you; that ye may be the children of your Father which is in Heaven: for He maketh His sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust." Every hour an ungodly man lives; the very continuance of

the gift of "daily bread," furnishes demonstrative proof that God is "waiting to be gracious" to him—waiting in order that he may discover and secure the Hid Treasure.

It is unbelief, and unbelief alone, that hides the Treasure—unbelief refusing to receive the testimony of God as to its inestimable value, and so rejecting the motive which ought to prompt the man to seek it.

The Treasure is hidden; but this does not mean that it is concealed by God. Jesus came to make known where it might be found—to invite men to Himself; and we are plainly told that "in Him are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge"—treasures which He bestows "without money and without price." Hence He earnestly exhorted the Jews to "search the Scriptures"—the field in which all may find the Hid Treasure, assuring them that those Scriptures would "testify" of Him.

If it be asked why the Jews did not, as a people, discover the Treasure, we reply, Because they did not search the Scriptures, believing "His report." "Having eyes," they "saw not;" "having ears," they "heard not." They would eagerly have hearkened, and readily have professed themselves His followers, had He told them where earthly treasure might be found. They were quite prepared to welcome an earthly prince—a temporal Messiah—conferring riches and power and dominion on those who avowed allegiance to Him; these things they believed to be treasures, and they sought after them; and the men of this world believe it still, and therefore, as then, so now, the "treasure upon earth" is coveted, found, and "laid up"—a poor possession, transient and corruptible,—whilst the unsearchable, imperishable riches of Christ remain to so many a Hid Treasure.

In a deeply solemn sense of the parabolic sentence addressed by our Lord to the disciples, God will not "cast His pearls before swine." He will not force His treasure on our acceptance, although He "waits" to bestow it on all who seek it in sincerity and truth. On His part the Treasure is no more hidden than the meridian sun in the Heavens. Christ's words still live on the Sacred Page.

These Scriptures are in our hands, which He has hidden us, no less than the Jews, to "search." His ministers are commissioned to preach; not a veiled, but a revealed, a manifested Gospel. Any man who fails to discover the Heavenly Treasure, does so because he is making choice of the earthly treasure; and, more than this, his choice is made with such determination, that, in forming and acting upon it, he must resist the strivings of God's Spirit.

This statement admits of no question; it is decided by an appeal to experience. The most careless liver, however indifferent he may be to his spiritual interests, cannot deny that conscience has *sometimes* troubled him with the thought that he was "poor" for eternity: that was a Divine monition of the Spirit urging him to seek the Hid Treasure. The hearer of the Gospel cannot be found, whose heart has not *at times* been touched by its pleading, earnest, persuasive counsel to buy of Christ "gold tried in the fire, that he might be rich"—that was the voice of the Divine Spirit commending to him the imperishable wealth, the Hid Treasure.

The unhappy objector is hiding the Treasure from himself: God is not hiding it from him. Conscience must tell him that he is really *refusing* to consider the question, "What shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own *soul*?"

Let him remember this Gospel Treasure is treasure for the *soul*. It is necessarily valueless—utterly valueless—in the estimation of those who are living *only* for earthly ends and aims—living as if they were *not* immortal. If thus living, let the objector hearken to the Scripture call, "Awake, thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead"—awake to the consciousness of immortality. Then, with humble anxiety, let him seek at a throne of grace to learn where his Treasure is buried, and God will not be wanting to him. "If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not; and it shall be given him." Only let him see to it that he "asks in faith, nothing wavering." Let him take his Bible and his heart, and examine them

well together. Let him look, in the one, at the holiness and greatness of God; in the other, at the corruption and insignificance of man. Then let him prostrate himself before his Heavenly Father, against whom he has sinned, and beseech Him to show him "how sinful man may be just with God;" beseech Him, by His Spirit, to reveal to him the saving truths of the Gospel kingdom; and the Hearer and Answerer of prayer will not be wanting to him. There will be angels with him in the still hour of devotion, who will descend while he is studying to know the Divine will, and tell him, as at Bethlehem they told the shepherds, that for him "is born a Saviour." The guiding Star shall rise for him in the East; it shall stand over the place where his Treasure lies. Let him go thither, and he shall find that which "cannot be gotten for gold, neither shall silver be weighed for the price thereof: it cannot be valued with the gold of Ophir, with the precious onyx, or the sapphire: no mention shall be made of coral, or of pearls: and the topaz of Ethiopia cannot equal it." He shall "know of the doctrine, that it is of God." He shall find "the Hid Treasure."

And now, passing from the ease of the dishonest objector, I would, in completing the Exposition of the Parable, endeavour to remove what I have designated "an honest difficulty"—a difficulty which I believe often stands in the way of those who are truly anxious to find the Hid Treasure.

The difficulty is this. The mind of the inquirer is troubled from the very consciousness of its seeming powerlessness to apprehend Gospel truth—is distressed because the estimate formed of the Atonement does not approach the Scriptural estimate—because the "witness of the Spirit," in its establishing, comforting, sustaining, sanctifying influence, is not realized. There is a disposition to exclaim, Oh that I *could* regard Christ as "the chiefest among ten thousand!" Oh that I *could* "rejoice in Him with joy unspeakable and full of glory!"

It will help me to point out the true occasion and cause of this difficulty, if I refer to

an analogy which comes within constant observation. We all know that, in regard to earthly riches, a treasure is valued just in proportion to the *uses* to which we can apply it,—the services it may render, the enjoyment it may confer. We must contrast the advantages resulting from the due employment of wealth, with the actual deprivations of poverty, in order to form a correct judgment. Not what we have—the mere possession of wealth,—but the right use of what we have, constitutes wealth a “treasure.” “A poor rich man” is no unusual spectacle. He has wealth, but it is not a treasure to him. He wants to become experimentally acquainted with the condition and trials and sufferings to which he would be reduced without it, before he can realise its true worth. “Clothed,” like Dives, “in fine linen, and faring sumptuously every day,” he wants to take the position of Lazarus, sick and dying, and “desiring to be fed with the crumbs that fell from the rich man’s table,” and then he would be able to value aright the wealth which he had before, but of which he seldom, if ever, thought with gratitude. The *use* of wealth possessed, and that alone, transforms it into “a treasure.” Hence we rightly conclude, that, whilst a little of this world’s goods, applied, enjoyed, and realized, makes a comparatively poor man rich, great possessions, large estates, a home of magnificence to rival a palace, not applied, not enjoyed, not realized, leaves a rich man very poor.

Now let this reasoning be directed to spiritual things,—to the experience of one who complains and is troubled because he cannot realize the value of “the unsearchable riches of Christ.” We ask, For what purposes—for what uses—are these riches available? What ends are they designed to serve? Earthly riches serve to alleviate or remove the ills of poverty. The riches of Christ are designed to remove the ills of spiritual poverty. Just then, as *acquaintance* with the ills of poverty in temporal things is the way in which earthly riches become to us really and experimentally a treasure, so *acquaintance* with the ills of spiritual poverty is essential before Christ’s riches—the riches of Gospel

grace—can be to us a spiritual treasure. Before this acquaintance is attained, the Treasure must necessarily be a *Hidden Treasure*.

Here then is the secret, the true occasion and cause of the difficulty we are considering. The man who is troubled because he is conscious that the Treasure of the Gospel kingdom is hidden from him, and really wishes to discover it and make it his own, must find that Treasure *by acquainting himself with his spiritual poverty*.

Viewed from this standpoint, the Parable itself suggests all that is necessary to remove and dissipate the honest difficulty of every earnest seeker.

It tells him that the Gospel Treasure *exists*. God has made a provision in “the exceeding riches of His grace,” fully equal to the need of all who are spiritually “wretched and miserable and poor and blind and naked.” It tells him that the Treasure *may be found*—“the which when a man *hath found*.” It tells him that *he* may find it—“the which when a man”—*any man*—“*hath found*.” But—and this is the point where the difficulty arises and is explained—the finding of the treasure, the possession of it as a treasure, depends upon its being applied to its designed purposes. If not so applied, like the miser’s gold, it can be no treasure. These purposes are the supply of our spiritual need. If, therefore, the inquirer would feel Christ precious to him, his first step must be *to learn how poor he is*.

He must not allow himself hastily to conclude that he is already duly conscious of this poverty, or that he cannot be so poor as God’s Word assures him that he is. The miser is thus prone to deceive himself, and will even boast of his wealth when others pity him for his poverty. Rather let him, with prayer for the Spirit’s teaching, begin the searching scrutiny of self-examination. Let him diligently and faithfully compare his life with the Bible standard of perfect obedience. Let him consider all his direct and deliberate transgressions, in thought, word, and deed, of that law which is “holy, just, and good”—transgressions against which conscience exclaimed loudly but in vain. Let him consider all that has been

left undone that might and ought to have been done—omissions of duty, lost opportunities of usefulness—never to be recalled. Let the heart yield up its testimony respecting "secret sins"—sins which stole by softly without alarming conscience, because conscience was allowed to slumber at her post—sins which seem to multiply as memory recalls them, till irresistibly we are compelled to pronounce them innumerable. Above all, let him consider that sin which is the parent of all other sins,—the disposition of mind from which, as from a fountain, they all proceed and flow—the habitual forgetfulness of God, which utterly ignores the first and great commandment, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart."

Then, sin-convinced and sin-burdened—sensible of the soul's extreme poverty—its need of pardon, peace, and holiness,—the difficulty of the honest inquirer will no longer exist; he will be able to value aright, as he joyfully appropriates, the once Hid Treasure of Divine Grace—the spiritual blessings of the Gospel Kingdom.

It only remains for me to point out what a marvellous influence over the life and conduct is exercised in the case of those who truly find the Hid Treasure.

The man, when he found the treasure in the field, "for joy thereof went and sold all that he had, and bought that field." He gazed upon the newly discovered wealth, and, believing that it was greater far than all that he possessed in the world, or could ever hope to acquire by the ordinary produce of his property, he sold all that he had without hesitation, in order to make sure of this prize. The new and stronger affection neutralized and blotted out all previous predilections for what was his own. "He sold all that he had, and bought the field."

The spiritual parallel presents itself in the recorded experience of St. Paul. "A learned Pharisee, conscious of a power that would one day place the highest dignities at his disposal, he was a man of great and manifold possessions. A curious and interesting inventory of his goods has been preserved like a fossil in the Scriptures (Phil. iii. 5, 6).

These things he highly valued and fondly loved; but another and opposing love came against them, and the strong man succumbed to the stronger." "What things were gain to me, those I counted loss from Christ. Yea, doubtless, and I count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord: for whom I have suffered the loss of all things, and do count them but dung, that I may win Christ, and be found in Him, not having mine own righteousness, which is of the law, but that which is through the faith of Christ, the righteousness which is of God by faith" (ver. 7—9).

The treasure which Paul found was "the righteousness of Christ"—a comprehensive term for the Divine provision made in the Gospel for our spiritual need as sinners. Having found Christ's righteousness, his own former righteousness, which was of "the law," is only mentioned to be renounced. He will not for one moment compare the spotless robe with the filthy rags which once were regarded with so much satisfaction. "For joy" of the treasure discovered, he is prepared willingly and heartily to yield up all else, that he "may win Christ." Henceforth he accounts himself "not his own." He makes the entire sacrifice which "the mercies of God" so "reasonably" demand. There is no reservation—no qualification, "As having nothing, and yet possessing all things," his future aim is to "glorify God in his body and his spirit, which are His"—his one desire is "to know" still more of "Christ, and the power of His resurrection, and the fellowship of His sufferings, being made conformable unto His death; if by any means he might attain unto the resurrection of the dead" (Phil. iii. 10, 11).

The same result still follows the appropriation of the Hid Treasure. The discovery of Christ's preciousness—the righteousness and sanctification and redemption which His Atoning Sacrifice make over to the believer—constrains the renunciation of all other grounds of dependence, all other prospects and hopes and expectations which centre in self. There is henceforth no allowed desire, no half-hearted attempt, to "serve" both "God and mammon"—no permitted in-

dulgence of easily besetting sins. The self-surrender, in the purpose of him who makes it, is complete, and it is "joyful."

It *will not*, it is true, *be perfect*. The believer will often know what it is to struggle with sin, and sometimes be overcome by sin; but he will never live in league with sin. His honest prayer will be, "*Sanctify me wholly.*"

Nor will this life of self-surrender be always *joyful*. Joy may wane. The sacrifice of "all that he has," required in some new form—when faith is weak, and the love of

the old portion, like an expiring flame, seems to gather a sudden and unexpected strength—may prompt the thought of "looking back." The hand may, for the moment, be withdrawn from the plough: the happy service of willinghood may seem to falter. But He who has "begun a good work" in the soul, "will perform it unto the day of Jesus Christ." The sorrow of partial dejection may "endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." A fresh view of the Hid Treasure will be vouchsafed, and the believer will again "go on his way rejoicing."

HOUSE AND HOME.


BY THE REV. JOHN H. MAC MAHON, A.M., CURATE OF ST. WERBURGH'S, DUBLIN.

Host.—O my most worshipful lord, an't please your grace, I am a widow of East Cheap, and he is arrested at my suit.

Ch. Just.—For what sum?

Host.—It is more than for some, my lord, it is for all, all I have; he hath eaten me out of *HOUSE AND HOME.*

King Henry IV.

 **H**AT a chain of golden recollections is twined around the mention of House and Home! What sunny memories—though at the same time subdued and sorrowful feelings—spring into the mind when these two words are thought upon!

They are not thus coupled together in the proverb without good reason. There is an inseparable connection between the welfare of both. We employ the expressions in their primary and natural sense, as referring the one to the building and the other to its inmates. And experience proves that both of these mutually affect each other,—that a good house promotes the well-being of its occupants; who, again, if they are systematic, thrifty, and cleanly, will preserve a house in its original repair for a much longer period than persons of extravagant or untidy habits. Nowhere is more forcibly exemplified the truth of the old adage, that "A stitch in time saves nine."

This is in a great measure, though not wholly, a subject for woman's consideration. What relates to the house and the regulation of its tariff is, or ought to be, allocated to females. Fidgety, intrusive men there are who will meddle with what does not strictly con-

cern them; but if they reflected on what made most for their enjoyment, they would acknowledge the incongruity of such cares, as well as, in this case, the advantages of a division of labour. If doubtful on the latter point, let them visit a pin manufactory, or the village nailer's forge. But ordinary language will teach them as much. The expression *wife* owes its origin to the word "*weave*," and points, as Archbishop Trench somewhere reminds us in his suggestive Books on "Words," to the stay-at-home duties of the woman; while husband—"house-band"—indicates the outdoor duties which are the support and prop of the family.

A house is a necessity that forced itself upon man from the situation in which God had placed him. The comforts and protection which an enclosure of this kind affords are obvious to us now; yet at first it required the aid of our social nature to discover them. One of the heathen moralists illustrates this in words which we shall take the liberty of translating: "As regards houses, by which the violence of cold or the inconvenience of heat might be repelled, in what way could they originally have been bestowed on the human race, or afterwards repaired in case of being thrown down by a storm, or earthquake, or by age.

had not the social life impelled us to look to our fellow-creatures for aid to accomplish ends that could not otherwise be attained?"

Now we are not to think that the house all at once assumed its present form; this was the slow development of even centuries, and progressed the more rapidly as civilisation advanced. The architecture of a country is thus often not a bad index of its prosperity, and always more or less a proof of intellectual growth.

But what was the original form of a house? Some have supposed it was that of huts built of branches and twigs of trees, such as the wigwags in use among the American Indians. Others contend that the natural shelter afforded by caves, scooped for instance by the action of water out of rocks, would in the first instance have suggested the idea of masonry work. Without pretending to decide the point, we may say that the hut, or its natural offspring the tent or moveable house, is to be found among nomadic races, such as the Tartars, who lead a wandering, uncertain life; but where men settle down in any particular locality, collections of houses of a modern type are soon reared above ground.

The history of a modern house is then, after all, not so very difficult to put together. In ancient times, when the globe was covered with enormous, and in some places impenetrable, forests, the human family probably lived in the woods, in the midst of gorgeous sylvan vegetation; during summer, and in caverns during winter. But they must, in process of time, have had their thoughts directed towards the construction of more available dwellings. In this, as in other instances—for example, the art of weaving, suggested to us from the spider,—man may have had his earliest tutor in the birds. These, he would perceive, built their nests of a particular shape, and with a view to the wants of their fledglings. He would thus be impelled to enter on the formation of his own domicile. This it is almost evident he first built in the figure of a cone, as being the simplest in structure. In imitation of the feathered tribe, he composed his house of branches of trees. These he laid wide at the base and gathered at the top into an apex. Upon them were strewed reeds, leaves, and clay, to render his tabernacle more of a covering from the rain and wind. But sooner or later the figure of a cone, from the incline in the sides, was found inconvenient, and replaced by that of a cube or square. The mode of building

likewise underwent an alteration. Trunks of trees, at intervals, were driven into the earth, and the intervening space filled up by twisted branches, cemented with moist clay; upon these were set large beams, which, being secured at the corners to the upright stakes, not merely rendered the structure compact, but were available as a support for the roof, which was composed of reeds, leaves, and clay. From this it is easy to trace the germ of many improvements. The upright stakes would have the bark removed. To raise them out of the soil, they would be placed upon stones, with which the trunks would be likewise crowned, to protect them from the weather. To throw off the rain, the flat roof would soon give way to one of a triangular form.

Out of these elements we can discover most of the embellishments of architecture. Thus, when men abandoned wooden for stone buildings, they perpetuated in the latter, only in a more durable material, the figure of the former. For example, the house, as just described, contains that which by imitation was fashioned, according as the rind was or was not peeled off, into columns, fluted or plain, with their base and capitals: while the foliage projecting here and there from the clay, suggested the ornamentation of the summits, as well as architraves, friezes, triglyphs, cornices, and so forth. In this manner we can account for the rise of the Egyptian, Oriental, Corinthian, Doric, Ionic, and Tuscan orders of architecture. As years rolled on, and the human mind became more capable of producing a fine and matured conception of an edifice, and as tools were improved and multiplied, and the skill of the handicraftsmen increased, architects' work grew apace. Buildings of a grand and imposing aspect soon rose in splendour upon the surface of the earth. Architecture manifested different characteristics in different countries. Beauty and elaboration were traits uppermost with some; magnitude or utility with others.

It would be interesting to sketch the history of house-building in England. Much, however, of what has been already stated would have to be repeated. The first great impulse was given by the Romans, from whose hints the Britons soon became famous as builders. The invasions of the Picts, Scots, and Saxons dealt destruction to architecture, from which it was delivered towards the end of the seventh century by the famous Wilfrid, bishop of York, and Benedict Biscop (i.e., the Bishop), founder

of the Abbey of Weremouth.* Without, however, tracing the progress of domestic architecture in England from this period to the present, let us say a few words of our modern house.

It is not intended to treat this subject with any degree of minuteness; nor is this necessary, as there are many books which contain a detailed course of instruction upon it. It will, however, be in keeping with our present purpose to observe, that in the choice of a house proper attention should be paid to its situation and suitableness. We mean this in both a sanatory and pecuniary sense. It is unwise to engage a house that is beyond one's annual income. People sometimes argue that things must go well because they anxiously hope that they will. In this manner they render themselves liable for a rent beyond their resources. Subsequent expulsion is the result. Upon this often follows the total wreck of earthly fortune. On the other hand it is equally unsafe to run into the opposite extreme. Where the means are ready at hand, it is highly imprudent to hire a dwelling unsuited to domestic exigencies. This is decidedly false economy. Very likely the money saved in the house will afterwards be spent in the payment of that most unsatisfactory of all items of expenditure, a doctor's bill.

Once settled in the house, our aim should be to preserve it in proper repair. This is both a matter of good faith with the landlord, and of importance as regards health to the household. We cannot of course entirely, though we may partially, guard against the wear and tear arising from actual occupation, and from the weather; we say partially, because a vast deal may be done to arrest decay. This can, in one sense, be secured by an observance of the old principle already alluded to, that "A stitch in time saves nine." Orderliness and cleanliness are indispensable aids: while ventilation is useful also, because it disperses dust, is an enemy to the accumulation of filth, and is thus the means of promoting permanence in the wood-work of the house. The same precaution applies to the exterior of the building, where the necessity of repair must be closely looked after, and the employment of paint and lime be made at stated intervals.

We now pass on to the consideration of "Home." We leave the structure to itself, and take a peep inside at the little colony that shelters within the enclosure of bricks and mortar.

* Bede's "Lives of the Abbots," vol. iv., p. 359, ed. Giles.

If a house is or ought to be a proof of symmetrical arrangement on the part of the builder, no less is this the case with a family. If we look for system in the one, we expect to find it in the other also. If the durability and usefulness of a dwelling depend upon its construction, so does the compactness of the domestic union depend upon its organization.

Here again—as with the house—is something that is peculiarly woman's province. By no means are men to be excluded from share in the government of "the home office," yet probably the greater part of the business devolves on the female. If she manifests a painful inaptitude for her work, a sensible and not indolent man will brace up his nerves for the discharge of another's responsibility in addition to his own. Now to what is this inaptitude traceable? The many causes ultimately terminate in deficiency of education—education in the comprehensive sense of the word. But why should this be? Why not develop the practical powers of women, and encourage the exercise of their minds? Why not enable them to become proficient in many of the arts of life, from which they have hitherto stood aloof? Why not qualify them for taking their proper stations in our great social system? It is folly to argue that the extension of knowledge, and the calling into play her intellectual and active powers, are calculated either to render a woman's notions of duty more misty, or her desire to be ever at her post less steady and strong. If it be said that woman is not capable of undergoing the disciplinary ordeal which we would mark out, we reply that this is a mistake, built upon an imperfect analysis of the female character. There is not, after all, so much diversity in the grain of mind of the two sexes. They both are, though not of course equally, endowed with subtlety, saliency, concentrativeness, and a capacity for work. The difference, probably, may be compared to that existing between their *physique*. At all events, whatever be the distinction, it is not such as should debar woman from her just rights as a moral, social, and intellectual being.

In the progress of civilization, more especially since the introduction into the world of the Christian religion—a main cause in her elevation,—woman has been rising in the social scale. She is now in a very different position from what she occupied in the time of Lycurgus, Numa, Julius Cæsar, Constantine, or Charlemagne. And if she is to retain her rank and importance, a corresponding change

must be brought about in a cultivation of the faculties which lie dormant within her. To prevent a relapse into her former depression, these must be energetically exerted. What would be the use of recounting to those who were about to enter on the path of astronomic discovery, the various optical instruments that had been invented to facilitate observation and calculation, if we did not place these implements in the hands of investigators, and acquaint them with their use?

But to return: we regard Home as a little aggregate of human beings, dwelling under the same roof, feeding at the same board, using, it is hoped, the same altar, and feeling the same solicitude for one another's happiness. It is an organisation through which runs the one silver cord—through which vibrates the one motive power—united action. Where this fails, the machine is soon out of order and falls to pieces. Nothing can be more deplorable, because the welfare of Home is not only of importance to its inmates, but to the world generally. For what is a family but society on a diminished scale? And what is society but a collection of homes massed together,—the smaller a mirror of the larger, and the prosperity of both secured by similar virtues?

But what are these virtues? Why, such as constitute the weal of the body politic, except that in the household they are exerted probably with greater disinterestedness and intensity. Of these it is not necessary to furnish a catalogue, as they form a prominent topic of Christian instruction in public and private. Yet an allusion to them suggests a few thoughts.

In contemplating domestic life, one is irresistibly penetrated by the solemn thought of the influence of Home on the future prospects of its more youthful members. Home is the world in which the character of the man is fashioned. We find it invariably recorded of good and illustrious men, that they ascribed their virtue, fame, and greatness to early home influences. In this, then, lies the gist of the matter; and here again comes into view the peculiar function of woman. Who so prominent or so looked up to in the household as the female superintendent, be she parent or otherwise? If the former, can we over-estimate the responsibility of her position? Wondrous indeed, since the Christian era, is a mother's power in the preparation of her offspring for the world. The historian Neander remarks in reference to the early Church:—

"Pious Christian females, presenting patterns of genuine wives and mothers, often furnished a beautiful contrast to the prevailing depravity of manners, and reckless pursuit of earthly objects, to be found in the homes of the heathen or of mere professing Christians."

We are all familiar with the instance of Monica, the mother of Augustine. His "Confessions," a noble testimony to the necessity of Preventing Grace, are a detailed statement of his obligations to his mother, as, under God, the instrument of his being made to turn "from dead idols to serve the living God." Monica herself seems absorbed in this one great thought. After her son's conversion she exclaims, "Son, for mine own part I have no further delight in anything in this life. What I do here any longer, and to what end I am here, I know not, now that my hopes in this world are accomplished." Another instance is not so generally known. A woman, by name Arethusa, was, at twenty years of age, left a widow; and anxious to give her undivided attention to the education of an only son, she resolved not to marry. This child in after years was the celebrated John Chrysostom, one of the most eloquent preachers and assiduous clergymen of his own or any other age. The examples in more modern times are legion, and may be found in our numerous biographical works.

Home, then, centres in discipline, which, in the case of those of tender age, is mainly promoted by the mother. Home, however, can be employed as a school for all its inmates, provided they voluntarily apply restraining power to themselves. The success of domestic discipline depends upon co-operation, and upon the subordination of the junior to senior members of the household. Where home, as it almost invariably does, comprehends girls and boys, it will be found that the former, if employing discretion and tact, can exert over the latter something similar to maternal influence. The result of all this will be progress and harmony, provided habitual obedience, cheerfully rendered, and solicitude to advance the common good, actuate as with one heart the conduct of the family.

Again, all must have suitable occupation. The oil which ensures the smooth revolution of the household wheels is industry. Idleness, a formidable foe, is truly the rust of time. Let every one in the Home have always something to do, and stated times for doing it.

Indolence, when it prevails, is a weak point in the fortress of the character, through which the missiles of temptation find an easy entrance. The employments, of course, will be of different kinds; those of the day not being suitable to the evening, and *vice versa*. As to the latter, let them be such, in the way of social and mental recreation, as may offer some barrier to a rush for amusement outside doors. This is the dangerous bent of families now-a-days, but it is one of the faults of the age, that it discourages domestic enjoyment. As regards the attainment of household happiness, a good deal is achieved if confidence and a kindly interchange of thought be practised amongst the inmates of Home. The keystone of the arch of domestic joy and peace is obedience, in the enforcement of which let mercy sometimes temper judgment. Due regard should be paid to difference of disposition, and consequently of character. All invidious rivalry between children should be strictly forbidden. There is little hope of this so long as it is encouraged by the favouritism of parents.

This management of Home, however it may seem to some, on account of apparent severity, calculated to interfere with those soft and easy joys which cluster round the hearth, is, after all, that which in the end is sure to bring lasting pleasure. It is thus that Home can and will be made happy. Sorrows, no doubt, will come; yet sound philosophy and judicious government, as well as Christian precept and example, will enable a family to understand and thus tolerate affliction. And so, amid all the changes and chances of this mortal life, a chain of golden recollections will link the heart more closely to Home. In process of time the domestic circle will be broken up, from marriage, death, or other causes, yet lively and sunny memories will still be cherished by its surviving, though possibly widely separated, members. The

friendships thus begun really live for ever; and House and Home are types of the everlasting mansions. Hence, home-life is painted in delightful colours in the New Testament. The Blessed Lord, by His first miracle, has consecrated all family life; and in this way we are being prepared for the larger brotherhood of Heaven. There congenial spirits, debarred from earthly converse, intermingle in blissful and indissoluble communion.

But the harvest cannot go before the Spring; no more can the celestial before the terrestrial. The seed-sowing time is while we are tenants in our earthly tabernacle. House and Home must be the seat of truthfulness, forbearance, fortitude, temperance, disinterestedness, piety, chastity, industry, and obedience. Outside its walls, abroad in the rude world, are selfishness, lust, excess, indolence, anger, falsehood, and lawlessness. These, like thieves and robbers, range at large throughout society, intent on the plunder of its holy treasures. They are reptiles that infest the crevices of the household, ready, if opportunity offers, to dart their poisonous stings into some or all of its inmates. But the Home of the Christian family is, as it were, iron-clad, and plated round with metal which, because forged upon the anvils of Heaven, is of genuine ring. Here, then, those who love Home take their stand. They see it to be an institution of God, and resolve to use and honour it as such. Observing it in its pure state to be illuminated with the lamps of many Christian virtues, they strain every nerve to keep the lights burning, and not to sully—much less quench—the sacred flame. In this manner the powerful tendencies for good of domestic life are allowed full scope, and Home is made the portico of Paradise, where Faith is the doorkeeper, and Christ the Saviour and Guide of those that enter in!



THE BIBLE AND OUR FAITH.

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"CHRISTIAN CERTAINTY," ETC.

CHAPTER VI.

"The Oracles of God."—ST. PAUL.

BEFORE entering, as in the next chapter we propose to enter, upon an examination of the principal difficulties and objections alleged on the side of unbelief, we shall do well to glance at two or three of those more prominent features of Holy Scripture which exhibit most evidently the marks of its Divine origin. And foremost of these—all objections notwithstanding—we place,

I. The Prophecies of Scripture.

And to the scoffer who sneers at the argument from prophecy, and pretends that "all the prophecies were written after the occurrence of the events to which it is alleged that they relate," we think it quite sufficient to reply that there is at least one remarkable (because undeniable) exception to this dictum: "There shall come in the last days scoffers." (2 Pet. iii. 3.)

"The evidence of prophecy," as Bishop Horsley remarks, "lies in these two particulars: that events have been predicted which are not within human foresight; and that the accomplishment of predictions has been brought about which must surpass human power and contrivance; the prediction, therefore, was not from man's sagacity, nor the event from man's will and design. And then the goodness of the design, and the intricacy of the contrivance, complete the proof that the whole is of God." When, in authentication of a Divine commission, predictions of distant events, beyond the power of human sagacity to anticipate (and in many instances, we may add, beyond the power of human combination to achieve), are alleged as evidence of its Divine origin, the force of such evidence is of no ordinary kind. "Such predictions," says Mr. Boyle, "whether in the form of declaration, description, or representation of things future, are supernatural things, and may properly be ranked among miracles." In fact, prophecies are miracles of knowledge, as miraculous acts are miracles of power. And illustrious as are the miracles of Scripture, when compared with the impostures of Paganism or of Popery, the prophecies of Scripture are not less so when com-

pared with the artifices by which the sacerdotal utterers of heathen oracles endeavoured at once to conceal their own ignorance, and to impose on the credulity of mankind.

1. Take, for instance, the case of Babylon. Isaiah delivered his prophecy a hundred and sixty years before Babylon was overthrown. Judea was then a powerful kingdom. Persia, the native country of Cyrus, was yet in barbarism, and Babylon itself was only rising into notice, its existence being scarcely known to the Hebrews. The predictions of Jeremiah followed those of Isaiah after an interval of a hundred years. At that time Babylon was "the glory of kingdoms," "the praise of the whole earth." Nebuchadnezzar had enlarged and beautified the city; and through all that region his authority was supreme.

Isaiah, commencing these predictions,

a. Foretells the overthrow of the city.

b. Calls the conqueror (Cyrus) by name (intimating that this was his surname, and not given him at his birth).*

c. Summons specifically the victorious nations who should take it—Elam (Persia) and Media.†

d. Particularizes the manner of the capture—the midnight surprise—the drunken revelry—the drying up of the river;‡ and

e. Its utter destruction. Both prophets foretell that the place shall be for ever uninhabited, a lair of wild beasts, and a place of stagnant waters.§

In two independent and uninspired historians, Herodotus and Xenophon, the former of whom lived two hundred and fifty years after Isaiah, the latter a century later, we have the most undeniable proof of the minute accuracy of all these predictions. Herodotus states that Cyrus assumed that name on his accession to the throne.|| Xenophon notes the miscellaneous character of his army, but specially mentions the Persians and Medes.¶ Both writers have

* "Thus saith the Lord to His anointed, to Cyrus, whose right hand I have holden, to subdue nations before him. . . . I have even called thee by thy name. I have surnamed thee, though thou hast not known me."—Isa. xlv. 1, 4; cf. xlv. 28.

† Isa. xxi. 2; xlii. 4, 5; Jer. li. 11, 27–29.

‡ Isa. xlv. 27; xlv. 1; Jer. l. 24, 26; li. 36, 39, 57.

§ Isa. xlii. 19–22; xlv. 22, 23; Jer. l. 13, 23, 38, 40; li. 37, 38.

|| Bk. I. 114.

¶ Cyrop. V. ciii. 38.

left a careful account of the siege, of the diversion of the river, of the capture of the city, and of the death of the king. Yet all this was but the beginning of troubles. Isaiah addresses Babylon* as "a virgin city," i.e., as having never before been taken by any enemy; and Herodotus expressly says that "this was the first time that Babylon was taken."† "The loss of children and widowhood"‡ came "in a moment, in one day," in the revolt against Darius, when, "in order to hold out to the last extremity, they took all their women, and each man choosing one of them, out of those of his own family, whom he liked best, they strangled the rest, that unnecessary mouths might not consume their provisions."§ In the suppression of that revolt, in the order of Darius for the crucifixion of three thousand of the principal men of the city, and in the less conspicuous, but even more atrocious, deeds of blood and rapine by which it was attended, we see the exact fulfilment of the terrible prophecies in Isa. xiii. 16—18, and Jer. l. 42. When Xerxes, after the defeat of his hapless expedition into Greece, reimbursed himself after his immense expenses by plundering or destroying the idols and temples of Babylon, and seizing the sacred treasures, he was most literally, though most unconsciously, fulfilling the many predictions of Isaiah and Jeremiah.||

Yet even after this there were not wanting efforts to restore to her former grandeur "the golden city," "abundant in treasures," the great metropolis of the world. In the words of Rollin, "Alexander, the most powerful prince that ever reigned, the most obstinate with regard to carrying on his projects, a prince none of whose enterprises had ever miscarried, attempted it, but he failed; failed in this enterprise alone, though it did not seem so difficult as the rest. But Heaven and earth would sooner have passed away than Alexander's design have been executed." The Divine Author of Prophecy had declared, "I will sweep it with the besom of destruction." And thus it happened that Alexander's futile

attempts at the restoration of the doomed city were followed by the vigorous labours of the Parthians in the work of further demolition; so that in the time of Diodorus Siculus "only a small part of the city was inhabited; the greatest part within the walls was tilled." Strabo, who wrote not long after Diodorus, applies to Babylon what the comic poet said of Megalopolis, in Arcadia, "The great city is now become a great desert." Phiny follows with like testimony, and after him, Pausanias, who says in his "Arcadies," that "of Babylon, the greatest city that the sun ever saw, there is nothing now remaining but the walls." Maximus Tyrius mentions it as lying neglected and forsaken; and Lucian says that, "like Nineveh, in a little time it would be sought for, and not be found." Constantine the Great, in an oration preserved by Eusebius, has borne the testimony of an eye-witness to its desolate and miserable condition; and in the same century Jerome informs us that it "was converted into a chase to keep wild beasts of every kind within the circuit of its walls, for the hunting of the late kings of Persia." What these walls were—how widely different from those described by Herodotus when Babylon sat as a queen, and scorned the thought of sorrow; proud of her hundred gates of solid brass, and walls thirty-five feet high, of such a thickness that the carriage-way on the top allowed six chariots to run abreast—he tells us a little farther on in these words: "Excepting the brick walls, which, after many years, are repaired for the enclosing of wild beasts, all the space within is desolation."

Whether these walls fall a prey to the ravages of Time, or were demolished by the Saracens who subverted this empire of the Persians, we know not; but they had certainly disappeared when Benjamin of Tudela wrote his "Itinerary,"* and said of the few remaining ruins, that "men fear to enter there, on account of the serpents and scorpions which are in the midst of it." To the same purpose is the testimony of another eye-witness (Rauwolf) five hundred years later, according to whom the ruins are "so ruinous, so low, and so full of venomous creatures, who lodge in holes made by them in the rubbish, that no one durst approach nearer to it than within half a league, except during two months in the winter, when these animals never stir out of their holes." And to cite but one other witness, on a point as to which all the other witnesses agree:

* Nearly eight hundred years ago.

* Isa. xlvii. 1.

† Herod., lib. I. cap. cxcl. p. 79. (Edit. Gale.)

‡ Isa. xlvii. 9. See also Prideaux's "Connection," Part I. book 3.

§ Herod., lib. III. cap. cl. p. 220.

|| Isa. xxi. 9; xlvii. 1; Jer. l. 2; li. 44, 47, 52. "I will punish Bel in Babylon, and I will bring forth that which he hath swallowed up," was also literally fulfilled when the sacred vessels of the Temple, which had been brought from Jerusalem by Nebuchadnezzar, and placed in the Temple of Bel (Dan. i. 2), were restored by order of Cyrus, and carried back to Jerusalem.

"What is as strange as anything that is related of Babylon is, that we cannot learn, either by ancient writers or modern travellers, where this famous city stood!"* So that, as Bishop Newton justly observes, "its very ruins have been ruined."

Now, with the fact that Babylon became "a chase for wild beasts," compare the prediction that "the wild beasts of the desert, with the wild beasts of the island, should dwell there, and cry in their desolate houses." By the diversion of the river from its proper bed, one part of the country has become a vast extent of marsh and bog, "a possession for the bittern, and pools of water." Another part is described as dry and naked, and barren of everything, thus fulfilling another prophecy which, viewed apart from the fact, might have seemed to contradict the former: "Her cities are a desolation, a dry land and a wilderness, a land wherein no man dwelleth, neither doth any son of man pass thereby." The place is overrun with serpents and scorpions, so that "their houses are full of doleful creatures, and dragons cry in their pleasant palaces;" "and Babylon is become heaps, a dwelling-place for dragons, an astonishment and an hissing, without an inhabitant." For all these reasons "neither can the Arabian pitch his tent there, neither can the shepherds make their fold there."† And when we find that modern travellers are unable to discover with certainty the very site of this renowned city, how can we more accurately express the facts of history than in the language of prophecy?—"How is Babylon become a desolation among the nations! Every purpose of the Lord hath He performed against Babylon, to make the land of Babylon a desolation, without an inhabitant." It is a sublime expression, but not more sublime than true—"The LORD of hosts hath swept it with the besom of destruction."

2. Take the case of Tyre. Every student of history is familiar with the proofs of her former extraordinary pre-eminence and grandeur. And every student of Scripture is familiar with the peculiar process by which "the strong city" "of ancient days," "whose merchants" were "princes," and her "traffickers the honourable of the earth," became a mere hovel for fishermen—"a place for the spreading of nets in the midst of the sea." When the prophets foretold its destruction, it was the "mart of

nations," and envy of the world.* The predictions of Isaiah were uttered at least a hundred and twenty-five years before its destruction by Nebuchadnezzar, and at a time when the Chaldeans (its future conquerors) were a people insignificant, and comparatively unknown. Yet all have been exactly fulfilled. The Tyrians had easily repulsed the large Assyrian fleet of Shalmaneser, but this does not deter Ezekiel from reiterating the prediction of the success of Nebuchadnezzar, a prediction fulfilled to the letter.† After seventy years, the temporary restoration—the subsequent capture and subjugation—the conversion to the true religion—and the final destruction,—not one jot or tittle of all that was foretold has failed.

Mr. Maundrell, who visited Tyre in 1697, thus describes it:—

"This city, standing in the sea upon a peninsula, promises at a distance something very magnificent. But when you come to it, you find no similitude of that glory for which it was so renowned in ancient times, and which the prophet Ezekiel describes. On the north side it has an old Turkish ungarrisoned castle, besides which you see nothing here but a mere Babel of broken walls, pillars, vaults, &c., there being not so much as one entire house left. Its present inhabitants are only a few poor wretches, harbouring themselves in the vaults, and subsisting chiefly upon fishing; who seem to be preserved in this place by Divine Providence, as a visible argument how God has fulfilled his word concerning Tyre, namely, that 'it should be as the top of a rock, a place for fishers to dry their nets on.'" Mr. Bruce, who visited this country about eighty years after Mr. Maundrell, says: "Passing by Tyre from curiosity, I came to be a mournful witness of that prophecy, that Tyre, the queen of nations, should be a rock for fishers to dry their nets on."

Lamartine visited Tyre in 1832. The following extract from his journal will be read with interest: "Departed from Kantara before daylight. Scaled some dry and rocky eminences advancing into the sea as promontories. From the top of the last and highest of these hills we see Tyre, which appears at the termination of its long and sterile bank. Between the sea and the concluding heights of Lebanon, which here fall with a rapid descent, there stretches a plain about

* Salmon's "Modern History," Vol. I. Present State of the Turkish Empire, ch. xi.

† Cf. Jos. xix. 29, with Isa. xxiii. 7, 8

* See, e.g., Dr. Vincent's "Illustration of Ezek. xxvii."

† See especially the history of the hardships of the siege as illustrating Ezek. xxix. 18.

eight leagues long, and one or two broad; the plain is naked, yellow, and covered with prickly shrubs, on which the camels of the caravan browse as they pass. A peninsula juts out into the sea, separated from the continent by a causeway, covered with a glittering sand, brought by the winds of Egypt. Tyre, at present called Sour by the Arabs, is placed on the sharpest extremity of this promontory, and appears to rise from the waves themselves: at a distance you would call it a handsome, new, white, and lively town, looking on the sea; but it is only a beautiful shadow, which vanishes on drawing near. A few hundred crumbling and almost deserted houses, in which the Arabs collect at evening the large flocks of sheep and black goats, with long hanging ears, which defile before you in the plain—such is the Tyre of to-day! She has no longer a harbour in the seas, or a road on the land: the prophecies are all long ago accomplished upon her.

"We journeyed in silence, occupied in contemplating this wreck and dust of empire which we trampled on. We followed a path in the middle of the lands of Tyre, between the town and the grey naked hills which Lebanon throws to the edge of the plain. We came opposite the town, and reached a hillock of sand, which seems at present to form its sole bulwark, while it is overwhelming it. I thought on the prophecies, and I taxed my memory for some of the eloquent menaces which the Divine Spirit spoke by Ezekiel. I found them not in words, but I found them in the deplorable reality which I had before my eyes. Some verses of my own, thrown off at hazard on leaving France for the East, alone occurred to my recollection:—

"I have not heard the nations' cries ascend,
And call responses from the cedars old,
Nor seen high Lebanon's God-sent eagles bend
Their flight on Tyre, emblems of wrath foretold."

"I had before me the black Lebanon; but my imagination has deceived me, thought I to myself: I see neither the eagles nor the vultures which ought, in order to fulfil the prophecies, to descend incessantly from the mountains, to devour this corpse of a town, reproved by God, and the enemy of His people. At the moment I was making this reflection, some large, strange, and motionless object appeared to our left on the top of a perpendicular rock which advanced into the plain, even to the route for caravans. It was like five statues of black stone, placed on a rock, as on a

pedestal: but from some almost insensible movements in these colossal figures, we believed, as we approached, that they were five Bedouin Arabs, clad in their black goat-skins, who stood on this height to see us pass. At length, when we were only fifty steps from the rock, we saw one of these five objects expand his wide wings, and flap them against his sides with a noise like that of a sail set to the wind. We distinguished them as five eagles, of the largest kind I had ever seen in the Alps, or chained in the menageries of our cities. They did not fly away, or bestir themselves as we drew near. Planted like kings of the desert on the edge of the rock, they looked down upon Tyre as their appanage, whither they were about to return. They seemed to possess it of right Divine; instruments of a command which they enforced—of a prophetic vengeance which they were commissioned to accomplish towards man, and in spite of man. I could not tire myself with the contemplation of this prophecy in action—this miraculous verification of the Divine threats, of which chance rendered us the witnesses. Never had anything more supernatural struck thus vividly my sight and my spirit; and it required an effort of my reason not to behold, behind the five gigantic eagles, the lofty and terrible figure of the poet of vengeance—Ezekiel,—rising above them, and pointing out to them with his eye and finger, the city which God gave them to devour, whilst the storm of Divine anger shook his snowy, streaming beard, and the fire of celestial wrath shot from his eyes. We stood when forty paces off; the eagles just turned their heads, and cast a disdainful look upon us; but at last two of our troop left the caravan, and rushed in a gallop, musket in hand, to the very foot of the rock; but still they flew not. Some shots with ball caused them heavily to rise, but they returned, and hovered for a long time over our heads, without being reached by our balls, as if they had said to us, 'You can do nothing: we are the eagles of the Almighty!'

"I was then assured that poetic imagination had suggested to me the eagles of Tyre as less real, less beautiful, and less sublime than they were in fact; and that there is in the *mens divinator* of poets, even of the most obscure, some portion of that divining and prophetic instinct which speaks the truth without knowing it."

"Is this your joyous city, whose antiquity is of ancient days?" (Isa. xxiii. 7).

S T A R S.



BEAUTIFUL STARS! nought shadows or mars
Your exquisite light,
Which shines as it shone on Eden's birthnight,
In radiance of love, looking down from above
With tremulous smile,

As though ye were seeking for hearts without guile.

O wonderful stars! 'mid earthquakes, and wars,
And desolate thrones,
Unscathed in your unapproachable zones.
Some, strong in their might, like lightning in flight
Through infinite space,—
Some fixed, where they hang, and eternally blaze.

Oh, speak to me, stars—Saturn—Jupiter—Mars—
And tell of your birth,
Of warfare in Heaven, and the founding of earth:
Sing over again that rapturous strain
Which rang through the sky,
When angels and stars were shouting for joy!

Say, primitive stars, saw ye ocean's strong bars
By Omnipotence rent,
When land, sea, and sky in the Deluge were blent?
And the ark floated on, as ye quietly shone
On the turbulent flood
Engulfing a world at the fiat of God!

When Bethlehem's star brought its light from afar,
And Jesus was born,
While angels were singing from midnight till morn,
Did ye shine on that night, or, veiling your light,
In silence behold
Heaven's wonder of love in the Infant unfold?

Or tell me, pure stars, when in anguish and scars
He hung on the tree,
Looked ye earthwards *that* sorrowful sight to see?
If in dread and amaze the sun hid *his* face,
Ye sympathised too,
Till a curtain of clouds hid His woe from your view.

Tell me, calm, placid stars, how the fiery-wheeled cars
Of comets sweep on,
Waving sceptres of flame on their terrible throne.
Are they monarchs who reign, or rebels unslain,
Who in conflict delight,
And challenge celestial armies to fight?

O millions of stars ! no schisms or jars
 Ever ruffled your peace :
 Submissive to law, ye seek no release ;
 But, gentle and clear, shine each in your sphere,
 Obedient to God,
 Contented to dwell in your royal abode.

O beautiful stars ! nought shadows or mars
 Your diamond light,
 Nor rust of decay makes your lustre less bright.
 In numbers unknown, still look smiling down,
 From your palace above,
 And silently tell your story of love.

BENJAMIN GOUGH,
Author of "Lyra Sabbatica."

LIGHT ON CHURCH MATTERS.—V.

NO PEACE WITH ROME.

BY THE REV. M. HOBART SEYMOUR, M.A.*



HERE are more than twenty items of doctrine and of practice on which the two Churches are at issue ; and in the majority of these the issue is one of life and death. The Canons of the Council of Trent elaborately detail them with an anathema to each. The Church of England carefully specifies all of them in her Articles. She rejects the Romish doctrine of the insufficiency of Holy Scripture as the rule of faith, in Article VI., and the Romish doctrine of the inspiration of the Apocrypha in the same Article. She rejects the Romish doctrine of justification by human works and human merits in Article XI. She condemns the doctrine of supererogation in Article XIV. She rejects the infallibility of the Church of Rome in Article XIX., and the jurisdiction of the Bishops of Rome in this realm in Article XXXVIII. She denies the infallibility of general councils in Article XXI. She condemns the doctrine of Rome on purgatory, and indulgences, and images and relics, and on the invocation of saints, in Article XXII. She condemns services in an unknown tongue in Article XXIV. ; the five additional sacraments in Article XXV. ; the dogma of transubstantiation in Article XXVIII. ; the adoration of the Host in the same ; the sacrifice of Masses

in Article XXXI. ; and the constrained celibacy of the clergy in Article XXXII. ; besides all the errors condemned in the Homilies in Article XXXV. Here are some twenty items of doctrine and of practice on which the two Churches are at issue, and in which the antagonism is direct and the divergence infinite. And the simple fact that the Church of England requires the signature of every clergyman, from the highest archbishop to the lowest curate, to these Articles, not only at his first ordination, but at every subsequent step in his ecclesiastical career, shows that she binds and pledges the whole body of her clergy as Protestants against the Church of Rome in all these several particulars, and therefore I see not how—while these Articles exist—any union between the Church of England and the Church of Rome can come within the range of possibilities.

I propose to select three of these twenty and more items of antagonism in order to illustrate the impossibility of our having any peace with Rome, or any union with Rome, while she continues as she has been in the past, and as she is in the present.

And first among these is *the idolatrous worship of the Virgin Mary*. It has been my lot to have witnessed the working of Romanism

* From a recent lecture given in connection with the Church Association, 8, Adam Street, Adelphi. This Association is designed to counteract the efforts now being made to assimilate the services of the Church of England to those of the Church of Rome. Subscriptions may be forwarded to the Secretary, at the above address.

in many lands and various climates—the Irish phase of Romanism in Ireland, the Spanish phase of Romanism as planted by Spain in Mexico and South America, the French phase of Romanism as seen in France, the German, in every district of Germany, and the Italian, in every province of Italy. And the impression stamped upon my mind is that the religion of the Church of Rome is gradually receding from the religion of Jesus Christ, and is as gradually developing into the religion of the Virgin Mary. When residing some years since at Rome, and in conversation with an ecclesiastic of the Collegio Romano, I detailed to him this impression, and I added that it seemed to me that the modern religion of the Church of Rome would be more fitly named *the religion of Mary* than *the religion of Christ*. He fully assented to my statement; he approved of it himself, and approvingly added that every year it was more and more becoming increasingly such. I shall quote a few extracts to illustrate the nature of the worship of Mary, —extracts which I feel will thrill through the heart of the reader far more than words of mine. I shall first quote a well-known passage from Liguori, as translated into English, and as recommended in a preface by the late Cardinal Wiseman:—

"We read in the Chronicles of St. Francis, that brother Leo once saw in a vision two ladders, one red, at the summit of which was Jesus Christ, and the other white, at the top of which presided His blessed Mother. He observed that many who endeavoured to ascend the first ladder, after mounting a few steps, fell down, and on trying again were equally unsuccessful, so that they never attained the summit. But a voice having told them to try the white ladder, they soon gained the top; the blessed Virgin having held forth her hands to help them."—*Glories of Mary*, c. viii. s. 3.

The simple lesson taught in these words is that Mary is more merciful than Christ, and that we shall be more sure of our salvation if we seek it through the Virgin Mary than if we seek it through Jesus Christ. We may fail with Him, we are certain to succeed with her. Now Dr. Newman tells us we should fling these, as Italian extravagancies, to the winds, and should confine ourselves to the sober proprieties of English Romanism. I have no time to show how this implies that Romanism in Italy is one thing, and Romanism in England another, but I shall select my next extract from one of his clerical converts in England:—

"In one sense the blessed Virgin Mary is more sure to hear our prayers than our blessed Lord. . . . It is

the privilege of Mary to share the lovingkindness of her Son towards sinners, and not to execute His wrath upon them, and therefore she is *all mercy*, while He is both *mercy and justice*. Her mercy, indeed, is but the mercy of a creature, while His is that of the Omnipotent God; her love is that of an intercessor, His the love of a Redeemer. But nevertheless the only office she is commissioned to fulfil towards sinners is one of pity, and thus, in one sense, a sinner's prayers are more sure to be heard by her than by her Son."—*The Rambler*.

There is no mistaking the hideous lesson of these words. It is that Mary is more ready to hear our prayers than is Jesus Christ, and that our prayers are more sure to be heard in the courts of Heaven, by the Great Father of all, when we pray through the Virgin Mary than when we pray through Jesus Christ. Our blessed Lord has promised—"Whatsoever ye shall ask the Father in my name, I will do it. Hitherto ye have asked nothing in my name: ask, and ye shall receive, that your joy may be full." But now, in this sample of the proprieties of English Romanism, we have Mary superseding Christ: and thus in the intercession of our Great High Priest, who "ever liveth to make intercession for us" (Heb. vii. 25), the Virgin Mary is supplanting Jesus Christ! But I quote again from Liguori:—

"Saint Bernardine, of Sienna, does not hesitate to say that all things, even God Himself, are subject to the empire of Mary. The Saint seems to intimate thereby that God hears her prayers as if they were commands. 'The Lord,' says Saint Anselm, 'has so exalted thee, Mary, that His favour has rendered thee omnipotent.' 'Yes,' adds Saint Lawrence, 'Mary is omnipotent, for, according to all laws, the Queen enjoys the same privileges as the King, and that power may be equal between the Son and the Mother. Jesus has rendered Mary omnipotent; the One is omnipotent by nature, the other omnipotent by grace.'"—C. vi., s. 1.

In these words the power of Mary is said to be equal to the power of her Son—that she, as the Queen of Heaven, has the same privileges as He as the King of kings, and that both are Omnipotent—One by nature, and the other by grace, but both omnipotent, thus ascribing to Mary the grandest of the attributes of the Godhead. I shall now quote an extract from another of their clerical converts in England. Mr. Oakley thus writes:—

"It is a matter, not of pious inference merely, but of simple fact, that the Precious Blood we therein [*i. e.*, in the Sacrament] receive, is the blood derived from Mary, though infinitely exalted by His union with the Divinity We may also say, and truly say, that the Blood of the Blessed Virgin was in her Son

from first to last, and is therefore in that wondrous communication of Himself which He makes to us in the Blessed Eucharist."—*Letter to Dr. Manning*, p. 23.

Here we learn that we receive the blood of Mary when partaking of the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper. But this point is more fully stated in the last extract I shall quote, and which is from another of their converts in England. Mr. Faber thus writes:—

"In the Eucharist he received the Flesh and Blood, not only of Christ, but also a great, yea, chief, part of Mary; for if the Flesh and Blood of the Son and the Mother be one, he who receiveth the Flesh and Blood of the Son must needs also receive the Flesh and Blood of the Mother; and if the Son is a part of his parents, whose eateth the Son, eateth also a part of the Mother. Hence he said that all they who are worthily refreshed with the Body and Blood of Christ become one flesh not only with the Lord Christ, but pass into one flesh with the Virgin."—*Extracts in Eirenikon*, p. 171.

And thus, in the most sacred and solemn sacrament of the Church, our minds are to be divided between Mary and Christ; and when we partake of the Body and Blood of Jesus Christ, we also partake of the Body and Blood of the Virgin Mary. I ask in all solemnity, Can blasphemy go further than this? Can idolatry go further than this? How can the Church of England have any union with a Church branded and blackened by blasphemies and idolatries like these?

I now pass to a second item of antagonism, a second element that renders impossible any union between the two Churches. I allude to the mingled superstition and idolatry of the Church of Rome connected with *transubstantiation*. I refer to the 28th Article, which says, "Transubstantiation overthroweth the nature of a sacrament, and hath given occasion to many superstitions,"—many superstitions. I refer again to the rubric which says of the adoration of the Host that "It is an idolatry to be abhorred of all faithful Christians,"—idolatry to be abhorred. Appended to this Article and this rubric are the signatures of every archbishop and bishop, every dean and archdeacon, every rector and curate; and on the faith of these signatures, as believing what they thus sign, they hold their various preferments under the laws of this land. I feel, therefore, that I stand on firm ground with this charge, which is not a charge of superstition generally, like that contained in the Homilies, and there illustrated to perfection—superstition cherished among the weak and the ignorant, childish

superstitions, silly superstitions, ridiculous superstitions, tending to bring holy things into contempt and ridicule,—but it is a charge formally made by the Church of England against the Church of Rome,—a charge of mingled superstition and idolatry, connected with transubstantiation.

Once they assume that the bread, after consecration, ceases to be bread, and is transubstantiated into their present God—once they assume this, a whole series of mingled superstitions and idolatries commences. Every one is aware that after the words of consecration the priest is required to elevate the Host as God, and the people are required to bow, worship, and adore it as their present God. Some of my readers have probably witnessed the strange superstition called "the Benediction of the Host." They place their present God in a cavity in the Monstrance or Ostensarium, that is, a sort of cross fantastically decorated, and they carry Him on a promenade or procession around the church, and, bringing Him back to the altar, compel Him to give the "Benediction" to the people. The priest compels Him to bow to those on the right, thus giving them the blessing; then compels Him to bow to those on the left, thus giving them the blessing; then compels Him to bow to those before, thus giving them the blessing; and all the congregation bow, worship, and adore it as their present God. In the cities of southern Europe the Host is carried through the streets. Attendants go before, swinging their censers of incense, incensing the streets as it passes. Others carry lighted candles as if to light it on its way, in all the brightness of the Spanish climate and all the brilliance of an Italian sky; while others still hold a scarlet umbrella over it, to shade it from the sunshine itself is supposed to have created, and all spectators bow, worship, and adore it as their present God. There is also the strange superstition of the *guarante ore*, in which they compel their present God to go the round of the churches, and to make a visitation of the churches, remaining *guarante ore* (forty hours) in each, to receive the homage of its people. I have myself reckoned more than three hundred candles so arranged as to pour their concentrated light on the Host, while all bowed, worshipped, and adored it as their present God. Then there is that most superstitious of their festivals, that of *Corpus Christi*. Some, it is said, desire to revive it among us, and therefore may wish to learn its origin.

A young woman in the middle ages, named Juliana, said that whenever she prayed to God or the saints, she always beheld the full moon rise before her eyes, and as she contemplated this full moon, she beheld a crack in its disk. She soon learned that the crack in the disk was symbolical of a defect in the festivals of the Church, and that the defect was that there was no festival in honour of *Corpus Christi*—the consecrated Host—their God. This was conveyed to the Pope. It fell in with his notions, and such was the origin of this festival. I have myself witnessed this festival in the fine old city of Ravenna. The houses were all dressed in crimson hangings, the people were all in their holiday costume: the street in which I was living was covered over with canvas, so as to present the appearance of one long and continuous tent. Along this the Host was carried; bishops and priests in the most gorgeous vestments surrounded it; thurifers went before, swinging their censers and perfuming the air with their fragrance; monks beyond numbering carried lighted candles in all the brilliance of an Italian summer's day; banners and bannerets of every colour in the rainbow fluttered around it. The sackbut, psaltery, dulcimer, and all kinds of music were there; a body of soldiers were a guard of honour, and all the spectators bowed, worshipped, and adored it as their present God.

Now all these are superstitions not of the weak and the ignorant, but interwoven with the whole system of the Church; priests, bishops, cardinals, popes, all take their part in them. In the Holy Week one portion of the ceremonies is the wretched superstition of burying the consecrated bread as their God, and then raising Him again as the resurrection of Jesus Christ—popes, cardinals, bishops, and priests taking part in the ridiculous superstition. I have myself been present and witnessed the whole. It is no excuse for all this idolatry, that they conscientiously think it their God, and that they do not intend to commit idolatry. God forbid that we should judge the intentions or consciences of our fellow-men. We leave the intentions and consciences of men to the wondrous and loving compassion of our God, and we pray "by His agony and bloody sweat, by His cross and passion, by His precious death and burial, by His glorious resurrection and ascension," that God may forgive their sad mistake and pardon their great error; but we know the bread is still bread, and we know the wine is

still wine—that they are mere creatures. When the heathen worships the sun it is because he believes the great God resides in the sun. When the heathen worships an image, it is because he believes the great God is in the image. In both cases he is in error, and all agree that the man is an idolater. And when the members of the Church of Rome adore the bread, and excuse themselves by saying they believe that their God is in the bread, they are precisely in the same category as the heathen. One worships his God in the sun, another worships his God in the image, the third worships his God in the bread. In one and all it is alike idolatry.

But as we travel onward Alps on Alps arise, superstitions on superstitions arise. The *Missale Romanum*, the Missal of Rome—a volume holding the same place in the Church of Rome as the Communion Service in the Common Prayer holds in the Church of England—suggests that their present God may be carried away by some animal, as if He could be devoured by dogs or eaten by rats, and then with a strange profaneness directs the priests to consecrate another—to make another God in His stead! Even more, it suggests that their present God may be blown away by a blast of wind so that He cannot be found, and even lost—lost by an accident, and cannot be found; and then the Missal directs the priest to consecrate another, to make another God in His place! But as we travel onward Alps on Alps arise, superstitions on superstitions arise: for where after all is there so great a superstition as this Goliath of all superstitions, the dogma of transubstantiation itself? It supposes that by the utterance of five words of Latin (a language which our blessed Lord never spoke), a piece of bread is changed into the Creator of the world and the Saviour of mankind. In the simple words of old Bishop Hall, "The priest first makes his God, and then eats Him." It supposes that our blessed Lord, on that night when He sat down with His disciples to eat the last Passover with them—when on "that night to be much remembered," He took bread and wine in His hands, and blessed them as the simple memorials of His coming death, of His body so soon to be broken and of His blood so soon to be shed,—it assumes that He held in His hands, not the simple memorials of bread and wine, but His own body. In the words of the Catechism of Trent, He held His own "Body and Blood, and Soul, and Divinity, and Bones, and

Nerves," and gave Himself to His disciples, and that they actually and literally ate the Lord Jesus Christ Himself, all the while that He was sitting at the table and talking with them! And yet more, it assumes that, as the Church of Rome teaches, when He as celebrant of this sacrifice Himself partook of the sacrifice, He did actually and literally eat Himself all the while that He was sitting at table and talking with them! I challenge any one to produce from among the Fakirs of India, or from among the Fetishes of Africa, a superstition comparable to this. And I argue that it is impossible for the Church of England to become united to the Church of Rome while she is defiled and polluted by such mingled superstition and idolatry as this.

And once more, there is a third element of divergence separating the two Churches so widely, as to render any union between them impossible. I allude to *the sacrifice of the Mass*. The sacrifice of the Mass is regarded in the Church of Rome as the chiefest and highest act of worship in the Church of God, as her *juge sacrificium*, as her daily sacrifice upon her altars. And the same sacrifice of the Mass is condemned by the Church of England as a blasphemous fable and a dangerous imposture. There is certainly a terrible significance in these words as the grave, thoughtful, deliberate judgment of the Church of England on the doctrine of the Church of Rome. I refer to Article XXXI. It states: "The offering of Christ once made is that perfect redemption, propitiation, and satisfaction, for all the sins of the whole world, both original and actual; and there is none other satisfaction for sin, but that alone. Wherefore the sacrifices of Masses, in the which it was commonly said, that the priest did offer for quick and dead, to have remission of pain and guilt, were blasphemous fables, and dangerous deceits." There is no truth stands out in the volume of Revelation more strongly, clearly, and vividly than that the one sacrifice of Jesus Christ on the cross is the alone and the all-sufficient sacrifice of atonement or propitiation, and satisfaction for sin. It stands out as the central sun, around which so many other truths, bright and precious, like so many planets, circle in their orbits. And if this be indeed the truth—if it be the truth that the sacrifice of Jesus Christ on the cross is the alone and all-sufficient sacrifice or atonement for sin, according to the words of the apostle, "There

is no more offering for sin" (Heb. x. 18)—and again, "There remaineth no more sacrifice for sin" (Heb. x. 26),—then to teach, as the Church of Rome teaches, that her sacrifice of the Mass is equally, as the sacrifice on the cross, necessary to the remission of sins—to teach that her sacrifice of the Mass is equally precious as the sacrifice of the cross in the sight of God,—to teach this is to impeach and blaspheme the alone and all-sufficient sacrifice on the cross, and is therefore a "blasphemous fable and a dangerous deceit."

They tell us, indeed, that they do not intend this, for that their sacrifice of the Mass is not another and different sacrifice, but the very same, identically the same, as the sacrifice of Christ on the cross; for that they have the same Victim, Jesus Christ Himself, in the consecrated Host, the same body that was broken on the cross, and the same blood that was shed on Calvary; in short, that their sacrifice of the Mass is the very same sacrifice of the cross performed again and again on the altars of the Church.

But all this is impossible—simply impossible; for, if the sacrifice of the Mass be indeed the sacrifice of Christ upon the cross, then Christ must be offered every time the Mass is offered, that is, again and again; whereas the express language of Scripture is, that Christ was offered once for all and once for ever: "We are sanctified through the offering of the body of Jesus Christ once for all. And every priest standeth daily ministering and offering oftentimes the same sacrifices, which can never take away sins: but this Man, after He had offered one sacrifice for sins for ever, sat down on the right hand of God; for by one offering He hath perfected for ever them that are sanctified" (Heb. x. 10—12, 14). He was once offered, and it was never to be repeated.

But, again, all this is simply impossible; for, if their sacrifice of the Mass be the same as the sacrifice of Christ on the cross, then must Jesus Christ be put to death—must die every time the Mass is offered; that is, again and again; whereas the express language of Scripture is, that He died once and dieth no more: "Christ being raised from the dead, dieth no more; death hath no more dominion over Him. For in that He died, He died unto sin once: but in that He liveth, He liveth unto God" (Rom. vi. 9). He dieth no more. In His own words: "I am He that liveth, and was dead; and, behold, I am alive for evermore"—for evermore! (Rev. i. 18).

But, again, all this is simply impossible; for, if their sacrifice of the Mass be the same as the sacrifice of Christ on the cross, then He must undergo the sufferings and agonies of the cross every time the Mass is offered; that is, day by day; whereas the express language of Scripture is: "Then must He often have suffered since the foundation of the world: but now once in the end of the world hath He appeared to put away sin by the sacrifice of Himself. And as it is appointed unto men once to die, but after this the judgment: so Christ was once offered to bear the sins of many" (Heb. ix. 26-28). He suffered once, and was never to suffer again.

To escape from all this, they tell us that all this repeated dying, and suffering, and bleeding of Jesus Christ in the sacrifice of the Mass, would indeed be true if the sacrifices of the Mass were not an unbloody sacrifice. They tell us it is an unbloody sacrifice—a sacrifice without blood, and therefore a sacrifice without death or suffering. But here they answer themselves; for if the Mass be without death, without suffering, without shedding of blood, it cannot be the same as that sacrifice of the cross where there was death, and suffering, and shedding of blood. But they will tell us the sacrifice of the Mass is an unbloody sacrifice; that the Council of Trent declares it an unbloody sacrifice; that all their catechisms declare it an unbloody sacrifice. Then what has become of transubstantiation? They told us that the wine, after consecration, ceased to be wine, and became blood—nothing but blood, an offering of blood; and now they tell us it is a sacrifice without blood—an unbloody sacrifice! With transubstantiation all is blood—with the sacrifice of the Mass nothing is blood!

And now, leaving these subterfuges, we return to the great truth of the Gospel contained in Article XXXI., the grand central truth, that the sacrifice of Jesus Christ on the cross is the alone and all-sufficient sacrifice of atonement, or propitiation and satisfaction for

sin; so that, in the words of the Apostle, "there remaineth no more sacrifice for sin." The language of the Article plainly implies that the sacrifice of the Mass impeaches and blasphemes this truth. The history of this Article is important. It was in the 13th session of the Council of Trent in 1551 that they settled the doctrine of the Church of Rome on the subject of the Eucharist, and therefore their views as to the sacrifice of the Mass were easily known. All that was then settled was soon known in England; and, therefore, when our Reformers met to settle the Articles of the Church of England in 1562, they resolved to condemn, in the strongest language, the doctrine of the sacrifice of Masses, and this they did in Article XXXI., declaring them "blasphemous fables and dangerous impostures." The word is *impositiones* in the original. As soon as this reached the Council of Trent, they resolved, as far as in them lay, to crush, and crush this Article for ever. They at once issued two Canons, appending an anathema to each, in direct allusion to the language of the Article. And inasmuch as the Article called the Mass *blasphemous*, the first Canon replied: "If any man shall say that by the sacrifice of the Mass a *blasphemy* is thrown on the most holy sacrifice of Christ on the cross, let him be anathema." And inasmuch as the Article called it an *imposture*, the second Canon replied: "If any man shall say it is an *imposture* to celebrate Masses in honour of the saints, &c., let him be anathema." Here the two Churches stand in direct antagonism on an essential truth of the Gospel; and there can be no union between them while such direct antagonism exists,—the Church of Rome regarding the sacrifice of Masses as the chiefest and highest act of worship in the Church of God, and the daily sacrifice upon her altars, while the Church of England gravely, and thoughtfully, and deliberately condemns them as "blasphemous fables and dangerous impostures."



Pleasant Readings for our Sons and Daughters.

MISS VIVIAN AND HER RELATIONS.

BY A. G., AUTHOR OF "AMONG THE MOUNTAINS," "MABEL AND CORA,"
"BEECHENHURST," ETC.

CHAPTER VIII.

"Not to be wearied, not to be deterred."—SOUTHEY.

DON'T talk such nonsense, Beatrice. It is the most foolish thing I ever heard of."

"But, mamma,—if Captain Vivian thought it right——"

"Captain Vivian had no business to think anything of the kind. None at all! I have no patience with such whims and fancies—for they are nothing better."

Beatrice was silent, and looked down, with her lips pressed together. Mrs. Wentworth shook out the folds of her dress with an angry gesture, and opened her scent-bottle with a jerk, as she continued,—

"Just when Miss Vivian was disposed so kindly towards him,—when he was so sure of his ground,—when every one felt certain as to his expectations,—to throw it all away, just because he must needs preach her a sermon upon the very subject on which he knows she is most tender! I have no patience with such childish conduct,—such want of self-control!"

"Mamma!" Beatrice looked up with burning cheeks—"mamma, whatever Captain Vivian said was with perfect deliberation, and full consciousness of what he was doing."

"That is just what I complain of. He must have known how he would offend her, and why could he not have kept his opinions to himself, and allowed her to say what she liked, without contradiction? Every one knows how stingy she is in her ways, and why must he meddle with what he could not alter?"

"He did not feel at liberty not to answer her when she spoke as she did——"

"I should think the *liberty* was in answering her at all," said Mrs. Wentworth. "Such folly, to throw away all his prospects in this manner! Not at liberty indeed! I suppose he would talk of conscientious scruples? That is always the excuse for doing foolish things."

"Mamma, indeed Captain Vivian said nothing that ought to have offended her so. He only read three or four texts in support of his own convictions, and hardly argued at all. Surely he may have an opinion of his own, as much as Miss Vivian!"

"Yes; but there is no need to parade it before her, and to excite her by contradiction,—not the slightest need. And what is the good of doing so?"

"He thought it right, mamma."

"Nonsense, Beatrice. He liked to make a sensation, I dare say! He knew as well as I do that whatever he could say would not have the smallest effect. If a sermon were preached upon the subject to Miss Vivian every day for a whole year, she would be just as close and stingy at the end as at the beginning. And why Captain Vivian should risk all his prospects,—should destroy them, indeed, as there is no doubt he has done,—is more than I can understand."

Beatrice hesitated a minute, and then said, slowly,—

"Miss Vivian is so old and unhappy and lonely, mamma; it seems only right that we should use what influence we have to lead her to better things."

"I suppose you mean by that, that you ought to persuade her to spend half her fortune on beggars. Just like one of your high-flown notions, Beatrice. I should have given Captain Vivian credit for more common sense."

"Captain Vivian is not one to do wrong, or neglect his duty, for the sake of gaining a little money," said Beatrice, in a low voice, almost to herself; but her mother overheard her.

"Really, Beatrice, I never heard any one talk in such a way. Do wrong, indeed! One would think I wanted him to steal, instead of just to keep silent when talking will do harm to himself and good to nobody. And a little money you call it! You don't know how

wealthy Miss Vivian is, in spite of her being such an old miser."

"I don't think that has much to do with the question," said Beatrice, gently. "Captain Vivian was quite aware of what he was doing, and he did not think it right to miss such an opportunity of speaking to Miss Vivian on a religious subject."

"A very good opportunity!" sarcastically interrupted Mrs. Wentworth. "An opportunity for ruining his future prospects. Instead of inheriting Miss Vivian's money, he will have to depend on his pay as a captain in the army,—and a very poor dependence that will be. Your father, too, considers his health so shattered, that though in England he might in time become tolerably strong again, if he is obliged to return to India he will probably sink before long under the climate."

The flush on Beatrice's cheeks faded away, leaving her very pale, but she asked in her usual tone,—

"Did papa say that?"

"Something like it. Of course he did not tell Captain Vivian or Mr. Mansfield."

"Mr. Mansfield ought to know," Beatrice murmured.

"What for? You don't suppose Captain Vivian would throw up his profession and live quietly on Mr. Mansfield. And Mr. Mansfield has quite enough to do without having him to provide for. They say his affairs are not a little involved; and no wonder with his careless, extravagant habits! Captain Vivian will have no choice but to return to India,—and all through his own imprudent folly. Miss Vivian is so implacable that she will never forgive nor forget what he has done. And not a penny of her money will he ever touch."

"We do not know yet, mamma. Miss Vivian may soften towards him."

"No hope of that. You know very well that she will not admit him into the house, and that she is offended with you hardly less than with him. I expect every time you go that she will forbid you to go again. But it is of no use talking now. He has done it of his own free will, and he must take the consequences." And with an injured air Mrs. Wentworth rustled out of the room.

Beatrice sat very quietly after she was gone, with her head still bent over her work, but her hands were clasped together instead of being engaged with the needle, and her eyes glittered with the tears which she strove to check. One or two fell, but no more; and in a few minutes,

when a light step was heard on the stairs and Constance came tripping in, she looked up with a smile.

"Oh, Beatrice, I am glad I have found you at home. But is anything the matter?"

Beatrice answered, giving her a kiss—

"Is anything the matter with you, Constance? You look very merry."

"Oh, only because I have just seen and been introduced to his lordship, Captain Percival Gifford. And he is as bad—no, a great deal worse—than I ever expected."

"Poor man!" said Beatrice, smiling.

"But he really is, Beatrice. We passed him in the road—papa, and Leonard, and I—and he evidently knew Leonard, and Leonard made him a bow, and Captain Gifford looked like—like—"

"Like what?" asked Beatrice.

Constance answered by quoting some poetry:

"But while I passed, he was humming an air,
Stopt, and then, with a riding-whip,
Leisurely tapping a glossy boot,
And curving a contumelious lip,
Gorgonized me from head to foot
With a stony British stare."

"Those were the lines that came into my head when I saw him."

"My dear Constance, not quite so bad as that, I hope."

"Yes, quite. Gorgonized—that is just the word for it. But he stopped—just as the poetry says—and papa and Leonard stopped too, and papa said, 'Captain Gifford, I suppose?' and asked Leonard to introduce him. I was introduced too, and I don't like him at all. Such disagreeable manners, Beatrice; not rude, but so smooth, and slippery, and varnished—don't you know what I mean? The sort of politeness that you are certain is no more than skin deep. I wonder if he considers Leonard his rival; but he needn't be much afraid now. How tiresome it is that Miss Vivian should be so offended with Leonard! I don't mean to say that he wasn't quite right, and of course one admires him more for being independent and speaking out, than if he were mercenary and cared for nothing but getting her money; but still it certainly is tiresome. Just when he was in favour, and she seemed so to like having him with her! Leonard won't talk to me about the money part of it, and says it is no business of his; but every one can't be quite so lofty and indifferent as all that. He asked me once if I thought you had

been satisfied with what he said to Miss Vivian, or whether you thought he had been too blunt and imprudent; but I said I was sure you had quite approved of what he had done, and after that he was satisfied, and did not seem to care much about anything else."

Beatrice felt her cheeks growing warm, and changed the subject by a question about Mrs. Mansfield's health.

Three weeks passed by, and gradually Captain Gifford appeared to have ingratiated himself into Miss Vivian's favour. He found the field open to him, and succeeded with very little trouble in gaining a footing of apparently close intimacy at the dilapidated old mansion. Not that Miss Vivian personally cared for him in the least, and his "slippery, varnished manners," as Constance had not inappropriately described them, were by no means in accordance with her tastes—far less so than Leonard's straightforward, gentlemanly bearing, with its blending of courteous deference and almost blunt truthfulness. Miss Vivian liked truthfulness in the abstract, when it was not brought to bear against herself in the form of anything resembling contradiction, which she could not endure. But she was now thoroughly angry with Leonard; and her displeasure once aroused was not easily laid to rest. He was never admitted into the house after that day, Miss Vivian being always "engaged" when he called at the door.

Beatrice came in for a share of the disgrace, though in a less degree. Miss Vivian did not refuse to see her, but was studiously cold and haughty towards her—so much so, that if Beatrice had consulted her own inclinations, she would assuredly have stayed away altogether. But this she felt would not be right, and she continued to pay her visits as regularly as before, though all the enjoyment she had ever had in them was gone. After a while, Miss Vivian's manner softened a little towards her; but with regard to Leonard she was inveterate.

"No, she had done with Captain Vivian," she said angrily one day, when Bentley, who had taken a great fancy to him, made some remark in his favour. "A forward, presuming young man! attempting to teach *her* what to do with her money! If he chose to be so ungrateful and so blind to his own interests, it was his own look-out. She would have nothing more whatever to do with him."

Bentley secretly thought the ingratitude lay rather more on the side of her mistress than of

Captain Vivian, considering that he had saved her life by his presence of mind; but she had already argued upon the subject so often without success, that she thought it useless to follow up her remark. And indeed her well-meant remonstrances seemed only to have the effect of still farther incensing Miss Vivian against Leonard.

Poor Mrs. Wentworth! No wonder she was disappointed. Very complacently had she watched the course of Captain Vivian's favour at the old mansion, and at the same time of his growing intimacy with Beatrice, congratulating herself not a little upon both. And now it was all at an end—at least with regard to the future riches upon which Mrs. Wentworth had set her heart for Beatrice. Captain Vivian was reduced from the position of almost certain heir to considerable wealth, to that of a mere captain in the Indian army, with little besides his pay to live upon. Worst of all, in her judgment, it was through his own incomprehensible weakness in being unable to keep clear of the very subject which Miss Vivian could never endure to hear discussed. Mrs. Wentworth had no patience with "conscientious scruples," or with a love of doing good to others, or with a true and manly desire to "show one's colours," at whatever cost to self; and least of all could she sympathize with the gentle Christian compassion that could not bear to look upon the hard, selfish old woman, tottering upon the edge of the grave, without attempting to utter one word of warning. No, Mrs. Wentworth could understand and sympathize with none of these feelings. Captain Vivian's motives, equally with his actions, were to her wild, foolish, and inexplicable.

Beatrice had to endure a species of fretting persecution from her mother's reiterated complaints of Leonard, and her perpetual attempts to argue her into condemning him as much as she did herself. She bore it all quietly, and went about with her usual calm placid look; but between her mother and Miss Vivian, the "wear and tear" were considerable, and sometimes took effect in such pale cheeks as to arouse her father's solicitude. The only real rest she obtained was in the bright atmosphere of the Rookery. That was always warm and kindly, and a visit there was indeed a season of refreshment, after the chill, cold stateliness of Vivian Mansion, or the wearying complaints at home.

Miss Vivian, at this period, was evidently

worse than usual in health. For a long while she had been ailing, and Beatrice had fancied that she was every day becoming increasingly feeble; but the change lately had been far more marked. Mr. Wentworth's visits were now very frequent, though not from the expectation of any profit to himself, for Miss Vivian's horror of doctor's fees was proverbial in the place, and his calls were ostensibly only those of a friend. She would not have received him in any other capacity. Although sinking beneath disease and old age, hovering as it were on the brink of the grave, she still grasped her money with a clutch as tight as ever. Yet she was not naturally a miser—only somewhat prudent and calculating. But for years the love of hoarding, unresisted, unchecked, had grown and increased upon her; and now, when her long joyless life was nearly over, she seemed unable to make an effort to release herself from the chain—golden though it was—which made her a willing captive.

"I cannot, cannot understand it," said Beatrice, sorrowfully, one day. "If she were a young person, saving for a lifetime, I could comprehend, though I could not excuse it. But now it seems so utterly inexplicable—such an unreasoning love of money for its own sake! She absolutely cares for nothing else."

"She has fostered the tendency so long that it has become second nature," responded Mr. Mansfield, who was walking with Beatrice in the Rookery garden.

"It seems as if nothing could touch it," said Beatrice.

"Nothing can, Beatrice, but the grace of God. We are utterly powerless in such a case. As well might I attempt to thaw a frozen lake merely with the warmth of my hand, as attempt, by human influence only, to melt the ice in which her very heart seems frozen up. We must commit her into the hands of God. He can melt the ice, Beatrice, and soften the hardest heart."

"I know—I know it. But oh, Mr. Mansfield!" and Beatrice burst into tears, "there is a verse of the Bible that will come into my head whenever I think or speak of this, and I cannot drive it away—Ephraim is joined to idols; let him alone!"

"Beatrice, God's grace is sufficient for the most hardened and heartless of sinners," said Mr. Mansfield. "We must trust even till the last hour that she may be led to repentance. Nothing is impossible with God."

"I know it," said Beatrice again. "Poor Miss Vivian! She is sadly ill and feeble. Papa says it is a general break-up of her constitution, and that she cannot last long. She may be taken suddenly worse any day, and sink in a few hours."

"It is very sad to think about. And you say she will not allow you to speak on the subject of religion?"

"Not a word. I dare not even propose to read the Bible to her. The instant I allude to the subject, she cuts me short, and says she would rather be alone than hear such remarks."

Beatrice mused sorrowfully for some minutes, when Constance joined them, exclaiming at her father's having taken possession of Beatrice for so long a time.

"And there's Leonard quite in despair because he can't find you; and he saw you come out of the Mansion garden," added Constance, who rarely missed an opportunity of bringing a blush to Beatrice's cheeks, though she was not so unmerciful as to follow it up. "How is Miss Vivian this afternoon?"

"Very weak and poorly. I have not been long with her. Captain Gifford went in, so I came away."

"Is it true that she has been making her will, and leaving everything to him?" asked Constance. "I have heard it spoken about more than once lately."

"I know no more about it than you do," said Beatrice, quietly; while Mr. Mansfield observed—

"People are very ready to gossip about what does not concern them, and to talk of matters of which they are perfectly ignorant."

"Only it does concern us, papa, and we are not quite ignorant," continued Constance, laughing. "Not that I mean to trouble myself about it, any more than Leonard does. But here he comes; and you must stay with us to dinner this evening, Beatrice, for once."

"I have made her promise that already," said Mr. Mansfield.

THE RABBIT.



ONE of the most familiar of the British burrowing rodents is the common rabbit (*Lepus cuniculus*). The varieties are very numerous, and some are so unlike the original stock, that they seem to be species and not varieties; indeed, they might have taken rank as species, did they not invariably display a tendency to recede to the ancestral short brown fur and upright ears of the wild rabbit.

The rabbit lives, as we all know, in burrows, and is of a social nature, a considerable number of burrows being gathered together, and known by the name of a warren. Whenever the rabbits find an undisturbed spot which combines the advantages of a sandy situation with the vicinity of food, they establish themselves forthwith, and sink their multitudinous tunnels into the ground. The favourite locality is a loose, sandy, or gravelly soil, covered with patches of furze bushes; for this soil is easily excavated, and is very dry, and the young shoots of the furze yield a food equally grateful and nutritious. Moreover, the tangled roots of the furze afford an excellent protection to the burrows, and the overhanging branches,

with their prickly verdure, serve admirably to shelter the entrances.

When once they have established themselves, the rabbits increase with almost incredible rapidity, nearly rivalling the rats and mice in fecundity, and converting the land into a very honeycomb of burrows. Indeed, were not the flesh of the rabbit marketable, and its fur valuable—were not the stoat, the weasel, the hawk, and other furred and feathered depredators extremely fond of young rabbits,—the animals would spread so fast as to become a positive nuisance. In some places they have increased to such an extent, that the safety of buildings has been endangered by the deep and ramifying tunnels which they have sunk beside the foundations; and in one case known to the writer they multiplied so inordinately, that the proprietor of the ground, albeit a most staunch conservator of animal life, was obliged in self-defence, to have them exterminated.

It is not a very easy matter to drive them from any place of which they have already taken possession; and even after employing all the paraphernalia of ferrets, nets, and guns, two or three isolated individuals are apt to

escape, and then the rabbit host is soon marvellously reproduced. The rabbit becomes a parent at a very early age, and by the time that it is a year old it may have attained the dignity of a grandparent.

As is the case with most animals, the rabbit seeks a quiet and retired spot for her little nursery. She does not produce her young in any of the burrows to which the general rabbit colony has access, but prepares an isolated tunnel, at the end of which she forms her nest. The bed on which the young recline is beautifully soft and fine, being composed chiefly of the downy fur which grows on the mother's breast, and which

she plucks off with her teeth in tufts of considerable size. Anyone who keeps tame rabbits may see the female preparing her cradle with this soft fur, and note how perseveringly she denudes her breast of her covering. The home-affection is thus seen to be planted in the lowest as well as the highest developments of animal life—may we not say, furnishing in every case a true, though dim reflection of the infinite love of the great Parent, without whose knowledge the sparrow falls not to the ground, and who, "like a Father," "pitieth them that fear Him"?

C. A. H. B.

THE UNSEEN HAND.

LONDON BRIDGE is not exactly the most convenient place in the world for recognitions, greetings, friendly inquiries, and the deliberate narration of personal histories. It has happened to me, however, twice in my life, during occasional visits to the metropolis, to be thrown most unexpectedly in the way of old friends on London Bridge.

In the first instance, which happened many years ago, I was hurrying rapidly along the crowded thoroughfare, when the sight of a once familiar face suddenly arrested my steps. It was the countenance of a middle-aged man, who was leaning over the balustrade, and pensively contemplating the busy scene below; and in that countenance I recognised an old school-fellow and companion. But how changed! The man was stamped with marks of premature age. Care, anxiety, and despondency betrayed themselves in every line of his formerly joyous features. Poverty was visible in every seam of his threadbare garments.

For a moment I hesitated whether to address my former friend, or to pass on unnoticed and unnoticed. If shame to be seen in friendly contact with evident destitution had anything to do with this hesitation, may my God forgive the pride of my heart! But whether this, or some more justifiable feeling, caused me to pause, the pause was of short duration. I approached the unconscious and vacant gazer, and touched his shoulder. He turned sharply round, seemingly with trembling apprehension, and had stammered out, "What do you want?" before he recognised the intruder. Then, sud-

denly recollecting me, he grasped my hand, and burst into tears.

In a short space of time we were seated together in the box of a neighbouring coffee-room, and I was in possession of the outlines of George Harford's history.

It was a mournful story. Poor George could with sad propriety adopt the language, "Lover and friend hast Thou put far from me, and mine acquaintance into darkness." The greater part of his family connexions had been removed by death; and by those who remained he had been neglected or forsaken, as his circumstances became impaired, and his prospects darkened.

He had first entered into business with a moderate capital, and for a short time had succeeded. Then a reverse had taken place, on his own showing, unforeseen and unavoidable, by which he was nearly ruined, and his establishment broken up. Dejected, but not quite despairing, George Harford had striven to retrieve his losses, by engaging in partnership with a plausible rogue, who first contrived to rob him of what little he had left, and then to get rid of him as an encumbrance.

Once more George set himself to the task of working upwards from the pit into which he had fallen. With some trifling assistance from a distant relation, he established a very humble business in the outskirts of London, which promised to yield him, at least, a mere subsistence. "But," said my poor, almost heart-broken old friend, "just as I was striving my hardest, and had hopes of repaying the loan, and of having at length a comfortable though

humble home, a fire broke out at the next door to mine. It spread: my dwelling was consumed, and my stock-in-trade with it, while I escaped only with my life. Would to God," he exclaimed, with a sudden burst of impatience, "that I had died then—if it had but been His will," he added, contritely. "Had I died then, I should have been taken away from the evil to come. I was uninsured," he continued; "and I had to bear the bitter reproaches of my relative for this unwise neglect. I could not ask him for further assistance, and he did not offer it. He left me to take my chance for the future."

I will not weary and distress the reader by recounting every fresh disaster of my poor friend. It is enough to say that when I encountered his faded form on London Bridge, he was homeless and moneyless; without employment, and without hope. I know not what temptation might have been at that moment busily at work in his heart, while he stood watching the dark stream which flowed beneath him; but he spoke of his life having been saved by the unexpected meeting.

Many years after my meeting with George Harford, I was again walking over London Bridge, when in the crowd of passers-by, a young man hastily moved on, with whose features I fancied I had once been familiar, though I could not recall the how or the when. As we were passing each other our eyes met, and after a moment's hesitation, the stranger or the friend—whichever or whoever he might be—smiled, held out his hand, and addressing me by name, gave mine a hearty and cordial pressure, while he expressed at once his surprise and his pleasure in having thus met me. While he was speaking, I vainly endeavoured to disentangle my memory; at length I was obliged to confess, that though the face, manner, and voice were those of a former acquaintance, I could not remember more.

"You will not have forgotten Frederic Heath, surely?" said he.

The name was enough.

No, certainly I had not forgotten Frederic Heath, whom I had known ten years before as an ardent, active, persevering youth, and whose father, while he lived, was my old friend and correspondent. I apologized for my lapse of memory, which was justly to be attributed to Frederic's advance from youth to manhood, with the natural changes which this advance had brought about. Having thus, as I hoped, cleared myself from the charge of wilful for-

getfulness, I congratulated my young friend on his good looks, and ventured to inquire into his present pursuits.

"I am pressed for time now," he answered, "having an engagement in the City, but you will come and see me to-night? Here is my address," and he put a card into my hand. "I shall be at home at eight—or, stop, I will make it seven, and you will spend the evening with me; I have a spare bed"—and so on.

The card indicated that Mr. Frederic Heath was at that time the inhabitant of a certain house in a certain terrace at Clapham. For a moment or two I hesitated whether or not to accept the invitation. There was an air of brisk self-satisfaction, and a trifle of assumption, in my new old-acquaintance, which did not entirely harmonize with my feelings; and I was about to express my regret that I could not conveniently take up my abode with him that night, when he added,—

"My mother lives with me, and so does my sister Catherine—dear Kate, you remember her, and they will be so glad to see you. We often talk of you; do come if you can."

"I will," I replied.

"That's right, thank you; not later than seven, mind," said Frederic, once more shaking me by the hand. He then hurried away, to keep, as I presumed, his City engagement, leaving me to fulfil mine, if I had any; or, in the absence of other occupations, to weary myself with guesses about Mr. Frederic Heath, his mother, and his sister; and to recall the memory of my old friend, his father.

* * * * *

I was at number this, and terrace that, in the parish of Clapham, soon after seven, and found that Mr. Frederic, punctual as he might be to his City engagement, had not on this occasion so punctually kept his social obligation. I was well-remembered, however, by his widowed mother and his sister; and I was not altogether sorry for the delay, which gave me half an hour's pleasant chat with the ladies before my young friend made his appearance. From them I learned his history; as much of which as is needful to my purpose may be told in a few words.

At the death of my old friend, his widow and children were left in straitened circumstances, alleviated, however, by the firm assurance that the husband and father was "asleep in Jesus," by humble trust in the Father of the fatherless and the Friend of the widow, and by the fact that both son and

daughter had been previously prepared for personal exertion in the world. Before the first pangs of sorrowing affection had well subsided, Kate sought and obtained employment as a daily governess; while Frederic, two or three years her junior, received an advance of salary in the counting-house of his employer.

After a few years of unwearied application, joined with business tact, Frederic had received overtures of partnership from a citizen, who set the young man's valuable qualifications against his want of capital. The offer was accepted: the concern prospered, and at the time of our meeting, Frederic Heath was a successful and a still rising man.

"He has been a good son and brother," said his mother, with affectionate emotion. "He insisted upon our sharing the fruits of his industry. Last year he took this house for us, that we might be nearer the country than we were; and he has furnished it with a view far more to our convenience and comfort than his own. There is one thing, however, which gives me many anxious thoughts——"

At this moment the knocker at the door announced the approach of Mr. Frederic, and our conversation was, of course, broken off.

My young friend apologised—sincerely, I believe—for his unintentional delay, welcomed me as his father's friend to his abode, and, after a few words of affection to his mother and sister, he retired for a few minutes to wash away, as he said, the smoke of the City.

We were soon seated around the tea-table, and talking of days long past. At the same time, I had leisure to look around me; and though I was not, I trust, impertinently curious, I could scarcely fail to observe many indications of prosperity, which certainly gave me some surprise. The useful and necessary furniture of the room in which we sat was expensive, and many luxuries were scattered about, which showed that money was, in one way or other, readily at the command of my young friend. He talked largely, too, and somewhat boastingly, I thought, of what he intended to do in the way of fresh purchases, as soon as he could afford it; and when reminded by his mother that already they enjoyed as much as could be desired of the good things of this life, and much more than could have been hoped for at a period not long gone by, the young man listened impatiently, and seemed desirous of changing the subject. He was evidently ashamed of the honour-

able poverty from which he had so rapidly emerged.

All at once I thought of George Harford, and, to give a turn to the conversation, gave the history of my meeting with him on London Bridge, and contrasted his experience of life with that of my young friend Frederic, whom I had, singularly enough, encountered on nearly the same spot that morning. I ventured to add, that God in His providence sees fit to deal with His creatures in a variety of ways. To some He gives the power to get wealth: every project appears to prosper in their hands, and they know but little of the vexations and struggles of adversity; while to others, their equals in talent, enterprise, and industry, every avenue to prosperity is apparently closed, and their lives present nothing but a series of disappointments and worldly sorrows.

It was easy to be seen that my old friend Mrs. Heath sympathised with my feelings and approved of my homily. Not so, however, her son. He heard me patiently, but when I had ended, he, with more petulance, I thought, than the occasion demanded, challenged the correctness and propriety of my views.

"I do not believe," he said, "in these notions about Providence."

"You do not believe in a God, perhaps?" I responded.

"Oh, yes, I do," he replied; "and I think that He has given to all natural powers to improve, and that it is our own fault if we do not improve them."

"True, my friend; and what then?"

"Why, that every man's well-being is almost entirely in his own power; and that riches even are at the command of all who will but exert their energies to obtain them."

"For instance," I said, "you think my old friend Harford might have been as prosperous as yourself, had he but been as painstaking and industrious?"

"I have no doubt of it," the young man confidently answered. "The fact is, I have no patience with those who lay the blame of their own want of success upon Providence. There was, only to-day, a fellow came to me with a long story about being ruined by Providence. I soon cut it short, though."

* * * * *

"You do not take either side of the argument, Miss Heath," I said, after a long discussion, of which I have ventured to give only the beginning, and in which her brother had

warmly maintained his point against the united forces of his mother and myself.

"Kate is a sensible girl," said Frederic, good-humouredly. "You think as I do, don't you, Kate?"

"Do not be too sure of that, Fred," she answered. "The fact is, your conversation has put me in mind of a fanciful tale, written some years ago by an old schoolfellow; and I am almost resolved to inflict upon you the penalty of reading it, as a punishment for your heresy."

"No, no," replied her brother; "read it yourself, and welcome—that is, if our friend here is willing to listen."

Of course I expressed a wish to hear the story, and—here it is.

"THE UNSEEN HAND."

"Eli Ben Amram was one of the richest of his tribe. He had risen from humble circumstances to high honour,—from poverty to great wealth. His ships floated on many seas; his merchandise was the produce of numerous lands; his fame resounded through all his nation. Yet did not the fortunes of Eli Ben Amram cause him to forget the God of his fathers; he was learned in the law of Moses, and in the traditions of the Elders. He observed every feast and every fast; he paid tithes and gave alms; moreover, he built a synagogue. Rich was the smoke of his morning and evening sacrifices, and frequent were his devotions.

"But where is the perfect man? One precept did Eli Ben Amram forget to cherish in his memory: 'Beware lest thou say in thine heart, My power and the might of mine hand hath gotten me this wealth.' He had sustained his aged parents in comfort; he had given his sister Keturah in marriage, with a princely portion; he had bestowed on his younger brother, Jorah, a thousand pieces of silver wherewith to traffic; many had he befriended, and he thought himself better than they, inasmuch as he had wisdom to amass riches. He praised his God for blessings bestowed, while yet his soul vaunted itself in that he had turned those blessings to his own advantage—not remembering that the Lord his God had given him the power to get wealth.

"When Jotham, Ben Amram's eldest son, had attained the age of manhood, his father gave him a purse of gold, and bade him go and make merchandise therewith.

"'Be diligent, my son,' he said, 'be prudent, and be fortunate. A man's success de-

pends upon himself; the blessing of God follows the hand of the diligent.'

"While he was yet speaking with his son, a messenger arrived from a distant city, the bearer of a letter from his brother Jorah. Distress, sudden and severe, had fallen upon him: the hand of God was pressing him sore. Fire and flood had devoured his possessions; sickness had weakened his strength by the way. He therefore entreated his brother Eli to lend him fifty pieces of silver, to preserve him and the wife and children of his bosom from ruin.

"Ben Amram was angry because his brother had become poor; and he said to his son Jotham,—

"'I will send him six times as much as he asks, but withal I will rebuke him sharply; for he hath been negligent. A wise and prudent man will guard against evil, or, foreseeing it, he will hide himself. It is the fool alone who, passing on, is punished. He will thrive well who looketh to his own affairs. Go, my son, entertain the messenger until I have written to my brother.'

"So Ben Amram wrote a letter to his brother, full of bitter words; and putting into a bag three hundred pieces of silver, which afterwards he secured with his own signet, he sat down to await the return of the messenger.

"Suddenly the spirit of slumber fell upon Ben Amram, and glimpses of the invisible were revealed to him in visions. Before him stood a youth, of noble and commanding form, and clothed in foreign garb. In his hand he held a wand of ivory. A strange awe oppressed the mind of Ben Amram as he gazed on the visitant. Nevertheless, though subdued, his spirit sank not in utter dismay.

"'Eli Ben Amram,' said the stranger, 'canst thou avoid the poverty into which thy brother Jorah hath fallen?'

"Ben Amram smiled proudly as he replied, 'I have avoided it.'

"'Hitherto thou hast,' said the stranger; 'or, rather, hitherto God hath prospered the work of thy hands, and given thee wealth: He may also withdraw it.'

"'The blessing of God,' answered Ben Amram, 'is on the diligent and prudent man.'

"'Wealth is not always a blessing,' replied the stranger, 'inasmuch as mortals sometimes use it to their own hurt. Yet it is one of the good gifts of God, which He bestoweth on one, and withholdeth from another. Eli Ben Amram, look on the past!'

"The visitor waved his wand, and passed his hand over the eyes of Ben Amram. Then did a thick mist fill the apartment, while a cold thrill agitated for a moment the frame of the boastful merchant. The mist divided, and Ben Amram saw in distant perspective the home of his childhood. Youthful forms were sporting round the well-remembered hearth. He knew them to be his brother Jorah and his sister Keturah, while with another shadowy form he felt himself to be identified. The thoughts and feelings of childhood returned, and he lived, as it were, a double life: a grave and thoughtful man, and a simple, reckless boy. In that mysterious moment, not only did his actual life pass in review before him, but shadowed on that mist were the good and evil influences by which, in those earlier stages of existence, he had been surrounded.

"He saw that boy environed by perils and temptations; heedless and unconscious of them all, yet escaping them. Another step in that course would have brought him within the grasp of death, when suddenly it was abandoned. Another movement in this direction would have plunged him into errors as fatal to the spirit, when, without adequate apparent cause, he stopped, and turned aside.

"Why doth the child avoid the dangers he knoweth not of?" asked Ben Amram.

"Look more closely," said the stranger.

"And when Ben Amram looked, he saw, hovering above and around the boy, dim and shadowy, yet becoming more distinct the longer it was gazed on, the form of a HAND. It was this HAND, he now saw, which guided and upheld; interposed when danger was near, and averted the threatened stroke.

"The boy became a man, and the HAND was still near him, protecting, restraining, controlling, supporting, directing. In the intricate paths of youth, in the rougher ways of manhood, its powerful yet gentle influence was alike felt. Ben Amram remembered circumstances of perplexity in which he thought he had been guided by his own wisdom, but in which, as he now saw, the shadowy HAND had pointed to a right decision. Sometimes he had spurned its influence, and had fallen. Then the HAND had raised him, succoured him, and continued its unwearied task. Sometimes its movements were involved in mystery; the mist would gather round, and he could see neither its operations nor its object.

"Ben Amram saw that HAND pouring wealth at his feet, which he might gather at

will. It prospered his traffic, and removed his rivals from his path. It gave him ships, and sped them safely and prosperously over the ocean. It defended him from losses, and assisted his schemes. It guided him in the choice of a residence, and directed him to the partner of his life. It gave him the desire of his heart. It raised him to honour and fame.

"He saw the HAND beckoning as his brother's messenger drew near; and then the scene was obscured—the mist again filled the apartment.

"Eli Ben Amram," said the visitor, "thou hast seen the sign of the Invisible, upholding the hand of the diligent through the past. Look now upon the future!"

"Again he waved the wand, and placed, for an instant, his hand upon the eyes of Ben Amram. The mist once more divided. He saw his brother, worn with poverty and wasted by sickness. He marked the anguish of his spirit as he read the reproachful letter. He saw the shadowy HAND over him also; but again the scene was changed.

"A ship sailed on a distant sea. That HAND raised the waves and winds to a storm, and impelled the vessel to destruction. The owner was impoverished;—and he was indebted to Ben Amram for the sum of four thousand pieces of silver.

"And now the shiftings of the scene increased in rapidity; yet still the HAND was there. Jorah repaid the three hundred pieces of money; while Ben Amram's eldest daughter Rachel returned a destitute and mourning widow to her father's house. The ship in which Jotham sailed was attacked, the passengers were robbed and taken captive, and an exorbitant ransom was demanded. Ben Amram paid the sum, and Jotham returned in nakedness and want. Fire devoured the possessions of one debtor; blight and mildew destroyed those of another. Famine and pestilence wasted the land; the sources of commerce failed. Ben Amram's boasted sagacity seemed to forsake him. Perplexed and bewildered, he felt himself unable to stem the current of adverse circumstances. His younger son, Eliab, risked his patrimony in a commercial adventure; it failed, and he lost all. His daughter Miriam was sought in marriage by one whose character and prospects appeared promising. The influence of the warning HAND were disregarded, and Ben Amram discovered too late that he had bestowed the darling of his heart on an unprincipled adventurer.

"In all these changes that HAND was seen mingling, more shadowy and mysterious, yet still visible. Ben Amram saw himself, notwithstanding all his efforts, reduced to utter poverty; and then, through the mist, he perceived approaching him his brother Jorah. He shrank from him, for he feared to have retorted upon him his own reproaches.

"My brother," said Jorah, "the good hand of God has been with me, and has given me competence. Come and share it with me; I have enough for thee and me."

"Then did Eli Ben Amram exclaim, 'The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away: blessed be the name of the Lord.'

"At this instant the door of the apartment opened, and with his son Jotham entered the messenger of his brother. Ben Amram looked around him: the stranger was gone, and the mist had vanished. The letter he had written was before him. He consumed it in the flame of the lamp that burned in the hearth, and in its stead he penned a kind and sympathising message to his brother.

"From that hour was Eli Ben Amram never heard to vaunt himself in his wisdom or his wealth; and if one praised his skill and success—and men *will* praise thee when thou doest well to thyself,—he would reply, 'Nay, but it was the good hand of my God upon me.' And when he admonished his children to attend diligently and circumspectly to their affairs, he added this caution, 'Above all things, seek the guidance and protection of THE UNSEEN HAND.'"

"I am not to have you on my side, Kate, I see," said Frederic, when his sister had finished reading the manuscript, "but for all that, and in spite of your pretty story, I am not converted, mind."

* * * * *

Not long ago I met Frederic Heath under other circumstances. His self-sufficiency had disappeared; his tone was subdued and humbled. He had learned by experience that "The race is not" always "to the swift, nor the battle to the strong."

ACTS OF HEROIC PHILANTHROPY.

FROM "THE SIMPLE ANNALS OF THE POOR."*



HERE is a class of sufferings almost sublimated and purified from personal ambition, or from the thought that the act of doing or enduring is to bring any glory or good to the actor. These are found especially among those impulsive and unselfish deeds of pure benevolence which shine out, like diamond stars, from "the simple annals of the poor." Not that the chivalry of rank has not been studded with gems brilliant with the lustre of these acts; but, in a ground of refined cultivation and highly educated sensibilities, such acts do not shine with such brightness as from the frosty firmament of a poor man's life. Indeed, if one of Heaven's angels who began life a thousand years before Adam, had bethought him to keep an album of the choicest human actions, from the first man down to time's end, its best pages would doubtless have been given to the unselfish doings and endureings of poor men, women, and children.

It seems almost invidious to the record to point to two or three examples, when hundreds

might be cited of equal merit. There is one given in an American school-book, about fifty years ago, which was sure to be selected by some boy at the competition readings, and which always made even the little children on the lowest benches hold their breath as they listened to the thrilling narrative.

It was the story of a Dutch Boer at the Cape of Good Hope. An English East India-man had run upon a reef or bar of sand, a long way from the shore. The roaring, foaming seas were leaping upon the deck, and stamping it to pieces. They had crushed the boats like so many eggshells, and the frantic passengers were shrieking in the tempest for help. The Dutch settlers saw the sight and heard the cry, and rushed down to the beach, apparently to do nothing but see the waters swallow up the men and women clinging to the rigging of the broken vessel; for they had no boat to push out into the surge, and none was within an hour's reach. The wreck would go to pieces before a raft could be made, or anything floated from the shore.

* "The Mission of Great Sufferings." By Eliza Burritt. London: Sampson Low, Son, and Marston. See Review, p. 344.

Human help there was none at first sight. But, at the sharpest crisis of the agony, a Dutch farmer galloped down to the sea on an Arabian mare that was like another life to him—that had carried him through all the hazards of the wide world and its wilder beasts, and seemed to share her master's intelligence, and divine as well as obey his will. She had swum rivers and waded morasses with him on her back; and now he spurred her through the crowd, and, without a moment's pause, plunged into the sea with a rope attached to her tail. The brave-creature shrank not an instant from the fierce wrestle with the baying waves. She struck them down with her ironed hoofs, and breasted her way to the ship's side. It was but a minute's stay, and she was making for the shore again, trailing a row of men and women clinging to the rope. The shouts of the crowd awaiting to receive them seemed to thrill her strained muscles with a new vigour; and when her feet struck the earth, and she mounted on the beach and shook the salt water from her sides, she looked around upon the half-drowned beings she had dragged to land and life, and it seemed given to her of the God of us all to know that she had done a good act. Her master patted her on the neck, as when they had faced lions together in the desert; he patted her with eyes turned towards the ship.

It was but a minute's pause: "Once more, my Jenny, darling; once more!" and she turned her head and plunged again, without touch of spur, into the sea. Once more she ploughed through the surge, snorting over its briny crest. Once more she wheeled at the ship's side, and headed for the shore, trailing another row of men behind her. Many times her head dipped above her nostrils in a breaking wave; many times she neighed as for help, as she struck out heavily with the long load dragging her down. She neared the land, but more slowly than before, and staggered up the ascent with trembling limbs.

The second long and desperate tug through the surge had strained every nerve and muscle to its utmost tension, and she stood quivering, blown and exhausted. There were several more human beings left behind on the crashing, broken hull. The darkness was closing in upon them, and certain death with the darkness. The brave-hearted Dutchman heard that bitter cry, and saw the harrowing sight. Could he do more? Could he try it again? "Jenny, my darling! Jenny, can you do it?"

and he put his arm around her neck fondly and tenderly. She rubbed her head against his cheek, as if she said, "Master, if you will it, I'll try." He mounted her back, and, without sense of spur or rein, she turned and walked straight into the foaming sea. Slowly, painfully, with weakening strokes, she made her way to the ship, and once more headed for the shore with the last passengers clinging to the rope. With hands and voices uplifted stood the crowd on the beach: "O God of mercy and might, give the poor creature strength for this once!" Her head is lost for a moment. "It's the wave between. There! she rises! see her mane on that white-cap. O God, be merciful! Do you see her now?" "No; but I see good Diedrich's hand above the water, reaching towards us. Now it's gone! Oh, poor, good man! he's gone down with his noble horse, and all the men he tried to save. Noble Diedrich! God bless his widow and fatherless children. Dear good man! he was thinking more of other men's widows and fatherless children than of his own when he made his last ride into the sea!"

That was the act of a Dutch Boer on the coast of Africa; of a man belonging to a class which many writers of history and romance overlook in seeking for great deeds of noble chivalry, or for lofty sentiments of philanthropy or patriotism. If ever some one of the class fitted for the task should undertake to write the history of common working men and women of the world, deeds and dispositions of the same order of merit might be found to fill a hundred volumes.

From the example of this half-Africanised Dutchman of the Cape of Good Hope, let us glance at a deed of daring for the lives of others by the young daughter of a humble lighthouse keeper, in the north of England, as it stands out even now as an act of unsurpassed qualities in the record of poor men's doings in the field of this unselfish heroism of the heart.

On the Northumberland coast, some thirty years ago, a disabled steamer was blown at night into the iron-teethed jaws of a leash of jagged islands, tethered out a few miles from the mainland, as if to catch and tear in pieces lame and benighted vessels. The night was dark, the ship helpless, and the wind and tide pounded it with terrible blows, then lifted it up on the deep-notched molar of one of the black islands. And there at midnight, amid the fierce screeches of the hurricane, and the

shrieks of men, women, and children, the vessel broke in twain; the after part going down with the captain and half the passengers and crew. The fore part stuck fast, impaled on the projecting rock. There, crouching at the bows, nine survivors watched for the morning as few human beings ever looked for its light. The wind and waves, as if more furious for their prey by what they had already gorged, smote the fragment of the hull blows that threatened to beat it from its holding every moment. Far up, in a fore-castle berth, lay a woman just widowed by the wreck. In her arms lay two little children, cold and dead, drowned as she held them to her breast, by the lashing sea, which had nearly put out her own life within her. Hours, that seemed to the terrified watchers like whole years of ordinary suffering, passed one after the other; and the grey, cold light of the morning began to reveal the scene. Little by little, slowly—oh, how slowly!—the dark curtain of the misty night was lifted, and the watchers descried the white tower of the lighthouse on Long-stone Island, like a pillar of cloud let down from Heaven to their sight and salvation. And from the small, deep-set windows in that white tower, three pairs of human eyes were peering out with keenest search upon the foaming ridges of the angry sea and the black walls of the adjacent islands. God pity the poor seafarers driven on such a night into those terrible jaws! In the broken slumbers of the night that thought had moved each of those three human hearts with the secret pulse of a prayer between dreaming and waking.

A father, mother, and daughter made up the isolated family. In that grey solitude, just in dim sight of the green world they seldom visited, with no sound to break the everlasting silence but the voices of the sea around, and of the sea-birds and sea-winds above, they had lived from year to year. Amid these voices Grace Darling, the daughter, grew up from childhood to young womanhood. The bare crown of the little iron-bound island was all her outdoor world, and the tall, hollow column of the lighthouse her only home. She was a goodly girl, was Grace Darling; and she had made the most of these few, but grand, companionships of nature. Their teaching, and such as good and honest parents and a small shelf of healthy books could give, had done much to give a pleasant and hopeful flowerage to a kind and gentle nature. For her nature was kind and gentle at twenty-two, notwith-

standing the rough tuition of storm and tempest and howling waves, and the midnight thunder of the sea-beaten walls of the island. She had been brought up as tenderly by her parents as their circumstances would allow.

Up to that morning she had never had occasion to put her hands to an oar, or put her life to the peril of the sea in any hazardous adventure. But now her girlhood's nature felt the thrill of the bravest manhood's strength and courage, as she sighted, through her father's telescope, after him, the broken hulk across the foaming channel. One by one she picked out with the glass the half-drowned men, clinging to the windlass. Perhaps she caught a glimpse of the woman with the dead children at her breast. The white-crested seas came thundering in from the German ocean, smiting the steep, black walls of the island. Could a boat live in such wild eddies? The father, who had wrestled with a hundred sea-storms, was brave and strong, but he at first recoiled from the hazard. Then it was that the girl raised the latent heroism of his heart by the faith and courage of her own.

"Father, we cannot see them perish. Father, I will go with you in the boat."

And the mother, with the fearful seas before her eyes, helped them to launch the boat, and the next minute husband and daughter were among the yeasty waves.

Bravely and steadily Grace kept stroke with her father's oar. Many a time, and long at a time, the little wooden shell went out of the mother's sight, as she stood watching it with her all of this world staked in the venture. But every time it arose up out of the trough of the sea it was nearer the broken vessel. Slowly it approached; now it was near enough for the poor creatures on board to see who were coming for their deliverance. A few minutes more, and it was hard under the bows of the wreck, in imminent danger of being dashed to pieces like an eggshell on the pointed rocks. But the girl's faith steadied her father's thought and hand at this most critical of all the moments they were out on the boisterous flood. One by one the passengers and crew—nine in all—effected their descent into the boat, and the woman whose children had been drowned in her arms was with them. One of the weather-beaten sailors took Grace's oar, and thought her an angel sent of God to save them; and they all gazed at her calm face with reverence and wonder as the boat rode over the white waves toward the lighthouse. And to some

was she more an angel that morning than to her father, who knew her best; not even to the poor woman to whom she gave her own bed and her most affectionate and nursing care.

Well-skilled lapidaries have scientific tests by which they give us the qualities and values of precious stones. The Koh-i-noor itself is measured by these qualities, which, combined, make up its perfection. The deed of Grace Darling needs not to be submitted for estimation to any professional connoisseur of the jewellery of human actions. It has gone to the judgment of the universal heart of Christendom, and the award is uniform,—that it stands among the very first recorded in modern history, considering all the circumstances that attended it. It was an act perfectly free from the alloy of personal ambition. It was not performed to acquire fame or notoriety; to do something that no other woman ever attempted. There is not the slightest reason to believe that one of these thoughts passed through the mind of Grace Darling as she pulled at the oar that memorable morning.

We will go next to America for another seed-action of the same genus and reproductive capacity.

John Maynard was an honest, hardy pilot, who plied his occupation on the lake steamers. He was an upright, straightforward man, a good father of happy children, and his wife loved and revered the heart that was in him, for she knew, and many knew, that it was as tender as it was brave and manly. On Lake Erie he stood at the wheel of the great two-story steamers, and hundreds who had watched his careful eye and steady hand, and heard his calm voice when the sudden storms came down, felt that whatever any man could know or do for the safety of a ship wrestling with the waves, John Maynard knew and could do. He had made his reputation as a pilot by many years of watch and ward at the wheel. Thousands who had made the voyage with him, when the storm was on in its quick-raised fury, could tell, and did tell, how John bore himself in those hours of fear and danger.

But one summer day came after these years of sailorship, when he was to show the latent forces of his inner nature to the full. He was standing at his post that afternoon on the passage from Detroit to Buffalo, when a thin stream of smoke was seen ascending from below. "Simpson, go down and see what that smoke is," said the captain, in a quiet voice, to one of the deck-hands. He spoke in his

ordinary tone, so as not to betray a sense of danger to any of the bystanders, knowing what a panic the least suspicion of fire would cause among the passengers. The man went down, and in less than a minute reappeared with red eyes and face as pale as ashes. "Captain, the ship is on fire!"

That terrible word ran like lightning from deck to deck, and from cabin to cabin. In a breath of time five hundred men, women, and children were in agony of terror, some half-paralysed and dumb with mortal fear, others shrieking in the face of the awful death before them. "Head her to the land!" shouted the captain. "Ay, ay, sir!" came John's steady voice from the wheel. "Whereaway?" "Seven miles south-east by east, sir." "What is the shortest you can do it?" "Three quarters of an hour, sir, at this rate." "Engineer, put on every ounce of steam she'll bear!"

All these quick questions and commands were crowded into a minute's space. The burning steamer headed to the land. Every man and boy, and every woman too, who could lift a pail, worked as with life's last desperate chance in the effort to keep down the flames. And the bravest might well be appalled at the impending fate. There were no boats slung to the steamer's side by which a single soul might escape. Not a life-preserver was on board to aid a swimmer for life. They had not yet been heard of. The wooden vessel was as dry as tinder, from the summer sun. Over and above all, as if to make their destruction quick and sure, much of the lading between decks was resin and tar. This was reached in a few minutes by the lapping tongues of flame; and now the whole ship aft from the forward deck was enveloped in pitchy smoke, flapped by the long red wings of the ascending fire. Crowded at the bows the smoke-blinded multitude crouched in utter despair. Near them stood the captain, feeling how many lives must go down to death in a few minutes if they could not reach the land in that space. And at his post, invisible in the tar-smoke, stood John Maynard, with the very spokes of his wheel on fire, and the tiller chain at black heat. At this awful moment the land appeared at less than half a mile away. "John Maynard!" shouted the captain through his trumpet. "Ay, ay, sir!" came John's voice thick and choked through the roar and smoke of the towering flames.

"Can you hold on five minutes longer, John?"

"By God's help I will."

His hair was scorched from the scalp. His eyelashes were burnt away, and his face began to blister against the waves of flame beating against him. One hand was burnt to crisp. He had a home too, and wife and children he loved with a love as pure and strong as the richest man in the crowd at the bows felt for his. But with that one hand left him he held to the wheel.

"Two minutes more, John!" "One minute more, God bless you, John!"

At the end of that minute the blazing steamer struck its forefoot upon the beach, and the whole multitude the next minute stood upon it praising God and rejoicing with joy they could not utter at such deliverance from a most terrible death. But before their feet alighted upon the beach, the burning wheel-house, with the blackened and blistered form of John Maynard, fell with a crash through the charred decks into the hold of the red ruin.

If the unwritten history of the rich thoughts of poor men, and their deeds of heroic philanthropy could be gathered up from different countries, they would fill a thousand precious volumes. Considering their reproductive capacity, they are among the very choicest contributions to the dignity and well-being of humanity. They are seed-actions, bearing their kind in quick and wide germination among the great masses of the people.

It is one of the most hopeful aspects of this present day of hope, that those sections of the community called the labouring classes, and frequently the lower classes, show that the germination of these seed-actions in their lives is becoming more and more prolific of beautiful sympathies, delicate sensibilities, unselfish interest, self-sacrificing devotion, and noble heroism for the good of their fellow-men. The last twenty years have been peculiarly marked by this moral education among the common people, or this training of the heart to generous impulses and acts towards their kind in danger, distress, or want.

It was a bluff and common sailor that arose in the *London's* last boat, and shouted from the trough of the sea,—

"There's room for one more; fetch a lady!"

That was the first thought of his heart, as the boat sailed away from the sinking ship into the boiling yeast of the wrathful waves, which threatened to dash the little wooden shell to pieces in a moment. Read the story of the terrible catastrophe at the Hartley Colliery, of the struggle, days and nights long,

of the brave miners to reach and rescue their companions, sepulchered alive in the bowels of the earth; of the almost superhuman efforts of men who laboured with bent backs for twenty hours without a break, under a cataract of black and grimy water, to make a pass-way down the almost endless fathoms of darkness to their fellows breathing their lives out in the mephitic vapours of their horrible prison. Read the few words pencilled by one of the victims and found in his pocket, telling a little of the last hours of their lives, of the psalms they sang, of the prayers they uttered, and the words of farewell that passed one from the other, as they lay side by side waiting for death. Read how a widowed mother bore up under the blow, when they brought her whole family back to her cottage in seven coffins; and notice how the whole population of the fatherless, childless, and husbandless, steadied their souls, and possessed them in patience under the sudden and sweeping calamity.

If the examples already given were not sufficient for the illustration we need, hundreds of others of the same kind of teaching might be superadded. There was the case of the English ship of war, the *Birkenhead*, which went down with nearly a whole regiment of British soldiers and sailors on board. This little army of veterans was drawn up on deck in well-dressed ranks, as if to parade and present arms to death. There they stood, erect and unmoved as at a muster, and saw all the women and children rowed away in the last boat, and not a soldier broke line to save his life by a plunge after the little receding craft. But there they stood, and went down together to the bottom of the sea in military order, with their colour-sergeant in his place!

At the foundering of the American steamship, *San Francisco*, there was a noble illustration of the same moral heroism, self-repression, and self-sacrifice to help a few to life who would otherwise have perished with the rest. The mission of this class of sufferings is palpable and precious to human society. It enters into the moral training and heart-culture of the people. It not only puts the beauty of human sympathy and generous deeds of self-sacrifice for others' weal in most affecting illustration, but it inspires in the hearts of thousands an admiration and love for such deeds and dispositions, thus contributing one of the most valuable forces to the agencies Providence has provided for the higher education of mankind.

Science, Art, and History.

OUR SKETCH-BOOK ABROAD.

VI.—THE ARCTIC REGIONS—MORAL AND SPIRITUAL CONDITION OF THE ESQUIMAUX.



GRAVES OF ARCTIC EXPLORERS, DISCOVERED IN DEALY ISLAND.

THROUGHOUT Captain Hall's narrative many deeply interesting incidents are recorded, calculated to arrest the attention of the Christian philanthropist to the claims upon sympathy of this remarkable people. His own opinion of the steps which might and should be taken is thus expressed:—

"Plant among them a colony of men and women having right-minded principles, and, after some patient toil, glorious fruits must follow. I cannot realise the fact that here is a people, having much of nobleness and even greatness in their composition, yet unvisited and apparently uncared for by the missionary world. Nothing, however, could be done towards their good until a course is adopted similar to that pursued by the King of Denmark with Greenland. It is a painful, but too evident fact, that the Esquimaux on the west of Davis's Straits are woefully debased, and fallen from their original virtues—though possessing many still—owing to the visits of reckless white men on their coasts. In Greenland the case is different. There, under the Danish king's control, Christian

colonies, churches, schools, storehouses, and stores of every needful variety, are to be found interspersed from Cape Farewell to Upernavik, and the inhabitants comfortable and happy. Clergy and catechists, schoolmasters and schoolmistresses, are educated to their several posts, and are well paid for their services from His Majesty's coffers. Danes emigrate to the land, marry and intermarry with the Esquimaux. Knowledge and virtue, industry and prosperity, are the results. And, notwithstanding the expenses for the support of all this, including the salaries of inspectors, governors, and several scores of employés, yet the net proceeds of this apparently desolate land exceed ten thousand dollars, federal money, per annum! This is well for Greenland. Paying for all her imports; paying the expenses of some ten ships annually from and to Copenhagen; paying all the other expenses named, including missionaries, and yet realising an annual return of net profit for the King of Denmark of ten thousand dollars! How many nations of this modern day do better? And, with this fact before us, why shall not the same occur (adopting the same plan) in the

land of the Esquimaux on the west side of Davis's Straits? Let my countrymen look to it whenever the first opportunity arrives."

Captain Hall states that there are reckoned to be 1,700 Esquimaux sealers in Greenland, 400 fishers, and one Esquimaux officer (a clerk), whose father was a Dane and the Governor of Lieveley—Goodhavn. In addition, there are of Esquimaux 17 foremen and boatmen; 22 coopers and blacksmiths; 87 sailors; 15 pensioners, whose business is to look after goats, and who get half-rations of beer, pork, meat, and butter, &c., but full rations of peas, barley, &c.

There are also 20 native catechists or missionaries.

The European missionaries number 13 German and 11 Danish.

Of first and second governors there are 31.

Three doctors visit each place one year. There are 36 European clerks; 7 boat-steerers; 28 coopers, carpenters, and blacksmiths; 19 sailors and cooks; and 8 pensioners.

The whole body of missionaries are paid per annum, in Danish money, 16,360 dollars; of which amount Government House gives 14,650 dollars, and the East India Missions, at the outside, 2,000 dollars. For schools and school-books the sum of 6,500 dollars is appropriated.

One Sunday morning, Captain Hall tells us, he visited the church at Holsteinborg. He thus refers to this visit, introducing other information bearing upon the educational prospects of the Esquimaux:—

"The school-teacher—a native Esquimaux—preached exceedingly well; and I must say that the general attention given would do credit to people anywhere. The preacher played an organ, and went through the whole service in a most praiseworthy manner. Indeed, I was much struck with the great advance made by the native inhabitants of Holsteinborg in Christian and general educational knowledge. Their school is well attended, and reading and writing are carried on admirably.

"Very few persons here at home have any true conception of the great advance made in education by these Greenland Esquimaux. It has often astonished me when listening to the apt and ready way in which even children would pronounce some of their extraordinarily long words, some of those words consisting of no less than fifty letters!

"The following is one of their long words, but not the longest:—

"Piniagagssakardluarungnaerangat.

"In all the trials made on one occasion in the cabin, by both male and female—by old and young—by all, I found none but could read, and read well.

"I was surprised to see the rapidity—the full, clear enunciation of every syllable—with which they read; and one little Esquimaux boy seemed to exceed the rest, though all did well.

"Perhaps I cannot give my readers a better idea of this than by reprinting a small portion of a child's First Primer, beginning at the alphabet, and giving the sound of each letter.

"The Greenland Esquimaux alphabet consists of twenty-four letters, as follows:—

"A, B, D, E, F, G, H, I, J, K, K', L, M, N, O, P, R, S, T, U, V, Y, Æ, O.

The sound of each letter only varies from what we give to the same in the following:—

"G is *ke*; H, *ho*; I, *e*; J, *yoge*; K, *qu*; K', *qu*; B, *er*; U, *oo*; Y, *oe-i*.

"The following is the Lord's Prayer in Esquimaux:—

"'Atâtarput k'illangmêtottina! Ak'kit usfornarfil! Nâlgavêt tikkiudle! Pekkofst k'illangmifut nunnamisâak taimâikille! Tunisfigut udlome pikfavninnik! Pisfarâunatta akkêtforavta, pifângillavuttâak akkêtfortivut! Usfernartomut pisitfarâunatta, ajortomide annâutigut! Nâlgâunerogavit pifarfônerudluttidlo usfornarnerudluttidlo isfok'angitotmut. Amen.'

"The minister Kjer had been at work translating 'Robinson Crusoe' into Esquimaux, that copies might be printed and distributed among his people in Greenland. In his library there is an Esquimaux Bible, and everything is done to make the natives of Holsteinborg good and happy. Dr. Rink, so well known by repute among scientific men, has also issued some useful story-books in Esquimaux, one of which books, and also a copy of the doctor's famous work, the governor kindly gave me."

In another part of Captain Hall's work, we meet with a passage, which we quote on account of the practical testimony it yields to the success of missionary labours, and also because at the same time it conveys a reproof which can scarcely fail to reach the conscience and touch the heart of every English reader:—

"By the bye, Tookoolito said to me during the entertainment just described, 'I feel very sorry to say that many of the whaling people are very bad, making the Innuits bad too; they swear very much, and make our people swear. I wish they would not do so. Ameri-

can swear a great deal—more and worse than the English. I wish no one would swear. It is a very bad practice, I believe.’

“How think you, beloved Americans, I felt with these hot coals on my head? Oh that every swearing man, and every saint, could have seen and heard that Esquimaux woman as she spoke thus! I had just returned from a hard encounter with deep snow—falling snow, driven by almost a hurricane; but, O God, give me a thousand storms—worse, if they could be—rather than have the like *thundering* in my ears again! Her words, her looks, her voice, her tears, are in my very soul still. Here, one of the iron daughters of the rocky, ice-ribbed North, standing like an angel,

bounds of civilization, planting philanthropic and Christian institutions where darkness and ignorance had before reigned universal.”

We can only express the earnest hope that such men may be multiplied; and that Christian missionary enterprise may be stimulated to increased and increasing efforts for the evangelization of the Esquimaux.

ARCTIC SCENES.

The following account of the pursuit of Musk Oxen in the Arctic Regions is from the journal of “The Resolute Expedition”:—

“During the forenoon, no fewer than thirty-five musk-oxen, in different herds, were observed at one time. At noon, a party, making



SHOOTING MUSK-OXEN.

pleading the cause of the true God, weeping for the sad havoc made and making among her people by those of my countrymen who should have been, and ever should be, the glorious representatives of freedom, civilization, and Christianity! It was too much; I was a child. I confess I blushed for this stain upon my country's honour—not only this, but for the wickedness diffused almost throughout the unenlightened world by the instrumentality of whalers hailing from civilized lands.

“This I am ready to admit, that some commanders, some officers, and some crews of whaling ships are as they should be, exemplary men—men who take pleasure in doing good wherever they are—who seek to extend the

in all twelve barrels, landed in the cutter to go in pursuit of the nearest herd of seven oxen, quietly grazing abreast of the ship.

“On landing, word was given to the boat's crew to follow, but to keep well in the rear, to avoid frightening the animals. On our approach, the herd congregated closely together in line, with their heads towards us, the calves being in the centre. We now spread out our little force into the form of a crescent, and advanced in open order to within about twenty yards of our prey. A little shuffling was the only movement we observed on closing, but, with heads lowered, they awaited the attack in silence.

“They really appeared very formidable,

drawn up as they were, with their huge ungainly heads, enveloped in dark, shaggy hair, ready for the charge. Waiting until all were prepared, we fired together; for a moment they stood, and thus enabled us to take accurate aim with our second barrels. No sooner had they received the contents, than the poor brutes, all wounded, maddened with rage and pain, dispersed in all directions. Before we loaded to go in chase, two out of the seven had fallen. Leaving them to be skinned by the boat's crew, we set out after the wounded animals. Two of them were making to the westward, along the beach; whilst the other three took inshore. The result was, that not only none of the seven escaped, but four others were killed out of a herd of twelve, which were descried a mile or two to the westward.


"Thus, in the course of a few hours, no less than eleven animals were killed, the quantity of meat obtained being 1,970 lbs., an average of nearly 188½ lbs. each animal.

"The musk-ox is difficult to kill, in consequence of its coat of thick long hair, as well as a mass of fine wool, interwoven between the hair near the skin.

"The musk-ox is seldom solitary, but generally grazes in herds of from five to twenty in number. A bull is always on the *qui vive*, and rarely fails in giving due notice of approaching danger. On such occasions the bulls form in line in front, facing the enemy, keeping the cows and calves in the rear. A single shot seldom proves fatal, in consequence of the perseverance of the animal (even when wounded) to face its persecutor, thus preventing the hunter selecting a fatal spot, which is immediately behind the fore-shoulder: the horny excrescence on their heads is almost impervious to a ball, and most of them died more from exhaustion, occasioned by loss of blood, than by effective shots.

"They seldom attack when in herds, but content themselves with shielding the weaker animals with their bodies. When alone, however, great precaution is necessary, for a wound has been known to irritate the musk-ox to such a degree, as to cause him to make a furious charge on the sportsman; this is the more dangerous, as, from the peculiar character of the country, shelter from the infuriated animal can seldom be obtained."

CHRISTIANITY AND HUMAN BROTHERHOOD.

 OT till the word *barbarian* was struck out of the dictionary of mankind, and replaced by brother, can we look even for the first beginning of a science of language. This change was effected by Christianity. To the Hindu every man not twice born was a Mlechha; to the Greek every man not speaking Greek was a barbarian; to the Jew every person not circumcised was a Gentile; to a Mohammedan every man not believing in the prophet is a Giaour or Kaffir. It was Christianity which first broke down the barriers between Jew and Gentile, between Greek and barbarian, between the white and the black.

Humanity is a word which you look for in vain in Plato or Aristotle; the idea of mankind as one family, as the children of one God, is an idea of Christian growth; and the science of mankind and the languages of mankind, is a science which, without Christianity, would never have sprung into life. When people had been taught to look upon all men as brethren, then, and only then, did the variety of human

speech present itself as a problem that called for a solution in the eyes of thoughtful observers; and I, therefore, date the real beginning of the science of language from the first day of Pentecost. After that day of cloven tongues, a new light is spreading over the world, and objects rise into view which had been hid from the eyes of the nations of antiquity. Old words assume a new meaning, old problems a new interest, old sciences a new purpose. It is no valid objection that so many centuries should have elapsed before the spirit which Christianity infused into every branch of scientific inquiry produced visible results. We see, in the oaken fleet which rides the ocean, the small acorn which was buried in the ground hundreds of years ago, and we recognise, in the researches of the greatest philosophers of our own age, the sound of that keynote of thought which had been struck for the first time by the Apostle of the Gentiles (Rom. i. 20).

MAX MULLER.

RAPHAEL.

THIS illustrious painter was born at Urbino on the 6th April, 1483. His father, Giovanni Santi, was also an excellent painter. Raphael lost his mother when he was eight years old, and his father three years later. This led to his uncle's placing him with the then celebrated Perugino.

In 1504 he visited Florence, and was greatly impressed with the works of the painters of this advanced school. He made Florence his headquarters until 1508, when he was invited to Rome. His great work here was the decoration of the dwelling-rooms of the popes in the Vatican palace, now, through these very frescoes, world-renowned as the Vatican Stanze. They consist of four principal rooms, and are generally designated after the most remarkable frescoes which they contain. The frescoes are of a mixed historical and representative or symbolical character, illustrating the establishment of the temporal as well as the spiritual power of the popes; for example, the first room contains the "Triumph of Constantine over Maxentius," the "Appearance of the Cross," the "Baptism of Constantine," and the "Presentation of Rome to the Pope." In this way the genius of Raphael was to a great extent made subservient to the growing assumptions of the Papacy. As works of art, notwithstanding the difficulties thrown in the painter's way from the unsuitable character of the walls, and the general meanness of the rooms, these frescoes are truly monumental, although they are now, through the neglect and ill-treatment they suffered in the seventeenth century, in a deplorable state. All are grand in character and in the dramatic truth of composition, and some are magnificent even in colour.

From this period Raphael was overwhelmed with commissions from his patrons. He produced, amongst other less important works, the magnificent series of Cartoons, of which seven are now at Hampton Court; and from the year 1514 he was the superintending architect of the new church of St. Peter's.

Doubtless owing to his multifarious occupations, weakening his constitution, the career of Raphael terminated at the early age of thirty-seven. The proximate cause of his death was fever, brought on by a cold caught whilst prosecuting his labours. His body lay in state, with his last work, the "Transfiguration," at his head, and was buried with great pomp in the Pantheon, or Santa Maria della Rotonda, at Rome. Superstition long pointed to a skull,

shown in the academy of St. Luke, as that of Raphael; but in 1833 his tomb was opened, and the skeleton, with all the teeth, found entire. A mould was taken from the skull, and the tomb was closed up again.

He was of a sallow complexion, had brown eyes, was slight in form, and was about five feet eight inches high. Several portraits of him are extant, from his childhood upwards.* He was never married, although he was said to have been engaged to Maria Bibiena, niece of Cardinal Bibiena; she died before him. His paintings and works of art he bequeathed to his two favourite scholars, Penni and Romano, then both young men, on condition of completing his unfinished works.

There are few departments in the painter's art in which Raphael did not excel, whether in history or portrait, allegory or ornament. About nine hundred various works and drawings are attributed to him. His designs are distinguished for religious sentiment, or the utmost dramatic vigour. He evidently had no tolerance for the separation of the sound body from the sound mind, believing one as worthy of representation as the other. He knew that God made the body as well as the soul, and was free from the superstitious delusion which has not unfrequently led men to infer that an emaciated body, if resulting from self-torture inflicted in the desecrated name of religion, indicates sanctity of spirit.

An admirer of Raphael thus refers to an existing prejudice which has arisen in connection with this characteristic of his paintings: "The grand, vigorous character of Raphael's representations, compared with the prevailing predominance of sentiment in earlier works at the expense of the physical, has led *modern affectation and ignorance* to pronounce his art profane, and a new adjective has been introduced into our art criticism, *pre-Raphaelite*, to express this disparagement." We sympathize with this vindication of the artist, but his works will never fail to be a security for his fame.

The same writer refers to "another innovation of modern times; spelling his name in England as the modern Italians spell it, *Raffaello*, a word of four syllables, and yet pronouncing this Italian word as if it were English, as *Raphael*." "Vasari wrote *Raffaello*; he himself wrote Raphael on his pictures, and has signed the only autograph letter we have of his, *Raphaello*." * A.

* See Frontispiece (a copy from one at Paris), page 235.

Leaves from the Book of Nature: Descriptive Narrative, &c.

A THOUSAND AND ONE STORIES FROM NATURE.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

BY THE REV. F. O. MORRIS, B.A., RECTOR OF NUNBURNHOLME, YORKSHIRE, AND CHAPLAIN TO HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF CLEVELAND, AUTHOR OF A "HISTORY OF BRITISH BIRDS" (DEDICATED BY PERMISSION TO HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN), ETC., ETC.

THE DOG.

LXXXVI.

We have the following announcement in one of the papers: "Captain G—, seriously wounded in the head, has returned to Vienna with his dog!" Thereby hangs a pretty tale of canine affection and sagacity. The captain was wounded at Magenta in 1859, and lay out on the battle-field. He was missed, and no tidings could be had of him by the men of his regiment. But he had at the time a young dog which had become much attached to him. It occurred to his groom that through the agency of this little favourite of his master he might discover him, and so he took the dog with him to the field, and amongst a heap of dead the poor thing discovered the badly wounded officer, and howled piteously to attract the groom's attention. The master was brought in, and he considered he owed his life to the dog, and became more attached to him than ever. This gallant officer was again wounded in the retreat from Königgrätz, and again was missed. Of course it occurred to his brother officers who had heard the former story, to try again the former agency of discovery. The dog, now grown old and sage, was brought out, and after a long search set up once more its melancholy cry, and was found rubbing its anxious nose to its master's pallid face. Captain G— was again only wounded, but very badly. He was sent down to Vienna, and as he drove through the city, lying prostrate in a carriage, it was noticed that a poor dog, with anxious and sympathetic eye, lay with its head upon his breast. The anxiety of the officer to reach Vienna and to live, was noticed as strange for one of well-known bravery, who had a hundred times unflinchingly faced death. But his

first request was for a notary, and he hastened to make a will, leaving a certain annuity to a relative on condition of his taking charge of his best of friends, his little dog, and of watching tenderly over its comforts for the remnant of its days. This was the secret of his anxiety to survive. 'Now,' he said, 'if it be God's will, I am content to die.' But I am happy to say there are strong hopes of saving the gallant gentleman's life, and that it is highly probable he will himself enjoy the agreeable duty of giving the greatest of all happiness to his dumb friend, and that will be his own society."

LXXXVII.

Lord Middleton had nearly lost his first whip on Monday night. Some of the hounds were astray at Sledmere, and the whip, who is a stranger, and in his first season, remained to get them together. The night was very dark, and in taking across the country homewards both horse and rider fell into one of the spring-heads near Wharram Church, the mare being uppermost. Both lay in the cold spring water unable to get out, but singularly enough both with heads above the water. The cry of the hounds was heard down the valley to Wharram station, and also by the passengers in the last Malton train. The long continuance of the cries induced a man to go and see what the dogs were about, and he discovered the pitiable position of the mare and her rider. The dogs, however, would not suffer either to be touched, and would certainly have worried any one attempting a rescue single-handed. After a two hours' immersion both were got out. The whip was soon got round, but the mare—a very valuable one—was apparently the worse of the two. Had not assistance arrived, the mare and her rider must both inevitably have perished.

LXXXVIII.

Some four years since on a dark winter's evening, my clerk, W. Robertson, and myself, left the police office about half-past five or six p.m. My clerk told me next morning the circumstance of a farmer's dog, which had jumped up before him barking much just as he went out of the Inn gates. Robertson struck at the dog, but it would not go away. He then turned round to look if any one was in the road; the dog seemed pleased and ran on before him, barking; but after a few yards Robertson turned back. The dog again went after him and barked furiously, trying to lead him back up the road. He again turned and went on some twenty yards, following the dog, and then found the dog's master lying drunk on the high road. Had any vehicle come by, he must have been run over. Eventually the man was carried into the lock-up, the dog following. The police were debating about locking the dog up too, when it bolted and ran home.

LXXXIX.

"My other anecdote about dogs referred to a splendid black Newfoundland, the property of the Grenadier Company of the 39th Regiment when in Sydney, New South Wales, in 1831; which dog would take jackets, bundles, and even soup in tins (covered) from the barracks to men on the main guard, a distance of half a mile, through the streets of the town. Once being annoyed and attacked by another dog, he quickly growled at him and showed fight by putting the tin on the ground two or three times, but at last succeeded in taking the dinner safe to the man on guard. He (Charley, for that was his name) then rushed after the other dog and nearly worried him to death. The Company were offered £20 for him when ordered on to India, which they refused. Alas, poor Charley! he died of liver complaint in six weeks after landing, duly buried, and duly mourned for by the whole troops."

XC.

A very singular and interesting occurrence was on Friday brought to light in the Burgh Court, by the hearing of a summons in regard to a dog-tax.

Eight and a half years ago, it seems, a man named Gray, of whom nothing now is known, except that he was poor, and lived in a quiet way in some obscure part of the town, was buried in Old Greyfriars' Churchyard. His grave, levelled by the hand of time, and unmarked by any stone, is now scarcely discernible; but though no human interest

would seem to attach to it, the sacred spot has not been wholly disregarded and forgotten. During all these years, the dead man's faithful dog has kept constant watch and guard over the grave; and it was this animal for which the collectors sought to recover the tax.

James Brown, the old curator of the burial ground, remembers Gray's funeral; and the dog, a Scotch terrier, was, he says, one of the most conspicuous of the mourners. The grave was closed in as usual, and the next morning, "Bobby," as the dog is called, was found lying on the newly made mound. This was an innovation which old James could not permit, for there was an order at the gate stating, in the most intelligible characters, that dogs were not admitted. "Bobby" was accordingly driven out; but the next morning he was there again, and for a second time was discharged. The third morning was cold and wet, and when the old man saw the faithful animal, in spite of all chastisement, still lying shivering on the grave, he took pity on him and gave him some food. This recognition of his devotion gave "Bobby" the right to make the churchyard his home; and from that time to the present he has never spent a night away from his master's grave. Often in bad weather attempts have been made to keep him within doors, but by dismal howls he has succeeded in making it known that this interference is not agreeable to him, and latterly he has always been allowed to have his way.


"Bobby" has many friends, and the tax-gatherers have by no means proved his enemies. A weekly treat of steaks was allowed him by Sergeant Scott of the Engineers; but for more than six years he has been regularly fed by Mr. John Trail, of the Restaurant, 6, Greyfriars' Place. He is constant and punctual in his calls, being guided in his midday visits by the sound of the time-gun. On the ground of "harbouring" the dog in this way, proceedings were taken against Mr. Trail for payment of the tax. The defendant expressed his willingness, could he claim the dog, to be responsible for the tax; but so long as the animal refused to attach himself to any one, it was impossible, he argued, to fix the ownership; and the Court, seeing the peculiar circumstances of the case, dismissed the summons. The old curator, of course, stands up as the next claimant to Mr. Trail, and on Friday offered to pay the tax himself rather than have "Bobby"—"Greyfriars' Bobby," to allow him his full name—put out of the way.

Songs of the Garden.

BY MRS. ELLIS, AUTHORESS OF THE "WOMEN OF ENGLAND."

VI.

The Roses.


N a cloudless morning, up rose the sun
To welcome the bright June weather;
Alone in the Heavens his course was run,
While the roses sang together.

They sang with the gladness of beautiful things,
They sang of youth, and of health,
Of the joy of nature when summer-time brings
To the garden its fulness and wealth.

They sang of the morning, they sang of the day,
Of noon with its glorious light;
And, when lengthening shadows began to play,
They sang of the dewy night.

Then evening came, and up rose the moon
To welcome the balmy weather;
Lonely she looked on the flowers of June,
But the roses sang together.

Song of the Roses.

AIR is the glow on the eastern hills,
When the sun sinks in the west,
And out of his fountain of glory fills
With molten gold the thousand rills
That leap, and sparkle, and glide,
Down—down the mountain's side,
Seeking their home in the ocean's breast.

Oh, sweet is that glow with its tints so rare,
When the evening sun goes down;
But the rose—the rose has a blush as fair,
With a beauty all her own.

Soft is the bloom on the infant's cheek,
When it sleeps so peaceful and fair;
And the mother sits watching, but dare not
speak,
Afraid that innocent charm to break
With even the whisper of love;
Still—still, as a brooding dove,
Pouring her soul in a silent prayer.

Oh, soft is that glow with its tints so rare,
Ere childhood's bloom has flown;
But the rose—the rose has a blush as fair,
With a beauty all her own.

Tender and sweet are the hues that spread
Where smiles and dimples play,
When the maiden blushes, and turns her head
To catch what the one loved voice may have said
In words more precious than gold;
Soft—soft, and sweetly told,
And fondly remembered for many a day.

Oh, lovely and sweet are the tints so rare
By tenderest feeling shown;
But the rose—the rose has a blush as fair,
With a beauty all her own.

Bright is the glow when the warrior hears
The distant bugle blow,
And he knows by the shouts, and the manly
cheers,
And gathering hosts, that the battle nears;
While quick from his heart of pride
High—high, the living tide
Rises, and swells with a crimson glow.

Oh, red is the warrior's cheek, when the might
Of the gathering host comes down;
But the rose—the rose has a blush as bright,
With a beauty all her own.

Deep is the dye of that deadlier fight,
Where the soul its conflict bears;
And suffers, and stands for the holy right,
With human sorrow, but heavenly might;
Torn with burning thoughts that start
Deep—deep, in the martyr's heart,
From the mingled fountain of hopes and tears.

Oh, that crimson dye is deep and true,
Where the martyr's faith is shown;
But the rose can blush with as deep a hue,
And a beauty all her own.

Letters.

LETTERS come like birds of many-tinted hues;
 Some dark, some sparkling bright
 with pleasant news;
 Some silver grey, in soothing tones expressed;
 Some sharp and strong, in jarring discord
 dressed.
 Yet as the child who loves her garden home,
 Listens and watches when the gay birds
 come,
 So sits the maiden in her favourite bower,
 And reads, and thinks, through the soft
 evening hour;
 Tracing each chequered page with heighten-
 ing zest,
 Eager to find the last words and the best;
 Yet sad when all is found, for small it seems
 To her who sits alone, and waits, and dreams,
 And watches day by day, and night by night,
 And thinks, like those who live by faith not
 sight,
 The coming bird will surely wear a plumage
 bright.

Twelve months have passed since last we saw
 that face
 Of girlish sweetness, but of woman's grace.
 Roses have bloomed and faded—trees have
 shed
 Their leafy burden—summer birds have
 fled—
 Cold wintry skies, with beating storm and
 rain,—
 These all have passed, and summer smiles
 again.
 Tidings have come, not frequent, but still
 true—
 Letters like birds of many-tinted hue—
 Exulting now in youth's assured success,
 Now touched with shadow, and exulting less.
 Then silence! Darker than all times were
 those—
 Days without sunshine, nights without
 repose,
 When the tired spirit wished and watched in
 vain
 For that which came not, and then watched
 again,
 Wearing its life out with the long unchanging
 pain.

Now comes the closely-written page at
 last;
 And now the sun shines forth, the clouds
 have passed.
 Among the roses sits the maiden fair;
 While songs and perfumes fill the evening
 air.
 Once paled her cheek, as if with sudden
 pain,
 And then with joy as sudden flushed again;
 For mingled tidings come from that far
 land—
 Which all too well her heart can under-
 stand—
 How the poor brother, he of purpose weak,
 Has yet the ever-promised good to seek;
 While he of firmer nature, stronger will,
 With rising hopes seems ever gaining
 still.
 Ah, fluttering heart! how shall the weight
 be borne
 Of tenderest love, with all these feelings
 torn,
 Wanting that armour youth and love have
 seldom worn?

Ah! but a secret lives within that breast.
 Time has not passed in vain. A heavenly
 rest—
 A calm beyond all human skill to gain
 Now smoothes her brow, and stills her every
 pain.
 What though the tangled scheme of life
 looks strange,
 And startling fears awake with every
 change,
 Through wildest tumult still she hears the
 call,
 "Rest thee, my child—thy Father knows it
 all!
 Deep in the mystery of His sovereign
 power
 He hides the path, but leads thee hour by
 hour.
 Grasp thou the outstretched hand, nor quit
 that hold;
 So will He guide thee to the peaceful fold,
 Safe through the perils of this dubious
 way,
 Safe through the darkness, to eternal day,
 Whence never weakest lamb with wandering
 feet shall stray."



The Home Library.

The Mission of Great Sufferings. By ELIHU BURRITT. London: Sampson Low, Son, and Marston.

The learned blacksmith is himself an illustrious example of philanthropic effort and self-denial for the benefit of others. The readers of OUR OWN FIRESIDE will doubtless remember the biographical sketch of this remarkable man which appeared in our second volume (p. 273). The re-perusal of that sketch will give additional interest to the volume which he has just written. We have quoted an extract from the work this month, which affords a fair specimen of its character. It comprises ten chapters, and abounds in similar thrilling and eloquent passages. The political sentiments of the writer, indicating his strong Northern sympathies, some may consider are a little too prominently advanced in the concluding chapters; but the spirit in which he expresses his opinions will conciliate even those who may not be altogether convinced. We admire the high estimate Mr. Burritt has formed of the philanthropy of the age; but "all is not gold that glitters;" and whilst we thankfully recognize the generous response ever made to special appeals for national subscriptions, we wish the necessity did not exist for urging the ordinary appeals for charitable funds with such frequent importunity. We fear the explanation of this necessity, particularly in its bearings upon distinctly religious missionary works—the highest kind of charity—is to be found in the low estimate which is formed by so many of the Redeeming Mission of the GREAT SUFFERER, who "gave Himself for us," that we might no longer "live unto ourselves," but "unto Him who loved us."

The Holy Bible, consisting of the Old and New Covenants, translated according to the letter and idioms of the original languages. By ROBERT YOUNG. Second Edition. London: A. Fullarton and Co. Edinburgh: G. A. Young and Co.

Mr. Young states that this work "is not intended to come into competition with the ordinary use of the English version." We very much question whether any version will ever be produced equalling that which we possess. At the same time we need not shrink from admitting that "defective renderings" exist; and since Mr. Young has simply aimed to assist the ordinary reader to discover these "defective renderings" by giving what he believes to be a "literal translation of the original," we gladly welcome the result of his labours. Unquestionably, the study of this literal version will help to guard the reader against many of the

blunders into which the spirit of scepticism has betrayed captious minds. The first edition was published before Bishop Colenso published the first part of his notorious work, and entirely takes away the ground of several of his most prominent difficulties. We recommend Mr. Young's work to the students of Scripture.

Studies for Sunday Evening. By LORD KINLOCH. Second Edition. Edinburgh: Edmonston and Douglas.

The grasp of the gifted author's mind, and the fervent piety which characterises his Scriptural meditations, will alike commend this volume to the reader. It deals with topics of general interest, combining the thoughtful and the practical aspects of Christian life.

Precept upon Precept. London: Hatchard and Co.

Parents will be glad to learn that the author of "The Peep of Day" is about to publish, under the above title, a sequel to that popular work, of which we understand 250,000 copies have been sold in England, and the same number in the United States.

Micah the Priestmaker. A handbook on Ritualism. By T. BINNEY. London: Jackson, Walford, and Hodder.

Without aiming directly at controversy, Mr. Binney, in his well-known sententious and vigorous style of writing, gives us his own conclusions as an "outside observer." For the most part his volume indicates that he fully recognises the thoroughly Protestant character of the Church of the Reformation: but here and there we notice the natural influence of Nonconformist principles leading him to a somewhat different conclusion. We only hope Nonconformists will maintain the principles of the Reformation as faithfully and decisively as we believe they are maintained in the Prayer Book and Homilies of the Church of England. The Reformers knew what Romanism is better than we do, and they wrote accordingly.

Conversations on the Bible and Science. By the Rev. EDWIN SIDNEY, A.M. London: Jarrold and Sons.

The author's name will be the best pledge of the excellence of this work. We wish to call special attention to it. For our sons and daughters who are beginning to think for themselves, it will prove invaluable. Geology, Astronomy, the Atmosphere, the Sea, Light and Heat, Vegetable and Animal Physiology, Chemistry, Electricity, and Magnetism, are the topics of conversation: and the result of all that is advanced is to make clear to demonstration that "what God has said is in unison with what God has made."



The Gorge of Ichtazin, Persia



The Christian Home.

WOMAN'S FAITH;

OR,

PRAISE AND BLAME.

BY MRS. ELLIS, AUTHORESS OF "THE WOMEN OF ENGLAND," ETC.

CHAPTER VII.

THE months spent at Eastwick before the return of Harry Dunlop to his Canadian home produced no more striking change in any of the characters here described than in his own. He was one of those youths who seem to spring at once into manhood; and in his case this effect was heightened by a more than common amount of health and strength, as well as vigour of action, and beauty and symmetry of person,—such beauty, at least, as is generally associated with capability in manly undertakings, frankness of expression, uprightness, and undaunted bravery. Up to this time Harry had imagined himself brave enough to set off without a tear or a sigh to any distant quarter of the globe; and he had especially gloried in the prospect of returning home. But now that the prospect of parting with his friends came nearer, it grew less pleasant. He began sometimes to feel a dim apprehension that this parting might be for ever; and, quite unconsciously to himself, the mingling of many grave thoughts with this subject had the effect of making him at once more affectionate in his manner towards the friends he was about to leave, and more serious and earnest in his communications with them.

Such, however, was the instinctive dislike in Harry's mind to all assumption or pretence, especially to the pretence of feeling more than was real, true, and deep, that his conversation seldom did him justice in this respect. His conduct, too, though always

upright, not unfrequently placed him at a great disadvantage in the estimation of those whose good opinion rested chiefly upon social propriety as the test of worth. His best friends could not but observe with regret how often he spoiled the good he might have done by impatience in not waiting for the best opportunity for doing it; and how, from the very eagerness of his purpose in carrying out what his heart was set upon, he paid little regard to the opinion likely to be formed of him by people in general.

Little indeed did Harry care for what the Andersons, and persons of their class, thought of him. But he did care a good deal about the opinion of their niece Margaret; and when she told him frankly how it pained her to hear their frequent comments upon him, Harry began, almost for the first time in his life, to see that carelessness in word and conduct may be really a selfish indulgence, because, while simply aiming to please ourselves, we may cause inexpressible pain to those who love us.

Margaret herself was, to a certain extent, independent; but she was also considerate, which Harry was not. For a girl she was rather remarkably brave in doing right; but while she dared, she suffered, and that sometimes acutely. Even under the narrow and often erroneous views of her uncle and aunt, she suffered from their displeasure chiefly because she was so deeply indebted to them for personal kindness and protection.

It so happened that the head master in Dr. Lambert's school was a relative of the Andersons, and from him there had come

a somewhat exaggerated description of the conduct which led to Harry Dunlop's expulsion. To have been expelled at all was enough for them. The fact appeared to their minds to be one demanding an open manifestation of their disapproval; and although the Godwins never mentioned the subject, it was loudly proclaimed, and bitterly inveighed against, by the Andersons. They even went so far as to lay restrictions upon Margaret in her intercourse with one whose character was stamped with this public disgrace. Against this she remonstrated; for how was she to associate with the Godwins without meeting Harry? Then she was not to speak to him; but how could she be guilty of so great a breach of good manners? At last she was not to make herself agreeable to him—never to be free or cordial in her manner towards him, and absolutely never to be seen with him alone, or on any terms of intimacy.

But from Margaret they could extort no promise. Nay, she had defended Harry by maintaining that he had done nothing wrong; and if the whole truth had come to light, it would probably have been found that if she did not actually believe in him the more, she certainly liked him the better, and held by him more firmly, because of the unjust condemnation which he had so thoughtlessly brought upon himself. She felt, however, very painfully the vexation she was causing her relatives by not seeing as they did, or by not submitting her actions entirely to their idea of what was right.

Margaret had much to consider in this way, for she was growing into a woman now, with her own responsibilities to answer for. On the one hand, she owed much to her relatives as such; but on the other, she thought she owed something to Harry Dunlop as a friend. A friend she persisted in considering him; and this persistence was supported by the opinion of the Godwins. Under their guidance, in this respect, Margaret endeavoured to place herself impartially. She believed herself willing to give Harry up entirely, if they who knew him so well and so intimately advised her to do so. But they said nothing to this effect, only

regretted sometimes, in speaking of Harry, that he was so impetuous and hasty—acting, as they said, “from good motives in a wrong manner.” And indeed it was a pity, Margaret said to herself, that he was so careless about appearances. Why did he bring such remarks upon himself? Why did he make it so difficult for any one to defend him?—so painful for any one to love him?

This last question was asked mentally, and in perfect simplicity. In this respect the unconscious girl was ignorant of any change, in consequence of her growth into womanhood. She had liked Harry from the first, and she liked him still. Beyond this, she believed in him that he would never do a mean thing, nor knowingly commit a wicked act. She might not have been able to give any distinct reason for this faith; but there was a reason existing in full force, which she felt almost instinctively, as women sometimes do; and it was this—that on no occasion, in all her intercourse with Harry, whether playful or serious, whether passionate or calm, had his expressions or his turn of feeling leaned favourably towards what was wrong, or unfavourably towards what was right. In this Margaret felt secure, that he would never lead her away from the path of rectitude and peace; but rather, if her own foot should slip, if she should step ever so slightly aside, that he would be the first to snatch her back again—the most earnest and sincere to warn her of the danger incurred. But there was, joined to this, another ground of dependence and trust. It was that Harry, the thoughtless, and, as some called him, self-willed and hairbrained boy, had deep and earnest thoughts, shared almost exclusively with her, on all those subjects in which his parents had so carefully instructed him in early youth; that few could read more reverently the page of sacred truth, and perhaps none desire more ardently to be taught aright.

The near prospect of a long separation, as already stated, had the effect of making Harry Dunlop at once more thoughtful and more earnest, especially in his intercourse

with his brother Archy; and it now made him more serious about himself, and his prospects for the future. His habit was to avoid this kind of looking onward, and to take things just as they came; at least he professed to do so; but now he began to want a friend to confide in more than he had ever done before—a friend who could enter into his views, and look at life from the same point of view with himself—in fact, a friend who could understand him. Nobody, he thought, had ever understood him as Margaret did; and although she would sometimes tell him home-truths about himself, which were by no means gratifying to his self-love, yet, somehow or other, he liked the truth from her, even when not very flattering, better than he liked the praises of others. He liked above all things to talk about himself to Margaret, and to hear his character, his actions, and even his appearance, discussed by her—an indulgence not very safe where two young people intend to remain only friends.

The fact was, neither Harry nor Margaret had any intention at all about the matter. They met as children, and like children told each to the other almost everything which most intimately concerned them in their joys and sorrows: only there was this difference of late—that, unconsciously to themselves, their joys and sorrows, and all which concerned them most intimately, were beginning to be such as belong to a stage beyond childhood, so that what they had to tell in their mutual confidences was often calculated to call forth the sympathy of hearts overflowing with feelings more matured, and deeper than those of very early life.

It happened one day—the last before Margaret returned to school—that the two friends met by accident on the seashore. At any rate the meeting was accidental to Margaret, and knowing that she could answer clearly on this point to her aunt, she thought no harm in wandering on with Harry for awhile, especially as it was for the last time. So the two friends went on and on together, as they would have done in the days of their early intimacy, only that their thoughts and feelings led them into more

earnest conversation, chiefly upon what might lie before them in the untried future, and the right which they hoped they should be able to maintain, and the wrong which they were equally hopeful to avoid.

From looking dimly and vaguely into the future, and wondering what would be their share in it, the two friends came very naturally to wishing that they could help one another; and then to boyish and girlish promises to think of one another on stated occasions, such as summer evenings and autumn days, and winter nights by the glowing fire, and many, many times besides—so many, that a question might have arisen as to when they would not think of one another. And then, as their hearts opened, and they felt more solemnly that they two were standing there alone beneath the watchful eye of their Father in Heaven they spoke out of their full hearts of holier things,—of trust in Him, and love and faith in His beloved Son, and of needful and happy prayer, in which, as children of one household, they would each remember the other when far away, and so perhaps help to strengthen one another for the great battle of life, which they knew to be before them in the common lot. Thus hand in hand they walked together, holding that sweet communion which belongs to trusting and affectionate youth, but which is never so sweet, either in enjoyment or remembrance, as when hallowed by the simplicity and trustfulness of children who look up to their Father in Heaven.

So the two friends walked together, neither of them conscious of the actual lapse of time; nor was there a word spoken by either calculated to arouse the slightest apprehension that they might be treading upon dangerous ground. So they went on, until the white surf came sweeping up around their feet, and they saw that they must hasten home to escape the rising tide. In both households their friends were busy preparing for the morrow's journey, and it so happened, happily for Margaret, that no searching inquiries were made about the length or the cause of her absence. When the morning came, they said farewell as others did; but their farewell had been on the seashore, and

they neither of them afterwards forgot that walk, or lost the impression which it left upon their characters.

Margaret and Agnes were now entering upon their last school session. They would neither of them have remained so long, but from the circumstance of one being an orphan without any legitimate home, and the other the one daughter in a household to which pupils were admitted. Throughout their school experience they had always been friends, bound together, not only by home associations, but by as tender an affection as could well exist between characters so differently constituted.

Indeed, it would have been almost impossible not to love Agnes Godwin, she was so lovely, gentle, and caressing; and it was equally impossible not to respect Margaret, or to feel indifferent to the help and comfort which she was both efficient and prompt in affording. All the weak characters in the school seemed to rely upon Margaret when they wanted either soothing or assistance—and here she seldom failed them; but they rebelled against her interference when they wanted to do wrong, for that they knew they could never, by any charm of coaxing, induce her to countenance. There was nothing for them in such cases but to avoid or deceive her; and when they did so to any extent, there was almost sure to be some little penitent one, who would come back confessing, and wanting to be admitted to the same affectionate protection again.

But while these feelings prevailed amongst the younger portion of the community, there were sometimes older pupils of a higher grade in the school who set up an influence of their own very different in its moral tendency from Margaret's. Such cases occurred chiefly with girls who came to Miss Clare after long residence in schools where the teachers and the taught were regarded as two distinct, and even opposing, parties. Such girls would begin upon the same plan with Miss Clare, assuming a courteous and even submissive manner in her presence; but secretly regarding it as great fun to break the rules, and subvert the order of the

establishment. At first they would do this, but seldom for any great length of time, except when the class of new comers was numerous, or when even one girl of this class happened to be particularly stylish in dress and manner, prepossessing in person, or in some other way attractive and popular.

This was the "grand fight," as Miss Clare would sometimes call it, which she found the hardest in all her school experience—not a battle with bad passions, or the actual evil propensities of human nature, but with long habit, sustained by the customs of society, and popular modes of thinking and acting.

"How to get such girls to believe in me as their friend, or to be honest and true and upright with me, even in opposition—to regard it as mean and low, rather than clever and much to be admired, to work in an underhand manner,—is the most difficult perplexity, and the hardest labour of my life," said Miss Clare to Margaret in one of their confidential interviews. For she liked to talk with Margaret as a friend,—and very pleasant to the orphan girl, and very strengthening to her character, were these conversations.

"You observe," Miss Clare added, "there is this great barrier against me—the pupils themselves must not tell, and I must not encourage them to tell, unless indeed the case should be very desperate. They would lose their character for honour if they did, at least in the opinion of their companions, and I should lose mine."

"But you ought to know," said Margaret, "as a parent ought to know, what is going on beneath your roof, so far as regards any serious right or wrong."

"I ought to know," replied Miss Clare; "and if a higher moral system was steadily maintained, the girls themselves, even the most perverse and rebellious amongst them, would take care that I should know. I do not say that under such a system *all* would be good,—to be consistently good belongs to a higher order of motives and influences: but I do say that they would cease to be mean, deceptive, tricky, and double-faced, because the popular feeling in the school would be against such conduct, not

for it. The girls who act this part, and turn the general feeling of the school in favour of it, destroy the honour of the community themselves—destroy its oneness—its harmony—and leave those who stand at the head of such a school no power but to act meanly, or to suffer what is wrong to take its course.”

“It seems to me,” observed Margaret, “that where a system of wrong acting is going on, it is like a disease.”

“Exactly so,” replied Miss Clare; “sin is a disease. If we would look at it in the right way, we should see that to stop the progress of this moral disease, to keep it from spreading by infection, or, still better, to cure it, is of more importance, because the peril is greater, than to stop or cure any of those frightful physical diseases against which people rightly use so many precautions. What should we think of a company of young people at school who should conceal or disguise the first appearance of scarlet fever or smallpox in their companions?—who should declare that such symptoms did not exist, and who should do everything in their power to prevent the symptoms being treated with reference either to prevention or cure? We know that from God alone can come the certain and efficient cure of all evils; but He has put means of help into our hands in one case, it seems to me quite as much as in the other; only in this instance—I mean as regards our schools, the most important of all our institutions,—a false system of morals has taken possession both of young and old, and we have all the world against the discovery of the disease. It is almost useless for one individual to attempt to do good by acting in opposition to public opinion. On this point it is almost impossible, because the character of a tell-tale is hateful in itself,—and deservedly so. Yet I can imagine one who tells a tale, to do so in the spirit of a martyr. Oh, when will the time come for those who work honestly for the good of their fellow-creatures, to be believed in by the world!”

Miss Clare had scarcely uttered these words, when she covered her face with both her hands, and gave vent to a burst of

emotion of which few beneath that roof would have believed her capable. Margaret was both surprised and deeply affected; but she could do nothing, for the case was one beyond the reach of ordinary soothing. It was a terrible wrestling with that great brave heart under a sense of being overmastered by the baser and meaner instruments of human conflict. Miss Clare had also a true woman's heart—only such are fit to have the training of women,—and thus it was that her feelings needed sometimes this natural outlet. But she soon recovered herself, and even smiled to see the look of anxious and alarmed attention with which Margaret was watching her.

“There,” she said, wiping her tears, and drawing her young companion affectionately to her, “I shall be better now. The fact is, I am perplexed and troubled beyond what I can explain—baffled, but not defeated. There is something wrong going on. I do not ask you to tell me what it is, even if you should discover it; but I do ask you to endeavour to stop or to prevent it. I do ask you to help to keep up the moral tone and character of the school, so that if wrong is done it shall be hated and despised as wrong, not cherished and made popular. My child,” she added, affectionately, “we must not give up because our work is hard. He who has appointed to each one of us our separate task will not leave us to do it unsupported. And, after all, we do it for Him, let the issue be what it may. How often did the Saviour speak to His disciples as if their worst and most bitter enemy would be the world! But never let us forget His own blessed words, ‘*I have overcome the world.*’”

In the last period of her school-life Margaret, as well as Archy, seemed destined to pass through the severest trial of principle. Many minor trials had assailed them both before, and they had necessarily been passing all the while through a series or a course of preparation—a strengthening of principle in favour of right, or a leaning towards wrong, either outwardly, or in the secret purposes of the heart, with a consequent weakening of those principles which are necessary for support when the hour of temptation comes.

Miss Clare was right in saying there was something wrong going on in the school. A number of new girls had lately entered the establishment; and they seemed to class together so as not to share the influences which had been brought to bear upon pupils of longer residence. But amongst them was one delicate and gentle girl with whom Margaret made some progress towards intimacy, or rather towards affection; for the new set had evidently some source of interest of their own, into which they admitted no one beyond their own circle.

Before long, however, Margaret became, quite unintentionally, acquainted with some of their transactions. She was reading one day in a shaded part of the garden, under the shelter of a yew hedge which ran along a somewhat private walk. On the other side of the hedge these girls were walking, and talking very earnestly; and when they came near the part where Margaret was sitting, it was impossible for her not to hear their conversation. At first she thought little of what they said, her only object being to let them know that she was near; and with this intention she coughed more than once; but so busy were the talkers about their plans, and so close were their heads together, while their attention centred in the all-absorbing topic, that they failed to hear the signal. So Margaret spoke out aloud, and told them plainly that she was near, and that if they had secrets to discuss, they had better find some other place.

Of course the girls hurried off, and then Margaret, who had at first been intent only upon letting them know that she could hear, began to hear, as it were, by a kind of after-sense, what they had been talking about. Remembering what Miss Clare had said, the whole truth flashed upon her mind. It was clear that these girls had some plan on the way. They had spoken of a certain dressmaker, of whom Margaret had no very high opinion, as their agent, and there was evidently some secret communication going on with parties out of the house.

Pondering over these facts in her own mind, and recollecting as she did now many corroborating circumstances, Margaret asked

herself that most serious of questions, "What shall I do now?" Almost immediately she rose and followed the girls. They had no fear of her. Believing in her *honour*, as it is called, they entertained no apprehension that she would *tell*. But of course they did not want her to come prying into their secrets, and their reception when she joined them was not the most cordial or agreeable.

Margaret felt this, for, independent as she seemed, she was both shrinking and sensitive on points of this kind; but she also had her notions of honour,—and according to her code she was bound to tell the girls what she had become acquainted with from their conversation, and what she thought of it.

Of course the girls were very angry, and in their anger retorted upon Margaret as a listener and a spy, and perhaps a tell-tale: under which abuse she did not allow herself to appear in the least degree moved, but told them boldly that the thing must be stopped—that it could not, and must not go on.

"But if we choose that it shall go on?" said one of the boldest girls, looking defiantly at Margaret.

"I don't think you will do that," she said, as quietly as she could: for, to tell the truth, her blood seemed boiling under the irritation, and she had enough to do to keep her tongue from threats; "I don't think that as honourable girls you will do that. We come into this school as we would enter any other household, to observe the rules of the family in which we are placed, as I think all well-bred girls would make a point of doing. And, besides this, Miss Clare stands to us in the position of a parent."

But here a general giggling ran through the party, and poor Margaret was compelled to own secretly that she was baffled. While she did so, however, a gentle hand crept into hers, and Lucy Linton, the pale, delicate girl, stepping out from her companions, looked kindly into Margaret's face, and said, "Don't mind them; it is nothing but fun and folly. They don't mean any harm. There is no occasion in the world for you to take it so seriously."

By this time, the laughing party had scampered away, and Margaret and her companion turned and strolled leisurely along one of the walks. This was an excellent opportunity for Margaret not only to explain her own views on the subject, but to do her best to support Miss Clare; and she did so faithfully. She had a willing and interested listener in one who had scarcely ever in her life heard human conduct discussed in this manner before. To be a lady, and to act on all occasions in a style befitting a lady, had been the rule of Lucy Linton's home life: but Margaret talked to her about being an honourable woman—a Christian gentlewoman; and there opened to her view a far more noble object—nay, even a lovelier pattern for her to aim at—than she had ever been accustomed to contemplate.

On going back to the tricks and schemes of her companions, however—to the practical working out of the truths set before her, as applied to present and familiar things—Lucy could not see that she herself was bound by any obligation in the matter, only by the obligation not to tell.

"And *you* won't tell, I'm sure," she said, looking wistfully into Margaret's face.

"Not if I can help it," replied Margaret.

"What can you mean?" asked Lucy, in great bewilderment.

"I mean that this thing must be stopped, and if not in one way, it must in another," Margaret replied.

"But they would hate you so," said Lucy, "if you should tell. The whole school would hate you."

"Would you hate me?" asked Margaret, and she turned upon her companion that deep, earnest look of her expressive eyes, which sometimes said more than words.

"I don't think I could do that," said Lucy; "but I should be very, very sorry."

With this the conversation ended for the present, Margaret feeling that she could do no more just then. What she had next to do was to commune with her own heart in secret, to ascertain clearly what manner of spirit she was of, and to lay her case before the Father of spirits, asking Him to show

her what was right, and to support her in doing it.

In the meantime, Miss Clare held no further communication with Margaret of a nature at all confidential. It seemed, indeed, as if she rather wished to avoid her. But it might only be that in her own mind she was perplexed and troubled, and had plans to form, and considerations to take into account, in which no one could materially assist her. It was true that she could at any time, by a certain system of investigation, have come at the whole truth of what she now understood only in part; but this was neither her plan nor her object. It would serve but a part of her purpose for her to *know*. What she most wanted was a voluntary confession from the party concerned. In the case of any of her older pupils, who understood her and her plans, this result would have been obtained with comparative ease and certainty; but with these strangers the case was very difficult, for how was she to work upon their better feelings while they did not listen to her as a friend, nor believe that she was supremely interested in their welfare and happiness? And now the periodical gathering-time was drawing near, when all the family would have to meet together for the purpose of taking into consideration the general working and condition of the school, chiefly in relation to its moral welfare; and what was she to say or do? was she to overlook this great evil and trespass, or to try and bring it to light, and, perhaps, to fail?

In the meantime, Margaret had, as she believed, a duty to perform which taxed her utmost powers to carry out. She had first come into partial possession of the secret by accident; but subsequently Lucy Linton had told her all; and in the bribery and deception practised, the disgraceful character of the transaction was even more important, than the actual circumstances involved, although these were of a nature seriously to affect the respectability of the school.

Margaret was painfully aware that her first mode of treating the matter had been unsuccessful. Perhaps she had been too

dictatorial. At all events, she had, by her "lecturing," as the girls called it, placed herself in a worse position with them than before making this futile attempt to work upon their better feelings. But now she became more than ever in earnest since she knew all. It seemed to her almost worse than death to be herself the means of bringing the matter to light—to be herself the tell-tale; so acutely did she feel, that the sentiments of the whole school would be against her, that none of her companions would understand or appreciate her motives, and that if compelled to this last resource, she must sink, perhaps irrevocably, in the esteem of all. And still, throughout all these painful considerations, Margaret's resolution never failed her—if the girls would not of themselves confess, she would tell, openly and publicly; unless indeed—and this condition she placed continually before them—they would pledge themselves to discontinue their dishonourable practices. This they declared they never would at her dictation. And so the matter stood until the day for which all were preparing, when it would certainly be brought forward for general consideration. The new pupils were curious about this, but not at all afraid. Their demeanour was not only cheerful, but defiant.

The whole school had now become aware that something of importance was going on, and many knew so far as that letters had been sent by stealth out of the house; but, of course, the story had many varieties of aspect and of comment. Agnes Godwin was so far informed as to know that Margaret intended to bring the wrong to light, and she suffered severely on behalf of her friend, fearing that by some act of fancied heroism she might lose caste in the school. But Agnes suffered also on her own account at this time, in consequence of construing the absorbed and anxious manner of Miss Clare into some kind of displeasure against herself. So much, indeed, was she impressed with this idea, that on the evening before the eventful day, she went weeping into her cousin's private room, and implored her to say in what she had offended her.

In astonishment, Miss Clare inquired what

could possibly have caused such a notion to enter her head.

"Because," said Agnes, "you have scarcely spoken to me for a week; and you passed me more than once without kissing me."

"My dear child," exclaimed Miss Clare, "you must not fill your little tender heart with troubles of this kind. I do assure you no such idea ever crossed my mind. Nay, if I were to tell you the whole truth, I am afraid I should have to say that I did not see you when I passed you, and that, except in a general way, I have not been conscious of the fact of your existence. You must not be offended with me, Agnes; but, indeed, there is a kind of selfishness in being so sensitive on these points. If you had thought more of others, and less of yourself—more of me, for instance—you would have seen that I was in trouble; you would know that I am perplexed beyond measure about things of much greater importance than any little pleasure or displeasure which you were likely to have caused me. You must forget this, my dear child—forget yourself in thinking of others. And now, go up to your room, and pray for me, that I may be guided aright in what I have to do, and that we may all be led into the peaceful fold of the Good Shepherd."

On the following day the whole family gathered as usual to hear an address from Miss Clare on the general state of the school. It was an occasion requiring that she should speak strongly and earnestly, and she did so, as usual, without mentioning names, or alluding pointedly to individual cases. Her object was, in the first instance, to deal with principles and motives, and to convince of the meanness and selfishness of the course which she knew some of those present were pursuing; and of the higher nobility of truthfulness in openly confessing what was wrong, in order that blame might not fall upon the innocent. It was necessary to commence with the lower motives of human conduct, because the characters most in need of being impressed were *morally* low, though high enough in their worldly position; and thus she went on for some time,

rising no higher than meanness, selfishness, and cowardice, with their opposites; and afterwards bringing forward loftier subjects of consideration, and placing before her hearers holier thoughts and feelings, until her appeal thrilled through many hearts and consciences, although the party implicated in the wrong still remained apparently unmoved.

Miss Clare herself scarcely ventured to look round the room; but those who did look were especially struck with the appearance of Margaret Courtenay. From her almost deathly paleness she might herself have been the guilty person. But besides this, there was upon her countenance a rigid and determined expression, seldom seen in youth. Those who knew her best could detect also a look of inexpressible agony; and while she sat fixed as a statue, her fingers were quivering, so that she was obliged to grasp a book in order to keep them steady.

Lucy Linton saw all this, and knew what it meant. A deep impression had been made upon her mind by Miss Clare's address, and she was beginning to feel the meanness and degradation, as well as the actual wrong, of that in which she was implicated. Again and again she looked at Margaret. She could not bear to see the growing agony depicted on her face. Lucy was personally a delicate and fragile girl, of whom no one would have expected any act of daring, least of all, perhaps, would she have expected it herself. But now she was called upon for the exercise of a moral bravery, the existence of which in her own character she had never been aware of before. It was a new sensation to her, yet not the less exhilarating and sustaining. All that she understood about it was that she could not bear to be the means of inflicting that agony upon one who had no right to be made to suffer for her fault—she could not bear to be the means of compelling Margaret to speak, and then to suffer all the odium which must inevitably follow.

There was a pause, and Margaret was evidently preparing to speak. Lucy turned her face to Miss Clare, and with steady gaze kept looking at her, while she made a full and frank confession of having transgressed the rules of the school in a disgraceful manner—of having bribed, and deceived, and done a great deal that was wrong, all which she would gladly describe to Miss Clare in private, so far as she herself was concerned. This she repeated—"so far as I myself am concerned."

The girls were astonished. No one present would have expected such an amount of courage and determination from such a quarter. All felt that a victory had been gained on the side of right, and that the party in fault had fallen on a sudden into shade; for though many appealing looks were turned towards them, they were not yet prepared to follow this noble example.

Miss Clare then explained that for her to know all the details of the wrong which had been done was much less important than that the wrong should be stopped; and this she hoped and trusted that it would be now. In order to the right government of her establishment, it might be necessary for her to know which of her servants or other agents had been tampered with; otherwise she would be glad to dismiss the subject from her thoughts, and have done with it for ever.

With this assurance, she left her young friends to their own reflections, offering no farther expression either of praise or blame; and especially avoiding any particular notice directed towards Margaret, whose pale and haggard countenance it was impossible for her not to observe. It was especially an occasion, as she thought, for the exercise of principle—not of feeling. Otherwise, how gladly would she have taken those two girls to her heart, and thanked them for standing by her, and helping her in the great battle which she had been compelled to fight against wrong.

IN A GREEN LANE.

IN a green and quiet lane,
Skirting a wood,
I wander forth in pensive mood
When summer evenings wane,
And ever-welcome solitude
Comes whispering in the breeze ;
While Nature hears and owns
Her voice among the trees,
Speaking high mysteries
In confidential tones,
Heard only in this lower sphere
By such as stand apart
From the world's selfish heart,
And feel the spirit world is near,
Listening without fear,
And having ears to hear.

O rapture pure and sweet !
I hear that gentle voice,
And, sitting down at Nature's feet,
Calmly rejoice.
The air is warm with love,
And I would fain,
More joy to prove,
Stay in this quiet lane.

See how the shadows lengthen
From this row of poplars tall,
But my joys strengthen
The more the shadows fall.
While, in communion
With Nature, I can bow
In pure harmonious union,
Worshipping God, just now.

I feel this shady lane
A consecrated place,
And Nature's hallowed strain
Comes like a mean of grace.
The tremulous boughs awaken
And rustling leaves unite ;
The night-breath's quiver
Seems like a shiver ;
So the fragrant flowers, breeze shaken,
Close their eyelids for the night.

Daylight declines,
And yonder sunset flush
More faintly shines ;

A sacred hush,
Blessing and blest,
Soothes, like some angel's hymn,
And Day lies down to rest,
And I to dream
Of quiet joys
Which come, and come again
To such as shrink from the world's noise,
To hear God's loving voice
In a green lane.

BENJAMIN GOUGH,
Author of "Kentish Lyrics."

HOMES OF OLD WRITERS.

BY THE REV. S. W. CHRISTOPHERS, AUTHOR OF "HYMN WRITERS AND THEIR HYMNS."

I.—DR. DONNE'S HAPPY REFUGE.

HERE are many pleasant nooks in Surrey which have been so consecrated by the footprints of genius and virtue, that at every returning visit their beauty appears to us more beautiful and their peacefulness lulls us into deeper peace. Among the rest are Pirford and the Valley of the Wey. There Dr. John Donne found his first shelter from the bitter tempest which darkened the early days of his matrimonial life. There the smiles of true friendship taught him and his Anne to smile even while tasting the sorrows which parental prejudice and pride had flung into their cup. The warmth and tenderness of Donne's nature rendered him capable of strong conjugal affection and of full domestic enjoyment. But the history of his married life is a troubled one. Deep affliction often checked the overflow of his domestic pleasures. The story used to act as a sort of charm upon our footsteps, and at times has turned us out of our way in order to catch a peep at the scenes in which he first shared home joys and sorrows with the chosen companion of his life.

Time has seemed to fly faster sometimes since the modern style of travelling has come up; at all events we felt as if it were so the last time we were near enough to Pirford to render it impossible for us to resist the attraction of its quiet and sacred charms. Years upon years seemed to have fled with a speed like that with which we were steaming along the rails. We were never much in love with

fast and hurried ways of doing things; and just then our old-fashioned taste gathered a strength which defied even locomotive power. We were firmly resolved upon stopping the course of things, or preventing any course, whether of train or current, wind, water, fire, or steam, from carrying us past any point of pleasure or profit upon which our heart was set.

Ere the "break" had given out the last note of its horrid music, and even before the platform officials had begun to bewilder the passengers by their incomprehensible utterances, our carriage door was open and we were tripping across the boards of the Woking station; soon, alas! to find that we had turned our back upon one token of change only to be met by another.

"Is there any mode of conveyance to Pirford?" we inquired of a man who seemed to be on the look out for something to do, and who wore the semblance of a driver of the old coaching days, though there was that about his dress and look and manner, which bore undefinable evidence that a transition period had been passing over him.

"Can we get a carriage of any sort to take us to Pirford?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, where can it be, then? there's nothing to be seen."

"No, sir, it's no use to try to keep up appearances here in our line now-a-day. Our time has gone by, sir. We had a good time

once; but it's over with us; there's no demand—but here they are, sir," said he, as he threw open two large creaking doors of an old coach-house, exhibiting a huddled lot of old carriages in great variety, open and shut, with lighter gigs both double-bodied and single; but all unwashed.

"Take your choice, sir. Bad is the best, perhaps you'll say; but we are all poor hereabouts—times are changed,—poor houses, poor people, poor everything; poor lot, sir! terrible poor. Take your choice, sir!"

Our choice was soon made, and away we went behind a decent horse over Woking Common. The turn out was poor enough, as the poor man said; but it really was refreshing to be driven through the pure open air of that breezy common.

"What are they doing with this common?"

"Why, it belongs to a cemetery company, sir. Everything is done by companies now-a-day. The old quiet ways in which folks used to get an honest living is almost gone; capital and companies are everything now. There are bread companies and tea companies; companies to keep you alive, and companies to dig your grave. No matter what it is, so long as it pays, sir! I tell you what—when a company or anything else drives it hard to make it pay, they get hard themselves. The poor folks about here used to have the right of common, and the privilege of getting a bit of wood for firing; but that's all over. What's the use of our talking about our rights? What do companies care about the rights and ways of people? So the neighbours get out of temper with the company and set fire to the heath, as if they would have a fire outside anyhow, if they can't get it indoors! 'Tis very dismal to see it! What with grave-digging and heath-burning, it makes me melancholy; nothing looks worse than a burnt common, sir!"

We were really catching a little of the poor man's melancholy humour, and were beginning to find ourselves strongly tempted to think that people get hardened by driving a hard trade; but happily we struck into a narrow shady lane, and, after a twist and turn or two, we came out on the brow of a verdant knoll, on the swell of which there was the little quiet church of Pirford.

There it stood under the shadow of its old elms and yew trees and guardian oaks, looking down lovingly upon the luxuriant laurels which adorned the borders of its graveyard, and surrounded by a few lowly and picturesque

homes, the parsonage, a farm or two, and some tidy little cottages. It was an unpretending sanctuary, with a single aisle separated from the chancel by a rude Norman arch, answering in style to the humble doorway. It overlooked the valley of the Wey, where, on the bank of the river, might be seen all that was left of the old abbey: a few lone arches of the chapel and the refectory still lifting themselves above the ripening corn in silent companionship with the elder trees, clumps of mallows, and beds of poppies, that seemed to enjoy their fruitful life under the broken shadows of the plaintive ruin. Those fragments of ancient masonry were worthy of a visit, formed as they were of flints and lime, shaped into lasting memorials of that ingenuity and perseverance which kept up the distinctive style of monastic architecture amidst all the difficulties of working with ill-adapted materials. All due honour to the memory of men who had energy enough to make everything serve the purposes of their profession and taste!

But we were on our way to Pirford Place. Though it was pleasant to sit in the old church, and think that Donne had worshipped there, and though we felt mysteriously hushed while trying to believe that the old abbey still echoed to the steps of the divine and the poet who used to wander amidst its ruins, we were somewhat in haste to find the spot where the honoured man and the wife of his youth had found a home in the time of their early sorrow.

Donne was at once a divine and a poet—a poet in whose company the soul of Milton himself might have kindled. The charms of his voice are not, as with Milton, equal to the richness, majesty, power, and ethereal subtlety of his thought; nor, like those of Milton, were his numbers and rhythm always in harmony with the depth and glow of his feeling. Nevertheless he has the very soul of poetry. To those who study him until they catch the spirit of his visions, his muse shows itself to be of "ethereal substance," and is sometimes seen "arming in complete diamond," as in the poem in which he

"Sings the progress of a deathless soul;" and in the opening of which he so grandly sustains the greatness of that soul, as rising infinitely above the glory of the sun to which he appeals:—

"Thee, eye of Heaven, this great soul envies not,
By thy male force is all we have begot.
In the first east thou now beginn'st to shine,
Suck'st at early balm, and island spices there,

And wilt anon in thy loose-reined career
At Tagus, Po, Seine, Thames, and Danow dine,
And see at night thy western land of mine;
Yet hast thou not more nations seen than she,
That before thee one day began to be,
And thy frail light being quench'd, shall long, long
outlive thee."

We have often found ourselves rapt with pleasurable wonder and awe while seeking a closer insight into the massive treasures of these poems, and have felt strongly inclined to think that Dr. Johnson unfairly prejudiced us in early life against Donne, as the leader of what he called the metaphysical poets. It required more courage than we possessed, however, to set up our critical opinion against that of the great moralist whom the world had acknowledged as the biographer of English poets; and, it may be, we should never have ventured to speak out, had not De Quincey patted us on the back and inspirited us by saying, "Few writers have shown a more extraordinary compass of power than Donne, for he combined what no other man has ever done—the last sublimation of dialectic subtlety and address with the most impassioned majesty. Massive diamonds compose the very substance of his poem on the *Metempsychosis*—thoughts and descriptions which have the fervent and gloomy sublimity of Ezekiel and *Æschylus*; whilst a diamond dust of rhetorical brilliancies is strewed over the whole of his occasional verses and his prose. No criticism was ever more unhappy than that of Dr. Johnson's, which denounces all this artificial display as so much perversion of taste."

Well said, De Quincey. Of course we think it well said, because it sides with our own notions; and, with all respect for our sturdy old favourite Johnson, we shall just now wear De Quincey's colours, and quote another verse from the *Metempsychosis* to show that Donne is capable of "fervent sublimity," not merely when he talks to the sun about the soul, but when he describes a primitive monster of the deep:—

"At every stroke his brazen fins do take,
More circles in the broken sea they make
Than cannons' voices, when the air they tear:
His ribs are pillars, and his high-arch'd roof,
Of bark that blunts best steel, is thunder-proof.
Swim in him swallowed dolphins without fear,
And feel no sides, as if his vast womb were
Some inland sea; and ever as he went
He spouted rivers up, as if he meant
To join our seas with seas above the firmament."

With all his "diamond masses," however, Donne has not so many readers as the author of "*Paradise Lost*." But few indeed, in these days at least, have either time or disposition for that calm and fixed thought which is necessary to the enjoyment of his effusions, and fewer still have ears fine and sensitive enough for harmonies such as his. Not so many readers as Milton! Alas, then, for poor Donne! for the brightest anticipation of the blind poet himself was, that he might

"Fit audience find, though few;"

and but few have been even *his* audience to this day. Many talk about Milton. His name feeds our national pride, and the lips of swelling multitudes do honour to his memory; but his true devoted loving readers are but few after all. Fewer still there must be who hold intelligent companionship with Donne. The masses prefer poets who can tongue it in more silvery or jingling style, and who lay a less heavy tax on the higher powers of the soul. Concentrated thought is not popular. Nor will weighty and compact accumulations of unburnished poetic bullion ever catch the eyes and hearts of the multitude who crowd the literary market.

At some points in the history of their genius, the likeness and the unlikeness between Milton and Donne are singularly marked. It is interesting to trace in the prose writings of Milton's earlier life, the accumulated materials which he afterwards worked up into those forms of surpassing beauty and grandeur which distinguish his late poetic works; while it is instructive to observe that the poetic riches which Donne sprinkled like "diamond dust" over the pages of his later life, may still be seen in their more solid and densely packed forms in some of the laboured poems of his youthful days. Donne's poems were, for the most part, the utterances of his youthful genius; and while they show the early development of his power, they are sufficiently free to be characteristic of his youth and the manners of the age in which they were written. Not that they were coarse or vulgar; in refinement of expression they were superior to his times, and indeed are far in advance of even a later period, notorious for its loud professions of purity.

But we were on our way to the scenes of his later and purer inspirations, the sylvan retirement of Pirford Place. Our road passed through patches of verdant cover, or along the borders of old park woods, and was richly

adorned on either hand with pendent hop-plants in full bloom, beautiful clusters of mingling moon-flowers, corn-marigolds, and meadow-sweet. We came out at length upon a broad green space, in front of what seemed to be a relic of the old dwelling. On a nearer view, however, the building then occupied as a farmhouse, proved to be the old arched gateway to the inner grounds, with its side lodges and battlemented roof. The broad arch was now built up, and within, the modern architect had managed to divide the space into kitchen, parlour, and bedrooms.

"Is this a part of the original hall?" we inquired of the polite and communicative farmer.

"Oh, no; this is only the entrance gate that was."

"Is there nothing of the mansion itself left?"

"Not a stone, sir."

"Where did it stand?"

"Well, it must have been somewhere on the other side of that field, but I am not sure. It is just a hundred years since the house disappeared. I remember an old man hereabouts who used to say that he saw it taken down. In a dry season we can tell where the old road to it had been, by the parched look of the grass. So we can see where the old folks used to walk, though the walls, within which so many lives were spent, have not left a mark upon the soil. The woods and pastures stretch away very grandly, don't they, sir? Ah! it was a grand place once—a noble park; it had a good stock of game, and rare packs of hounds. They could get up a dinner here in those times, they say, with every dainty and delicacy; and all of it found on the spot. Fine sport, sir, then, and good feeding too; but that's all gone."

Yes, "all gone" indeed, thought we, as we looked into an antique summer-house that overlooked the quiet river, on whose margin luxuriant numbers of waterflags seemed happy in unchecked companionship with delicious clusters of *Spiraea ulmaria*: and saw that the arbour, where beauty and genius and refinement had once conversed and found repose, was become a stable for asses—a refuge for owls! and yet we felt that the memory of its old sacredness was still pleasant.

There we lingered, and thought of those touching passages in Donne's earlier life, which his old biographer, Walton, has put before us in such tender and delicate outline. Born in the family line of Sir Thomas More, favoured with virtuous home training, distinguished for

his early abilities and attainments at Oxford and Cambridge, and enriched with the advantages of foreign travel in the train of Earl Essex, Master John Donne entered on public life as private secretary to Lord Ellesmere, then Lord Keeper of the Great Seal under James I. He held this office for five years, "during which time," says Walton, "he (I dare not say unhappily) fell into such a liking, as (with her approbation) increased into a love, with a young gentlewoman that lived in that family, who was niece to the Lady Ellesmere, and daughter to Sir George More, Chancellor of the Garter, and Lieutenant of the Tower." Sir George was alarmed, and the lady was sent into a country retreat; but it was too late—the lovers had plighted their troth. "The friends of both parties used much diligence and many arguments to kill or cool their affection to each other, but in vain."

Nor are we sorry that the meddlers failed. We could never see why, in such a case, virtuous mutual affection should be crossed, and it strikes us that the loving old biographer himself scarcely allowed his heart fair play over his pen when he seemed disposed to side with those whose family pride or some worse feeling would make marriage a thing of mere convenience or expediency. Prejudice and custom may talk of love being a "flattering mischief" and a "blind passion, which carries us to commit errors with as much ease as whirlwinds remove feathers," but after all matrimony is God's ordinance; and it is a rule of His providential government that pure mutual affection naturally prepares for wedded life, and must ever be its best warrant and its most sacred and inviolable bond. Nor can we look with anything but pleasure upon the disappointment of the cold, proud, calculating family connexions, who, without any good reason, would have violently torn asunder the hearts of John Donne and Anne More. They managed to get married in spite of all.

The consequences were painful; but those painful consequences never proved that their union was improper, but rather seemed to show to generations following, that family pride and false prudence can harden a parent's heart against his own offspring, and darken his memory for ever as a cruel, unrelenting, and implacable persecutor of his own innocent and faithful child. Sir George More succeeded in turning Donne out of his office, notwithstanding the testimony of the Lord Chancellor that he parted with Donne as "a friend, and such

a secretary as was fitter to serve the king than a subject." But wounded pride was not to be softened. The poor expelled secretary wrote a letter to his wife with the sad news of his loss, and subscribed it in his own style—"John Donne, Anne Donne, un-done." Yes, he was to be undone verily if his father-in-law could undo him. He was thrown into prison; and even the friend who married him, and the gentlemen who had witnessed the marriage, had to suffer confinement. The young bridegroom was set free at length, but his wife was kept from him until he regained her by a suit at law, which involved the loss of nearly all his means of livelihood. It was in the depth of this distress and sorrow that Sir Francis Wooley, the son of Lady Ellesmere, offered him a home under the hospitable roof of Pirford Hall, and there with his Anne he remained for some years, "with much freedom to him," as the record says, "and equal content to his friend, and as their charge increased (she had yearly a child), so did Sir Francis's love and bounty." Blessings on the memory of that friend in need!

While we sauntered by the river side, it was pleasant to think that, though the noble walls which once afforded shelter to Donne and the amiable mother of his infants had passed away, there was the same clear, quiet stream, and the same wooded undulations. Nature was but little changed since the time when the poet and divine used to catch inspiration amidst the scenes which now breathed peacefulness into our spirit, and seemed to sympathize with us while we tried to enjoy the fancy, that here he had often rehearsed to his Anne with renewed freshness of feeling some of those verses which live still to give gentle witness to his power of poetic sweetness and tender melody. Here, by her side, looking at the reflection of her form in the glassy river, he might have whispered again his early song:—

"Come live with me, and be my love,
And we will some new pleasures prove,
Of golden sands and crystal brooks,
With silken lines and silver hooks.

There will the river whispering run,
Warmed by thy eyes more than the sun;
And there th' enamoured fish will stay,
Begging themselves they may betray."

Or, perhaps it was while wandering in these "green pastures," and beside these "still waters," that his soul was attuned to the tender and delicate expression of his "valediction,"

forbidding his wife to mourn for his temporary absence:—

"As virtuous men pass mildly away,
And whisper to their souls to go;
While some of their sad friends do say,
The breath goes now; and some say, No:

So let us melt, and make no noise,
No tear-floods, nor sigh-tempests move;
'Twere profanation of our joys,
To tell the laity our love."

The verdant nooks and peaceful apartments of Pirford witnessed, perhaps, the richest joys of Donne's conjugal and paternal life; and here, too, it may be, his affections began to show the regulating and harmonizing power of his Saviour's love. It was a joy to ramble through the scenes which gave him pleasure, and to think of him as opening his heart to Him who had the first and highest claim to it; and while he cherished his Anne and her babes, and kept each one nestling in its own place within his loving soul, his joys and sorrows seem to have been so hallowed to him as to make the love of Christ his supreme delight, and the great secret of his growing attachment to those whom Providence had so tenderly bound to him. Nor could we indulge in our effort to picture his life at Pirford without feeling as if his gentle and affectionate spirit were rehearsing to us some of those passages of Christian love which have so often rekindled our flagging devotion.

"Love Him," he seemed to whisper, "love Him, as He is presented to thee here; love the Lord, love Christ, love Jesus. If when thou lookest upon Him as the *Lord*, thou findest frowns and wrinkles in His face, apprehensions of Him as a Judge, and occasions of fear, do not run away from Him in that apprehension; look upon Him in that angle, in that line awhile, and that fear shall bring thee to love; and as He is *Lord*, thou shalt see Him in the beauty and loveliness of His creatures, in the order and succession of causes and effects, and in that harmony and music of the peace between Him and thy soul; as He is the Lord, thou wilt fear Him, but no man fears God truly but that fear ends in love.

"Love Him, as He is the *Lord* that would have nothing to perish that He hath made; and love Him as He is *Christ*, that hath made Himself Man, too, that thou mightest not perish; love Him as the *Lord* that could show mercy; and love Him as *Christ*, who is that Way of mercy which the Lord hath chosen. Return

again and again to that mysterious Person, *Christ*—the Name which implied His unction, His commission, the decree by which He was made a Person able to redeem thy soul; and in that contemplation say with Andrew to his brother Peter, '*I have found the Messiah*.' I could find no means of salvation in myself; nay, no such means to direct God upon, by my prayer, or by a wish, as He hath taken; but God Himself hath found a way—a *Messiah*; His Son shall be made Man; and *I have found Him*, and found that He who by His Incarnation was made able to save me (so He was *Christ*), by His actual passion hath saved me, and so I love Him as *Jesus*.

"Christ loved Stephen all the way, for all the way Stephen was disposed to Christ's glory; but in the agony of death (death suffered for him) Christ expressed His love most in opening the windows, the curtains, of Heaven itself, to see Stephen die, and to show Himself to Stephen. I love my Saviour, as He is the *Lord*, He that studies my salvation; and as *Christ*, made a Person able to work my salvation; but when I see Him in the third notion, *Jesus*, accomplishing my salvation by an actual death, I see those hands stretched out that

stretched out the Heavens, and those feet racked to which they that racked them are footstools. I hear Him from whom His nearest friends fled, pray for His enemies; and Him whom the Father forsook, not forsake His brethren. I see Him that clothes this body with His creatures, or else it would wither, and clothes this soul with righteousness, or else it would perish, hang naked upon the cross; and Him that hath, Him that is, *the Fountain of the water of life*, cry out *He thirsts*. When that voice overtakes me in my cross ways in the world, '*Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by? Behold, and see if there be any sorrow like unto my sorrow, which is done unto me, wherewith the Lord hath afflicted me in the day of His fierce anger*'—when I conceit, when I contemplate my Saviour thus, I love *the Lord*, and there is a reverent adoration in that love; I love *Christ*, and there is a mysterious admiration in that love; but I love *Jesus*, and there is a tender compassion in that love, and I am content to suffer with Him, and to suffer for Him, rather than see any diminution of His glory by my prevarication; and he that loves not thus, that loves not the Lord God, and God manifested in Christ, *Anathema Maran-atha*."

(To be continued.)

LIGHTS AND SHADES OF LIFE.

BY THE REV. J. B. OWEN, M.A., INCUMBENT OF ST. JUDE'S, CHELSEA; AUTHOR OF
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III.—THE USHER'S STORY (Concluded).

IT might have been a fortnight after this conference, that one day at noon a loud shriek coming from the schoolroom disturbed the boys at their dinner in the refectory adjoining. In an instant every one was on his legs, and the sudden revival of the excitement, which had almost died away, overpowering their sense of discipline, the whole school rushed from the table into the playground, on one side of which stood the school. Shriek after shriek resounded in their ears, when presently the schoolroom door was thrown open, and the voice of the master was heard shouting—'Stop thief,' as there ran down the schoolroom stairs into the playground a little monkey, grinning his teeth, and still shrieking, as he ran and climbed up the tree nearest the school.

"The master made his appearance with his fingers bleeding from the bite of the animal, which had compelled him to let it go. Breathless with his exertions, he stated, in few words, that not being hungry, he had sat alone in the schoolroom, while the rest were at dinner; that he was startled by hearing the window next the tree where his spectacles were found hanging, cautiously opened: then a tiny pair of hairy legs intruding, followed by the body of a small ape. He watched the creature's movements. It rapidly ran over the forms, opened and shut, with a rapid noiseless action, several of the boys' desks, till presently it found in one of them a parcel, which it seized in one of its paws, and was making its way back to the window, when he closed the sash, and seized the creature. It instantly screamed,

and struggled out of his hands. He chased it repeatedly round the room, screaming as it ran, till he caught it again, when the pain of its severe bite forced him to let it go; it then ran down by the stairs, and mounted its tree, as they had seen.

"There was a shout of joy at this singular discovery; the master smiled, and requested Palmer to fetch a gun from the house, resolved to destroy the creature in the hope of having it thereby claimed. The gun was brought, and levelled at the monkey, when the master paused a moment to ask 'If any one knew who was its owner?' The master's eye scanned the expression of each upturned face as he kept the gun pointed at the creature, as Solomon might have looked at the two women, when he ordered the living child to be divided between them, watching for the first gleam of tenderness to betray the real owner; but the master looked in vain. No one answered; and it was evident, from the way in which every one looked at everybody else, that nobody knew, or, at least, chose to know. The gun was again levelled at the tree; the monkey grinning a ludicrous defiance. Suddenly it flung at the master, as he stood aiming at it, something which struck him violently in the face, and at the same moment the gun exploded. The boys ran to the spot, and picked up the French master's missing watch! The monkey, wounded and terrified, raised another scream; and running out to the end of the branch of the tree, swung itself off, ran and leaped upon Palmer's (the usher's) shoulder, showing him, with droll antics of pain, its bleeding paw.

"Palmer turned instantly pale, and attempted to beat off the creature, exclaiming angrily and disconcertedly, 'It's not mine—it's not mine!'

"But if he wouldn't own the monkey, the monkey owned *him*, and clung to him in mingled terror and affection, as one who wouldn't be repudiated."

"Then the Detective was right," I exclaimed, interrupting the narrator; "there *were* accomplices, and they were not boys after all!"

"True," said our tutor; "and the man and the ape are no unapt symbols of such complicities in crime. It is generally a case of a rogue and a fool that get together; and if the rogue makes use of the fool, the fool in the end betrays the rogue, and both are punished. But don't interrupt my story. The master heard Palmer's gratuitous disclaimer,—'It's

not mine,' when no one said it was; marked that none of the boys appeared to notice it; and calmly said to the usher, 'Palmer, carry the poor beast into the study.' Palmer immediately obeyed, and the evidence against his complicity grew stronger every step he moved. The ape, perfectly willing to accompany him, hobbled after him with the instinct of a dog following his master.

"He hadn't even the presence of mind to affect a little coercion in forcing the creature to accompany him. His countenance fell—happily no eye except the master's witnessed it; he mechanically moved into the study; and there his first act was to seize the poker, and with one blow, before the master was well in the room, the monkey was struck dead at his feet.

"'You're done for at least, you brute,' he exclaimed bitterly, as he kicked the little carcass aside and confronted his patron; the deadly weapon still in his hand.

"The master closed the study door, and, seating himself at the table, bade Palmer sit down too.

"Palmer neither stirred an inch nor uttered a word. An expression of sturdy rage, shame, and bravado—as if all the evil that was in him was turned at bay—retorted the master's hurt and indignant look, as if he would say, 'Do your worst, I am ready for you.'

"Alas! alas! All the confidences and kindnesses of a dozen years seemed blotted out in a moment, as if by a moral explosion, leaving behind a scorched and blackened mass of hideous ingratitude, with a conscience seared, and affections charred, against the touch of sensibility. His face was like some such an incarnation of the fiend as painters represent the boy possessed of devils in the Gospels.

"'Sit down, Palmer,' said the master, sadly, in a tone 'more in sorrow than in anger' at what had been discovered. The usher stood frowning a sullen defiance, doggedly set his teeth, and clenched the deadly instrument in his hand.

"'Sit down, Palmer,' was said again—a little sternly this time; 'let us talk this over. You denied that this poor ape belonged to you, but your dumb accomplice contradicted your assertion and *would* be owned. Such witnesses may be trained to steal, but know not how to lie. Besides, no one said the ape *was* yours. You betrayed yourself, Palmer; *qui s'accuse s'accuse*; further concealment is useless. Tell me, are you alone in these wretched crimes?'

"The usher ground his teeth, as if holding back some words of menace or confession that struggled to get out behind them; but made no other answer.

"Where are the missing articles?' No answer.

"In that tree?' Not a word.

"You will accompany me to search there?'

Palmer at this point exclaimed, 'One of us shall never leave this room alive. You may kill me, but you shan't disgrace me before the boys. They shan't shout, and point at me—"There's the usher-thief." I'll be torn in pieces first!'

Palmer here brandished his formidable weapon, and grew livid with rage and terror.

"Hush!' said the master, calmly, yet earnestly. 'The house will hear you, Palmer; and why should you publish your own shame? Listen to me. I don't want you to make any search now. Your tremor and your language disclose to me all I wished to know; and as to your threats of violence, pooh, pooh, boy, you know they could have no weight with me; I have but to pull this string in my hand, and the bell would instantly bring those who would not only disarm you, but discover all.'

Palmer trembled slightly, but with unabated malignity scowled sullenly on his patron, as if to dare him to do it.

The master said, 'Palmer, I need not remind you of the desolation in which I found you; of the confidence and affection with which, for many years, I have treated you. God is my Witness how I loved and trusted you. Palmer, I would have promoted your interests in life. You must feel it to be my duty to society to bring you before a court of justice, and consign you to the infamy and punishment which your crimes have merited, lest you should abuse your trust in others' service, as you have in mine;—but that is not my intention. You must feel it to be due to my wife, who, having no son of her own, had almost adopted you, to warn her of the traitor she had admitted into her affections, and put her on her guard against you;—but that is not my intention. You must feel it to be at least due to the domestic servants of the establishment to exonerate them from unjust suspicions; and to the various masters to set their minds at rest, by making them acquainted with the real culprit, that they may know how to deal with the Achan in their camp;—but that is not my intention. You must feel the honour of the school ought to be vindicated,

and especially the poor lads exculpated, who have been, from time to time, the objects of inquiry and unjust suspicion. But all these several acts of justice may be done by the discovery of the missing articles;—and, in point of fact, the boys have already found them all, having discovered them the very moment you were leaving the playground, and they are charging this poor ape with all the thefts. You hear them even now, celebrating the happy discovery with rounds of Kentish fire and shouts of rejoicing. This being the case, it is not my intention to tell them more than they know; and they don't know who the ape belonged to. No, Palmer; I have passed all these points rapidly through my mind, and I feel, over and above them all, that there is a difference in your case, which takes it out of the common category of crime. I remember'—here the master's voice slightly faltered, and he dropped out of the ordinary 'you and yours,' into the more Saxon, loving 'thee and thou'—'I remember when I found thee, a sharp, clever lad, but a deserted foundling whom nobody seemed to know or care for. I ought not to forget that thy childhood had no honest father's example, no mother's prayers; and the heart is apt to harden when there is no love to melt and mould it when it is young and soft. I can't dismiss thee without exposure and ruin, and, at least, risk to others, Palmer; and any risk there may be must be mine. I shall trust thee again. I forgive thee, Palmer.'

As these words were drawing to their close, the usher's hard eye gradually mellowed down,—his pale face grew paler,—he breathed quickly, as if the blood about his heart was sore disturbed—the mouth opened wide, as if it tried to speak of its own accord, and failed.—the poker fell heavily, as if from a dead hand, on the floor. Palmer got the words out at last,—'Oh, master; you'll kill me!' And falling headlong forward, like a man stunned by a blow, he would have fallen into the fire, but that the master caught him, laid him gently down, and, sprinkling water upon his face so long and ineffectually as to be almost tempted to ring for aid, at last revived him.

Palmer's first act of returning consciousness was to fall at his patron's feet, bathed in a flood of tears; and then he confessed all.

"Was there joy in Heaven over the penitent felon on Calvary, felon though he was? Angels still joy, more generously than brother-men do, over the tears of self-convicted, broken-hearted thieves!

"The conclusion of the usher's story is encouraging to the abnormal philanthropy which sets aside, for the interval of its noble experiment, the prudential rules which refuse to trust again where the confidence has been once abused. Society, with less charity than its courts of justice, is rarely 'moved to grant a new trial.' It is easier to finally lose your caste, than your 'case.' Large-hearted men are more hopeful in their dealings with delinquency. Their tender moral to a bad story is—'Try him again.'

"The master did so with Palmer, and never had cause to regret it.

"As the ape had been wounded, no surprise was expressed when it was reported to have died in the master's study; and the suggestion gained ground that it had escaped from a menagerie which had visited the village fair last spring. Palmer's secret might never have transpired, if, years after, he had not told it himself, as a tribute to the old master's memory. In brief, the facts appear to have been these:—

"Palmer had bought the ape in Bristol, from a seafaring man, who had warned him of the creature's habits of carrying off and concealing any articles which took its monkey-fancy. But the lonely heart of the usher felt a lack of something to be attached to him. He constructed a little cage, and kept his dumb companion and eventual accomplice in a loft above his bedroom, which, being apart from the house, and built over the school (the space between his bedroom ceiling and the roof of the school), had escaped notice in the various searches which had been instituted. In this hiding-place the monkey had remained undiscovered for several months, never having been seen or heard, even by the domestic who made the usher's bed, though she had occasionally complained of the rats or mice she heard running between the ceiling and the roof of the chamber. It seems the cunning creature had learned to let itself in and out of its hiding-place at pleasure. The first intimation of its skill in this way had been detected by Palmer finding it seated on his bed one night, eating some of the fruits of its peculations from the boys' desks. Then he observed its manœuvre in hiding one thing after another, which it abstracted from the school, mostly at night, in a natural hollow of an old tree which grew by one of the school windows. Its continued impunity became a snare to Palmer. He had formed no idea in his mind, at first, of profiting

by the thefts, but the dumb thief had become attached to him, and he to it; and he feared to state the facts, lest he should be ordered to get rid of his favourite. To spare the ape, he sacrificed the peace of the school. He had never parted with, nor even laid hands on, a single stolen article, though he knew where they were. Their accumulation at length tempted his cupidity, and he fell into the crime of deliberately purposing to apply them to his own use at the first fitting opportunity. He thus lost his self-respect. The contemptible secret of his keeping an ape led to all the rest of the mischief and concealment which had brought him to the verge of ruin. His patron's magnanimity alone saved him. Palmer, at the time he requested that the attempt at detecting the thief might be left in his hands, had determined upon some means of making known the existence of the booty hoarded in the hollow tree, but his courage failed him every time he fixed upon to act, till the master's discovery left him no alternative, except to seek his own safety by becoming a party to the destruction of the ill-fated creature, his possession of which had wrought so much evil. It is a strange story, and occurred some years after my entering the school.

"The party to whom tradition ascribes it is still here; the humble, laborious teacher who, for twenty years, has devoted all his grateful energies to requite the generous man who, in spite of a great first fault, by trusting him again has enabled him nobly to redeem his character, and reinstate himself firmler and fondlier than ever in the affection and respect of his patron."

Startled by this unexpected *denouement* of the usher's extraordinary narrative, the question at once rose to my lips, "Which of our ushers is it? Who is the Palmer of your story?"

"That was not his real name, my young friend," was the reply. "But if it will help to fix on your mind a wholesome terror, to deter you from the first beginnings of petty disingenuousness and duplicity, I will trust you with my secret. *I am Palmer!* Had I fallen into less generous and considerate hands, that first false step would have been my ruin. Ah, my dear boy, *principiis obsta*: avoid the very appearance of evil. If, as the wise man exhorts, 'The Lord shall be thy confidence, He shall keep thy foot from being taken.'"

POSTSCRIPT TO THE USHER'S STORY.—If

the party who is here called Palmer be still alive, he is enjoying the respectable competence which he honourably earned in the establishment, the stock and goodwill of which was the legacy to him of his early benefactor. His patron's second trial of his fidelity was not

thrown away; it nobly set aside the disappointment of the first, and was the means, under God, of making him an honest and a Christian man.

It is as important to know when it is merciful to forgive, as when it is just to punish.

MRS. PRIM IN SOCIETY AND AT HOME.

HAVING often met Mrs. Prim in society, I thought her the neatest woman in the world; and probably should have always thought so, if I had not, very strangely, had access to her house. For once, when I had praised the good woman, a mischievous girl whispered just loud enough to be heard (exactly as if she was trying to keep it a secret,—cunning rogue!), "He ought to see her at home, if he wants to know what neatness is." This ran in my head, and stirred up a host of busy fancies and wondering thoughts. "Well, I do wish I could slip in some time, unexpectedly, and see if this fair show is a pretty piece of domestic imposture!"

Who knows what is before him? My wishes were gratified. For that very night I dreamed; and Mrs. Prim was the heroine of my dream. By that amazing power given unto dreams, I found myself the husband of Mrs. Prim,—the very Mr. Prim himself.

Methought my lady had gone out to spend an evening; and after sleepily reading a paper for awhile, I retired to rest. Entering the room, there lay a stocking sprawled out at full length on the floor, its mate coiled up into a dump by its side, just as it was turned off the foot. In the middle of the room stood a stack of underclothes, just as they had been stepped out of. Several pairs of shoes and several widowed ones, which long had mourned the loss of a companion, and had, for grief doubtless, much run down at the heel, were sprinkled around the room promiscuously. The wash-basin, its contents creamed over with soap, stood in a chair; the towel lying half in it, the soap on the floor with a coat of dust be-feathering it. The wash-stand was covered with ends of candles, open and evacuated snuffers, scraps of fancy soap, two toothbrushes coloured with powder, the one red, the other black, a shoe-brush, a piece of black braid for shoe strings, half a dozen empty perfume bottles, and a

Bible. The bureau was as much beyond the wash-stand in condition as in original size. Every drawer but one was open in different degrees, like Peel's famous sliding scale of tariff. The cloth, designed to cover and protect it from all scratches, had certainly been used for a towel at each corner, for there were the finger-prints. A pair of curls, several unmanufactured wads of vagrant hair, an upset box of tooth-powder, two dispersed squadrons of pins,—the one sort mere light infantry, the other full-grown dragoon pins,—hair-brushes, one, two, three; two long combs, one fine comb so old as to have lost many of its teeth and to have turned quite *gray*; pomatum, oils, uncorked *Cologne*, *mille-fleur*, *lavender*, *patchouli*, *verveine*, and a host besides; wristlets, hair-bands, ruffles, laces, lockets, rings, thimbles, elongated hair-pins, side-combs, back-combs, refuse curl-papers, a pair of curling-tongs laid down too hot, and making the cloth to blush brown under them; a bundle of tracts, several notes and *billets-doux*, seals, wax, several skeins of silk, a crushed cap or two, sundry ribbons, an odd volume of Hannah More's works, the constitution of a maternal society, gloves a score, black, white, yellow, blue, and brown,—and all this just on the top, for the drawers were yet to come!

A tempest had evidently been dealing with these lower depths, for they were stirred up from the bottom. When, in dressing in hot haste, a collar had been sought, the sweet Mrs. Prim, beginning at one side, forced down to the other end each article which was not the one sought for; and then, returning, pressed them all down to the *other* side. Going to the next drawer, the ceremony was repeated. Some of the drawers were emptied into others; and then the contents put back by the handful, and kneaded down to their proper compactness. Once the candle—which was in a "melting mood"—had been overturned into a heap of fine linens, but the mischief was

effaced by pressing the ill-fated things, in disgrace, far back into the drawer and deep under many companions. Many things were torn open to see if something else was not in them. Stockings were unrolled and left; or a cotton and silk one rolled up together, a black one and a white.

Thus much for the bureau; but it is only a hint, and not a full description. My coats and overcoat, overhauled daily to see if a stray dress or under-dress had not hid itself among them, were thus well trained to ground and lofty tumbling; and were becoming quite fledged with lint and feathers.

Out of such a chaos Mrs. Prim would come forth the sweetest-looking creature and the best-dressed woman in town, *when she was going into company!* How came she forth when only entering her own family? With hair spreading in different directions; with a bestained and dirty dress, half-hooked and half-pinned with pins black and white; one of the backs of her dress an inch higher than the other; the skirt, ripped out of the gatherings in spots; and an apron tied on askew.

Oh, what a waking was mine, when morning broke up the dream, and divorced me from

Mrs. Prim! Really, I do not suppose such a person ever lived or was thought of, except in a dream. If it *ever were* true, out of dreams, I do not think that husbands would respect their wives; honeymoons would wane; men would not love their homes; things would go at sixes and sevens; young married couples would grow indifferent to each other; wives would complain that husbands did not care for them; husbands would mutter something about being "taken in;" both would learn to say, "I remember the time, Mr. Prim, when you would not have treated me so." "And I, Mrs. Prim, remember the time when you did not look so." "Well, my dear, whose fault is it, when I have nobody here at home half the time to care how I look?" "Well, love, who wants to wade knee-deep in dirt, and call that home?" "Well, sir, you are a proper man to talk about dirt, you are *so* neat yourself; pray sir, do give me a lecture; do show me how to keep things neat; couldn't you write a little book about it? it would be very nice, Mr. Prim!—neat Mr. Prim!!—charming Mr. Prim!!!"

But as such things never happen, there is no use in writing any more about them.

THE BIBLE AND OUR FAITH.

BY THE REV. S. WAINWRIGHT, VICAR OF HOLY TRINITY, YORK; AUTHOR OF
"CHRISTIAN CERTAINTY," ETC.

CHAPTER VI. (Continued.)

BUT (3) the most manifest and permanent, and consequently the most incontestable, proof of the Divine origin of the Prophecies of Scripture is furnished by the past history and present condition of the Jewish people. From the call of Abraham to this hour hath this people dwelt alone.* When dispersed, dispersed everywhere, intermingled everywhere; but nowhere fused or lost—scattered among all nations, yet confounded with none—living everywhere as a distinct people, yet nowhere living according to their own laws, nowhere electing their own magistrates, nowhere enjoying the full exercise of their religion. Where are the descendants of the savage hordes who, only a thousand years ago, overran Southern Europe? Who can draw the line of demarcation between the

conquering and the conquered races—Gauls and Franks; Iberians, Goths, and Moors; Britons, Romans, Saxons, Danes, and Normans? But the demarcation which separates the Jews from the rest of mankind is broad and palpable. And this, too, notwithstanding the constant and long-continued operation of causes, which in other cases present a uniformity of results to which this is the only exception. For the Jewish people, after being subjected to repeated exile, have for eighteen centuries suffered an unparalleled expatriation. They were in possession of their Promised Land three centuries before the siege of Troy; nor did their national dispersion take place until the greatness of Greece had been for more than two hundred years a mere shadow of a great name. The mere uprooting and ejection of a powerful and long-settled nation like that of the Jews would itself have been sufficiently remarkable

* Num. xxiii. 9.

and rare; but in the case before us we have a peculiarity which is absolutely without precedent or parallel. In other instances we may witness the process of violent subjugation by conquest; or the silent and crumbling decay of populous states by the lapse of time; or the decline and fall of nations, consequent on the loss of temporary advantages, such as those which in the middle ages enabled petty Italian republics to outshine even great kingdoms. But, in this instance, we have a desolation of the land without the exhaustion of the people. The children of the soil, everywhere dispersed, have nowhere disappeared.* And the deviousness of that dispersion, as well as its perpetuity, constitutes a peculiarity perfectly unique. "For where is the other country in the world, and in what quarter of it, which lies so vacant, so thinly occupied, while its proper race are to be seen everywhere else—they and it divided: a solitary soil, and a displaced, distracted population, abounding anywhere rather than in their own land? In that divided state they remain—present in all countries, and with a home in none; intermixed and yet separated; and neither amalgamated nor lost; but like those mountain streams which are said to pass through lakes of another kind of water, and keep a native quality to repel commixture, they hold communication without union, and may be traced, as rivers without banks, in the midst of the alien element which surrounds them."

4. But the fulfilment of the prophecies which relate to the preservation of the Jews appears still more remarkable when compared with the fulfilment of those other prophecies which foretold the extirpation of the Edomites. For the Edomites, like the Jews, were the descendants of Isaac. "They were the posterity of Esau, as the Jews were of his twin brother Jacob; and what was there to guide the conjectures of men in thus discriminating their future history? Humanly speaking, the Edomites were more likely to be preserved than the Jews. They rose earlier into power; and they were more warlike. The Jews were scattered by frequent captivities; not so the Edomites. When Jerusalem was taken by the Romans, the Edomites were a powerful and flourishing people; while the traces of their greatness, and the remains of their magnificence, continue to this day. It was when they were in the zenith of their pride and power that the prophecies were uttered which foretold their

irretrievable destruction.* It is to them that Sir Isaac Newton traces the origin of letters, of astronomy, of navigation; and their deep study of moral problems may be seen in the Book of Job. But now "the wise men" are destroyed "out of Edom, and understanding out of the mount of Esau;" the pride that made its "nest as high as the eagle" has been brought down from thence, and, in the emphatic language of prophecy, "Esau is not." The numerous marts once thronged with traffickers from the Red Sea, from Syria, from India, are lost beyond recovery: for concerning Edom the decree is gone forth, that "none shall pass through it for ever and ever." And although it was traversed by a Roman road for centuries after this bold utterance—although at this moment it would furnish a shorter route than the ordinary one to India,—the "sure word of prophecy" has outlived all unlikelihood, and is this day fulfilled in the fact that "even the Arabs of the neighbouring regions, whose home is the desert, and whose occupation is wandering, are afraid to enter it, or to conduct any within its borders;" while modern travellers who have attempted to find or to force a passage through it (though possessed of every advantage), have attempted it in vain. Judea, though now trodden under foot of the Gentiles, still retains much of her ancient fertility; but the whole interior of Idumea is fast becoming one vast expanse of shifting sand, drifted from the borders of the Red Sea. For the desolation of Judea is temporary only—"until the times of the Gentiles be fulfilled;" but the desolation of Edom is perpetual—"as in the overthrow of Sodom and Gomorrah."† After a national existence of more than seventeen hundred years, the Edomites have been utterly extirpated: while the Jews, after more than seventeen hundred years of unparalleled dispersion and suffering—proscriptions, massacres, confiscations,—still exist. Scattered over the face of the whole earth, without distinction of tribes, "without a king, without a prince, without a sacrifice," without even the form of a civil government, with no officiating priesthood, still they exist—unbelievers in Christianity, and yet the guardians of the very prophecies which prove the unreasonableness of their unbelief; mingled among, but distinct from, those around them; the wonder and scorn of the world; a standing illustration of "the bush burning with fire, but not consumed."

* Amos ix. 9.

* Jer. xlii. 16; Obad. 3, 4.

† Jer. xlii. 18.

To these instances—and they might be multiplied indefinitely—we will not add, except by the mention of a few of those characteristic marks by which the prophecies of Scripture are distinguished.

5. And perhaps the most striking of these is their strong antecedent improbability.

The promise that he should be “the father of many nations” was given to a childless old man; and the chosen race, after a period of nearly two hundred years, had increased to not more than seventy souls.* Their future greatness was foretold by Balaam and by Moses when the whole nation lay under the Divine displeasure—when they were merely a vagrant race, wandering in a wilderness which (it was even then announced) should be the premature grave of all who entered it (with only two exceptions); and when the surrounding nations, whom they were commanded to exterminate (even the nation of giants!)+, were leagued together for their destruction. Isaiah foretold the captivity, in the days of a pious king and a prosperous government. Jeremiah’s predictions of deliverance were uttered in the deepest extremity of their distress, and when ten of the twelve tribes had already disappeared. And, to advert only to the prophecies of another class, what could be more improbable than those which relate to the coming and work of the Messiah? That a virgin should conceive and bear a Son! that the Son, as a “King,” should “reign and prosper,” and yet should die a violent death—should be “cut off, but not for Himself!”—in a word, that predictions of so contrary a character as those of the twenty-second and seventy-second Psalms should find in Him—though in Him alone—a complete and harmonious fulfilment!

* Gen. xvi. 27.

+ The formidable character of these giants is sadly overlooked by ordinary readers. “In their inaccessible retreats, protected there by the mighty bulwarks which the volcano had built up around them, they were a continual occasion of dread to all the neighbouring tribes, even to those who were yet exempt from their control. Og and his chiefs, armed with iron missiles, and entrenched behind those mighty bulwarks, in those intricate and inaccessible fastnesses, were indeed terrible neighbours, and enemies dreadful to encounter in aggressive war. Nor had any of the adjacent powers ventured to assail them. Indeed it is probable that all which even the Egyptian armies had accomplished in their much-vaunted exploits against the Rephaim was to drive them within their fortresses.” And yet so Divine was the Power of that Presence which accompanied the chosen people, that they “smote Og and all his people”—“none” of all his gigantic force “was left to him remaining.” “All his cities” also, fortified “with high walls, gates, and bars,” they took at that time. (See *Christian Observer*, Jan., 1861. Art. “Bashan and the Cities of Moab.” Also Drew’s “Scripture Lands:” Smith, Elder, and Co., 1860.)

6. Another remarkable feature of the prophecies of Scripture consists in their systematic subordination to one great object.

Whatever mention may be made of men or nations in the details of prophetic revelation, Messiah, and He alone, is the theme of all. The testimony of Jesus is the spirit of prophecy. The history of individuals, the rise and fall of empires, are mentioned only as they bear on the advent and work of Him who, in the fulness of time, should come “to make an end of sin, to make reconciliation for iniquity, to bring in everlasting righteousness,” and to unseal “the vision and the prophecy.” And this subordination is the more remarkable when viewed in connexion with the vast extent of prophecy, from the fall of man to the consummation of all things; the dignity of the Person who is the principal subject of prophecy (of whom Moses, in the law, and the prophets did write); and the supreme importance of that redeeming purpose for which it is declared that this Divine Being came into the world.

7. In connexion with this, it should be remembered also how multifarious and minute are the details thus involved.

Take, for instance, the exact fulfilment of the minutest details of prophetic Scripture concerning the birthplace, birth, character, ministry, miracles, sufferings, death, and burial of our Lord; or those (both Messianic and Mosaic) concerning the siege of Jerusalem, with all its attendant horrors; the marked particularity which characterizes the predictions of the overthrow of the Persian empire, at the very moment when it was first rising into fame; the hourly fulfilment of Noah’s prophecy (three thousand years old) concerning Japheth “enlarged,” and “dwelling in the tents of Shem;” not to speak of the strange prediction of the rise of all-conquering Rome, eight hundred years before she came into existence.

8. Lastly, let it be noted that in this long series of fulfilled prophecies there is nothing fortuitous. The verifications are without exception: the failures are *nil*. Neither is there anything conjectural. The predictions are such that the supposition of a “happy guess” is absolutely impossible. Threethousand years ago it was foretold that the family of Ishmael should dwell in the presence of their enemies; their hand against every man, and every man’s hand against them. To-day, notwithstanding all the efforts of the greatest conquerors—Sesostris, Cyrus, Pompey, Trajan, and the Turks (in the height of their power),

—they remain, as ever, still unconquered!—the only people in the world to whom this boast is possible. The barbarians who conquered Rome were in their turn themselves subdued by the subtle power of Roman arts and letters; but the Arab descendants of Ishmael, who for three hundred years swayed the sceptre of dominion over the most civilized and fertile portions of the earth, have retained their wild habits unaltered; in the midst of the civilized world they continue uncivilized as ever. The children of the bondwoman are free; the children of promise, descended from the same ancestor, are conquered and outcast! Is this the sort of fulfilment that can be called fortuitous? Can any prediction be imagined which shall be more utterly foreign to everything conjectural?

9. To the foregoing particulars there must be added one other of a very different kind. It is this: There is a moral, as well as a predictive element in every prophecy of Scripture. To this moral element the oracles of Paganism made no pretension; but "the oracles of God"—"the lively oracles"—teach while they foretell.

The moral teaching of the Prophetic Books is based on the knowledge of God as revealed in "the Law." It illustrates the Divine attributes of justice and mercy. Its "vision of judgment" is invariably consequent on sin. It maintains the universality of Divine Providence, and exhibits the theocratic character of the King of kings. It proceeds throughout on the assumption of man's probation, and his assumed prospect of a future life. In a word, the prophecies of the Bible, like its miracles and its morals, are prophecies worthy of a God. What a contrast to the oracles of Paganism! *

If we should be charged with having dwelt

* E.g.: The response of the oracle of Serapis concerning the fatal sickness of Alexander, or that of Heliopolis concerning Trajan's fatal expedition against the Parthians. Every one is familiar with the ambiguity and equivocation of the oracle by which Croesus was deceived:—

"*Κροίσος ἄλυν διαβάς μεγάλην ὕλην καταλέσει.*"

"*Croesus Halym superans magnam pervertet opum vim.*"

So that if the Lydian monarch had conquered Cyrus, he overthrew the Assyrian Empire; if he himself was routed, he overturned his own. That delivered to Pyrrhus,—

"*Credo equidem Æacidas Romanos vincere posse,*"

had the same advantage, for it left it uncertain whether the Romans should conquer the Æacidae (from whom Pyrrhus was descended), or should be conquered by them. Sometimes the response of the oracle was mere banter, as in the case of the man who inquired by what means he might become rich, and received for answer, that he had only to make himself master of all that lay between Sicily and Corinth. Another, wanting a cure for the gout, was told by the oracle to drink nothing but cold water.

at undue length on a topic of comparatively minor importance, Bishop Butler shall be our apologist: "It requires a good degree of knowledge, and great calmness and consideration, to be able to judge thoroughly of the evidence for the truth of Christianity, from that part of the prophetic history which relates to the situation of the kingdoms of the world, and to the state of the Church, from the establishment of Christianity to the present time. But it appears, from a general view of it, to be very material. And those persons who have thoroughly examined it, and some of them were men of the coolest tempers, greatest capacities, and least liable to imputations of prejudice, insist upon it as DETERMINATELY conclusive." *

II. And yet, "determinately conclusive" as is the evidence from prophecy, it is not more conclusive than the evidence from other sources. The agreement of the several parts of the Bible with each other; the wonderful preservation of the whole; its moral character; its moral influence,—each of these is sufficient to demonstrate its Divine origin. What, then, must be their *united* force? And this—aye, much more than this—we actually possess. Not to anticipate, however, we will, in this place, do no more than cite a single paragraph from one of the most distinguished of our opponents. His assertions we will consider hereafter. Meantime we shall do well to ponder the weight and importance of his admissions.

"View it in what light we may," says Theodore Parker, "the Bible is a very surprising phenomenon. This collection of books has taken such a hold on the world as no other ever did. The literature of Greece, which goes up like incense from that land of temples and heroic deeds, has not half" (nay, not a thousandth part) "the influence of this book from a nation alike despised in ancient and modern times. The sun never sets on its gleaming page. It goes equally into the cottage of the plain man and the palace of the king. It is woven into the literature of the scholar, and colours the talk of the street. It enters men's closets; it mingles with all the cheerfulness of life. The Bible attends men in their sickness; the aching head finds a softer pillow when the Bible lies underneath. The mariner escaping from shipwreck clutches the first of his treasures, and keeps it sacred to God. It goes with the pedlar in his crowded pack, cheers him in the fatigue

* Bishop Butler's "Analogy," Part II., ch. vii.

of eventide, brightens the freshness of his morning face. It lifts man above himself: the best of our prayers are in its language, in which our fathers and the patriarchs prayed. The timid man about to escape from this dream of life looks through the glass of Scripture, and his eye grows bright; he fears not to take death by the hand, and bid farewell to wife and babes and home. Now, for all this there must be an adequate cause. That nothing comes of nothing is true all the world over. It is no light thing to hold a thousand hearts, though but for an hour; what is it, then, to hold the Christian

world, and that for centuries? Are men fed with chaff and husks? A thousand famous writers come up in this century, to be forgotten in the next; but the silver cord of the Bible is not loosed, nor its golden bowl broken, as Time chronicles its tens of centuries passed by. Has the human race gone mad? Some of the greatest institutions seem built upon the Bible; such things will not stand on heaps of chaff, but on mountains of rock. What is the secret cause of this wide and deep influence? It must be found in the Bible itself, and must be adequate to the effect."

DOMESTIC SERVANTS:

A PAGE FROM A MISTRESS'S EXPERIENCE.

HAVE been a mistress above a quarter of a century, and cannot from personal experience join in the almost universal complaint against maid-servants. Having in my youth a wholesome dread of tyrannical cooks, who never suffer their "missus" in their kitchen—and of those stately nurses who only allow a young mother to visit her baby's nursery once a day, and then not to enter without knocking—I early tried the experiment of teaching and training at least one young girl, from fourteen to seventeen. One of these, after nearly seventeen years of good and faithful service—with, of course, progressive wages and position—is now leaving to be married. Others have done very fairly. The present "Bunch" of my household, after a year's training, improves every day; for which I have greatly to thank the excellent housemaid, under whom "Bunch" is more immediately placed in her novitiate.

Somewhat elderly now-a-days, and more apt to be amused than frightened by any amount of servantgism—*à la Punch*—I still like to have young people about me. My motto, both with children and servants, is "Strictness and kindness." On hiring my maids, who, with the exception of a "Bunch," I prefer to be, on first coming, between twenty and thirty, care is taken to explain my old-fashioned notions of what the relations between us should be, the exact nature of the work expected from them, and the rules to which they must conform. I frankly set before them what they may find disagreeable, as well as what should

be the reverse, in my service. They distinctly understand, before they are hired, that they must be at their work by six o'clock. The difficulty of falling into early habits is soon over. They often thank me for taking the trouble of calling them up, and say they find the good of it themselves. Of course, they get to bed by half-past nine every evening, except on occasions; and if one has to sit up later now and then, she is called proportionably late next morning. I never allow perquisites, and all applicants for my service are told so.

When living in London, or other towns, soup was regularly made in my kitchen for the poor. In the country, the cook brings me the money for any surplus dripping: which money is put aside for charitable purposes. My servants have always been ready to co-operate with me in these matters; never objecting to a little extra work or trouble for the sake of those not so well off as themselves.

When within a reasonable distance, their parents or other relations are at liberty to come and see them, always provided I am duly told of the guest's coming. Equal permission to visit their friends in moderation is granted to my servants. They have also time to do their own shopping, and regular afternoons to sew for themselves. But men-followers in the kitchen, or frequent holidays, I do not allow: reasoning thus—"Young ladies at school, or as governesses, are never permitted to have gentlemen-visitors, or frequent holidays out: nay, even in some schools parents can only see their daughters at stated intervals. Why should

more liberty be necessary for you than for our children and governesses?" When relations live at a distance I give, once a year, a holiday, from a week's to a month's duration, as wished, deducting nothing from the maid's wages during her absence.

How this system works is best explained by the fact that my servants are generally satisfied with their situation, and take an interest in the family. One said to me lately, "We had far more liberty in our last place, ma'am, but were not nearly so comfortable." We keep no indoor men-servants. A "Hooks-and-Eyes"—in other words, a "Bunch"—can carry up coals as well as any "Buttons;" while we prefer a neat-handed "Phillis," in moderate crinoline, snowy cap, cuffs, and muslin apron, to a "Jeames," in all the glory of red plush, portly calves, and powdered hair.

Believing the old adage, that "service is no inheritance," we encourage our maids to lay by a portion of their wages in the savings' bank, and they rapidly experience the benefit of any self-denial such a practice may cost them. The only sumptuary laws I enforce are against feathers, flounces, double skirts, and an exuberance of crinoline.

My servants have plenty of work to do, receiving no help whatever, except the occasional cleaving of the outside of a window by the coachman or under-gardener, both of whom get their meals in the house. But all have a fair portion of wholesome recreation. Even in the country there are Industrial Exhibitions, while innocent merry-makings are not tabooed. They have books, such as "Uncle Tom's Cabin," or "Robinson Crusoe," with some of the best cheap periodicals of the day.

They take an interest in the advent of a young calf or a brood of chickens, and while modestly sharing our own enthusiasm about horses and meek-eyed cows, they do not despise the humble pigs on the premises. No doubt such simple tastes and pleasures, diversified by gathering in the early fruit of the season, or helping the young ladies to water pet plants, arrange nosegays, or trim off the faded roses, seem vapid and humdrum to the class of servants accustomed to the excitement of casinos and music-halls—poor girls! most of whom are more to be pitied than blamed.

My younger maids read a little with me on Sundays; all go to church, either once or twice a day, and may have a good walk besides. It is a marvel how a few excellent people can see anything sinful in breathing the fresh air

of green fields and sheltered lanes on the Lord's-day, when they remember who walked with His disciples through the corn, on the Jewish Sabbath, 1,800 years ago.

For the benefit of those matrons who complain that their domestic grievances are not sympathised in by their husbands, and of those maids who draw invidious comparisons between their master's and their mistress's manner towards them, mode of speaking, &c., I will be yet more egotistical. My husband never finds fault or interferes with the women-servants, but he is extremely particular as to everything being properly done, and naturally expects me, as general officer of the household brigade, to see that everything is properly done. I point out to my staff, that if their work is neglected or slurred over, I, as mistress, am liable to deserved censure from the master, and have rarely found this argument to fail in the desired effect.

I have had some inefficient and indifferent servants, but my experience, on the whole, has been on the bright side. Through frequent illnesses, trials, anxieties, and the anguish attendant on death, these humble friends have shown affection and consideration towards me and mine. Sympathy, kindness, and self-respect on the part of mistresses, go a great way towards breaking the ice of distrust and suspicion among servants. Reasonable discipline, a firm yet gentle exacting of obedience to rules, goes far to improve an ignorant mind, and tame an insubordinate spirit.

Mothers! however blest with worldly riches, train up your daughters to know something of house-management and servant-government. There is too much croquet-playing, devotion to dress, and gadding about, especially among the middle-class young ladies of the day, to give an earnest of having better servants in the next generation. Gentlewomen! study your servants' tempers, so as not to provoke them to wrath. Scold them less and pray for them more. Bear with them if you expect them to bear with you. If we all, whether mistresses or servants, strove to remember and act up to the simple command, "All things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them," there would be fewer heart-burnings, less harping upon grievances, whether real or imagined, and we should, one and all, do far better our "duty in that state of life unto which it hath pleased God to call us."

PATIENDO VINCES.

HEART CHEER FOR HOME SORROW.

THE WILD ROSE AND THE CORN-FIELD.

It was the end of June: the tall, green ears of wheat, not yet ripened by the golden sunshine, waved gently in the breeze, and gave promise of a most abundant harvest; while the air was filled with the delicate scent of the wild roses, which hung in profusion over the leafy hedge.

Those beautiful roses! how graceful were the festoons formed by their light green boughs! how pure the tender blush, which touched their pearl-like blossoms! The little child who played beneath the hedge, had rejoiced in their wild profusion, and learned his first infant lesson of thanksgiving, as he praised the God who made the lovely flowers. The maiden, with her heart so quickly responsive to the touch of beauty, had looked at them till soft tears filled her eyes, as she thought of the fulness of beauty which must dwell in Him who could make earthly things so fair. The anxious, careworn child of sorrow had looked on them with a lightened heart, repeating to herself the sacred words, "If God so clothed the grass of the field, should He not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith?"

But the rose knew nothing of all this. She hung there in her unconscious beauty, and drooped her fair head in sorrow, because she was useless to all; whilst the waving corn before her would supply the food of hundreds.

Yes, the corn would supply the bodily wants of hundreds; but had the rose done less in ministering to the higher wants of man's immortal spirit—in teaching thankfulness to the child, devotion to the maiden, patient confidence to the poor? God had clothed her with beauty, and by that beauty she fulfilled His work.

Even thus is it with many of His children upon earth. They would fain, as the corn-plant, be employed in some mission of manifest usefulness. They would feed the hungry, clothe the naked, and relieve the distressed. But His providence forbids it. Sickness, or some other hindrance, withholds them from the work; and they hang their heads in sorrow, under a painful sense of uselessness.

Not so, afflicted Christian! You may be

as the fair roses of God's harvest-field. He has all beauty wherewith to clothe you, Spirit-graces which shine brighter as the body decays. Though withheld from all active service, you shall be living witnesses for Him. Your love, your patience, your gentle thankfulness, shall be a holy, soothing influence to all around; while you may never know here below how many a holy thought you have awakened in the hearts of others, and how, when you seemed to be an idler, you were really working in the choicest part of the Lord's vineyard.

ELIZABETH BICKERSTETH.

THE MYSTERIES OF PRAYER.

"Thy way is in the sea, and Thy path in the great waters, and Thy footsteps are not known."—
PSALM lxxvii. 19.

I ask'd for grace to lift me high,
Above the world's depressing cares;
God sent me sorrows: with a sigh
I said, "He has not heard my prayers."

I ask'd for light, that I might see
My path along life's thorny road,
But clouds and darkness shadow'd me
When I expected light from God.

I ask'd for peace, that I might rest
To think my sacred duties o'er,
When, lo! such horrors fill'd my breast
As I had never felt before.

"And oh," I cried, "can this be prayer
Whose plaints the steepest mountains move?
Can this be Heaven's prevailing care,—
And, O my God, is this Thy love?"

But soon I found that sorrow, worn
As Duty's garment, strength supplies,
And out of darkness meekly borne
Unto the righteous light doth rise.

And soon I found that fears, which stirr'd
My startled soul God's will to do,
On me more real peace conferr'd
Than in life's calm I ever knew.

Then, Lord, in Thy mysterious ways
Lead my dependent spirit on,
And, whensoever it kneels and prays,
Teach it to say, "Thy will be done."

Let its one thought, one hope, one prayer,
Thine image seek—Thy glory see;
Let every other wish and care,
Be left confidingly to Thee.

JOHN S. B. MONSELL, LL.D.

Pleasant Readings for our Sons and Daughters.

MISS VIVIAN AND HER RELATIONS.

BY A. G., AUTHOR OF "AMONG THE MOUNTAINS," "MABEL AND COBA,"
"BEECHENHURST," ETC.

CHAPTER IX.

"There is a reaper whose name is Death."
LONGFELLOW.

BEATRICE!"
"Yes, papa! Did you want me?"
"I wish you would manage to go over to Miss Vivian this afternoon."

"To-day! If you particularly wish it, papa," said Beatrice, rather hesitatingly. "I have an engagement, but——"

"I do particularly wish it, if you can possibly manage to go. She is very unwell, Beatrice, and very unlike herself to-day,—so nervous and excited. She ought to have some one with her besides Bentley, and I can send no one but you."

Beatrice stood thoughtfully a minute,—

"I must send word to Mrs. Thompson that I cannot come to her this afternoon. Could you leave the note as you pass by, papa? then I will go to Miss Vivian at once."

"I think it will be best. I am afraid she is failing fast, Beatrice. I should not be surprised now at any sudden change. In a few hours we shall see if this is anything; if she should be taken worse, you can send for me at once."

Beatrice shivered slightly.

"Papa, do you think so badly of her as that?"

"I hardly know what to think; she may rally and be quite herself again in a few hours, but as I tell you, I shall not be surprised whatever happens. She ought to go to bed, but neither Bentley nor I can persuade her to leave the drawing-room. You must use your influence."

In a few minutes Beatrice was dressed, and traversing the streets with a rapid step; in three-quarters of an hour from the time her father first spoke, she was at Vivian Mansion. Miss Vivian was in the drawing-room in her usual armchair, but leaning back heavily, as if she had no power to sit upright; and from the first moment she saw her, there was some-

thing in her face that alarmed Beatrice—so sallow, so sunken, so wan, and with such a strange dim wandering look in the eyes—it was so different to her usual cold, hard, expression. The old harsh dry manner, too, had given place to trembling weakness and nervous excitement. And this change had taken place in only twenty-four hours, for Beatrice had seen her the day before looking much the same as usual. Her heart now sank at the sight before her.

"Papa says you are not well, dear Miss Vivian," she said gently, kneeling down by the chair, and taking one of the wasted bony hands in her own. "I have come to take care of you."

"You are a good girl, Beatrice," was the answer, in a restless dreamy tone, "but you can't do anything for me; no one can."

"Dear Miss Vivian, I don't understand," said Beatrice, anxiously. "I love to take care of you. Why can I not do anything for you?"

"No use," muttered Miss Vivian; then rousing herself a little, she added, "There's nothing to make a fuss about, Beatrice; Mr. Wentworth is always inclined to creak,—always thinks the worst of everything. And after all he didn't say much. I am only a little—a little feverish, to-day. Bentley made me eat too much dinner. She is ruinous in her ways."

Bentley had been in the room on Beatrice's entrance, and was now leaving it. She paused a moment at the door, and shook her head sadly at the last words, giving Beatrice a glance full of meaning.

"But if you are feverish, dear Miss Vivian, would it not be better to go to bed?" asked Beatrice, soothingly. "It would rest you far more than staying up. You look so tired."

"I shall go to bed at my usual time—not before. I never have for years, and I don't intend to begin it now," said Miss Vivian, trying to speak in her old dry tone, but she failed. For her voice shook, and a low groan escaped her.

"Are you in pain, Miss Vivian?" Beatrice gently inquired.

"Nonsense," said Miss Vivian, testily. "It is only—only— You worry me, Beatrice. I can't talk."

Beatrice was silent, and for a minute or two Miss Vivian was equally so; but then she started, shuddered, and groaned again; and in the dull gathering twilight of that gloomy room her face appeared to Beatrice to wear an unnaturally pinched, worn, haggard expression. Beatrice rose to her feet with sudden resolution,—

"Miss Vivian, I am going to call Bentley, and we will help you into your room. You must let me, for you are not fit to sit up."

Even Miss Vivian's spirit—broken by weakness and suffering—yielded to the calm command of her tone and manner, and she made but feeble opposition. Bentley was summoned, and she and Beatrice together supported the feeble, aged, tottering form into the bedroom. So weak she seemed, that Beatrice thought more than once she would have fallen to the ground in their short transit across the passage, but the business was at length safely accomplished. Once there, however, Miss Vivian's resolution returned, and though she submitted to being partially undressed, and placed in the deep, low easy chair, in which she could lie back almost as on a sofa, she utterly refused to go to bed, much to Beatrice's disappointment. Remonstrances and entreaties were alike useless, and, thinking the excitement of the debate was more hurtful to her than even sitting up, they ceased to urge it. Bentley left the room, after obtaining a promise from Beatrice to call her in a moment if she were needed.

Beatrice drew a low chair to the side of Miss Vivian, and sat down silently to watch and wait. Not a sound broke the stillness, except an occasional restless movement or low moan. For nearly half an hour they remained thus, and then Beatrice could bear it no longer. Again there was a groan as if of intense mental suffering, and she rose and knelt down by the old lady's side, taking her hand to draw her attention.

"Dear Miss Vivian, won't you let me help you? Will you not tell me what is the matter? If you feel so ill, had I not better send again for papa? or if anything distresses you, may I not know what it is, and try to comfort you?"

"Mr. Wentworth can do no good," hoarsely returned Miss Vivian. "You are a kind girl,

Beatrice—very kind; but you don't understand."

"Has anything happened to try you?" asked Beatrice, gently.

"Nothing you can understand; it is of no use to talk, Beatrice," was the reply, in a peevish tone; and another silence followed. Beatrice remained where she was, without stirring a finger, for nearly ten minutes, and then she was startled by a sudden remark from her companion, in low faltering tones, very different from her usual voice,—

"Beatrice! Leonard Vivian was right!"

"About what?" asked Beatrice, calmly, though greatly alarmed by the tone and manner.

"You know, Beatrice, very well. He was right. What was it that he said?" continued Miss Vivian, in a low dreamy voice of suppressed pain. "Something about lending to the Lord. I have never lent anything to God, Beatrice."

"Dear Miss Vivian, that is not the question for you now," said Beatrice, pressing her hand. "You must not think of the money, or—"

"Ay, it is easy to say, don't think," said Miss Vivian, in the same low strained absent tone, and again she repeated,—"*Beatrice, I have never lent anything to God,—never given Him anything,—neither money, nor time, nor talents, nor anything that belonged to me. He owes me nothing in return. He has nothing to pay me again. I never lent Him anything—never, Beatrice!*"

"Miss Vivian, if God gives us any reward for what we do in His service, it is not because we deserve it. Forgiveness and salvation are free gifts, offered alike to all. Jesus says, '*Him that cometh to me, I will in no wise cast out.*' The thief on the cross had done nothing for God in all his life, yet the moment he prayed to Jesus he was forgiven and saved."

"I know nothing about that, Beatrice. At least, it is of no use to talk of it to me now. My head is too full of other things. I am not like the thief, for I have known better all the time. Beatrice, is there not something in the Bible about dividing the sheep and goats,—those who have given away, from those who have not? What is it? Read it to me."

"May I not choose the part I should like to read?" asked Beatrice, as she drew a Testament from her pocket. Lately she had always brought one to the house, in the hope of being permitted to read it.

"No,—do as I tell you," said Miss Vivian, in her old sharp tone; and, turning to the twenty-fifth chapter of St. Matthew, Beatrice obeyed.

It was too dark to see much of the print, but she knew the words almost by heart. Miss Vivian followed her with riveted attention, until the forty-first verse was reached, and then, as Beatrice in a low voice finished the few remaining verses to the end of the chapter, she shuddered visibly.

"Beatrice," she said, slowly and hoarsely at the close, "that is what I mean. I have never given a penny to those in need,—not even a crust of bread. I have saved and hoarded, and I have made an idol of my money. I have loved nothing but money,—and *now* I love it, Beatrice. I am too old to change. It is part of my nature,—nothing can change it now,—the love of gold I mean. It has not made me happy. I have been selfish and miserable. Hush, Beatrice," as she attempted to speak. "I can't argue about it now. I can only feel,—and I feel that it is too late now for me to change. What was that text that Leonard Vivian quoted? Something about 'he that hideth his eyes' having 'many a curse.' I have hidden my eyes from all who needed help,—and the curse is coming upon me now, if it has not already been on me all my life. Beatrice, take warning!" and she shivered. "Don't leave such things till too late. Don't make an idol of money or anything else,—it comes between God and you,—it keeps you from seeking Him till it is too late."

"Miss Vivian, it is not too late," said Beatrice, with impassioned earnestness. "It is never too late, so long as life lasts. The Lord Jesus is ever ready to help and save all who ask Him."

There was no answer, and, looking more closely in the dim light, Beatrice saw that her head had sunk back, and that she was insensible.

It was the work of a moment to spring to her feet, and to ring the bell violently for Bentley, who appeared almost immediately. The little maid-servant was despatched in quest of Mr. Wentworth, and Beatrice and Bentley together undressed and laid Miss Vivian in her bed, using such restoratives as were within reach, to bring back consciousness, but in vain. Still and senseless she lay, the half-shut eyes so glazed and dim, and the features already so fallen and sunk, that Beatrice could hardly bear to look upon her,

and waited with longing impatience for her father's arrival. He came at last, bent over the bed, felt the pulse, listened to the fitful breathing, and then stood up. Beatrice looked fearfully in his face.

"Pâpa! what is it?"

"She is sinking, Beatrice," he said, in a low tone. "She will hardly rally again."

Beatrice turned deadly pale, and put her hands over her face,—

"Papa, don't say that,—she will surely speak again—if only once more,—she will be conscious again," and Beatrice shuddered at the remembrance of those last words. Were they, indeed, to be the last? Oh, why had she not spoken herself with more warmth and earnestness?—why had she said no more, while she had the opportunity?"

"It is possible, but not likely," Mr. Wentworth answered, gravely. He took Beatrice by the arm, led her to the window, and made her sit down. "Is this too much for you, Beatrice?"

"Not for me—that is nothing! Oh, papa, what can we do for her?" she asked, in bitter distress.

"Nothing now, Beatrice; nothing except to pray for her, my girl," he added.

Beatrice's face sank lower in her hands, and for nearly five minutes she sat without moving. Then, with renewed composure, she rose and returned to the bedside, to watch by the dying woman. Mr. Wentworth was right: the feeble flame of life was slowly flickering out, and there seemed small likelihood that she would look or speak again. A few hours passed,—slowly creeping by. Nothing could have induced Beatrice to quit the room, and Mr. Wentworth also remained, though he could do nothing except give his daughter comfort and support by his presence. Poor Bentley was not to be drawn away, and her distress was painful to witness. In spite of all Miss Vivian's coldness, and irritability, and parsimony, Bentley really loved her mistress. For thirty years she had patiently served her, borne with her failings, watched over her with unwearied care, and soothed her as she would have soothed a fractious child. No wonder the parting would be painful to the faithful creature.

The Mansfields by this time knew of Miss Vivian's state, and Leonard went backwards and forwards for news more than once, till night came on. Captain Gifford, too, made his appearance, walked into the drawing-room, and was not to be satisfied without a personal

interview with Mr. Wentworth. He showed great apparent solicitude, but perhaps it was somewhat *too* great to be genuine, and Mr. Wentworth, after answering his inquiries rather shortly, went back into the bedroom. Beatrice lifted her eyes inquiringly, and came away from the bed to ask in a low tone,—

"Who was it, papa?"

"Captain Gifford! I've no patience with him, Beatrice," whispered Mr. Wentworth, with unusual warmth. "Pretending to feel her illness so deeply, and to be so distressed at her danger, and all the time thinking of nothing but the money. You should have seen his eyes light up when I said I feared she could not survive many days; though the next moment he expressed his sorrow and regret in the most proper of terms. Hush! was that a movement?" and they both glanced towards the bed, but the aged form lay senseless and motionless still.

"Has he gone, papa?" Beatrice asked.

"No, I left him in the drawing-room. He said he should stay a little while,—implying that he was in such suspense that he could not remain quietly at home," added Mr. Wentworth, speaking scornfully again.

It was nearly three-quarters of an hour later that Beatrice heard the drawing-room door opened and shut, and Captain Gifford's footsteps passing down the long passage, and she only wondered that he had not tired sooner of his solitary vigil. Mr. Wentworth could not help whispering to her, "Anxious about Miss Vivian, indeed! why, he has gone off without another word of inquiry. What did the fellow come for, I wonder?" A question more easily asked than answered, Beatrice thought.

It was growing late now, but as yet there was no change for better or worse, though the

wan, haggard face looked almost ghastly in the yellow light of the lamp. Beatrice sat by the bed, looking pale and weary, but no entreaties could make her leave the room even for half an hour; and her distress at being urged was so evident, that her father let her have her own way. But they were all alike powerless to help the dying woman. She was past human aid, and Beatrice felt that it was so, though hoping almost against hope for at least a few moments of consciousness before the end.

She was not entirely disappointed. At midnight the summons came, and during the last few minutes, as Beatrice bent over her, watching tearfully the feeble gasps and struggles for breath, there was a gleam of conscious intelligence upon the sunken face,—just a last opportunity for the utterance of a few simple words in Beatrice's clear low voice, pointing the sufferer to Jesus, *as the Way, the Truth, and the Life*. But whether they were heard with any degree of comprehension, Beatrice had little power to determine. She thought the dim glazed eyes were fixed upon her with an expression of unwonted softness, but it was only for a moment. Unconsciousness quickly returned, and even as she gazed she could see the drawn, pinched features already settling into a look of repose. Mr. Wentworth came round the bed, and took her hand gently:—

"Beatrice, it is all over now. You have done all you could, my dear girl. You must come away now."

Beatrice did not resist. One long shuddering glance she cast on the silent form, one passionate appeal went up from her very heart,—"*If it were possible! oh, might she not, even at the last hour, have been saved?*" Then Beatrice allowed her father to lead her from the room.

THE MOUSE AND ITS HABITATIONS.

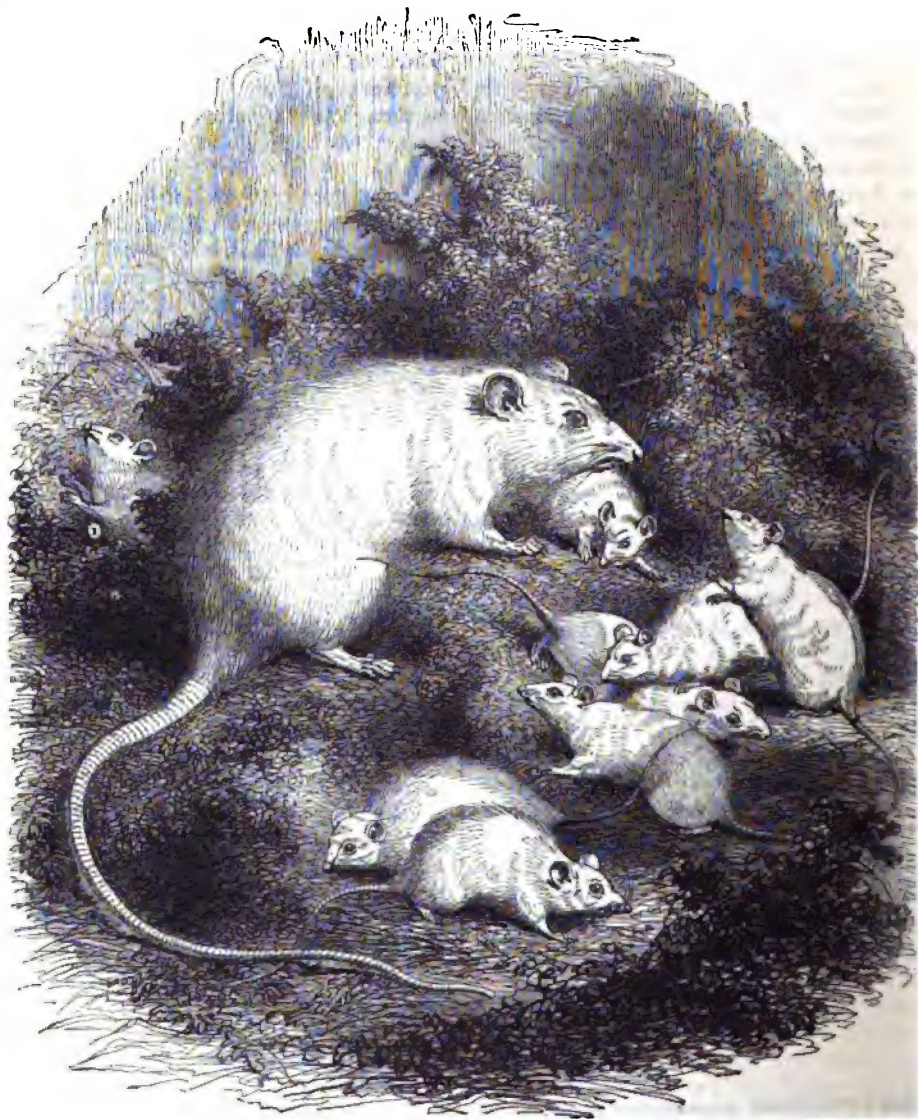


ALTHOUGH mice are not guests whom we desire to see multiplied at "Our Own Fireside," we should not altogether like to consent to their utter extermination. Many people, who have a great objection to a rat, rather admire a mouse, and are willing to overlook its depredations for the sake of its elegant form, its graceful movement, and its timid curiosity—its curiosity leading it to come out of its hole

and examine every object in the room, and its timidity causing it to dart off at the slightest movement.

But, besides this natural attractiveness, it is by no means difficult to tame mice. Particularly if taken when young, they can be taught to approach with confidence, and to gambol about the room without running off to their holes.

Mr. Wood, to whom every lover of natural



WHITE MICE.

history is so greatly indebted, writes thus in his "Sketches and Anecdotes of Animal Life":—

"I have had several tame mice, one of which used to sit on my hand, and permit me to carry it about so seated, or it would hide itself under a fold of my coat, or creep up the sleeve for the sake of the warmth. In general, brown mice are easier to tame than their white relations, the albinos. I have seen a common short-tailed field-mouse come to the bars of its cage, and take a grain of wheat from the finger. The best way to tame them, is to inflict a forced fast of a day or so, and then to feed them from the hand, always taking care to accompany the operation with the sound intended to be the call. They will soon learn to connect the sound and the food, and will come to the side of their cage the moment that they hear it. So if any one wishes to possess tame mice, I would recommend him to save himself the expense of purchasing white mice, which are also more difficult to preserve in health than the brown mice, and to try his hand on a few common brown mice, only a few weeks old.

"But whatever description of mice is kept, the greatest care should be taken to have the cage thoroughly clean. The most effectual mode of so doing, is to have a double set of cage bottoms, so that one set can be in use, while the other set is getting dry after washing. It is also necessary to be careful of the substances used as bedding. White cotton wool is, perhaps, the best substance that can be used for that purpose; but black cotton wool, or black wadding as it is generally called, should be scrupulously avoided. I once lost a whole cage of newly-tamed mice, by supplying them with black wadding. It was placed in their cage at night, and by the next morning all the mice were dead.

"With proper care, however, mice may be easily reared, and converted into amusing little pets. But however amusing they may be as pets, in most other respects mice are provoking little creatures."

In his recently published and deeply interesting work, "Homes without Hands," Mr. Wood treats of the constructive powers of the mouse. He terms it "a notable house-builder," and says, "There seems to be hardly any place in which a mouse will not establish itself, and scarcely any materials of which it will not make its nest."

Among the recorded instances of remarkable

mouse nests, he adduces the following as worthy of mention.

1. As is usual at the end of autumn, a number of flower-pots had been set aside in a shed, in waiting for the coming spring. Towards the middle of winter, the shed was cleared out, and the flower-pots removed. While carrying one out of the shed, the owner was rather surprised to find a round hole in the mould, and therefore examined it more closely. In the hole was seen, not a plant, but the tail of a mouse, which leapt from the pot as soon as it was set down. Presently another mouse followed from the same aperture, showing that a nest lay beneath the soil. On removing the earth, a neat and comfortable nest was found, made chiefly of straw and paper, the entrance to which was the hole through which the inmates had fled.

The most curious point in connection with this nest was, that although the earth in the pot seemed to be intact except for the round hole, which might have been made by a stick, none was found within it. The ingenious little architects had been clever enough to scoop out the whole of the earth and carry it away, so as to form a cavity for the reception of their nest. They did not completely empty the pot, as if knowing by instinct that their habitation would be betrayed. Accordingly, they allowed a slight covering of earth to remain upon their nest, and had laboriously carried out the whole of the mould through the little aperture which has been mentioned. The flower-pot was placed on a shelf in the shed, and the earth was quite hard, so that in the process of excavation there was little danger that it would fall upon the architects.

Another nest was discovered in rather an ingenious position. A bird had built a nest upon a shrub in a garden, and, as is usual in such cases, had placed its home near the ground. A mouse of original genius saw the nest, and perceived its value. Accordingly, she built her own nest immediately below that of the bird, so that she and her young were sheltered as by a roof. So closely had she fixed her habitation, that, as her young ran in and out of their home, their bodies pressed against the floor of the bird's-nest above them. No less than six young were discovered in this ingenious nest.

2. Early in March we set a hen, and, as her nest was a basket, a sack was placed under and around it, so as to keep in the heat. When the hen was set she was in good feather, wear-

ing an ample tail, according to her kind (the Brahma); but, as the three weeks went on, her tail seemed much broken, assumed a dilapidated appearance, and finally became a mere stump. This excited notice and surprise, as there was nothing near her against which she was likely to spoil her tail.

When the chickens were hatched, and they and their mother were taken to a fresh nest, and the old one removed, it was found that a mouse had constructed a beautiful nest under the basket. The body of the nest was made of tow scraped from the sack, and chopped or gnawed hay from the hen's nest; while the lining was made of the feathers of her tail, which had evidently been removed a small bit at a time, as wanted, until all the feathers were reduced to stumps, showing marks of the mouse's teeth. We should have liked to have heard the hen's remarks on the transaction, when the mouse was nibbling her tail.

In this case the mouse improved on the conduct of her relative that built in the garden: for, by placing her nest in such a position, she not only secured the very best materials for her home, but enjoyed the advantage of the regular and high temperature which proceeded from the body of the sitting hen, and which was admirably adapted for the well-being of her young family.

3. A number of empty bottles had been stowed away upon a shelf, and among them was found one that was tenanted by a mouse. The little creature had considered that the bottle would afford a suitable home for her young, and had therefore conveyed into it a quantity of bedding, which she made into a nest. The bottle was filled with the nest, and the eccentric architect had taken the precaution to leave a round hole corresponding to the neck of the bottle. In this remarkable domicile the young were placed; and it is a fact worthy of notice that no attempt had been made to shut out the light. Nothing would have been easier than to have formed the cavity at the under side, so that the soft materials of the nest would exclude the light; but the mouse had simply formed a comfortable hollow for her young, and therein she had placed her offspring. It is therefore evident that the mouse has no fear of light, but that it only chooses darkness as a means of safety for its young.

4. An organ does not appear a very promising residence for these animals, yet every one who has busied himself about organs is fully

acquainted with the mischief done to the instrument by the colonies of mice who seem to be drawn to it by some strange attraction. They frequently scramble to the mouths of the pipes, fall in, and are never able to get out again. On cleaning an organ, it is seldom that most of the large metal open pipes are not tenanted by sundry skeletons of mice, bats, and even small birds, which do not seem to be able to use their wings in that confined space, and perish miserably. Mice always appear to have a strange penchant for musical instruments. There was a certain closet, one of the shelves of which had long been devoted to flûtes. In another part of the closet an old disused harmonicon had been placed, and been forgotten. On turning out the contents of the closet, with a view to a thorough sweeping, the harmonicon was discovered, apparently in the same state in which it had been placed there, even the hammers retaining their original position. The glasses, however, when struck, gave forth a singularly dull sound, and, on moving the instrument about, a strange rattling sound was heard in the interior. On removing the glasses, the instrument was found to be entirely filled with the husks and shells of the flûtes, the kernels having been scooped out as neatly as could be done even by an accomplished squirrel. It is difficult to imagine the object for which all these shells were deposited in so singular a place, as mice always make their nests of very soft materials, such as rags, or scraps of paper, and are far too observant of their own comfort to make their beds of sharp, hard nutshells.

5. The rapidity with which the mouse can make a nest is somewhat surprising. One of the Cambridge journals mentioned some years ago, that in a farmer's house a loaf of newly baked bread was placed upon a shelf, according to custom. Next day a hole was observed in the loaf; and when it was cut open, a mouse and her nest were discovered therein, the latter having been made with paper. On examination, the material of the habitation was found to have been obtained from a copy-book, which had been torn into shreds, and arranged into the form of a nest. Within this curious home were nine young mice, pink, transparent, and newly-born. Thus, in the space of thirty-six hours at the most, the loaf must have cooled, the interior been excavated, the copy-book found and cut into suitable pieces, the nest made, and the young brought into the world. Surely it is no wonder that mice are so plentiful, or

that their many enemies fail to exterminate them.

"The number of traps invented for the purpose of taking mice," writes Mr. Wood, "is beyond the power of statistics to give. There are ingenious boards placed on shelves, which tilt the mouse into a basin of water below, where it swims about for many minutes, and at last sinks through sheer exhaustion. Struggling for life and fighting for breath to the last moment of its little life, it continues its vain efforts even while slowly sinking below the surface. This is generally applauded as a merciful trap. Then there is a spring trap, that drives a steel spike through the mouse's brain, causing instantaneous death. This is generally stigmatised (especially by ladies) as a cruel trap. There is another 'merciful' trap, the box trap, that shuts it in without hurting it, and affords it a piece of cheese to eat, and a view from between the bars until it is shaken out of the trap and carried off by the cat, who picks it up and takes it to her kittens, who practise upon it the art of mouse-catching and tormenting, which they hope soon to begin on their own account. There is the garotte trap, which strangles the mouse, and the arithmetical $\frac{1}{2}$ trap, which mashes it flat. But there is still extant an account of a trap that, from the elaborate description, must be a most valuable one, and which the describer has wisely prevented from being too common, by enveloping his account in such a mist of impenetrable language, that no one whom I have met has been able to form the least idea of the description of trap intended—what may be its form, how the mouse is to be caught, or what catches it. In sheer despair, I present the account to my readers, together with a hope that one of them may be able to make a trap by means of the description, and that, if so, he will kindly forward to me a sketch:—

'And again he telleth of another manner of catching of mice, which is as great as the first, and it is after this manner: Take two smooth boards about the lenth of thy arm, and in breadth half thy arm, but joyn it so together, that they may be distant from the lower part in lenth some four fingers, or little less, with two small spindles or clefts, which must be at every end one, and fasten paper under them, and put a piece of paste therein, being cut overthwart in the middle, but you must not fasten it nigh the middle, and let it be so bound, that it may easily be lifted up betwixt the spindles, that if by slipping it should be altered, it might

be brought again to the same form. But the two spindles spoken of before, ought to be joyned together in the ends above, and beyond them another small spindle to be made, which may hold in the middle a crooked wedge or butten, upon the which may be hanged a piece of hog-skin, so that one of them may be easily turned upside down with the skin, and put thou thereunto a little piece of earth or stick, that the mice may easily come to it: So that how many mice soever shall come thereto, and to the meat, shall be taken, always by rousing the paper into his wonted place.'

The fecundity of the mouse is as great as that of the rat, for it breeds at all times of the year, and frequently produces three families in the course of one year, each family numbering from four to six. In a fortnight the young are able to obtain their own living, and in a few weeks more become parents themselves. An experiment on the fecundity of this animal was made so long ago as the time of Aristotle. He placed in a closed box well stored with grain one female mouse who was about to become a mother, and kept the box closed for some time. When the box was opened he found an hundred and twenty mice, all sprung from one parent.

If any one wishes to repeat the experiment, he must be very careful about a plentiful supply of food, or his mice may come to the same untimely end that befell a company of mice whom a boy had put in a box and forgotten for some time. When he remembered his neglect, he hastened to open his box, and found there only one great mouse, sitting in solitary misery among the relics of his companions, of whom he was the sole survivor, hunger having compelled them to kill and eat one another.

"It is not so easy to clear a house of mice as many people imagine, particularly if traps are used as the means of destruction. Many will be caught when the traps are first set, but the numbers fall off, and at last cease altogether, when the householder flatters himself that the mice are all gone. But the fact is that the little creatures have learned caution, and have only avoided entering the trap, while they still continue their depredations. They not only take warning from seeing their fellows caught, but if one that has been captured has been suffered to make its escape, the trap may as well be removed, for no more mice will be caught. After a month or two, it may again be used with success.

"During my residence in college, the mice

had been a fertile source of annoyance. They nibbled my candles in two, so that they would not stand upright; they drank my milk; they pattered with their little feet over my butter; they raced about between the papered canvas and the stone wall, until the wall was riddled with holes made by a toasting-fork thrust through the paper, in the vain hope of spearing them; they would run across my carpet in the most undisguised manner; until I determined to extirpate them. So I got a double trap, baited it very temptingly, and placed it in the closet. Scarcely had the door been closed, when two smart blows told of the capture of two mice. They were speedily immolated, and the trap again set. During the first two or three days the trap was constantly going off, until I was tired of going and taking out the mice. The others, however, took warning, and came more and more sparingly, until it was a rare thing to catch one young mouse in a day, and after a week or so, none were caught at all, although the trap was baited with most savoury toasted cheese, and my candles suffered as before. I then bethought me of changing the bait: so, after suffering the trap to be well aired, and the scent of the cheese to evaporate, I substituted a piece of tallow with great success, for the mice came nearly as fast as ever. When they had begun to dread the latter, a piece of bacon was used as the bait, and by systematically changing the bait, great numbers were caught. At last, however, the mice seemed to comprehend that the trap was in fault, and not the bait, and I had to substitute a 4 trap, to which they again came in multitudes, and as the descending weight was a very large book, several often perished at once.

"I once made an experiment on a mouse of rather a singular description. At that time galvanism had become rather a fashionable study among the members of the University; and numerous were the experiments that were tried, from firing gunpowder under water, to knocking down a scout with an electric shock. I happened to have an excellent home-made battery, only a small single-cell one, but one which would cause an electro-magnet to sustain a weight of forty pounds, and, when connected with a coil, would give a tolerably severe shock. A mouse happened to be caught, and the wires were thrust into the trap, as much in jest as in earnest. The mouse, seeing the wires, and being enraged at its incarceration, dashed at them, and happened to place its feet upon one at the moment that it seized the other in its

mouth. I thought that it seemed singularly indifferent to the battery, and withdrew the wire on finding that no effect had been produced. The mouse, however, remained in exactly the same position; and, upon a close examination, proved to be quite dead. On opening the trap and inclining it, the mouse slid out as if it had been carved in wood. All its limbs were rigidly stiff, and its neck stretched out in exactly the same position in which it had bitten at the wire. It is impossible to imagine any death more sudden than this must have been; for it was so instantaneous that no perceptible sign appeared to mark the moment when the life left the body."

Mr. Smee relates the following instance of the sagacity of the mouse in refusing to be caught a second time:—

"Many years ago, I caught a common mouse in a trap, and, instead of consigning it to the usual watery grave, or to the unmerciful claws of the cat, I determined to keep it a prisoner. After a short time the little mouse made its escape in a room attached to my father's residence in the Bank of England. I did not desire the presence of a wild mouse in the room, and therefore adopted means to secure him. The room was paved with stone, and enclosed with solid walls. There was no hope for him that he would ultimately escape, although there were abundant opportunities for hiding. I set the trap and baited it with a savoury morsel; but day after day no mouse entered. The poor little thing gave unequivocal signs of extreme hunger, by gnawing the bladder from some of my chemical bottles. I gradually removed everything from the room that he could possibly eat, but still the old proverb of 'Once caught, twice shy' so far applied, that he would not enter my trap. After many days, on visiting the apartment one morning, the trap was down, the mouse was caught; the pangs of hunger were more intolerable than the terror of imprisonment. He did not, however, will the unpleasant alternative of entering the trap until he was so nearly starved that his bones almost protruded through his skin; and he freely took bits of food from my fingers through the bars of the cage."

The proverb is well known that speaks of rats deserting a falling house. Topsell gives a circumstantial account of such a proceeding in the following lines:—

"It is also very certain that mice which live in a house, if they perceive by the age of it it

be ready to fall down, or subject to any other ruin, they fore-know it, and depart out of it, as may appear by this notable story, which happened in a town called Helice, in Greece, wherein the inhabitants committed this abominable act against their neighbours the Greeks. For they slew them, and sacrificed them upon their altars. Whereupon followed the ruine of the city, which was premonstrated by this prodigious event. For five days before the destruction thereof, all the mice, weasils, and serpents, and other reptile creatures, went out of the same in the presence of the inhabitants, every one assembling to his own rank and company; whereto the people wondered much, for they could not conceive any true cause of their departure, and no marvel. For God, which had appointed to take vengeance on them for their wickedness, did not give them so much knowledge, nor make them so wise as the beasts, to avoid His judgment and their own destruction; and, therefore, mark what followed. For these beasts were no sooner out of the city, but suddenly in the night-time came such a lamentable earthquake and strong tempest, that all the houses did not only fall down, and not one of them stood upright, to the slaughter of men, women, and children contained in them, but, lest any of them should escape the strokes of the timber and house-tops, God sent also such a great flood of waters, by reason of the tempestuous winde, which drove the waters out of the sea upon the town, that swept them all away, leaving no more behind than naked and bare significations of former buildings. And not only the city and citizens perished, but also there was ten ships of the Lacedæmonians in their port, all drowned at that instant."

In another part of his voluminous work, he enumerates some of the qualities of "Y^e vulgar little mouse," among which he numbers its capability of domestication, and gives the following account of a very tame mouse:—

"Albertus writeth, that he saw in Upper Germany a mouse holding a burning candle in her feet, at the commandment of her master, all the time his guests were at supper."

Most people have heard of the famous "singing mouse," whose musical performances attracted so much attention some years ago. Many sceptical individuals classed the animal with the "whistling oyster," and undisguisedly expressed their incredulity. However, the little animal certainly did produce musical sounds, although they did not, as was asserted, rival

the notes of the canary and nightingale, either in volume, strength, or sweetness.

The field-mice are extremely injurious when they exist in great numbers, as they are very partial to the young shoots of various plants, and by nibbling them off, prevent the plant from attaining its full growth. They are very difficult to find; as they hide themselves so carefully, that, even in the fields where they swarm, it is by no means an easy matter to catch a sight of them. There is a meadow in Wiltshire, where, by carefully watching almost any square yard of grass, a short-tailed field-mouse is nearly sure to be found. Yet that field had been used for cricket, hockey, football, and many other games, for a long time before any one discerned a single mouse. If a field-mouse is caught and put down on the grass of even a newly-mown field, it glides so neatly under the grass, pressing close to the ground, and scarcely permitting the slightest motion of a single blade to betray its presence, that if the eye is taken off for a moment, it is almost impossible to catch sight of it again.

But concealed as the mice are from human eye, the vision of the owl or kestrel soon detects them. Woe to the unfortunate field-mouse that dare show its nose above ground if a kestrel is hovering about; for down comes the sharp-eyed bird, and flies away with the mouse in its talons. At night, too, the large eyes of the owl soon descry its movements, and the soft-plumed bird, floating over with its noiseless flight, strikes its talons into the unsuspecting mouse, and either swallows it whole on the spot, or carries it off to its nest, where the young owls are expecting their parent. Indeed, were it not for the exertions of the hawks and owls, who pounce on them from above, and the weasels and stoats, who chase them on the ground, we might fare little better than Bishop Hatto, whose tragical story is related by various authors, and among these, by Coryat, in his "Crudities."

"Here followeth the history of Hatto, Archbishop of Mentz. It happened in the year 914, that there was an exceeding great famine in Germany, at what time Otho, surnamed the Great, was emperor, and one Hatto, an Abbot of Fulda, was Archbishop of Mentz, of the Bishops after Crescens and Crescentius, the two and thirtieth, after the Archbishops of Saint Bonifacius the thirteenth. This Hatto in the time of this great famine aforementioned, when he saw the poor people of the country exceed-

ingly oppressed with famine, assembled a great company of them into a barn, and like a most accursed and merciless caitiff, burnt up those poor innocent souls, that were so far from doubting any such matter, that they rather hoped to receive some comfort and relief at his hands.

"The reason that moved the prelate to commit that execrable impiety was, because he thought the famine would the sooner cease, if those unprofitable beggars that consumed more bread than they were worthy to eat, were dispatched out of this world. For he said that these poor folks were like to mice, that were good for nothing but to devour corn. But God Almighty, the just Avenger of the poor folk's quarrell, did not long suffer this hainous tyranny—this most detestable fact—unpunished. For He mustered up an army of mice against the archbishop, and sent them to persecute him as his furious Alastors, so that they afflicted him both day and night, and would not suffer him to take his rest in any place. Whereupon, the prelat, thinking that he should be secure from the injury of mice, if he were in a certain tower that standeth in the Rhine, near to the towne, betook himself unto the said tower as safe refuge and sanctuary from his enemies, and locked himself in. But the innumerable troopes of mice chased him continually very eagerly, and swamme unto him upon the top of the water, to execute the just judgment of God; and so at last he was most miserably devoured by those sillie creatures, who pursued him with such bitter hostility, that it is recorded they scraped and knawed out his very name from the walls and tapestry wherein it was written, after they had so cruelly devoured his body. Wherefore the tower wherein he was eaten up by the mice is shown to this day for a perpetual monument to all succeeding ages of the barbarous and inhuman tyranny of this impious prelate, being situate in a little green island in the midst of the Rhine, near to the towne of Wingen, and

is commonly called in the German tongue, the *Mowse-turn*.*

The address of Burns to the mouse when he turned her up in her nest with the plough, will at once be recalled:—

"Wee, sleekit,† cow'rin', timorous beastie,
Oh, what a panic's in thy breastie!
Thou need na start awa' so hasty,
Wi' bickerin' brattle!‡
I wad be laith to rin and chase thee,
Wi' murd'rin' pattle.§

I'm truly sorry man's dominion
Has broken Nature's social union,
An' justifies that ill opinion,
Which makes thee startle
At me, thy poor earth-born companion,
An' fellow-mortal.

Thy wee bit housie, too, in ruin!
Its silly wa's the win's are strewin',
An' naething now to big || a new ane,
A' foggage green!
An' bleak December's win's ensuin',
Baith snell¶ and keen.

Thou saw the fields laid bare an' waste,
An' weary winter comin' fast,
An' cozie here, beneath the blast,
Thou thought'st to dwell,
Till, crash! the cruel coulter pass'd
Out through thy cell.

That wee bit heap o' leaves an' stibble
Has cost thee mony a weary nibble;
Now thou's turned out, for a' thy trouble,
But house or hald,
To thole** the winter's aleety dribble,
An' cranreuch†† cauld

But, mousie, thou art no thy lane,
In proving foresight may be vain;
The best-laid schemes o' mice and men
Gang aft a-gley,‡‡
An' lea's us nought but grief an' pain
For promis'd joy."

* "Mause-thurm"—the Mouse Tower.

† Sleek, sly. ‡ A short race or hurry. § A ploughstaff.

|| Build. ¶ Bitter, biting. ** Suffer, endure.

†† The hoar-frost. ‡‡ Wrong.

C. A. H. B.



LIVES THAT SPEAK.

SECOND SERIES.

IX.—MRS. WINTHROP.

THOSE who do not smile at all expressions of mutual affection in print, will find pleasure in the following correspondence between the first Governor of Massachusetts, the Hon. John Winthrop, and his excellent lady. We are so apt to regard our forefathers only as men stern and inflexible in their sense of duty, that it is indeed refreshing to soften the picture with the mild colouring of domestic happiness. These letters are peculiarly interesting; because the writers had been many years married, and had arrived at that sober meridian of life, when the worldly and the profligate would make us believe that love is considered as the mere idle dream of youth.

The following letter was probably written in 1624 or 1625 :—

"MOST DEAR AND LOVING HUSBAND,—I cannot express my love to you as I desire, in these poor, lifeless lines; but I do heartily wish you did see my heart, how true and faithful it is to you, and how much I do desire to be always with you, to enjoy the sweet comfort of your presence, and those helps from you in spiritual and temporal duties, which I am so unfit to perform without you. It makes me to see the want of you, and wish myself with you. But I desire we may be guided by God in all our ways, who is able to direct us for the best; and so I will wait upon Him with patience, who is all-sufficient for me. Desiring to be remembered in your prayers, I bid my good husband good night. Farewell.

"Your obedient wife,

"MARGARET WINTHROP."

In 1627 or 1628 :—

"MY MOST SWEET HUSBAND,—How dearly welcome thy kind letter was to me, I am not able to express. The sweetness of it did much refresh me. What can be more pleasing to a wife, than to hear of the welfare of her best beloved, and how he is pleased with her poor endeavours! I blush to hear myself commended, knowing my own wants. But it is your love that conceives the best, and makes all things seem better than they are. I wish that I may be always pleasing to thee, and that those comforts we have in each other may be daily increased, as far as they may be pleas-

ing to God. I will use that speech to thee, that Abigail did to David: 'I will be a servant to wash the feet of my lord.' I will do any service wherein I may please my good husband. I confess I cannot do enough for thee; but thou art pleased to accept the will for the deed, and rest contented.

"I have many reasons to make me love thee, whereof I will name two: first, because thou lovest God; and, secondly, because thou lovest me. If these two were wanting, all the rest would be eclipsed. But I must leave this discourse, and go about my household affairs. I am a bad housewife to be so long from them; but I must needs borrow a little time to talk with thee, my sweet heart. I hope thy business draws to an end. It will be but two or three weeks before I see thee, though they be long ones. God will bring us together in His good time; for which I shall pray.

"Farewell, my good husband; the Lord keep thee. "Your obedient wife,

"MARGARET WINTHROP."

"I did dine at Groton Hall yesterday; they are in health, and remember their love. We did wish you there, but that would not bring you, and I could not be merry without thee."

"1629.

"MY GOOD WIFE,—Although I wrote to thee last week, yet, having so fit opportunity, I must needs write to thee again; for I do esteem one little sweet, short letter of thine (such as the last was) to be well worthy two or three from me.

"I began this letter yesterday at two o'clock, thinking to have been large, but was so taken up by company and business, as I could get but hither by this morning. It grieves me that I have not liberty to make better expression of my love to thee, who art more dear to me than all earthly things; but I will endeavour that my prayers may supply the defect of my pen, which will be of use to us both, inasmuch as the favour and blessing of God is better than all things besides.

"I know thou lookest for troubles here, and when one affliction is over, to meet with another; but remember our Saviour tells us, 'Be of good comfort, I have overcome the world.' Therefore, my sweet wife, raise up thy heart, and be not dismayed at the crosses thou

meetest with in family affairs, or otherwise: but still fly to Him who will take up thy burden for thee. Go thou on cheerfully, in obedience to His holy will, in the course He hath set thee. Peace shall come. I commend thee and all thine to the gracious protection and blessing of the Lord.

"Farewell, my good wife. I kiss and love thee with the kindest affection, and rest

"Thy faithful husband,

"JOHN WINTHROP."

"1629.

"MOST LOVING AND GOOD HUSBAND,—I have received your letters. The true tokens of your love, and care of my good, now in your absence, as well as when you are present, make me think that saying false, 'Out of sight, out of mind.' I am sure my heart and thoughts are always near you, 'to do you good and not evil all the days of my life.' I rejoice in the expectation of our happy meeting; for thy absence has been very long in my conceit, and thy presence much desired. Thy welcome is always ready; make haste to entertain it.

"And so I bid my good husband farewell, and commit him to the Lord,

"Your loving and obedient wife,

"MARGARET WINTHROP."

After having decided upon coming to New England, Mr. Winthrop writes thus, in 1629:—

"I must now begin to prepare thee for our long parting, which grows very near. I know not how to deal with thee by arguments; for if thou wert as wise as ever woman was, yet it must needs be a great trial to thee, and the greater because I am so dear to thee. That which I must chiefly look at in thee, for a ground of contentment, is thy godliness. If now the Lord be thy God, thou must show it by trusting in Him, and resigning thyself quietly to His good pleasure. The best course is to turn all our reasons and discourse into prayers; for He only can help, who is Lord of sea and land, and hath sole power over life and death. So I kiss my sweet wife, and rest,

"Thy faithful husband,

"JO. WINTHROP."

"February 14, 1629.

"MY SWEET WIFE,—The opportunity of so fit a messenger, and my deep engagement of affection to thee, makes me write at this time, though I hope to follow soon after. The Lord our God hath oft brought us together with comfort, when we have been long absent; and, if it be good for us, He will do so still. When

I was in Ireland, He brought us together again. When I was sick here at London, He restored us together again. How many dangers near death hast thou been in thyself! and yet the Lord hath granted me to enjoy thee still. If He did not watch over us, we need not go over sea to seek death or misery; we should meet it at every step, in every journey. And is not He a God abroad as well as at home? Is not His power and providence the same in New England that it hath been in Old England?

"My good wife, trust in the Lord. He will be better to thee than any husband, and will restore thee thy husband with advantage. I bless thee and ours, and rest thine ever,

"JO. WINTHROP."

"Thou must be my Valentine, for none hath challenged me."*

"MY MOST DEAR HUSBAND,—I should not now omit any opportunity of writing to thee, considering I shall not long have thee to write unto. But, by reason of my unfitness at this time, I must entreat thee to accept of a few lines from me, and not impute it to any want of love, or neglect of duty to thee, to whom I owe more than I ever shall be able to express.

"My request now shall be to the Lord to prosper thee in thy voyage, and enable thee and fit thee for it, and give all graces and gifts for such employments as He shall call thee to. I trust God will once more bring us together before you go, that we may see each other with gladness, and take a solemn leave, till we, through the goodness of our God, shall meet in New England, which will be a joyful day to us. With my best wishes to God for thy health and welfare, I take my leave, and rest thy faithful, obedient wife,

"MARGARET WINTHROP."

"March, 1629.

"MINE OWN DEAR HEART,—I must confess thou hast overcome me with thy exceeding great love, and those abundant expressions of it in thy sweet letters, which savour of more than an ordinary spirit of love and piety. Blessed be the Lord our God, that gives strength and comfort to thee to undergo this great trial, which I must confess would be too heavy for thee if the Lord did not put under His hand in so gracious a measure. Let this experience of His faithfulness to thee in this first trial, be a ground to establish thy heart to believe and expect His help in all that may

* The writer was past forty years old.

follow. It grieveth me much that I want time and freedom of mind to discourse with thee, my faithful yokefellow, in those things which thy sweet letters offer me so plentiful occasion for. I beseech the Lord I may have liberty to supply it ere I depart, for I cannot thus leave thee.

* * * * *

"Mine only best beloved, I beseech the good Lord to take care of thee and thine; to seal up His loving-kindness to thy soul; to fill thee with the sweet comfort of His presence, that may uphold thee in this time of trial; and grant that we may see the faces of each other again in the time expected. So, loving thee truly, and tender of thy welfare, studying to bestow thee safe where I may have thee again, I leave thee in the arms of our sweet Saviour. Ever thine,

"JO. WINTHROP."

From the *Arabella*, riding at Cowes, he thus writes:—

"March 28, 1630.

"MY FAITHFUL AND DEAR WIFE.—And now I must once again take my farewell of thee in Old England. It goeth very near my heart to leave thee. I know to whom I have committed thee; even to Him who loves thee much better than any husband can: who, if it be for His glory, will bring us together again with peace and comfort. Oh, how it refresheth my heart to think that I shall yet again see thy sweet face in the land of the living—that lovely countenance that I have so much delight in, and beheld with so great content!

"I hope the course we have agreed upon will be some ease to us both. Mondays and Fridays, at five of the clock at night, we shall meet in spirit till we meet in person. Yet if all these hopes should fail, blessed be our God, we are assured that we shall meet one day in a better condition. Let that stay and comfort thy heart. Commend my blessing to my son John. Tell him I have committed thee and thine to him. Labour to draw him yet nearer to God, and he will be the surer staff of comfort to thee. Thine wheresoever,

"JO. WINTHROP."

While the vessel was riding before the Isle of Wight he again writes:—

"MY LOVE, MY JOY, MY FAITHFUL ONE,—I suppose thou didst not expect to have any more letters from me till the return of our ships; but so is the good pleasure of God, that the winds should not serve yet to carry us hence. I desire to resign myself wholly to His gracious disposing. Oh that I had a heart so to do, and to trust perfectly in Him for His assistance in all our ways!

"This is the third letter I have written to thee since I came to Hampton, in requital of those two I received from thee, which I do often read with much delight, apprehending so much love and sweet affection in them, as I am never satisfied with reading, nor can read them without tears. Oh, my dear heart, I ever held thee in high esteem, as thy love and goodness hath well deserved; but (if it be possible) I shall yet prize thy virtue at a greater rate, and long more to enjoy thy sweet society than ever before. I am sure thou art not short of me in this wish. Let us pray hard, and pray in faith, and our God in His good time will accomplish our desire. Oh, how loath I am to bid thee farewell! but, since it must be, farewell, my sweet love, farewell! I take thee and my dear children in mine arms, and kiss and embrace you all, and so leave you with my God.

"Thy faithful husband,

"JO. WINTHROP."

After Mr. Winthrop arrived in New England, his letters to his wife breathe the same affectionate spirit, and earnest wish for her society.

She followed her husband in about a year. In a letter to her son, announcing her approaching departure from England, she writes:—

"Mr. Wilson is now in London. He cannot yet persuade his wife to go, for all he hath taken this pains to come and fetch her. I marvel what mettle she is made of."

Governor Winthrop and his lady met in safety, and lived long to bless the colony to whose interests they had devoted themselves.

In manners they were dignified, but condescending; and in character truly upright and benevolent. Being once informed that a poor man stole his wood, the Governor replied in seeming anger, that he would soon cure him of stealing. When the man appeared, he said, "Friend, it is a severe winter, and I hear you are poor. Help yourself from my pile till the winter is over." He afterwards said to his informer, "Have I not put a stop to his stealing?"

Governor Winthrop was elected again and again, until, worn out with toils, he died in the sixty-third year of his age, March, 1649. Though rich when he came to the colony, he died poor.

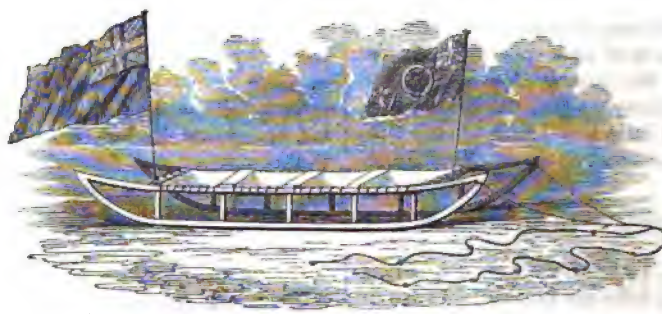
It is unnecessary here to pay a tribute to his exalted character; his name adorns the history with which it is so honourably associated.

S. P.

Science, Art, and History.

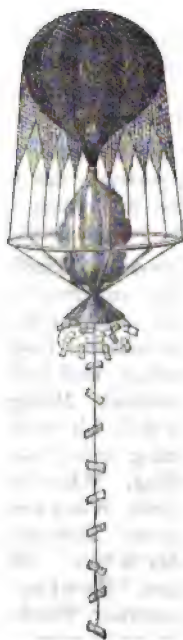
OUR SKETCH-BOOK ABROAD.

VII.—WINTERING IN THE ARCTIC REGIONS.



TRAVELLING SLEDGE "ERIN"—"RESOLUTE" EXPEDITION.

THE privations and sufferings of Arctic explorers could not easily be exaggerated; but of all the discomforts attendant on wintering within the Arctic Circle, none perhaps is so much felt as the absence of light. The gloom affects in no slight degree the body, but it is chiefly injurious to the mind. Who does not appreciate the intrepid and buoyant energy of British sailors, so bearing up under such trying circumstances, as to enable the historian of the *Resolute* expedition to write as follows? "The sweet and soothing influence of memory, assisted by bright hopes for the future, tended to sustain our spirits under the chilling influence of a position at once novel and unnatural, amidst eternal ice and snow; and existing between two atmospheres, which fre-



Balloon employed by Arctic explorers—as many as 800 papers are attached to a tail of quick-match, and so dispersed, to be picked up by travelling parties.

quently differed 100 degrees in ten steps of a ladder."

Mr. M'Dougall gives lengthened details of wintering experience; and though our extracts must be brief, we will venture to select a few:—

"*November 4th.*—This day was altogether one of the finest we had experienced since our arrival here. The sky to the southward was composed of the most brilliant tints; crimson and an intense yellow predominating. At 1.15 p.m. the upper limb sank beneath the golden-hued horizon; the tints gradually became fainter, as the arch of light travelled to the westward. And thus the sun departed on a tour to the southward, sincerely regretted by all on board. Alas! like other friends, until lost his value was not sufficiently appreciated."

"*Sunday, December 12th.*—After Divine service, the officers and crew of the *Resolute* proceeded on board the *Intrepid*, where it had been arranged that the burial service should be read over one of our expedition, George Drover (the excellent captain of fore-castle, *Intrepid*). The temperature was too low to expose the men for any length of time in a standing position in the open air. Much difficulty had been experienced in digging a grave; for in addition to the heavy gale, which increased the discomfort, whilst performing such a melancholy task, the ground was frozen as hard as

granite, on which the crowbars, pickaxes, and shovels made little or no impression. The temperature, varying from 17 degrees to 30 degrees minus, rendered it necessary to pitch a tent over the grave, in order to shelter the men from the wind. After five days' work, they were obliged to have recourse to a wood fire, which was lighted on the spot, to thaw the surface. At length, after a week's labour, a depth of two feet ten inches was obtained—in this poor Drover was buried."

"December 21st.—The advent of the shortest day was welcomed with feelings of pleasure by all on board, for it was the turning-point of the winter, when, although the temperature might reasonably be expected to increase in severity, the light—that great and blessed gift of the Almighty—would gradually increase to a continued day of several months' duration."

Christmas-day was not without its becoming and hospitable observance:—

"Many were the expressions of goodwill and friendship interchanged. The *Intrepids*, with their usual hospitality, provided luncheon; and, after a walk for an appetite, all the officers of the squadron met at 5 p.m. in the gunroom of the *Resolute*, and sat down to a substantial dinner. Besides other delicacies, there was a splendid piece of roast beef (killed in April), an Arctic hare, and a noble haunch of Arctic venison weighing twenty-one pounds. The latter was the favourite dish, and called forth the unqualified praise of all present. I had almost forgotten to say, the men had an extra allowance issued, and at 1 p.m. sat down to good fare, the various tables being decorated with transparencies, flags, and devices of various descriptions alike appropriate and tasteful.

"The New Year was ushered in with a lower degree of temperature than we had yet experienced. On the 2nd mercury became solid for the first time, and from this we may fairly date the commencement of the months of extreme cold. On the 4th the thermometer stood at 48 degrees minus. Bacon, which under the fore-castle had become like slabs of granite, was taken below, and placed beside the Sylvester stove; and even there, several days elapsed ere it became in a fit state to be subjected to the process of boiling."

Throughout December and January active preparations were in progress for the prosecution of the enterprise as soon as the season permitted:—

"Shoemakers, for the last two months, have

been employed making boots; the sailmakers have been busy about the tents, robes, main-toshes, and other articles necessary for the perfect equipment of a tent. Each man, during his leisure hours, is employing himself making his travelling costume, whilst the officers are 'going in' to the weights of the various articles, and scorn not to work out the total to ounces; in short, there is not an idler on board."

"Saturday, February 5th.—For the last few days the sun's near approach to the horizon had been proclaimed by an extended arch of light, with a few small crimson clouds floating in a golden sea. Oh, with what pleasure did we all look forward to his actual presence!

"Refraction—corrections of all descriptions—not forgetting the dip from the top of Dealy Island, 160 feet high—were worked out minutely, and the result of our calculations led us to expect he might possibly be seen for the space of a few minutes at noon on the 4th.

"The weather on that day, however, was unfavourable; a cold sharp wind, with mist, prevailed. But this has been a glorious day, clear, cloudless, and cold.

"During the forenoon officers and men might have been observed stopping occasionally during their monotonous walk on the floe, and contemplating with feelings of quiet rapture the southern horizon, as the arch gradually increased in extent and brilliancy.

"Officers—aye, and sedate ones too, on most occasions—might have been observed jumping as high as the weight of their clothes permitted, fondly hoping to be the first to welcome the glorious source of light and warmth to these inhospitable shores.

"At length, at 11.30 a.m., the flag on Dealy Island was hoisted, announcing to the little world below the fact of the sun being visible from that elevation. The ensigns on board both vessels were immediately hoisted, in honour of the prodigal's return, after an absence of ninety-three days.

"A few minutes only elapsed, when the rays of his upper enlightened limb dazzled the eyes of those who were anxiously gazing from the floe. Every eyelid drooped before the novel glare, but the features of all bore an expression indicative of happiness. The very dogs appeared more animated, and seemed to have an innate sense that better days were coming. Giving an additional cock to their tails and ears, they gambolled with each other, and looked, in truth, a set of merry dogs.

"In addition to the feelings of intense satisfaction which the return of the sun occasioned, it is to be hoped there were in the breast of every individual composing the expedition, feelings of heartfelt gratitude to the Giver of

"The sledges, with banners displayed, were drawn up in two divisions, with their heads, or bows, pointing in the direction of their intended destination, surrounded by the travelling parties in their quaint dresses. A few

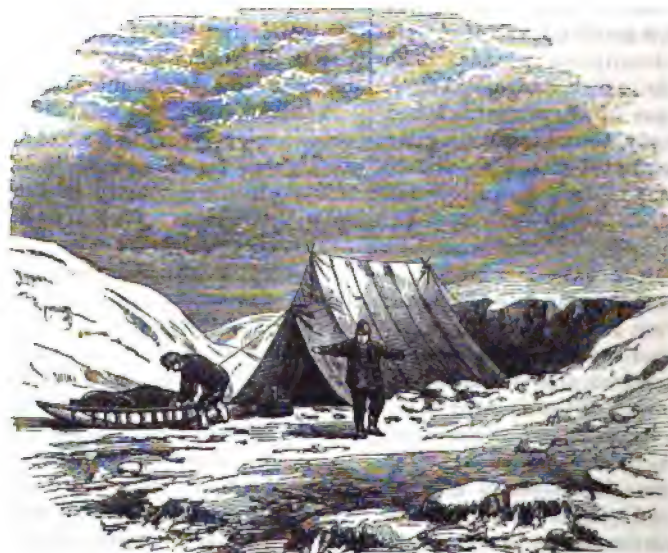
ERIN.	STAR OF THE NORTH.	DISCOVERY.	JOHN BARROW.	HOPE.
				
"Erin go bragh."	"Lead Thou us on."		"Hope on, hope ever."	"I wish for your return."
HORATIO AUSTIN.	SIRIUS.	HERO.	BEAUTY.	PERSEVERANCE.
				
"Spes est solatium periculi."	"Deo volente."	"By faith and courage."	"Mon Dieu est ma Roche."	"Dum spiro spero."

NAMES OF SLEDGES, WITH FLAGS AND MOTTOES.

all goodness, for the preservation of their lives and health throughout the trying period of an arctic winter. The duration of such a winter is sufficiently unpleasant and monotonous; but all other evils sink into utter insignificance,

minutes elapsed, whilst friends grasped each other's hands, and whispered their last messages, and then all were at their posts."

The annexed cut gives the names of H. M. sledges employed by the various exploring



COOKING UNDER DIFFICULTIES IN THE ARCTIC REGIONS.

when compared with the disheartening nature of utter darkness for the space of ninety-three days."

About the middle of March various land expeditions were undertaken.

parties in connection with the *Resolute*, with their distinguishing flags and mottoes.

The privations of these travelling parties were of no ordinary character. Space forbids our giving details; but, as an example, we may

mention that the daily scale of provisions—apparently almost inconsistent with the sustenance of life—to which one party was reduced whilst travelling, was as follows:—

Pemican	14 oz.	Eaten raw.	Fuel not being sufficient to cook it.
Biscuit	1 lb.		
Chocolate	1 oz.		
Sugar	1 oz.		
Oatmeal	2 oz.		

} Fuel just sufficient to warm it.

The above was the daily allowance for each man. An extra for seven men consisted of three gills of concentrated rum. From the small quantity of fuel, it is obvious that no attempt was made to warm anything but the chocolate; the remainder of the fuel was barely sufficient to dissolve snow, to enable the men to obtain a drink of cold water, after six hours' hard labour. Our second illustration will serve to give an idea of the difficulties of cooking in the Arctic regions.

PERSIA AND ITS PEOPLE.

THE very name of Persia gives to the mind an immediate idea of remoteness and antiquity, lying as it does to the west of the continent of India, and on the further side of those countries which have only at a comparatively recent date been brought to the notice of Europeans—we refer more particularly to the Punjaub and Afghanistan. The name of Persia, moreover, has somewhat of a refined sound, savage as in reality it has always been, and still is for the most part, even at the present day. The fine persons and picturesque costumes of the few Persians amongst us, has tended to produce this impression; and this has been, to some extent, fostered by the Eastern tales, both in prose and verse, which in a past generation were so popular.

Persia is a vast empire which, for nearly two thousand years, has been united into one monarchy, although its actual limits have undergone, from time to time, great changes. The nation first rose into notice on the ruins of the great empires founded on the Euphrates, the river mentioned in the earliest record we possess, the Book of Genesis (ii. 14). Babylon was taken by Cyrus, whose empire extended wider than any before established in the world. At length it succumbed to the brave and disciplined armies of Alexander. His decease led to its being split into fragments; but Greek sovereigns continued during several centuries to reign over the empire. Then followed the monarchy of the Parthians; the Mahometan dynasty; and the successive invasions of the descendants of Zingis and Timur, and of the Turks. At length, in 1506, a native dynasty again arose in the person of Abbas. This appears to have been one of the most brilliant

periods of Persian history: but it was brief. Eastern luxury and voluptuousness brought the usual consequences; and in the beginning of the last century, the country was overrun by the Afghans, who carried fire and sword throughout it, and reduced its proudest capitals to ashes. The atrocities of the Afghans were avenged, and the independence of Persia vindicated, by Nadir Shah; but its modern history has almost been a continued succession of civil wars. It may be regarded as a token of a better state of things, that we have now a representative of Great Britain in the Persian court.

The empire is bounded on the west by the Euphrates and the Tigris; on the north the Caucasian ridges form a vast and almost impassable barrier, with the Caspian Sea; to the south is the Persian Gulf; and on the east that vast desert of sand extending to the Indus, and the mountainous regions of Afghanistan and Beloochistan. The climate shows all the variations which we might expect from its situation: whilst at one extremity there is the heat of India, at the other there are mountains clothed with perpetual snow.

These mountains constitute the most prominent feature of the country. Although they consist of many hundreds of miles of unbroken and inaccessible precipices, they are here and there intersected or broken by ravines, which are so narrow and steep, that they may be compared to vast cracks. Others again form a succession of the sharpest peaks, rising to a great height. Between some of these there are passes, or, as they are more appropriately called, "gorges," presenting ground of such a character as to baffle even the passage of a large force. This kind of scenery extends

towards India, the Kyber Pass in Cabool being a familiar and terrible example, connected with events too recent to be a story of the past. Our engraving of "The Gorge of Ishtazin" (P. 340) presents a striking view of this feature of the mountainous districts of Persia. It also displays the costume of the people. The reader will notice that this costume is of a mixed character, indicating the well-known fact that in the fifth century the descendants of Zingis were associated with those tribes to whom we now give the name of Turks.

As a whole, Persia may be regarded as a thinly peopled country, the numerous invasions, and the disturbed state of the empire consequent thereupon, being highly discouraging to agriculture; although vast plains have always been inhabited by those who followed a shepherd's life, as best suited to so uncertain a condition of society. The people are fond of riding, the Turkoman breed of horses being preferred, and the camel and mule are much used.

The productions of the country are not numerous: salt is found in great quantities, as is bitumen and petroleum, and the Khorassan Hills produce the beautiful turquoise stone. The centre and south, although almost destitute of trees, yet produce abundant fruits; the vine flourishes in several provinces. The mulberry in the northern provinces is very plentiful, so much so as to render silk the staple product of the empire. The sugar-cane is found in some of the well-watered plains; but a deficiency of water is the great want of the country. Poppies are largely grown for the sake of opium, and roses for the highly-valued extract which they produce. A third of the surface of the land, however, is nothing more than a desert. The zoology includes most of the common domestic animals of Europe, with an excellent breed of mules, the camel, the ass, and the goat. The wild animals are lions, bears, tigers, wild boars, jackals, wolves, and hyenas.

The government of Persia is an absolute autocracy, but this power has been variously used by the different shahs. There is no regular army, the chief dependence being placed on the wandering tribes, who are naturally of predatory, and therefore warlike, habits. Under these circumstances, it is not to be wondered at, that the tenure upon which the monarch holds his position is precarious; but, although perhaps it is a country which could be easily conquered, it would also be equally difficult to retain possession of it.

The population is variously estimated: perhaps it approaches 10,000,000. The people are gay and active, very ostentatious in their dress, lavishing upon their persons jewels and gold ornaments of all descriptions. There is no country where the beard is regarded with such veneration; during the day it is repeatedly washed, combed, and adjusted. The luxury and splendour of the great leads to an extensive demand for the finer fabrics. The wool of their flocks is very good, and is manufactured into beautiful carpets and shawls. They particularly excel in brocade and embroidery.

The nations of the East have never been celebrated for literature: but the Persians stand foremost amongst them in this respect. Poetry is their ruling passion. The names of Hafiz, Ferdusi, and Sadi, are classic even in Europe. It must, however, be added, that those poetical effusions are chiefly confined to love songs, and these are far from possessing a tone of morality.

Bearing in mind the influence necessarily exercised by Mohammedanism, a system of politico-religion so specially adapted to encourage the tendencies of corrupt human nature, this is certainly not to be wondered at. Borrowing a few religious truths from Christianity which have served to give a measure of weight to the teaching of the Koran, the system of Mahommed altogether ignores the actual nature of sin, and the real character of Divine holiness and righteousness. It makes its appeal to men's passions and to men's fears; offering to the one, spoil and sensual indulgence, and presenting to the other the sword. Its religious observances consist in gross and glaring superstitions—pilgrimages to Mecca, certain gesticulations and repetitions of some Arabic phrases or Koran passages, mostly not even understood by the person who uses them, charms or amulets written on paper or parchment as means of curing or preventing disease, and as protective against the injurious influences of bad men and evil spirits, credence given to traditionary stories of the most childish nature—these things make up the religion of the people. Can we marvel if the claims of morality are feebly recognized and less practised?

By way of specimen, we append a few of the traditionary stories to which we have alluded.

It is asserted that Mahommed was sinless, and that the black spot of original sin was taken out of his breast, in his boyhood, in the following miraculous way:—

"One day, Gabriel came to his majesty Mahommed, when he was playing with boys, and took hold of him, and laid him on the ground, and split his heart, and brought out a little bag of blood; and Gabriel said, 'This is the devil's part of you.' After that, he washed his majesty's heart in a golden vessel of *semzem* water, then sewed it up, and replaced it."

"Mahommed one day wishing to convince Abújahál, one of his opponents, of his Divine mission, told him what he had been eating that day, saying, 'You have partaken of a fowl, half of which you have eaten, and left the rest.' On Abújahál's denying this, Gabriel, at Mahommed's command, produced immediately the remaining half of the fowl. When Abújahál still insisted on not having eaten of this fowl, Mahommed said, 'O fowl! Abújahál wants to make me a liar: therefore give testimony to the truth of my words, and to the falsehood of his.' Immediately the fowl began to speak, and said, 'I testify, O Mahommed! that thou art the prophet of God, and the best of all creatures; and I testify that Abújahál, the enemy of God, has eaten of me.'"

"Once Mahommed went, accompanied by his followers, who were a large number, to the house of Abdúlláh. After he and Ali had eaten of the dish prepared for him, consisting of a roasted lamb, he gave it to his followers, and they all ate and got satiated, leaving nothing but the bones. They said then, 'O prophet of God! we want some milk to drink.' His majesty, having spread his handkerchief over the bones, said, 'O Lord! in like manner as Thou didst send Thy blessing on this animal, and satiate us with its meat, so bless it again, and do such an act, that we may drink of its milk.' Accordingly, through the Divine power, flesh grew on those bones, and the animal began to move, and got up, and its udder became full of milk. They then all drank, and filled, besides, all the basins in the house with its milk."

Mountains and stones and trees Mahommed made to speak, and give witness to his Divine mission. It is related, for instance:—

"One day Mahommed made a sign to a tree to come. The tree immediately began to move, and, tearing up the earth like a mighty river, came to his majesty, and stood still, and said, 'Here I am come to thee, O Prophet! what is thy command?' His majesty said, 'I have ordered thee to come, to bear testimony to the unity of God and my Divine mission.' The

tree then said, with a loud voice, 'I bear testimony that God is one, and has none like Him; and I bear testimony that thou, O Mahommed! art His servant and prophet: He has sent thee in truth.'"

To give an idea of the size of one of the angels bearing the throne of God, it is said, "Verily, the distance from the lower part of his ears to his shoulders is seventy years' journey." And as if this were not yet enough, it is said, in another tradition, that "there is an angel, the distance from whose ear to his eye is equal to 500 years of a bird's flight." Again, it is stated that Mahommed, in his journey to Heaven, saw an angel, "half of whose body consisted of snow, and the other half of fire: the fire did not melt the snow, and the snow did not extinguish the fire." Again, another tradition says, "It is related of Aúdj Ibn Anák, that his stature was 23,833 cubits. He took a fish from the bottom of the sea, held it up to the disc of the sun, roasted, and ate it. The waters of the flood did not reach up to his knees. His age was 3,000 years, and his mother, Anák, was his majesty Adam's daughter."

In regard to Paradise, besides many foolish and sensual things, it is said, "Verily, there are birds of different kinds in Paradise, every one as large as a camel, flying about in the fields of Paradise. As soon as one of the friends of Mahommed desires to eat one, they come immediately down before him, the feathers plucked off, and ready dressed without the need of fire, one side roasted, and the other boiled. When the believer has eaten as much as he has wanted, and said, 'Alhamdhú lilláh rab ál álamín!' i. e., Praised be God, the Lord of the universe! then the bird gets whole, and quickened again; and, flying up in the air, he boasts to the other birds of Paradise, and says, 'Who is like me? for of me has the friend of God eaten, by the Almighty's permission.'"

These extracts will suffice to illustrate the superstition and darkness which prevails in Mahomedan Persia, and the consequent need of Christian missionary effort in that land.

Something has been done, and although the jealousy of the priesthood, and the fanaticism of the lower classes, has almost forbidden direct and continuous effort, there is no doubt seed has been sown which will in due time spring up.

The labours of Henry Martyn, the translator of the New Testament in Persian, furnish a striking instance of spiritual influence for good thus surviving in a land years after the labourer

has ceased from his work. As a most encouraging example of "seed found after many days," we transcribe a remarkable narrative which originally appeared in the pages of the "*Asiatic Journal*," showing the honourable remembrance in which this noble missionary long continued to be held in Persia. The writer of the narrative had been spending a few weeks at Shiraz some years previously.

"Having received an invitation to dine—or rather sup—with a Persian party in the city, I went, and found a number of guests assembled. The conversation was varied—grave and gay; chiefly of the latter complexion. Poetry was often the subject: sometimes philosophy, and sometimes politics, prevailed. Among the topics discussed, religion was one. There are so many sects in Persia, especially if we include the free-thinking classes, that the questions which grow out of such a discussion constitute no trifling resource for conversation. I was called upon, though with perfect good-breeding and politeness, to give an account of the tenets of our faith; and I confess that I was sometimes embarrassed by the pointed queries of my companions.

"Among the guests was a person who took but little part in the conversation, and who appeared to be intimate with none but the master of the house. He was a man below the middle age, of a serious countenance and mild deportment: they called him Mahomed Rahem. I thought that he frequently observed me with great attention, and watched every word I uttered, especially when the subject of religion was discussing. Once, when I expressed myself with some levity, this individual fixed his eyes upon me with such a peculiar expression of surprise, regret, and reproof, that I was struck to the very soul, and felt a strange mysterious wonder who he could be. I asked privately one of the party, who told me that he had been educated for a mollah, but had never officiated: and that he was a man of considerable learning, and much respected; but lived retired, and seldom visited even his most intimate friends. My informant added, that his only inducement to join the party had been the expectation of meeting an Englishman, as he was much attached to the English nation, and had studied our language and learning.

"This information increased my curiosity, which I determined to seek an opportunity of gratifying, by conversing with the object of it. A few days afterward I called upon Mahomed Rahem, and found him reading a volume of Cowper's poems! This circumstance led to an immediate discussion of the merits of English poetry, and European literature in general. I was perfectly astonished at the clear and accurate conceptions which he had formed upon these subjects, and at the precision with which he expressed himself in English. We discoursed on these and congenial topics for nearly two hours, till at length I ventured to sound his opinions on the subject of religion.

"'You are a mollah, I am informed.' 'No,' said he, 'I was educated at a *madrassa* (college), but I never felt an inclination to be one of the priesthood.' 'The exposition of your religious volume,' I rejoined, 'demands a pretty close application to study: before a person can be qualified to teach the doctrines of the Koran, I understand he must thoroughly examine and digest volumes of comments, which ascertain the sense of the text and the application of its injunctions. This is a laborious preparation, if a man be disposed conscientiously to fulfil his important functions.' As he made no remark, I continued, 'Our Scriptures are their own expositors. We are solicitous only that they should be read: and although some particular passages are not without difficulties, arising from the inherent obscurity of language, the faults of translation, or the errors of copyists, yet it is our boast that the authority of our Holy Scriptures is confirmed by the perspicuity and simplicity of their style, as well as precepts.'

"I was surprised that he made no reply to these observations. At the hazard of being deemed impertinent, I proceeded to panegyrize the leading principles of Christianity, more particularly in respect to their moral and practical character; and happened, among other reflections, to suggest that, as no other concern was of so much importance to the human race as religion, and as only one faith could be the right, the subject admitted not of being regarded as indifferent, though too many did so regard it. 'Do not you esteem it so?' he asked. 'Certainly not,' I replied. 'Then your indifference at the table of our friend Meerza Reeza, when the topic of religion was under consideration, was merely assumed, out of complaisance to Mussulmans, I presume?'

"I remembered the occasion to which he alluded, and recognised in his countenance the same expression, compounded half of pity, half of surprise, which it then exhibited. I owned that I had acted inconsistently, perhaps incautiously and imprudently: but I made the best defence I could; and disavowed, in the most solemn manner, any premeditated design to condemn the religion which I profess.

"'I am heartily glad I was deceived,' he said; 'for sincerity in religion is our paramount duty. What we are, we should never be ashamed of appearing to be.' 'Are you a sincere Mussulman, then?' I boldly asked. An internal struggle seemed, for an instant, to agitate his visage: at length he answered mildly, 'No.' 'You are not a sceptic or freethinker?' 'No; indeed I am not.' 'What are you then? Be you sincere. Are you a Christian?' 'I am,' he replied.

"I should vainly endeavour to describe the astonishment which seized me at this declaration. I surveyed Mahomed Rahem, at first, with a look which, judging from its reflection from his benign countenance, must have betokened suspicion, or even contempt. The consideration that he could have no motive to deceive me in this disclosure, which was of infinitely greater seriousness to himself than to me, speedily restored me to recollection, and banished every sentiment but joy.

I could not refrain from pressing silently his hand to my heart.

"He was not unmoved at this transport; but he betrayed no unmanly emotions. He told me that I had possessed myself of a secret which, in spite of his opinion that it was the duty of every one to wear his religion openly, he had hitherto concealed, except from a few who participated in his own sentiments.

"And whence came this happy change?" I asked.

"I will tell you that likewise," he replied. "In the year 1223 (of the Hejira) there came to this city an Englishman, who taught the religion of Christ with a boldness hitherto unparalleled in Persia, in the midst of much scorn and ill-treatment from our mollahs, as well as the rabble. He was a beardless youth, and evidently enfeebled by disease. He dwelt among us for more than a year. I was then a decided enemy to infidels, as the Christians are termed by the followers of Mahomet; and I visited this teacher of the despised sect, with the declared object of treating him with scorn, and exposing his doctrines to contempt. Although I persevered for some time in this behaviour toward him, I found that every interview not only increased my respect for the individual, but diminished my confidence in the faith in which I was educated. His extreme forbearance towards the violence of his opponents, the calm and yet convincing manner in which he exposed the fallacies and sophistries by which he was assailed—for he spoke Persian excellently—gradually inclined me to listen to his arguments, to inquire dispassionately into the subject of them, and finally to read a tract which he had written in reply to a defence of Islamism by our chief mollahs. Need I detain you longer? The result of my examination was a conviction that the young disputant was right. Shame, or rather fear, withheld me from avowing this opinion. I even avoided the society of the Christian teacher, though he remained in the city so long. Just before he quitted Shiraz I could not refrain from paying him a farewell visit. Our conversation—the memory of it will never fade from the tablet of my

mind—sealed my conversion. He gave me a book—it has ever been my constant companion—the study of it has formed my most delightful occupation—its contents have often consoled me."

"Upon this he put into my hands a copy of the New Testament in Persian. On one of the blank leaves was written—'*There is joy in Heaven over one sinner that repenteth*'—HENRY MARTYN."


It should be known that a "Moslem Mission Society" has recently been established, addressing its attention altogether and exclusively to Mohammedans. One of the chief supporters of this particular agency, the Rev. J. M. Arnold, Consular Chaplain at Batavia, in his valuable work, "*The Koran and the Bible; or, Islam and Christianity*," strongly urges the claims of the Society upon his countrymen at home. He justly says (and we commend his words to the consideration of our readers):—

"If no Missionary had as yet been sent; if there were as yet no school or station with some few genuine converts to cheer the undertaking, the obligation to go and do as we are bid would still be binding. For many a century has the Church annually put up the prayer that God would 'have mercy upon all Jews, Turks, infidels [*i. e.*, Pagans], and heretics, and take from them all ignorance, hardness of heart, and contempt of His Word.' But the time, it is felt, has come when we ought to '*live more nearly as we pray*;' to remember the solemn offices which the prayer necessarily involves; for it would be mockery, not prayer, to ask that God would take away 'all ignorance' of the Gospel, 'all hardness of heart,' and 'all contempt of His Word,' and yet *do nothing* to reduce that 'contempt,' to remove that 'ignorance,' and to soften that 'hardness.'"

Lincoln's Inn.

O. S. ROUND.

QUICK TRAVELLING TO FRANCE IN OLD TIMES.

 SATURDAY, the 17th day of July, 1619, Bernard Calvert, of Andover, about three o'clock in the morning, tooke horse at St. George's Church in Southwarke, and came to Dover about seaven of the clocke the same morning, where a barge, with eight oares, formerly sent from London thither, attended his suddaine coming: he instantly

tooke barge, and went to Callice, and in the same barge returned to Dover, about threes of the clocke the same day, where, as well there as in diverse other places, he had layed sundry swift horses, besides guides: he rode back from thence to St. George's Church in Southwarke the same evening, a little after eight o'clock, fresh and lusty.—*Stow's Annals*.

Leaves from the Book of Nature: Descriptive Narrative, &c.

A THOUSAND AND ONE STORIES FROM NATURE.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

BY THE REV. F. O. MORRIS, B.A., RECTOR OF NUNBURNHOLME, YORKSHIRE, AND CHAPLAIN TO HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF CLEVELAND, AUTHOR OF A "HISTORY OF BRITISH BIRDS" (DEDICATED BY PERMISSION TO HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN), ETC., ETC.

THE MACAW.

XC I.

"With a macaw belonging to us I used to be on the best of terms, and he always appeared to be very fond of me, until I was entirely supplanted in his affections by the butler. Even then we were very good friends so long as the butler was not in the room; but the moment he made his appearance, the bird seemed to be seized with a feeling of the greatest possible hostility towards me, attempting to bite me, and showing his animosity in a most decided manner. On these occasions I generally abstained from putting my fingers too close to him, but once, having on a thick velveteen shooting coat, besides shirt and flannel waistcoat, I thought I might venture to test his disposition by offering him my arm in an amicable manner. Had the butler not been there, he would at once have come on it, but as it was, he soon set all doubt at rest by taking a piece clean out of coat, shirt, flannel waistcoat, and arm, at one fell bite."

THE MAGPIE.

XC II.

The following instance, which fell under the observation of a gentleman when making an excursion in a remote and barren part of the north of Scotland, furnishes many interesting particulars of the sagacity shown by a pair of magpies:—

Observing them hopping round a gooseberry bush, and flying in and out of it in an extraordinary manner, he noticed the circumstance to the owners of the house in which he was residing, who informed him that as there were no trees in the neighbourhood, they had for several years built their nests and brought up their young in that bush. And, in order that

foxes, cats, hawks, &c., might not interrupt them, they had barricaded not only the nest, but the bush itself all round, with briars and thorns in a formidable manner. The materials inside the nest were soft, warm, and comfortable to the touch; but all round on the outside, so rough, strong, and firmly entwined with the bush, that, without a hedge knife, or something of the kind, even a man could not, without much pain and trouble, get at their young; the barrier from the outer to the inner edge, being about a foot in breadth. Frogs, mice, worms, or anything living, were plentifully brought to their young. One day one of the parent birds attacked a rat, but not being able to kill it, one of the young ones came out of the nest and assisted in its destruction, which was not finally accomplished till the other old one, arriving with a dead mouse, also lent its aid. The female was observed to be the most active and thievish, and withal very ungrateful; for although the children about the house had often frightened cats and hawks from the spot, yet she one day seized a chicken, and carried it to the top of the house to eat it. The hen immediately followed, and having rescued the chicken, brought it safely down on her back; and it was remarked that the poor little bird, though it made a great noise while the magpie was carrying it up, was quite quiet, and seemed to feel no pain, while the mother was carrying it down. These magpies were supposed to have been the very same pair which had built there for several years, never suffering either the young, when grown up, or anything else, to take possession of their bush. The nest they carefully fortified afresh every spring, with rough, strong, prickly sticks, which they sometimes drew in with their united force, if unable to effect the object alone.

THE DOG.

XCIII.

A most singular case is recorded of a dog, which I could scarcely credit but that my authority is such as to leave no doubt on my mind, and I have seen the animal. The surgeon of a regiment, who lived in private lodgings at Vienna before the outbreak of the war, went with his corps to the northern army, and took his dog with him. They call him here a very pretty dog, but I must say that, except for his adventures, I should call him a very uninteresting and cross-bred specimen of the canine family—big rather, and rough and wiry—but certainly a creature having a most wonderful and evident affection for his kind-hearted master. At the retreat from Königgrätz the doctor's servant had charge of the dog, and put him on the saddle before him. When he rode across the Elbe, a portion of a stray shell tore off a part of the man's cloak, and in his confusion at the moment, though he was not hit, he let the poor dog fall into the river. That was not a time to value the life of so humble an animal; and, indeed, in the excitement of great events, I regret to say both master and man forgot all about their dumb friend. The good surgeon reached Vienna some time after, and one day he went to pay a visit to the family he had been previously lodging with. What was his astonishment as he entered the door to find his poor dog rush upon him with whines, and loud barks, too, of delight. It appears the cunning creature had reached the capital six days before his master, but how he came is to this day altogether unknown, though it is

guessed he may have been picked up by some wounded soldier, and, with that never-failing love of dumb pets so usual amongst the men of all armies, may have been brought down from the north to one of the hospitals of Vienna.—*T. P.*, 1866.

XCIV.

In the neighbourhood of Cupar, in the county of Fife, there lived two dogs, mortal enemies to each other, who always fought desperately whenever they met. Capt. B—— was the master of one of them, and the other belonged to a neighbouring farmer. Capt. B——'s dog was in the habit of going messages, and even of bringing butcher's meat and other articles from Cupar. On day, while returning charged with a basket containing some pieces of mutton, he was attacked by some of the curs of the town, who, no doubt, thought the prize worth contending for. The assault was fierce, and of some duration; but the messenger, after doing his utmost, was at last overpowered and compelled to yield up the basket, though not before he had secured a part of its contents. The piece saved from the wreck he ran off with, at full speed, to the quarters of his old enemy, at whose feet he laid it down, stretching himself beside it till he had eaten it up. A few snuffs, a few whispers in the ear, and other dog-like courtesies, were then exchanged; after which they both set off together in company, when they worried nearly all the dogs in the town; and, what is more remarkable, they never afterwards quarrelled, but were always on friendly terms.

THROUGH THE TROSACHS.*



“All right, sir?”

“All right,” and away we started on an August morning from the Dreadnought Hotel at Oallander, the greys prancing along as if they too enjoyed the bracing air which swept down from the hills.

We soon passed through the village, bowling along towards the vast barrier of Benledi, for such the mountain seemed. Now it was a great mass of purple gloom, the mist hanging over the hundred furrows worn on its barren sides, which after a shower glistened from the

descent of innumerable runlets. It has the reputation of being an altar for ancient heathen worship, and it is said that down to a late period the beltane mysteries, remnants of heathen rites, were performed on its summit. As we dash along, the mountains seem entirely to block the way, as if there were no entrance to the world beyond, save by climbing their craggy shoulders.

The base of Benledi formed our route for some distance, the brawling Teith rushing along beneath us, during which part of our journey we were wrapt in the oblivion of a

* Illustrations of this route will be found in *OUR OWN FIRESIDE*, Vol. I., pp. 656, 714.

summer shower. Presently the sunlight burst forth over flood and field, flashing on the shallows of the stream where it issued from "silver Vennachar." Just at this point, where the lake narrows to the river, the coachman, with a flourish of his whip, proclaimed the lines,—

"And this is Coilantogle ford,
Where thou must keep thee with thy sword,"

and proceeded to recite with great enthusiasm the combat between Fitzjames and Roderick Dhu, much to the amusement of some of the passengers.

"Deep and still" as ever the poet saw it, slept placid Loch Vennachar among its soft slopes of verdure; in the distance rose masses of mountain, and purple-stained moors swelled northward into hills. In the middle of the loch, Inch Vroin, the only island on the lake, reposed in solitary grandeur.

"The gathering-ground of Clan Alpin!" exclaimed the coachman, pointing to a level bit of marshy meadow on the edge of the loch; and true enough there was a flat piece of ground amid a vast surrounding array of mountains, woods, and rocks, intermingled with lakes, and intersected by streams—a fitting place for the muster of a clan. The islet of Eilan-a-vruin—"Lamentation"—lies not far off, the dismal name of which may have reference to the drowning of a whole funeral procession once, while crossing on the ice to a place of sepulchre, since which time Loch Vennachar has been regarded as a special haunt of the kelpie.

Henceforth the Grampians shut in the lake-world with mighty barriers; every mile the mountains seem higher and wilder. A little further on we reach the first stage of the exhausted bearer of the fiery cross, where

"Duncraggan's huts appear at last,
And peep like moss-grown rocks, half seen,
Half hidden in the copse so green;"

and shortly afterwards the road leading to Glenfinlas. This is now a deer-forest, belonging to the Earl of Moray; ten miles of wild glens and heaths, embosomed in mountains, once the headquarters of malignant sprites and other ghostly phantoms, likewise of the more substantial outlaws, cattle-reivers, and the like, concerning whom many legends are said and sung. About a mile from the bridge on the road to this glen, there is a deep and narrow ravine, on the left side of which, down the perpendicular face of the rock, the river

Turk thunders in a fine cascade. In a romantic grotto, in a shelf of this rock, one of the outlawed Macgregors is said to have taken refuge. He was supplied with food by an adventurous Highland girl, who lowered it to him in a basket from the edge of the precipice above; he procured water for himself by letting down a flagon into the black pool beneath the fall.

We roll gaily over the Brig o' Turk, and are now upon the borders of Loch Achray, lying low and calm among peaks and precipices. Benvenue rises opposite, a pile of grey rocks atop of endless woods. Sometimes the road lies at the foot of crags on the very edge of the loch; at other times the woods close above and around with a verdant darkness, only lit by a glance of sunbeam piercing among the leaves. We continue

"Up the margin of the lake
Between the precipice and brake,"

when suddenly a building with every token of a baronial residence comes in sight, which one might almost take for a noble family mansion, dowered with date back to the Tudors. Here the coach stops, and as we feel rather hungry after an early breakfast and a bracing drive, we descend and enter Ardchewanochrochan—the Trosachs Hotel.

The interior is thus described by one who visited it: "The new inn is a most extraordinary concern, more like a penitentiary, or place of punishment for evildoers, than one of entertainment for either man or beast. It consists chiefly of turrets, and you are ushered into a little circular cell, with several windows pierced in different directions, but each window like a slit in Bridewell, being only a single narrow pane in breadth, and three panes in height. When you sit in the middle of your cell, you actually see nothing but your prison walls and three or four narrow streaks of light. However, when you rise and put your face quite into one of the windows, the effect is rather striking, especially that from the western slit. You have, as in a dark framework, a view of a finely broken portion of the Trosachs, a small gleaming portion of Loch Achray, and almost the whole of Benvenue, with its great rocks, rugged pastures, and gloomy hollows."

Notwithstanding this rather uninviting description, we find the hotel very comfortable. We do not stay long, however, and are soon on our way to the far-famed pass. Near the entrance of the gorge Fitzjames lost his "gal-

lant grey;" and so imbued has the whole scenery become with the story of the "Lady of the Lake," that we are almost tempted to look for the blanched bones of the generous steed. A little further on and we enter "the bristled territory,"—the Trosachs.

What can I say about it? No language could convey an idea of its surpassing loveliness. The poet of Abbotsford has done the best that poetry can do. Macaulay has equally excelled in the medium of prose. "The Trosachs wind between gigantic walls of rock, tapestried with broom and wild roses," writes England's great historian. In truth, the place is a bewildering chaos of beauty. The mountains keep closing up their colossal ranks, darkening even the summer noonday. Recesses whence cascades leap to the loch—deep glens of ferns and copsewood—crags crested with feathery birk and bracken—glimpses of bright sheeny water afar—all varieties of foliage—everything of scenery which is singly beautiful, is here collected, massed richly together.

Issuing from the defile, we reach a narrow inlet, and then Loch Katrine bursts upon the view. One great charm of the Trosachs is the suddenness with which Loch Katrine presents itself, and the beauty of the scene at the "narrow inlet, still and deep." Of old the access to the loch from the east was by a foot-path over a steep crag, in crossing which the tourist had to trust to the help of a rope; but at the beginning of the present century a good road was cut through this wonderful labyrinth of mountains, rocks, and woods.

As we have an hour or two's leisure before the steamer starts, we visit the Silver Strand, where Ellen obtained her first interview with the Knight of Snowdon. Not far from this is the pass of Bealach-an-Duine, where a skirmish took place between the Highlanders and a party of Cromwell's soldiers, and the heath-covered grave of the only soldier who fell is still pointed out. To revenge his death his comrades resolved to plunder Ellen's Isle, where the mountaineers had concealed their wives and children and cattle. As the only boat upon the lake was at the island, one of the soldiers swam off to bring it away; but a daring woman, named Helen Stewart, struck him with a dirk as soon as he laid his hand on the gunwale, and his companions would not tempt such desperate courage further.

But we must see the home of the "Lady of the Lake." There is a boat at the little wooden pier, which we charter. Taking our way up the lake, we soon come in sight of Ellen's Isle, the single gem of these waters—a bosky rock, drooping on all sides with foliage.

Alas for the stern facts of history! This pretty island was inhabited, not by a gentle girl and her aged harper, but by a desperate gang of outlaws of the clan Gregor, who fortified it "with men, victual, powder, bullets, and other warlike furniture, intending to keep the same as a place of war and defence for withstanding His Majesty's forces." The imagination of the tourist can hardly conjure up any figures on its strand or among its copse, save those of the fair Ellen and the white-haired Allan Bane.

Into the boat again, and we shoot across to Coir-nan-Uriskin, the Goblin's Cave, on the south-eastern side of the lake. It is approached from the shore by a steep and narrow defile, and is a vast circular hollow in Benvenue, enclosed on all sides by steep rocks, and almost shut out from the light of day by the shade of the neighbouring crags. It takes its name from the belief that it was the abode of the *Urisks*, or shaggy men—a race of sprites akin to the Lowland brownie and the English Robin Goodfellow. The cave was at one period the haunt of outlaws, and there also, when Douglas concealed his daughter after removing her from Roderick Dhu's island, the angel-hymn of Ellen "was raised to Heaven in pensive sighs."

But the bell rings, and the steamer is about to start, so we hasten on board, and with a few lingering looks, the Trosachs are left behind as we steer our course up the lake. On each side are the silent mountains reposing in solitary grandeur, with here and there a lonely cot, and perhaps a shepherd on the mountain-side. Things were very different once. The very name of the loch brings us back to the days when Bealach-nam-bo, yonder, was really the pass of the cattle, and plundering the sole handicraft of the *caterans* of these mountains.

Lovely as these scenes are, they are soon to us "passing away," but we shall long treasure the memory of our last glimpse of

"Promontory, creek, and bay,
And islands that, empurpled bright,
Floated amid the livelier light,
And mountains that like giants stand,
To sentinel enchanted land."


T. STEWART ROBERTSON.

Songs of the Garden.

BY MRS. ELLIS, AUTHORESS OF THE "WOMEN OF ENGLAND."

VII.

The Lily.

 AS the garden two queens?" sang
the lily,
"Or sisters that reign on one
throne?"

Oh, life has no charm to the lily,
No sweetness when reigning alone!

The rose has her blushes so tender,
So deep her more exquisite glow;
But the lily is pale in her splendour,
And spotless, and pure as the snow.


The rose-queen has many a lover
Less true than the sweet nightingale,
Who comes, ere the daylight is over,
And tells her his musical tale.

The lily, fair vestal, stands lonely;
No blush on her cheek, and no glow
To heighten her loveliness, only
A crown of white stars for her brow.

So stately and gracious her bearing,
So high above jealousy raised;
Most gracious, most happy, when hearing
How warmly her sister is praised.

"So we reign," sang the lily, "together,
O'er a kingdom of verdure and bloom,
And we die with the bright summer
weather,
Our farewell a sigh of perfume."

Tidings.

 ARK! what foot with gentle tread
Steals the listening flowers
among?

Maiden, why that drooping head?
Why no answer to their song?

Why that cheek so lily-pale?
Why the glistening of thine eye?
Tell the faithful flowers thy tale,
Trust their love and constancy.

Ah! some bird with sable wing,
Must have surely found thy bower,
Mournful truth from far to bring,
Sombre shade for sunny hour.

Yes! a shadow dark and sad
Falls upon her path to-day;
Can the lily's song be glad?
Can the rose look bright and gay?

Sisters—friends of many a year,
Playmates of the days of yore,
Have ye ne'er a pitying tear
For this heart, so grieved and sore?

Know, that he who loved you when
Here in childish sport we played,
Laughing in the primrose glen,
Hiding in the laurel shade,—

He, my brother, light of heart,
Quick to suffer, glad to please,
Has not kept the better part,
Has not walked the way of peace.

Tell it not, ye listening flowers,
Close the mournful secret keep;
For the sake of bygone hours
Hide this sorrow still, and deep.

Youth is fickle—youth is light;
Clouds may dim the brightest day;
Hiding from our feeble sight
Worlds of glory far away.

But the sun we know is there;
And the gloomy clouds may break;
And the voice that answers prayer
Words of comfort yet may speak.

Ah! these truths are all too deep
For a gentle flower to know:
Hush, then, sisters, let me weep,
Tears were made for human woe.

The Home Library.

Kentish Lyrics: Sacred, Rural, and Miscellaneous. By BENJAMIN GOUGH, Author of "Lyra Sabbatica." London: Houlston and Wright. 1867.

Mr. Gough justly deserves to be acknowledged as "The Kentish poet." As one of the gifted contributors to OUR OWN FIRESIDE, it is quite needless for us to express our judgment of this new volume from his pen. Let the reader turn to the lines in our present number, and to those entitled "Stars," in the June number, and further criticism will be felt to be most superfluous. The author's modest "hope" that "the perusal of 'Kentish Lyrics' may serve to promote reverential love to God in His Word and in His Works, and inspire a keener thirst and relish for whatever is beautiful and pure and good," will certainly not fail to be realized. Our Kentish readers will especially appreciate this picture of

A HOME IN KENT.

"Mine be a home on some sweet Kentish hill,
Screened by ancestral oaks from winter's chill;
Where the first golden rays of sunrise stream,
And sunset brightens with its latest beam!
Blessed with a rich variety of view—
The calm, clear river, all in silvery sheen,
Running with noiseless motion through the vale;
The church in sight, with ever-verdant yew,
And lichen-gate with ivy ever green.
Ye happy homesteads, and broad orchards, hail!
The cheerful windmill, and the fields of corn,
And fragrant hops with aromatic scent!
Here would I live and die where I was born,
On some sequestered hill in lovely Kent."

Memoir of Lord Haddo, in his later years fifth Earl of Aberdeen. Edited by the Rev. E. B. ELLIOTT, M.A. London: Seeley, Jackson, and Halliday. 1867.

Apart from the high social rank of the subject of this memoir, the life of Lord Haddo furnishes one of the most interesting and profitable studies in biography we have met with for a long time. Seldom has unassuming piety, adorning a naturally amiable and gifted character, been more strikingly and winningly exemplified. We hope to return to this volume in a further notice.

The Canticles of the Song of Solomon. By the Rev. JOSEPH BUSH, M.A. London: Hatchard and Co. 1867.

The author has produced a very judicious and able commentary on the Song of Solomon. The introductory remarks present, in brief compass, much information and valuable criticism. In the "Metrical Paraphrase" which

follows, an English dress is given to the Oriental style, displaying considerable poetical power. The "Explanatory Notes" and "Practical Comments" are most interesting and suggestive. In the latter, whilst the spiritual interpretation of the sacred allegory is fully maintained and satisfactorily established, Mr. Bush has avoided all fanciful and over-wrought applications of the text, and gives sound and sober and experimental views of Divine truth.

Thoughts for the Inner Life. By JESSIE COOMBS. London: Jackson, Walford, and Hodder. 1867.

These are "thoughts that breathe," expressed in "words that burn"—earnest, affectionate, experimental expositions of Scriptural truths. But we should have liked the work of the Holy Spirit to have been more prominently brought into view. We do not mean that it is lost sight of.

The Ministry of Home. By OCTAVIUS WINSLOW, D.D. First Series. London: William Hunt and Co. 1867.

Dr. Winslow sets forth Scripture truth fully and invitingly, and with remarkable spiritual power. "The Ministry of Home" is designed to be the first of a series of similar volumes, designed especially for family and private reading. Twenty topics are selected, and expositions given suitable for domestic instruction and closet meditation. The Exposition entitled "The Christian Family," is calculated to be very useful. Dr. Winslow well says of the mother:—

"She is the central power of home. She may not be called the *head* of the family, but its *heart* she certainly is; and though not *de jure*, yet *de facto*, she is its head. To her hands the interests of the family are chiefly confided; on her the happiness of home mainly depends. She it is who supplies the Church with its brightest ornaments, the pulpit with its holiest ministers, the state with its strongest pillars."

The following extract illustrates the power of a mother's influence:—

"A weak and sickly infant was once launched into life. He was the last of a numerous family. So frail and helpless seemed this little boy, that he was laid aside as one that was dead. A mother's quick eye, however, detected signs of animation, and her warm bosom roused the sinking pulse, and her sleepless care won back the life doomed to destruction. He grew up a sickly child, of feeble constitution, and pulmonary tendencies. And yet that little, sickly, consumptive boy, was the embryo of a great and holy man. Hidden in that fragile frame were germs of great intellectual power—one of the noblest, loveliest, and most com-

manding spirits that ever animated our humanity. Sitting upon her lap, his pious mother was wont to interest and instruct her frail sickly child from the china Dutch tiles which ornamented the chimney-piece of her humble room, upon which were rudely yet truthfully traced various Scripture histories. Thus, when he could read, the mind of her pupil was well stored with a large amount of Scripture knowledge, both of the Old and New Testaments. Referring to this interesting fact, when grown to be a great and good man, he says: 'The wise and pious reflections which she made upon these stories were the means of enforcing such good impressions on my heart as never were worn out.' Such was the basis upon which, in after years, rose one of the noblest Christian characters, and such the nucleus around which were gathered those holy principles and lovely thoughts, and yet lovelier disposition, which, through forty years of suffering life, shed their holy light and influence upon countless other minds. And as long as the Church on earth lasts, and vital godliness is admired, and religious truth influences, 'Doddridge's Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul' will never die. And when you consult the Biblical Commentary, and sing the spiritual hymns, and trace the progress of experimental religion as they flowed from the pen of Philip Doddridge, pause, and bless the memory of that mother whose hands sowed the precious seed, which, in after years, yielded so golden, so great a harvest—and yields it still."

Sermons preached in Country Churches. By R. DRUMMOND B. RAWNSLEY, M.A. Second Series. London: Hatchard and Co. 1867.

These are model village sermons: and in our opinion equally adapted for city and town hearers. It is delightful to find an author who has attained the highest university distinctions, giving such proof of his power to descend as a teacher to the level of his congregation. In plain, homely Saxon, the great evangelical doctrines of the Faith are expounded, and their practical bearings enforced. The sermons possess two qualities which especially commend them for family use—they are brief, and to the point.

An Epitome of the Bible: Volumes I. and II. London: Hatchard and Co. 1867.

These volumes give the text of the Bible, and brief explanatory notes from such writers as Secker, Tillotson, Hall, and others. We confess the Notes are to our mind too brief: but they are certainly good; and the error is one in a right direction.

The Intermediate State, and other Discourses. By the REV. JAMES STRATTEN. London: Nisbet and Co. 1867.

The first discourse in this volume really forms a very remarkable treatise, presenting at considerable length an argument which sheds light on some very difficult passages of Scripture bearing upon the Intermediate State. Coming from one who speaks of himself as

"about to enter the world of spirits, of which it treats," Mr. Stratten's work claims, and will secure, the most thoughtful consideration of the reader. We gladly note the absence of that spirit of speculation respecting unrevealed mysteries which characterises so many books written on the subject. The author's modesty and caution are in admirable keeping with his acknowledgment of the supreme authority of the written Word, and of the liability of man to error and mistake. Well were it, if on this great question, and all other topics of religion and Christianity, the students of Divine knowledge exemplified in prayer the words of the excellent Quarles—

"Oh that Thou wouldst grant Thy light to guide me:
That's not light alone, but life, eyes, sight, grace,
Glory, all in one!"

Laws from Heaven for Life on Earth. Illustrations of the Book of Proverbs. By the REV. WILLIAM ARNOT. First and second series. London: T. Nelson and Co.

Ethics are here evangelized by the pen of a winning, as well as a faithful scribe, well-instructed in the things pertaining to the kingdom of God. It is not a new book; but it will live and be valued when most of our "new books" are forgotten.

Sunday-school Lessons; explaining and illustrating the subject of the Gospels, for every Sunday in the Christian Year. By the REV. ROWLEY HILL, M.A. London: J. Nisbet and Co.

Thoughtful, simple, and striking. Notes which will be of real service to all who desire to be "apt to teach."

Sermons for the Day. By the REV. E. HOARE, M.A. London: Hatchard and Co.

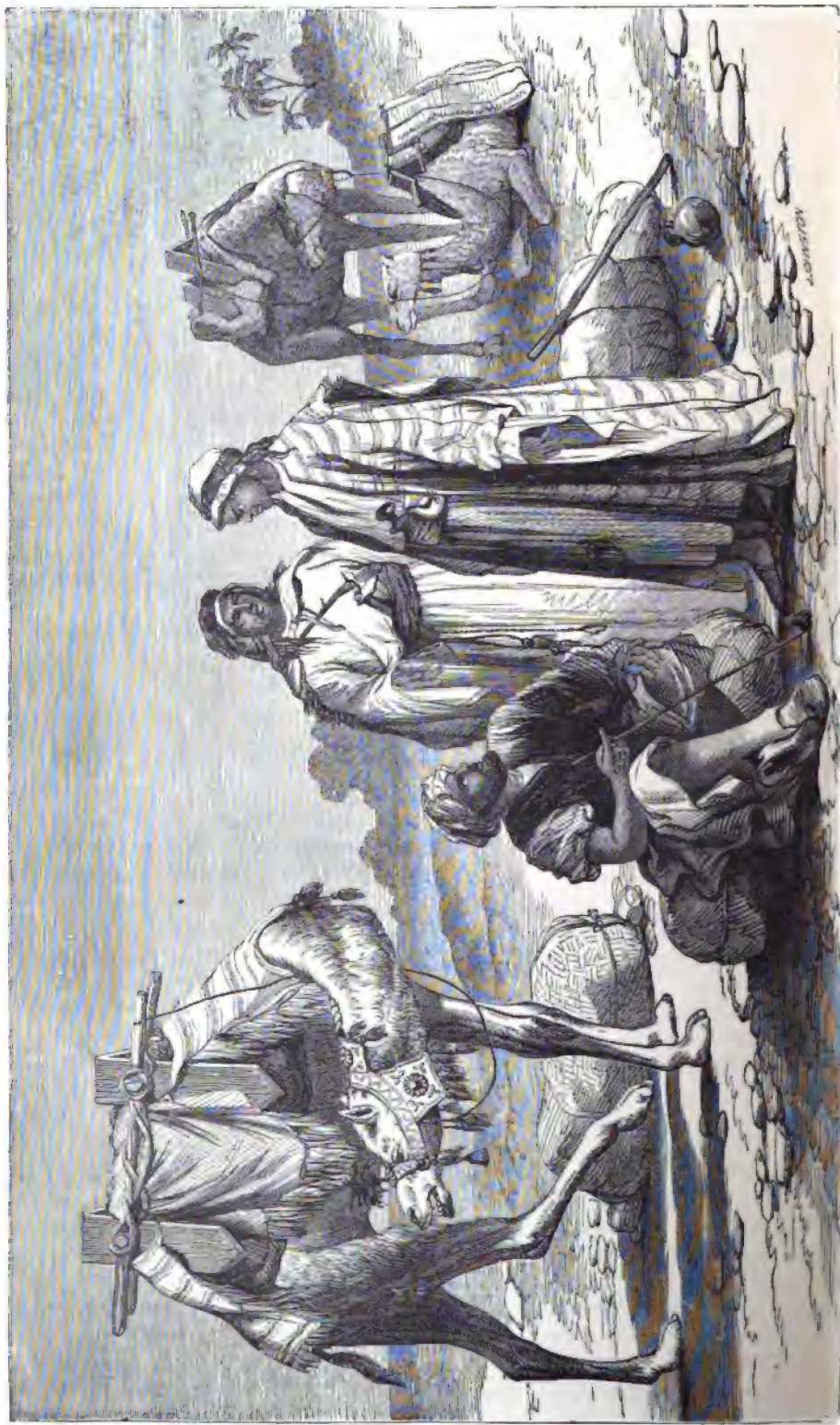
These Sermons deal faithfully with the Ritualistic errors so widely prevalent.

The Children's Sermons. By the REV. JAMES VAUGHAN, M.A. London: Houlston and Wright.

This book deserves its title. A special gift is required to talk to children, and Mr. Vaughan possesses that gift in no ordinary measure. We might be disposed to think the anecdotes are rather too numerous, but our criticism would claim little weight, and we dare say the children would enter their unanimous protest against it.

The Christian Year Book, 1867. London: Jackson, Walford, and Hodder.

The best handbook of Christian work in existence. It gives a summary of missionary efforts throughout the world.



Group of Bedouins.

The Christian Home.

WOMAN'S FAITH;

OR,

PRAISE AND BLAME.

BY MRS. ELLIS, AUTHORESS OF "THE WOMEN OF ENGLAND," ETC.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE circumstances in which Archy Dunlop was now placed were perhaps the most uncomfortable of his whole life. His physical sufferings were by no means slight, but his anxious apprehensions as to what he should do were at times more distressing to him than his bodily pain. What he might be tried with, what straits he might be forced into, or, in other words, what questions might actually be put to him,—these were the considerations which pursued him night and day, and from which he could not escape. He hoped he should not have to tell a downright lie. He did not think he could do that. But how else would it be possible for him to avoid betraying others in case of certain inquiries being made? Engaged in any good and honest work, or any honourable enterprise, he might have trusted to that protecting care to which, from his childhood, he had been taught to look; but what had he to trust now? nothing but the shadow of a chance. And how was that to cheer his drooping spirits, or support his feeble strength?

At length the time arrived when Archy must make an effort to leave his bed, and go down again amongst the boys. The doctor pronounced him convalescent, so far as that the slight fever was gone. "The patient needed nothing now," he said, "but fresh air and exercise, to improve his appetite; and there was no reason why he should not resume his studies."

So Archy managed to get up and dress

himself, though heart-sick and trembling at the prospect of what might await him from the questioning of those who would see that he was lame; for he *was* lame without a doubt, and the agony of setting his foot flat upon the ground was such, that it brought the colour to his cheeks, and the tears into his eyes.

"What shall I do?" said he, appealingly, when alone with his friend Charley. "They will see that I am lame."

"Set your foot down, and bear it like a man," said Charley.

"Cruel words!" thought Archy, "but I'll try." And he did try, until his face flushed crimson, and great drops of perspiration stood upon his brow. But the encouraging words of his companions still helped to support him, and their flattering encomiums upon his resolution, manliness, and bravery, seemed to bear him up, as the waters bear the floating bark, until, when its sails are torn, and framework shattered, they open, and let it sink into unfathomed depths.

It was very pleasant to Archy to hear all that his companions said to him; and the more so that he really felt he *was* a hero to bear such pain as he was enduring without flinching or betrayal. It was very pleasant in one sense; but if pain and pleasure can be so mingled as to exist in any high degree together, it was certainly so in his case; for the real heart of the boy was very sore, and his inner life was full of terror and distress.

The boys who understood the critical conditions under which Archy was labouring did all in their power to spare him pain, and

consequent exposure; but it so happened that he had not for more than a few hours resumed his place among them, when Doctor Lambert made one of his periodical walks through the school, after which he was accustomed to seat himself in a conspicuous position, and would then call up a class of boys, or sometimes certain boys singly, to stand near him and be questioned, or talked to, according to the impressions on his own mind at the moment.

Previous to this visit, there had been some apprehension among the boys that the owner of the neighbouring orchard had discovered the loss of his fruit. He had certainly returned home, and the letting out of that furious dog from the house on the night of Archy's accident seemed to indicate that suspicion was awakened, although nothing had transpired which the boys were aware of to fix the suspicion upon them. With these apprehensions they had not made Archy acquainted. Their object was to encourage, not to frighten him. What he would do if actually accused, they none of them could imagine. Like him, they could only hope and trust that some lucky chance would bear them through.

Like him, and yet how unlike! To Charles Hetherington, and his other companions, the affair altogether appeared, at its worst, no more than a mere accident of the passing moment, scarcely worth a serious thought—something to be braved out in public, and laughed at in private; only they would rather—they all acknowledged so much—they would rather that Archy should not tell.

But to him who was chiefly implicated in this affair, as the only real sufferer from it, there was more than words could easily explain. Archy had already found out in his short experience of life that if we tell one falsehood knowingly and intentionally, we almost always have to tell another to support the first, and so on. He had discovered that if in the same way we begin a course of deception, however unimportant each separate act may be in itself, we shall unavoidably become involved in other deceptions necessary for hiding or concealing the first. In other words, if we voluntarily depart from

the path of truth and rectitude, we find ourselves on such a downward sloping path, so entangled with complications, that it is extremely difficult to get out of it into the way of uprightness again—so difficult, that nothing but a great act of resolution, made in the fear of God, and with the prayer of faith, not to go one step further, can enable any one to escape the consequences of such a course. To loiter by the way, to put off the turning until another and another path leading in the same direction has been tried, or to determine upon turning when there shall be no one to see,—these are the temptations which beset the young, until the ability to turn is too often weakened, and the desire to do so becomes uncertain and fitful, and at length dies out in fruitless longings that the turn had been made at an earlier stage of the dark and troubled journey.

With these considerations before him, bringing their train of anxious and painful thoughts, Archy did not yet think sufficiently about the real cause of his trouble—the real source from whence it came. He did not sufficiently recognise in this cause the unfaithfulness of his own heart to those motives of conduct and principles of life which he knew to be the very groundwork of safety and of peace. He did not yet see with sufficient clearness, that in the new atmosphere of his school-life, he had been just drifting on as the winds and waves of circumstance might carry him; that he had lost his compass, had neglected to study his chart, had despised the direction of his pilot, and so, in a certain sense, had been left to himself.

And Archy knew all the while, as possibly the other boys did not know, what it was to feel safe in consequence of committing his way to Him in whose hands are the winds and the waves. In this was the bitterness of his distress, that he knew what it was to pray hopefully and confidently, and to believe that he was heard. He knew what it was to accept, without doubting, the gracious promises of Him who used to say to him in his times of peril, "It is I, be not afraid." He heard no such cheering assurance now. In this new and strange peril all around him looked confused and fearful; and

amidst the pleasant flatteries to which he listened, there was no word of counsel in his perplexity, or of help in his need. The matter in which they were engaged might seem of little moment to the others; but to him it was beginning to look very much like a crisis in his life—a test—a trial as to whether he would come back into the way of peace, choosing the Lord for his portion for ever, or deliberately cast off his allegiance, and go his own way alone into the darkness and the night.

Archy Dunlop watched the movements of Doctor Lambert almost as the criminal watches the executioner, and when the old man sat down and looked round the room, he had a strange presentiment that he was himself about to be summoned to stand before his judge. He was right, so far as that the name of Archibald Dunlop was called; and a figure was soon seen to pass out from amongst the ranks of boys, and then to walk along the open space with a kind of assumed uprightness, but at the same time with an undeniable limp.

Doctor Lambert often selected Archy for his personal attentions. He was a kind of favourite with the master, perhaps on his father's account, and it might be that a little more favour was shown by way of making up in some way for the sudden dismissal and disgrace of the older brother. It seemed, besides, that the aged man, worn as he was with his long and studious life, liked to look into the sweet youthful face of the boy, as aged parents like sometimes to watch the sports of children removed by two generations from themselves. At all events, it was an acknowledged fact in the school, that if the old gentleman had a favourite, that privilege belonged to Archy, and that if he could have been brought to commit himself so far as to name the one whom he considered the best boy in the school, for that distinction also Archy would have been singled out.

So, as already said, Archibald Dunlop was called up to the doctor's chair; and, as he came limping, it was but natural to ask what was the matter.

"I have only hurt myself a little," said the boy; and in speaking he had to shout his replies at the very top of his voice,

making every word as distinct as possible. He knew there must be no shuffling, nothing slurred over,—all must be made clear, and each word impressed upon those defective organs of hearing, which were now strained to their utmost to catch the whole truth.

"How did you manage to hurt yourself?" was the next question.

"I think I must have sprained my ankle."

"But how?"

"By jumping."

"Jumping! what from?"

"I did not exactly jump, I slipped."

"What from?"

"I missed my footing, and had a fall."

"From a wall, did you say?"

"No; I did not say from a wall."

"Are you quite sure you did not say from a wall?"

"Yes, quite."

"Did you know the exact time when it was done?"

"I knew in part, but I think it hurt me more afterwards."

"Did you tell the doctor?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"When I was lying in bed it did not pain me much."

"But it pains you now?"

"A little."

"Let me see you set your foot firmly on the ground."

Archy stamped like a hero on the stage, biting his lip almost through as he did so.

"It cannot be very badly sprained," said the doctor, "for you to do that. You may go back to your seat, only mind that you see the matron about it, and have the limb bandaged, and I will speak to the doctor myself. Is the first class ready?"

At this inquiry a number of boys started up, and in the confusion Archy limped past them without further notice, but his face was crimson when he gained his seat, and his eyes were glistening, it might be with suppressed tears, or it might be with joy at his escape; for he was able to exchange a bright smile with Charles Hetherington, accompanied by a nod, which meant that so far as he was concerned all was safe.

It seemed to Archy on the day of his first return to the occupations of the school, as if the hours would never be over. The length of time seemed interminable, before there was a chance of escape. And yet, on leaving that room at last, it scarcely felt like an escape; for he was immediately surrounded by inquiring boys, and watched by curious eyes, until his own party, or rather Charles Hetherington's party, took possession of him. To them the scene in the schoolroom had been a grand triumph, of which Archy was the hero. They were safe now; and he had saved them. Although still professing to think lightly of their previous danger, their exultation was somewhat disproportioned to this pretence; for in the exuberance of their joy, they insisted upon some public demonstration of their success, and of the honour due to their hero.

No sooner was the idea suggested, than a kind of triumphal chair was extemporised, and poor Archy, his injured limb thrilling with agony, was mounted upon the chair, and carried in triumph round the playground, with appropriate shoutings and gesticulations—many of those who were not in the secret willingly joining in the demonstration for the sake of the noise and the fun.

Was it really a pleasant thing to be a hero on such terms? Had Archy told the truth, he would have answered, "No!" But it was a new and a distinguished position, and for the time so exciting, that he laughed like the rest, and tried to look as if he enjoyed it, although secretly a sensation shot through him like that of wishing the ground would open and let him quietly through into the bosom of the earth, to be hidden there for ever. Perhaps he was not the only hero who has felt something like this in the very hour of triumph. He was certainly not the only one whose sufferings have been heightened by the tumult of ill-timed applause. And if this was the case with his body, it was so in a tenfold degree with his mind—with his conscience, which told him all the while that he had done nothing but what was mean and cowardly; and

that, so far from deserving praise, he was a fitter object for contempt and blame. For what had he done? By a pitiful evasion he had avoided the telling of an open, literal falsehood; but he had also avoided telling the truth—telling it boldly, bravely, clearly, and honestly, as it should be told before God and man.

So Archy held himself as well as he could in his most uncertain seat of honour, while it heaved and tossed, and tortured him with pain—his face sometimes flushing all over with the deepest crimson, and then growing pale as if with the faintness of death. But all the while—with his hair tossing in the wind—his eyes looked so bright, and his lips, parted either by laughter or pain, showed so clearly the flashing of his white teeth, that those who saw him from a little distance, or who did not care enough about him to be very observant, thought he was enjoying himself in the highest degree, as indeed it seemed quite natural that he should under such flattering circumstances.

Did Archy think just then of the holy martyrs, and of what they suffered? It is probable that he did, but still more probable that the hurry, the noise, the tumult, and the pain, so bewildered him, that he was scarcely capable of any definite thought, unless it was that public praise and approbation were not nearly such pleasant things as he had imagined them to be.

"When will it be over?" said Archy to himself, as the boys carried him round and round the playground, amusing themselves with a variety of parodies upon the most approved expressions of applause, and with occasional scraps of Greek and Latin, somewhat rudely mixed up with the popular cries of a London mob. At length, the tumult growing a little too violent, the authorities interfered, and Archy was allowed to escape. He did so in a somewhat ignominious manner, by limping up to his bedroom, and sending for the matron, under whose care he was quietly disposed of for the remainder of the day.

Morning after morning the same painful effort was made by Archy to place his foot firmly on the ground, and to walk and carry

himself like the other boys; but in vain. The suffering increased instead of diminishing; and the additional effort required to conceal it, brought on an attack of illness, under which he was for some weeks confined to the nursery, and of course subjected to the inspection of the doctor, who pronounced the hurt to be more serious than a sprained ankle, and likely to require careful treatment for a considerable length of time.

Under these circumstances, Mr. Godwin was communicated with, and before many weeks elapsed, Archy was kindly received under the protecting roof of his friends at the parsonage; where, had his malady been only physical, he would have felt himself one of the most privileged beings upon earth. Indeed, he could not, even under the most severe attacks of pain, or the most lengthened periods of weariness, regard his position in any other light, so constant, kind, and considerate were the attentions he received; so judicious too was the parental care which embraced him as a child, while it ministered to him as a patient.

Judicious, so far as they were acquainted with his true condition, was the treatment which Archy experienced from both Mr. and Mrs. Godwin. But they were not acquainted with all, nor half; and Archy had no heart to tell. How could he tell, he often asked himself—how could he shock and grieve such tender and devoted friends? Besides which, it was all over now; why should he tell? More especially as Doctor Lambert had written to Mr. Godwin, giving his late pupil the highest character, and bestowing upon him so many encomiums, that it seemed almost impossible for him to destroy the pleasant confidence now existing between him and these excellent people.

It is true that some of the masters in the Academy could have told a different tale about Archy, although in relation to the exact cause of his lameness the truth never actually came to light. There might exist a dim suspicion, but nothing was brought home to the inmates of the school. Still, had the masters known that such a letter was going forth, they might have done something to qualify the praise; only that this was

always difficult with the doctor, because of his deafness; for when those who addressed him attempted only to moderate, he was apt to jump to extreme conclusions. Besides which, they all entertained a kind feeling for the boy, and believed that he was the dupe of those whose natures were stronger, and whose principles were more defective than his own.

So the matter passed over, as regarded the school, and Archy Dunlop was sent away with a more than usual share of praise. He had been liberally praised on the one hand by his companions, and now he was praised by the highest authority in the establishment of which he had for some years been an inmate. Could he have deserved all this praise, and from such opposite quarters too? The case was full of moral confusion to the boy's beclouded mind, and his conscience was now scarcely so far awake as to enable him to see it clearly. Never before had he so much needed a friend who would set the matter before him in its true light. He was indeed rich in friends, but his own confusion of mind, and concealment of the real facts of the case, prevented their friendship being serviceable to him in the manner in which it was most needed.

It was from no natural reticence on the part of Archy Dunlop, still less from any love of deception, that he appeared amongst his friends under false colours. It was rather from a certain weakness of character which made him shrink from incurring their displeasure, or losing their esteem. Nor is this by any means an unfrequent case with those who live habitually under the bondage of praise and blame. Ever craving the one, and shrinking from the other, they are apt, for the sake of peace and comfort to themselves, to adopt the habit of assuming in order to please, and concealing in order not to offend. Hence the fearful amount of acted falsehood which steals into the lives of persons not strong in principle, yet naturally amiable; and hence the danger of making a desire to please the ruling motive of conduct in any system of education which has to do with the formation of character.

At the time when Archy left Doctor Lambert's Academy, the winter holidays were near at hand, so near, at least, as to be calculated upon, and anticipated with a daily strengthening hope. This winter was the time already agreed upon for Margaret and Agnes to take their final leave of Miss Clare in the capacity of pupils. Hitherto Margaret had dreaded this change as much as it is habitual with schoolgirls to desire it. But, then, circumstances were altered now. A shadow had fallen upon her. A kind of indescribable something had placed her apart from the other girls. There was an evident estrangement in the behaviour of some, of avoidance and dislike in others. Even Agnes was altered in her manner, especially in public, while in private her caresses were more lavishly bestowed, as if to make up for some deficiency elsewhere.

Lucy Linton was true to her friend and to her principles; but she also had fallen into disgrace with her former companions, and though she endeavoured earnestly and laboriously to convince them that her mode of action was the only right and honourable one, she did so with so much more warmth than judgment, that her arguments were seldom listened to, and scarcely produced any good effects. The opposing party was at present too numerous and too strong to be brought over to her way of thinking, or rather to acknowledge themselves convinced; but, owing to certain precautions adopted by Miss Clare, they either willingly, or from necessity, gave up entirely the secret projects in which they had been engaged. This was all that Miss Clare ventured to hope for at the time; and so far she was resolute that, unless the matter were thoroughly sifted, and the wrong practices entirely discontinued, the girls should be expelled from the school. What transpired in her private dealings with them they did not care to reveal. Their hearts were not yet sufficiently impressed with a sense of the absolute *wrong* of what they had been engaged in. This she could only hope and pray might come in the course of time; and it was one of the best parts of her system of training, that it worked quietly and slowly, often producing the ends desired

without the subjects upon which it operated being themselves fully conscious of the change in their own hearts and characters. This consciousness came afterwards, when the heart was softened, the understanding convinced, and natural perverseness so far subdued, that there seemed no longer any sacrifice of personal dignity in confessing all.

The intervening time was one of severe trial to Margaret; and all the while Miss Clare did nothing, in any open or conspicuous manner, to show that her opinion of her young friend was either more or less favourable than before. She would not, however, have been faithful to her trust had she not encouraged her in private. Perfectly aware of the efforts which Margaret had made to bring about a better state of feeling, and to remedy what was wrong amongst her school companions—aware also of what she had suffered in consequence—Miss Clare did all in her power to soothe her wounded feelings, and to strengthen and confirm what was right in her principles. "But," she observed, when they were alone, "I must not show any particular kindness openly, nor make the least difference in my behaviour towards you, lest I bring upon you the suspicion of having curried favour with me by telling tales of your companions."

"They suspect me already," said Margaret, "and yet you know how carefully I avoided doing that. If Lucy had not made her honourable confession, I should certainly have told what I knew—in public, not in private. They all knew that I was prepared to do this. I gave them notice again and again, that if they did not leave off those discreditable practices, I would speak out before the whole school. But I promised them that if they would leave them off entirely, I would say nothing either in public or private likely to bring them into trouble. I only did this, however, after I had persuaded, pleaded, spoken kindly, and had done everything else that I could; and was laughed at for my pains. They seem all to hate me now; but I suppose I must bear it, and I try to bear it—indeed I do!"

As Margaret finished her little speech, her

words became almost inaudible, tears started to her eyes, and her voice was choked with sobs.

"It is your battle, my child," said Miss Clare, drawing Margaret affectionately towards her—"the battle that we all have to fight, sooner or later."

"But it seems so hard," said Margaret, still sobbing—"so unjust that I should fall into disgrace and dislike, for trying to do right. It was from no unkindness that I acted that unpleasant part. I am sure I would have done anything to serve the girls; and anything they might have asked of me would have been more agreeable to myself than this, and easier to do."

"Ah, Margaret," said her friend, "do you not remember who it was that said, 'In the world ye shall have tribulation'? And observe, these words were spoken to the disciples—the chosen followers of Christ. I am sure you would be willing to suffer for an earthly friend. Will you not suffer cheerfully for Him who laid down His life for you?"

"I have often thought I was willing," replied Margaret; "and I still think I could suffer cheerfully almost anything but this."

"No doubt many other things would be easier to bear," said Miss Clare. "But you see we cannot choose our own burdens; nor do we know which are really the best for us. If, for example, you had done something right in itself, which made you very popular amongst your companions, so that they admired and loved and made a kind of heroine of you, you might have enjoyed your popularity so much, and thought it so sweet and pleasant, and at the same time so *just to your deserts*, that you would have become puffed up with conceit of yourself; and not only that, but I think it would, under these circumstances, have been more difficult to you to do right another time when to do so would render you unpopular, perhaps even despised and disliked."

"Do you know," she continued, "I have learned to fear the temptation of extreme popularity for all who have to exercise discipline over those by whom they are surrounded? I once had an excellent teacher in this school

who was entirely overcome by it. She was a right-principled and fair-judging girl when I first knew her, but her head was turned in this way. Somehow or other she caught the fancy of the girls—and girlish fancy and enthusiasm are, as you know, very infectious. They made an idol of her, and after that she grew timid, afraid, perhaps, of falling off her pedestal, afraid to offend by reproof, and willing to allow those who most admired her to do what they liked. Thus she came in time to join the girls as if she had been one of themselves, mixing herself up in any absurd or lawless enterprise which happened to please them for the moment. Would you like to be weakened in this manner, or do you think you would be as strong under this temptation, as your present trial is likely to make you?"

Margaret could not say that she thought herself at present very strong, but for all that her inclination was not altogether set against the experiment to which her friend alluded, had it fallen in her way to make it. This subject, however, as well as many others, had to be left for time and afterthought to fix permanently in her mind, according to its true relation to personal life and individual conduct. To sow the seeds of moral and religious truth is almost all that can be done for youth while closely occupied with the details of learning. To use the common phraseology when speaking on such subjects, the head has so much to do in this daily process, that the heart is scarcely capable of receiving, with full effect, its own most necessary lessons. The difference, too, is so great between the external aspect of school-life and after-life, that while, in the motives of human conduct which are called into action, school undoubtedly resembles the world, it appears to the young more unlike than it really is. So striking indeed is the difference of circumstance and detail on first entering into what is called the world, that youth is apt to become bewildered and perplexed, and may be at times unable to apply the truths learned at school to the startling conditions of this new mode of existence. But the seeds of truth and wisdom, if wisely sown and kindly nur-

tured, may afterwards begin to grow; and, learning gradually to adapt themselves to place and circumstance, the plants may flourish in strength and beauty and abundant fruit. Such plants, if we could trace them back to their early germ, might often be found to have been sown as small seeds by the faithful labourer in education, whose watchful eye never saw so much as the first unfolding of the infant leaf. And still the industrious sower had gone on scattering precious seed, in faith that the sunshine and the shower and the blessing would not fail.

In the short period which remained for Margaret before her school-life must close, there was so much actual work requiring her utmost attention, that she was in this manner relieved to some extent from the annoyance which the behaviour of her companions would have caused her. But still the trouble weighed upon her spirit with a heaviness which she vainly endeavoured to cast off; and the more so when she was actually leaving, when, instead of those mutual confidences which mark such seasons with perhaps an evanescent charm, but still with a charm which every warm and tender heart must feel—instead of the loving embrace and the eager service, the farewell token of affection, and the promise never, never to forget—there were in her case, with comparatively few exceptions, averted looks, careless demeanour, and a general disposition to avoid any kind of close or confidential intercourse.

And yet no girl had perhaps done so much as Margaret for the general comfort and well-being of the school. No one had rendered so large an amount of willing and efficient help. No one had exercised a kinder or more self-denying care over the younger members of the community. "It *did* seem hard," as Margaret often said to herself, though she made no open complaint, nor allowed her companions to see how deeply she suffered from their conduct. It *did* seem hard. Yet such throughout life is the nature of human praise and blame, that we are often most praised when we are least deserving, and most blamed when we

have done our utmost to maintain what we knew to be right.

From many causes Margaret left school with a somewhat heavy heart. Her home with her relatives, the Andersons, though in some respects so privileged, was in others far from being congenial to her disposition and her tastes; and, besides this, there had lately occurred certain incomprehensible reasons for dreading that encounter with prejudiced minds, which she knew she must prepare for in again returning to her uncle and aunt.

What was the matter, or what was the especial cause of their disapprobation or dislike, Margaret could not discover. Mrs. Anderson was addicted to mysterious insinuations. She would write about "certain parties," and "strange reports," and "unsatisfactory modes of conduct," without any explanation; and during the whole period of Margaret's last absence these insinuations had been directed, though all the while in the most unintelligible manner, against Harry Dunlop.

After Margaret's return to school Harry had remained little more than a week before sailing for Canada. What had taken place in that week it was impossible for her to know, any more than she could penetrate into his distant home, to see what he was doing there. She only knew the circumstances under which she herself had parted with him, and she felt within her own heart, that every good resolution she held by, every hope that was worth entertaining, every sentiment that gave dignity and beauty to her life, was bound up with his. Nothing that was wrong or mean or despicable, could she ever for a moment associate, even in idea, with him. And she could not, she thought, be deceived in him, because their intercourse had been so perfectly free and undisguised. It had been gay as well as grave, excited as well as calm; and yet the same spirit—the same regard for right, and hatred of wrong, had marked the whole course of their acquaintance.

With very different feelings the two girls left the scene of their school employments. Margaret felt, in taking leave of Miss Clare,

that she was parting from one on whose knowledge of herself, as well as whose judicious and constant kindness, she could entirely rely. Agnes flew off with eager expectations of the future, scarcely dimmed by the few sweet tears which made her soft eyes look softer when she waved her last farewell. It could scarcely be called painful to have to tear herself away as she had from the affectionate caresses of her companions, laden with parting presents and pledges of never-ending love. So many were those testimonials of regard, that the affair altogether seemed one of joy rather than sorrow, and the very act of having to bid adieu was softened by promises of correspondence, and

assurances of remembering for ever and for ever.

The elasticity with which Agnes trod the walk to the school-gates for the last time was not heightened by the thought of returning home. Arrangements had been made for her to visit some relatives in London, where it was supposed the intervening time might be spent to her advantage before the summer vacation, when Mr. Godwin was to part with his pupils, send his own boys to school, and reduce his establishment to its former domestic limits. Agnes would then take her place at home, improved, there was every reason to believe, by a residence of six months in London.

SUMMER MUSIC.



GAILY through the woodland,
Softly in the vale,
Floats the summer music
On the balmy gale ;
Insects hum their story,
To the scented breeze ;
Rain-drops gently patter
On the thirsty trees.
Mortals, let not sadness
Round your spirits cling ;
Mate with summer music,
Sweetly, sweetly sing.

List the strains that languish
In the evening air ;
Beautiful, soft music
Liveth everywhere.
Through the dewy moonlight,
Fairies gently steal,
And on quivering blue-bells
Ring their midnight peal.
Birds in dreamy love-land
Sit with folded wing,
Breathing summer-music ;
Softly, softly sing !

See the rising glory
O'er the earth appear ;

Nature's full-voiced chorus
 Swells upon the ear :
 Soon each mystic shadow
 Gently fades away ;
 All creation, waking,
 Hails the new-born day.
 Come ye, come with gladness ;
 Touch the tuneful string :
 Bring your summer music,
 Gaily, gaily sing !

ELIZA F. MORRIS,
Author of "Life Lyrics."

EARTHLY STORIES WITH HEAVENLY MEANINGS.

BY THE EDITOR.

V.

THE PHARISEE AND THE PUBLICAN.

"And He spake this parable unto certain which trusted in themselves that they were righteous, and despised others: Two men went up into the temple to pray; the one a Pharisee, and the other a Publican. The Pharisee stood and prayed thus with himself, God, I thank Thee, that I am not as other men are, extortioners, unjust, adulterers, or even as this Publican. I fast twice in the week, I give tithes of all that I possess. And the Publican, standing afar off, would not lift up so much as his eyes unto Heaven, but smote upon his breast, saying, God be merciful to me a sinner. I tell you, this man went down to his house justified rather than the other: for every one that exalteth himself shall be abased; and he that humbleth himself shall be exalted."—*LUKE xviii. 9—14.*



HE pursuit of knowledge is a leading feature of the age. But as ever, so now, there is one kind of knowledge far more important and valuable than any other, which men in general have no disposition to acquire—*Self-knowledge.*

Few indeed would absolutely profess to neglect the duty of self-examination, a duty which conscience at times cannot fail to suggest: but how many, when conscience does thus remonstrate, try to satisfy themselves with mere surface-work! The aim is to "make clean the outside of the cup and platter"—to present a fair exterior to the eye of the world. As an inevitable consequence such

persons remain ignorant—willingly and, we must add, responsibly ignorant—of their true character. They allow themselves to forget that "as a man thinketh so is he"—that God, with whom we have to do, "looketh on the heart," and, whatever the verdict of the outward life may be, sees, as in a faithful mirror, the reflection of the genuine portrait there.

Hence it is, that men proficient in other kinds of knowledge, do not know themselves; have no sympathy with the humbling teaching of God's Word, which places all spiritually on one level—the level of lost sinners, needing, in order to their recovery and safety, the intervention of a Divine Saviour. Hence the marvellous spectacle is still presented, of "sinners trusting in themselves that they are righteous, and despising others."

Some representative men of this class were standing around the great Teacher; and His aim in this Parable was to draw aside the veil which hid them from themselves. He uttered no words of personal declamation, but pursued a course which should commend itself to all who would reprove wisely and effectually. He so exhibited the true character of a Pharisee, that the Pharisees themselves could not refrain from passing their own sentence. It is very remarkable, but the fact is indisputable, that the easily-beset-

ting sin in ourselves, is generally that particular sin which we are most quick to discern and to condemn in others. Like David, in the vehemence of our indignation we denounce righteous judgment against the wrong-doer, and expose ourselves to the most just challenge of an accusing conscience, witnessing, "Thou art the man!" Our Lord, who "knew what was in man," knew well the habit of the human mind in this particular, and acted upon this knowledge when He depicted this scene in the temple, and fixed the gaze of His auditors on the spiritual portraits of the Pharisee and the Publican.

As we look into this Parable and study its spiritual meaning, let us not forget that it is possible we may discover a personal, and perhaps a humbling, interest in the lessons it teaches.

"Two men went up into the temple to pray; the one a Pharisee, and the other a Publican."

It is quite clear that the two men are designed to be contrasts—the self-righteous man and the repenting sinner. But in several respects there were points of likeness between them. They both appeared in the temple, thus acknowledging the obligations of religious service: they both assumed a becoming, Scriptural attitude in worship;* they both seemed to realize their individual position before God; and although the matter of their devotions widely differed, apart from the *spirit* which prompted those devotions, we might have pronounced them equally becoming. Thus closely may the counterfeit resemble the genuine coin! But it is only *resemblance*. As the chemical test determines the real worth of coins, so with characters, the Word of God supplies decisive tests; and if these are applied, the contrast between the Pharisee and the Publican will be seen to be wide indeed.

We have the Pharisee's portrait delineated in the eleventh and twelfth verses:—

"The Pharisee stood and prayed thus

* "We may safely lay it down as an absolute rule, without stipulating for even a single exception, that the best position for praying in is the position in which we can best pray."—*A. M.*

with himself, God, I thank Thee, that I am not as other men are, extortioners, unjust, adulterers, or even as this Publican. I fast twice in the week, I give tithes of all that I possess."

As I have said, there is a point of view from which we might pronounce this a fitting prayer—or rather as we should then term it, a fitting "song of thanksgiving." Had the mind of the Pharisee been occupied in the effort to count up his mercies—to number the tokens of God's abounding grace to him,—grace making him to differ—raising him to the platform of religious privilege—holding him back from those gross sins into which others less favoured had fallen—conferring upon him the advantages of position and knowledge and influence,—he might well have emulated the spirit of the Psalmist, and exclaimed, "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits." In this significant bearing of the words, the retrospect of the past could scarcely fail to call from the heart of every Christian man the grateful acknowledgment, "God, I thank thee, that I am not as other men are!"

"Not more than others I deserve:
Yet God has given me more!"

If, conscious of unworthiness and amazed at God's long-suffering, the Pharisee had exclaimed, "I am not like other men: I have been spared, instructed, and invited, and taught, and led with a paternal tenderness that others do not enjoy," his thanksgiving would have been sweet incense as it rose to the throne of the Most High. And then his fasting—his self-denial—his bringing his bodily appetites into subjection,—his tithes—his free-will offerings yielded to the Lord's treasury: all this, as the evidence of a grateful heart, would have come up as the almsdoing of Cornelius came up, with acceptance as "a memorial before God."

But alas! the actuating motive was far otherwise. The heart was not right with God. There was "a dead fly in the apothecaries' ointment." The Pharisee had God's Name on his lips, but he had never realized the fact that God's eye was upon his heart. He was gazing, as it were, on the surface of

his character, unconscious of the warring elements beneath—the troubled sea that cannot rest. He was occupied with the “outward appearance;” and respecting this he only knew *what he was not*, when compared with others who seemed to him worse than himself. His expression of thankfulness had really no reference whatever to God. It was not the countless mercies of God, the felt sense of His grace, the constraining influence of His unmerited love, which filled his mind; but he was wrapped up in self. He stood by himself, he prayed by himself, and it might without exaggeration be said that, instead of communing with God, he was engaged in the worship of himself. Confining his thoughts to a profitless comparison of himself with others, instead of looking into the mirror of the Divine Law, he fancies he discovers merits instead of sins. He judges himself better than “other men”—“all others” is the force of the original,—and in point of fact he thanks himself because he is so. Instead of his heart overflowing with gratitude to God, he accounts himself God’s donor—he gives God his negative virtues, his fastings and his tithes.

O blind Pharisee! Thou art a self-truster—and a self-deceiver! True thankfulness to God has its root in His grace, not in thy merit. And thy merit is a delusion. “When a man compares himself with robbers and adulterers, for whom the sword and the prison are prepared, he may easily seem to himself like an angel.” “To the law and to the testimony.” Self-knowledge can only be acquired there. That knowledge attained—seeing thyself as God sees thee,—the humbling truth will convince thee that there is nothing in thy nature, condition, or character, upon which the foot of human pride and self-confidence and self-congratulation may abide for one moment.

God, when He deals with the soul, teaches man not what he is *not*, but *what he is*. Isaiah, thus taught, exclaimed not, “God, I thank Thee, that I am *not* as other men are,” but “Woe is me! for I *am* undone; because I *am* a man of unclean lips.” Isaiah did not learn this of himself by self-deceiving surface-work—by foolishly com-

paring himself with others who had been betrayed into special sins, from which he was at present free. He had been taught of God. The Divine light in the temple made clear to his vision the “chambers of imagery” in his own heart, which ought to have been, like the temple itself, a sanctuary meet for God’s presence: and hence His humble confession—“I am a man of unclean lips . . . for mine eyes have seen the King, the Lord of Hosts!” So was it with the Apostle Peter. When he realized the Deity of Christ, manifested in the miraculous draught of fishes on the lake of Genesaret, “he fell down at Jesus’ knees, saying, Depart from me; for I am a sinful man, O Lord.” There was no disposition to recount his merits, or dwell on his sacrifices—no forwardness in avowing, as on another occasion he avowed, “Lo, we have left all, and followed Thee.” Human merit and sacrifice may come into view when men are occupying themselves with what they are not, but they will never be named by those who are being taught of God what they really are. Job could boast himself when “God’s candle shined upon his head,” and his “glory was fresh on him.” In the perilous time of prosperity he was too ready to observe the reverence paid to him by the aged and the young, by princes and nobles, and to hearken to the blessing of the “poor,” and the “fatherless,” and the “widow.” He was an “upright man,” one who “feared God and eschewed evil,” but he needed a severe discipline, and Divine light shining into his heart, to guard him from the Pharisee’s spirit, and bring him to the self-renouncing confession, “I have heard of Thee by the hearing of the ear; but now mine eye seeth Thee. Wherefore I abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes.”

Always God’s truth reveals what a man is. It will be so when the great white throne is set in judgment, and the books are opened: and it is so now. It is therefore worse than useless to be occupied, as the Pharisee in the Parable was occupied, in discovering what we are *not*. We may not be like this man or that man or the other man, but the question for each to ponder is, *What am I?*

If we see ourselves as God sees us, so far from being satisfied with what we are, because we are led to conclude that others are worse than ourselves, we shall not fail to acknowledge that the Gospel of His saving grace has not over-estimated our spiritual need—that *our* fitting place is by the side of Isaiah and Peter and Job—aye, by the side of the poor Publican, crying out in contrition of soul, "God be merciful to me a sinner."

And this brings us to the portrait of the Publican, delineated in the thirteenth verse:

"And the Publican, standing afar off, would not lift up so much as his eyes unto Heaven, but smote upon his breast, saying, God be merciful to me a sinner."

The lines in this portrait are few, but they are distinct, and the picture is perfect. The Publican was a man who knew himself—*knew what he really was.*

This knowledge led him to "stand afar off." He reminds us of the Apostle's description of the spiritual position of the Ephesian converts, before they were "brought nigh by the blood of Christ"—"Ye who sometime were far off." He felt this distant position to be his own. He had a sense of guilt—a holy fear of the greatness of the majesty of God. He came for mercy, but he knew that he merited judgment. He acted as if he understood what David meant when he prayed, "Cast me not away from Thy presence: and take not Thy Holy Spirit from me."

This self-knowledge also tells us why he "would not lift up so much as his eyes unto Heaven, but smote upon his breast." Shame covered his face—shame for sin. Not the shame of the sinner taken in transgression, which prompts him to fly from God's presence; but a godly and holy shame, which brought him to God to confess his transgression. Like David, again, he might have testified, "Mine iniquities have taken such hold upon me, so that I am not able to look up." He knew what he was, and he knew also that God knew what he was. He was guilty, he had sinned; and before the true God, the living God, the righteous God, he stood judging himself, condemning himself. He looked not up to

Heaven, for he knew that Heaven was not the portion his deeds had merited; he felt the weight of sin, and as if bending down beneath that weight, his eyes were fixed upon the earth as the scene of his transgressions. He "smote" too "upon his breast." With shame there was mingled "godly sorrow," aversion to sin as the cause of his guilt, and an honest tracing of that sin not to the example or influence of others, but to his own heart. As if he would say, "Here, in this heart of mine, lies the root of the malady—the true seat of my sore disease!"

What we might thus learn from the Publican's gestures is unmistakeably expressed by himself in his prayer,—"God be merciful to me *the* sinner [*τῷ ἁμαρτῶν*]."

Instead of the icy individuality of the Pharisee, indulging in self-righteous thoughts in the very presence of God, we have the intense individuality of true conviction and heart-contrition, avowing personal unworthiness and guilt. As the Pharisee counted himself better than all, the Publican counted himself worse than all.

His words of prayerful confession are simple but full. For a man to confess himself a sinner, is really to speak all against himself that can be spoken. He does not say he *was*, or had been, but that he now *is*, a sinner. And he advances no palliating pleas. He might have urged that he was of the seed of Abraham, and so a privileged man; he might doubtless have found, as all men can find, excuses for his sins, and probably he might have been able to speak, if not so vauntingly as the Pharisee, yet with truth, of the fastings and payment of tithes, and outward ceremonial observances which he had not altogether neglected as a Jew. But he had no such pleas. Fastings, tithes, sacraments, and prayers, are the resting-place vainly sought by those who occupy the platform the Pharisee occupied—who trust in negative righteousness, building upon the self-deceiving foundation of self-ignorance. The Publican knew what he was—a sinner: and he knew the evil of sin, not merely as committed against his brother man, and exposing him to such a condemna-

tion as even a Pharisee might utter, but as committed against God, and exposing him to the righteous condemnation of the Divine Lawgiver Himself. His confession implies that he regarded sin as the worst of things, since he acknowledges that it had placed his soul beyond the reach of all remedy, short of the sovereign grace and mercy of God. "God be merciful to me the sinner."

He sought "mercy"—not conditional mercy, dependent on promises of amendment or self-reformation, but *absolute* mercy—*mercy in the way of grace*.

This is a most important point. No doubt it is difficult to say how far the Israelitish worshipper was permitted and enabled to understand what we may call the Gospel of the Old Testament, which presented in sacrifices many the ever-visible type of the one Sacrifice of the Lamb of God which "in the fulness of time" should "put away sin," and prove the basis for the exercise of Divine and Holy Mercy. But, without attempting to define how clearly the faith of the spiritually taught Jew, standing as the Publican stood in the temple of sacrifice where the priest was executing his typical office, might rest on the Atonement as the channel of justifying righteousness to the sinner, we know the *one* primary lesson of the Hebrew ritual was this—"Without shedding of blood is no remission." We know, too, that David certainly understood the cleansing efficacy of this typical blood-shedding, in that he prayed, "Purge me with hyssop,"—hyssop dipped in the blood of atonement—"and I shall be clean: wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow."

We are fully conscious that the main object of the law and its sanctions, as made known to Israel, was to convince of sin—to bring home to the people a sense of their guilt as transgressors. But we cannot imagine that God's purpose in the early dispensation was *confined* to this end—that the people, convinced of sin, were to be plunged into a state of irremediable despair. It is true the provisions of the Gospel were not revealed to them as they are revealed to us, but at the same time, as we have said, the ordinances of the Levitical Code were highly significant

of Gospel truth; and, recognizing this, we cannot doubt but that many a penitent and believing Jew realized the "blessedness" of the man of whom David spake, whose "sin is covered" and whose "iniquity is forgiven." As we see the Law fulfilled, they saw the Gospel predicted; and, like Abraham, by the faith of anticipation, they embraced its promises of pardoning grace, and rejoiced in the Coming Saviour, who was verily in the Divine purpose, as the true Paschal Lamb, "slain before the foundation of the world." Faith in the Christ to come wrought effectually for and in them, as faith in the Christ who has come, now works for and in us.

Bearing all this in mind, it is very remarkable that, in this special case of the Publican, his plea, "God be merciful to me the sinner," contains in it no indistinct recognition of the idea of atonement or propitiation. 'Ο Θεός ἰλάσθητί μοι τῇ ἀμαρτωλίᾳ. The word translated "be merciful," is totally different from that used in the very same chapter by the blind man who sat by the wayside begging,—"Jesus, Thou Son of David, have mercy on me!" [Υἱὲ Δαυὶδ ἔλεησόν με]. In this instance the meaning is simply—"Have pity on me"—compassionate me,—the ground of the plea being his blindness. In the case of the Publican the word employed is from the same root as "propitiation," "a propitiatory victim," in Rom. iii. 24, 25, and 1 St. John ii. 2. It is part of the verb which is rendered in Heb. ii. 17, "to make reconciliation." It is, in fact, identical with the word which signifies the *Mercy-Seat*, the lid or covering of the ark of the covenant, made of pure gold, on and before which the high-priest was to sprinkle the blood of the *expiatory* sacrifices on the great Day of *Atonement*, and where Jehovah promised to meet His people. St. Paul applies the very word to Christ (Rom. iii. 25), assuring us that He was the *true Mercy-Seat*, the reality of what this *ἱλαστήριον*—the Mercy-Seat itself—represented to the ancient believers.

Literally, then, the Publican's prayer may be rendered, "God be propitiated towards me the sinner." It is the cry of guilt pleading for mercy, for mercy's sake. As a sinner he

sought God as a Saviour—and this is the very essence of Gospel faith; and, so seeking, he “went down to his house justified rather than the other: for every one that exalteth himself shall be abased; and he that humbleth himself shall be exalted.”

To sum up what has been said, the Pharisee and the Publican were both sinners: but the self-righteousness of the Pharisee blinded his eyes to his true state and character, so that he did not feel the need of justification—did not seek it, and did not find it: whereas the Publican felt his need, and sought, and found what he needed. “The Pharisee asked no forgiveness from God, and got none. He departed from the temple as full and satisfied, or rather as empty and poor, as he entered it. For aught that we learn to the contrary, he went on tithing his mint, anise, and cummin—went on blindfold till he stumbled on the judgment-seat.” The publican went down to his house “justified”—not simply pardoned, but accounted righteous. “Not by works of righteousness which he had done, but according to God’s mercy He saved him” (Titus iii. 5). Like Abel, he “obtained witness that he was righteous” (Heb. xi. 4): not righteous in himself, but accepted, justified, accounted righteous before God, as a believer in the Divine Propitiation.

So is it still. Mercy flows in the same unchanged and unchanging channel. It can never reach the self-justifiers, who are vainly trusting to a negative righteousness,

which is only surface-deep, and utterly worthless before God. The pharisaic spirit will not allow an honest cry for mercy to pass the lips; and where there is no prayer for mercy there can be no answer in grace. Or there may be the form of prayer in public and even in private, and that form, unlike the Pharisee’s, may be orthodox enough; but all the while the lips may be uttering truths to which the heart gives no responsive sanction, and the formalist necessarily departs unblest.

Self-knowledge—the knowledge of what we really *are* in God’s sight—must be attained before the desire for mercy can be either felt or expressed; but when that desire is felt or expressed by the self-judging, self-condemning sinner, abasing himself, and acknowledging the glory of God’s justice, it will ever be found that there is more virtue in the Divine mercy to save than there is in the Law and sin to condemn. “God is love:” He is “rich in mercy,” and “ready to forgive.” And although self-knowledge, as we progress in its attainment, will make more and more clear to us how much cause we have for self-condemnation and self-humiliation, we may always have this comfort, as penitent believers, that He who knows us better than we can ever know ourselves, has in the Gospel of His Son put away our sin *according to His own sense and knowledge of its guilt and heinousness*, so that we may confidently exclaim, IT IS GOD THAT JUSTIFIETH, WHO IS HE THAT CONDEMNETH?

WHAT IS A HOME, AND HOW TO KEEP IT.

BY MRS. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.



DWELLING, rented or owned by a man, in which his own wife keeps house, is not always, or of course, a home. What is it, then, that makes a home? All men and women have the indefinite knowledge of what they want and long for when that word is spoken. “Home!” sighs the disconsolate bachelor, tired of boarding-house fare and buttonless shirts. “Home!” says the wanderer in foreign lands, and thinks

of mother’s love, of wife and sister and child. Nay, the word has in it a higher meaning, hallowed by religion; and when the Christian would express the highest of his hopes for a better life, he speaks of his *home* beyond the grave. The word home has in it the elements of love, rest, permanency, and liberty; but besides these it has in it the idea of an education by which all that is poorest within us is developed into nobler forms, fit for a higher life.

The little child by the home fireside was taken on the Master's knee when He would explain to His disciples the mysteries of the kingdom.

Of so great dignity and worth is this holy and sacred thing, that the power to create a HOME ought to be ranked above all creative faculties. The sculptor who brings out the breathing statue from cold marble, the painter who warms the canvas into a deathless glow of beauty, the architect who built cathedrals and hung the world-like dome of St. Peter's in mid-air, is not to be compared, in sanctity and worthiness, to the humblest artist, who, out of the poor materials afforded by this shifting, changing, and selfish world, creates the secure Eden of a home.

A true home should be called the noblest work of art possible to human creatures, inasmuch as it is the very image chosen to represent the last and highest rest of the soul, the consummation of man's blessedness.

In this art of home-making I have set down in my mind certain first principles, like the axioms of Euclid, and the first is,—

No home is possible without love.

All business marriages and marriages of convenience, all mere culinary marriages and marriages of mere animal passion, make the creation of a true home impossible in the outset. Love is the jewelled foundation of this New Jerusalem descending from God out of Heaven, and takes as many bright forms as the amethyst, topaz, and sapphire of that mysterious vision. In this range of creative art all things are possible to him that loveth, but without love nothing is possible.

We hear of most convenient marriages in some countries which may better be described as commercial partnerships. The money on each side is counted; there is enough between the parties to carry on the firm, each having the appropriate sum allotted to each. No love is pretended, but there is great politeness. All is so legally and thoroughly arranged, that there seems to be nothing left for future quarrels to fasten on. Monsieur and Madame have each their apartments, their carriages, their servants, their income, their friends, their pursuits,—understand the solemn vows of marriage to mean simply that they are to treat each other with urbanity in those few situations where the path of life must necessarily bring them together.

Such an idea of marriage has its root in an ignoble view of life—an utter and pagan darkness as to all that man and woman are called

to do in that highest relation where they act as one. It is a mean and low contrivance on both sides, by which all the grand work of home-building, all the noble pains and heroic toils of home-education,—that education where the parents learn more than they teach,—shall be (let us use the expressive Yankee idiom) *shirked*.

It is a curious fact that in those countries where this system of marriages is the general rule, there is no word corresponding to our English word *home*. In many polite languages of Europe it would be impossible neatly to translate the sentiment with which we began this essay, that a man's *house* is not always his *home*.

Let any one try to render the song "Sweet Home" into French, and one finds how Anglo-Saxon is the very genius of the word. The structure of life, in all its relations, in countries where marriages are matter of arrangement, and not of love, excludes the idea of home.

How does life run in such countries? The girl is recalled from her convent or boarding-school, and told that her father has found a husband for her. No objection on her part is contemplated or provided for; none generally occurs, for the child is only too happy to obtain the fine clothes and the liberty which she has been taught come only with marriage. Be the man handsome or homely, interesting or stupid, still he brings these.

"How intolerable such a marriage!" we say, with the close intimacies of Anglo-Saxon life in our minds. They are not intolerable, because they are provided for by arrangements which make it possible for each to go his or her several way, seeing very little of the other. The son or daughter, which in due time makes its appearance in this *ménage*, is sent out to nurse in infancy, sent to boarding-school in youth, and in maturity portioned and married, to repeat the same process for another generation. Meanwhile father and mother keep a quiet establishment, and pursue their several pleasures. Such is the system.

Individual character, it is true, does something to modify this programme. There are charming homes in France and Italy, where warm and noble natures, thrown together, perhaps, by accident, or mated by wise paternal choice, infuse warmth into the coldness of the system under which they live. There are in all states of society some of such domesticity of nature, that they will create a home around themselves under any circumstances, however barren

Besides, so kindly is human nature, that Love uninvited before marriage, often becomes a guest after; and with Love always comes a home.

My next axiom is,—

There can be no true home without liberty.

The very idea of home is of a retreat where we shall be free to act out personal and individual tastes and peculiarities, as we cannot do before the wide world. We are to have our meals at what hour we will, served in what style suits us. Our hours of going and coming are to be as we please. Our favourite haunts are to be here or there, our pictures and books so disposed as seems to us good, and our whole arrangements the expression, so far as our means can compass it, of our own personal ideas of what is pleasant and desirable in life. This element of liberty, if we think of it, is the chief charm of home. "Here I can do as I please," is the thought with which the tempest-tossed earth-pilgrim blesses himself or herself, turning inward from the crowded ways of the world. This thought blesses the man of business, as he turns from his day's care, and crosses the sacred threshold. It is as restful to him as the slippers and gown and easy-chair by the fireside. Everybody understands him here. Everybody is well content that he should take his ease in his own way. Such is the case in the *ideal* home. That such is not always the case in the real home comes often from the mistakes in the house-furnishing. Much house-furnishing is *too fine* for liberty.

What ensues in a house so furnished? Too often, ceaseless fretting of the nerves, in the wife's despairing, conscientious efforts to keep things as they should be. There is no freedom in a house where things are too expensive and choice to be freely handled and easily replaced. Life becomes a series of petty embarrassments and restrictions, something is always going wrong, and the man finds his fireside oppressive—the various articles of his parlour and table seem like so many temper-traps and spring-guns, menacing explosion and disaster.

There may be, indeed, the most perfect home-feeling, the utmost cosiness and restfulness, in apartments crusted with gilding, carpeted with velvet, and upholstered with satin. I have seen such, where the home-like look and air of free use was as genuine as in a western log-cabin; but this was in a range of princely income that made all these things as easy to be obtained or replaced as the most ordinary of our domestic furniture. But so long as articles must be shrouded from use, or

used with fear and trembling, because their cost is above the general level of our means, we had better be without them.

But it is not merely by the effort to maintain too much elegance that the sense of home-liberty is banished from a house. It is sometimes expelled in another way, with all painstaking and conscientious strictness, by the worthiest and best of human beings, the blessed followers of Saint Martha. Have we not known them, the dear, worthy creatures, up before daylight, causing most scrupulous lustrations of every pane of glass and inch of paint in our parlours, in consequence whereof, every shutter and blind must be kept closed for days to come, lest the flies should speck the freshly washed windows and wainscoting? Dear shade of Aunt Mehitabel, forgive our boldness! Have we not been driven for days, in our youth, to read our newspaper in the front verandah, in the kitchen, out in the barn,—anywhere, in fact, where sunshine could be found, because there was not a room in the house that was not cleaned, shut up, and darkened? Have we not shivered with cold, because the august front parlour having undergone the spring cleaning, the irons were snugly tied up in the tissue-paper, and an elegant frill of the same material was trembling before the mouth of the once-glowing fireplace? How we trembled to touch thy scoured tins, that hung in appalling brightness! with what awe we asked for a basket to pick strawberries! and where in the house could we find a place to eat a piece of gingerbread? Somehow, the impression was burned with overpowering force into our mind, that houses and furniture, scrubbed floors, white curtains, bright tins and brasses, were the great permanent facts of existence,—and that men and women, and particularly children, were the meddlesome intruders upon this order, every trace of whose intermeddling must be scrubbed out and obliterated in the quickest way possible. It seemed evident to us that houses would be far more perfect, if nobody lived in them at all; but that, as men had really and absurdly taken to living in them, they must live as little as possible.

But a truce to these fancies, and back again to our essay.

If liberty in a house is a comfort to a husband, it is a necessity to children. When we say liberty, we do not mean licence. We do not mean that Master Johnny be allowed to handle elegant volumes with bread-and-

butter fingers, or that little Miss be suffered to drum on the piano, or practise line-drawing with a pin on varnished furniture. Still it is essential that the family parlours be not too fine for the family to sit in,—too fine for the ordinary accidents, haps and mishaps, of reasonably well-trained children. The elegance of the parlour where papa and mamma sit and receive their friends should wear an inviting, not a hostile and bristling, aspect to little people. Its beauty and its order gradually form in the little mind a love of beauty and order, and the insensible carefulness of regard.

Nothing is worse for a child than to shut him up in a room which he understands is his, *because* he is disorderly,—where he is expected, of course, to maintain and keep disorder. We have sometimes pitied the poor little victims who show their faces longingly at the doors of elegant parlours, and are forthwith collared by the domestic police and consigned to some attic-apartment, called a playroom, where chaos continually reigns. It is a mistake to suppose, because children derange a well-furnished apartment, that they like confusion. Order and beauty are always pleasant to them as to grown people, and disorder and defacement are painful; but they know neither how to create the one nor to prevent the other,—their little lives are a series of experiments, often making disorder by aiming at some new form of order. Yet, for all this, I am not one of those who feel that in a family everything should bend to the sway of these little people. They are the worst of tyrants in such houses,—still, where children are, though the fact must not appear to them, *nothing must be done without a wise thought of them.*

Here, as in all high art, the old motto is in force, "*Ars est celare artem.*" Children who are taught too plainly by every anxious look and word of their parents, by every family arrangement, by the impressment of every chance guest into the service, that their parents consider their education as the one important matter in creation, are apt to grow up fantastical, artificial, and hopelessly self-conscious. The stars cannot stop in their courses, even for our personal improvement, and the sooner children learn this, the better. The great art is to organize a home which shall move on with a strong, wide, generous movement,—where the little people shall act themselves out as freely and impulsively as can consist with the comfort of the whole, and

where the anxious watching and planning for them shall be kept as secret from them as possible.

It is well that one of the sunniest and airiest rooms in the house be the children's nursery. It is good philosophy, too, to furnish it attractively, even if the sum expended lower the standard of parlour luxuries. It is well that the children's chamber, which is to act constantly on their impressible natures for years, should command a better prospect, a sunnier aspect, than one which serves for a day's occupancy of the transient guest. It is well that journeys should be made or put off in view of the interests of the children,—that guests should be invited with a view to their improvement,—that some intimacies should be chosen and some rejected on their account. But it is not well that all this should, from infancy, be daily talked out before the child, and he grow up in egotism from moving in a sphere where everything from first to last is calculated and arranged with reference to himself. A little appearance of wholesome neglect, combined with real care and never-ceasing watchfulness, has often seemed to do wonders in this work of setting human beings on their own feet for the life-journey.

Education is the highest object of home, but education in the widest sense,—education of the parents no less than of the children. In a true home the man and the woman receive, through their cares, their watchings, their hospitality, their charity, the last and highest finish that earth can put upon them. From that they must pass upward, for earth can teach them no more.

The home education is incomplete, unless it include the idea of hospitality and charity. Hospitality is a Biblical and apostolic virtue, and not so often recommended in Holy Writ without reason. But there need be no effort or expense beyond our position and our means. Our hospitality may and should be homely.

Many families of small fortunes have not the steadiness to share their daily average living with a friend, a traveller, or guest, just as the Arab shares his tent and the Indian his bowl of succotash. They cannot have company, they say. Why? Because it is such a fuss to get out the best things, and then to put them back again. But why get out the best things? Why not give your friend what he would like a thousand times better, a bit of your average home-life, a seat at any time at your board, a seat at your fire? If he sees that there is a

handle off your teacup, and that there is a crack across one of your plates, he only thinks, with a sigh of relief, "Well, mine aren't the only things that meet with accidents," and he feels nearer to you ever after; he will let you come to his table and see the cracks in his teacups, and you will condole with each other on the transient nature of earthly possessions. If it become apparent in these entirely undressed rehearsals that your children are sometimes disorderly, and that your cook sometimes overdoes the meat, and that your second girl sometimes is awkward in waiting, or has forgotten a table propriety, your friend only feels, "Ah, well, other people have trials as well as I," and he thinks, if you come to see him, he shall feel easy with you.

"*Having company*" is an expense that may always be felt; but easy daily hospitality, the plate always on your table for a friend, is an expense that appears on no account book, and a pleasure that is daily and constant.

Under this head of hospitality, let us suppose a case. A traveller comes from England; he comes in good faith and good feeling to see how Americans live. He merely wants to penetrate into the interior of domestic life, to see what there is genuinely and peculiarly American about it. Now here is Smilax, who is living, in a small neat way, on his salary from the daily press. He remembers hospitalities received from our traveller in England, and wants to return them. He remembers, too, with dismay, a well-kept establishment, the well-served table, the punctilious, orderly servants. Smilax keeps two, a cook and chambermaid, who divide the functions of his establishment between them. What shall he do? Let him say, in a fair, manly way, "My dear fellow, I'm delighted to see you. I live in a small way, but I'll do my best for you, and Mrs. Smilax will be delighted. Come and dine with us, so and so, and we'll bring in one or two friends." So the man comes, and Mrs. Smilax serves up such a dinner as lies within the limits of her knowledge and the capacities of her servants. All plain, good of its kind, unpretending, without an attempt to do anything English or French,—to do anything more than if she were furnishing a gala-dinner for her father or returned brother. Show him your house freely, just as it is, talk to him freely of it, just as he in England showed you his larger house and talked to you of his finer things. If the man is a true man, he will thank you for such unpretending, sincere welcome; if he is a man of straw, then

he is not worth wasting Mrs. Smilax's health and spirits for, in unavailing efforts to get up a foreign dinner-party.

A man who has any heart in him values a genuine little bit of home more than anything else you can give him. He can get French cooking at a restaurant; he can buy expensive wines at first-class hotels, if he wants them; but the traveller, though ever so rich and ever so well served at home, is, after all, nothing but a man as you are, and he is craving something that doesn't seem like an hotel,—some bit of real, genuine heart-life. Perhaps he would like better than anything to show you the last photograph of his wife, or to read to you the great round-hand letter of his ten-year-old, which he has got to-day. He is ready to cry when he thinks of it. In this mood he goes to see you, hoping for something like home, and you first receive him in a parlour opened only on state occasions, and that has been circumstantially and exactly furnished, as the upholsterer assures you, as every other parlour of the kind in the city is furnished. You treat him to a dinner got up for the occasion, with hired waiters,—a dinner which it has taken Mrs. Smilax a week to prepare for, and will take her a week to recover from,—for which the baby has been snubbed and turned off, to his loud indignation, and your young four-year-old sent to his aunt's. Your traveller eats your dinner, and finds it inferior, as a work of art, to other dinners,—a poor imitation. He goes away and criticises; you hear of it, and resolve never to invite a foreigner again. But if you had given him a little of your heart, a little home-warmth and feeling,—if you had shown him your baby, and let him romp with your four-year-old, and eat a genuine dinner with you,—would he have been false to that? Not so likely. He wanted something real and human,—you gave him a bad dress-rehearsal, and dress-rehearsals always provoke criticism.

Besides hospitality, there is, in a true home, a mission of charity. It is a just law which regulates the possession of great or beautiful works of art, that they shall in some sense be considered the property of all who can appreciate. Fine grounds have hours when the public may be admitted,—pictures and statues may be shown to visitors; and this is a noble charity. In the same manner those who have achieved the greatest of all human works of art should employ it as a sacred charity. How many, morally wearied, wandering, disabled, are healed and comforted by the warmth of a

true home! When a mother has sent her son to the temptations of a distant city, what news so glad to her heart as that he has found some quiet family where he visits often and is made to feel AT HOME? How many young men have good women saved from temptation and shipwreck, by drawing them often to the sheltered corner by the fireside! The poor artist,—the wandering genius who has lost his way in this world, and stumbles like a child among hard realities,—the many men and women who, while they have houses, have no homes,—see from afar, in their distant, bleak life-journey, the light of a true home-fire, and, if made welcome there, warm their stiffened limbs, and go forth stronger to their pilgrimage. Let those who have accomplished this beautiful and perfect work of Divine art, be liberal of its influence. Let them not seek to bolt the doors and draw the curtains, for they know not, and will never know till the future life, of the good they may do by the ministration of this great charity of home.

We have heard much lately of the restricted sphere of woman. We have been told how many spirits among women are of a wider, stronger, more heroic mould than befits the mere routine of housekeeping. It may be true that there are many women far too great, too wise, too high, for mere housekeeping. But where is the woman in any way too great, or too high, or too wise, to spend herself in creating a home? What can any woman make diviner, higher, better? From such homes go forth all heroisms, all inspirations, all great deeds.

Homes are the work of art peculiar to the genius of woman. Man *helps* in this work, but woman *leads*; the hive is always in con-

fusion without the *queen-bee*. But what a woman must she be who does this work perfectly! She comprehends all, she balances and arranges all; all different tastes and temperaments find in her their rest, and she can unite at one hearthstone the most discordant elements. In her is order, yet an order ever veiled and concealed by indulgence. None are checked, reproved, abridged of privileges by her love of system; for she knows that order was made for the family, and not the family for order. Quietly she takes on herself what all others refuse or overlook. What the unwary disarrange she silently rectifies. Everybody in her sphere breathes easy, feels free; and the driest twig begins in her sunshine to put out buds and blossoms. So quiet are her operations and movements, that none see that it is she who holds all things in harmony; only, alas! when she is gone, how many things suddenly appear disordered, inharmonious, neglected! All these threads have been smilingly held in her weak hand. Alas, if that is no longer there!

Can any woman be such a housekeeper without an inspiration from above? No. "Her soul must ever have alliance in God." The New Jerusalem of a perfect home cometh down from God out of Heaven. But to make such a Home is ambition high and worthy enough for any woman, be she what she may.

One thing more. Right on the threshold of all perfection lies the cross to be taken up. No one can go over or around that cross. No man or woman can hope to create on earth that which is the nearest image of Heaven—a true Home—who is not willing in the outset to embrace life heroically, to encounter labour and sacrifice.

THE BIBLE AND OUR FAITH.

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CHAPTER VII.

"All deceivableness of unrighteousness."

THE claims of Christianity, and of the Bible as the written Law of Christianity, rest upon three principles: that it is a true history—that it is miraculous—and that it is Divine. Its first opponents, unable to deny the reality of the miracles

wrought before their eyes, resorted to the last and most desperate form of opposition. "He hath a devil," said they, "and casteth out devils by Beelzebub." "Say we not well, that Thou art a Samaritan, and hast a devil?" The English infidels and German naturalists of the last century, for the most part adopted the second. Fully admitting many of the facts of the New Testament history, they exerted their utmost

ingenuity to strip them of their supernatural features. The first determination of the school of which Semler was the head, and the Commentary of Dr. Paulus, published in 1800, the principal exponent, was that the miraculous elements of the Scripture History should be got rid of by any expedients, however violent. And, inexpressibly futile as it soon appeared, it must be remembered that this determination was not adopted until every other had been despaired of. To Semler, Paulus, and their compeers, it appeared impossible that the Christ of the Gospels should be either self-deceived or a deceiver. And yet in common with others (with whom they had nothing else in common) they had previously determined that miracles were impossible; and consequently that whoever professed to work miracles must necessarily be either a deceiver of others, or of himself, or both. And this character of deceiver or deceived must also belong to the Evangelists by whom the alleged miracles were recorded. From this dilemma they saw but one means of escape. What if it could be shown that Christ never professed to work any miracles, nor the sacred historians to record any? What if it could be shown that the sacred narratives, rightly read, were opposed to any such supposition; that they were intended to record merely natural events; and that it was the lovers of the marvellous, and they alone, who had ever found any miracles there? To show this would be to escape from the whole difficulty. It is true, that in the process, whatever was Divine in these narratives would disappear; but what of that? they had no desire to save the Divine; they had already given it up: but the human would be vindicated; the good faith, the honesty, the entire credibility, of the Scripture historians would stand fast. And in Christ Himself there would still be that to which they could look up with reverence and love. They would still be able to believe in Him as the truthful Founder of a religion which they were by no means willing to renounce altogether. Although he would no longer be the Mighty Worker of "notable miracles," clothed with power from on high, yet on the other hand, neither would He be (as the Scribes and Pharisees had blasphemously affirmed) a "deceiver" of the people, professing to be that which He was not. Only get rid of the miraculous element in the Scripture narratives, and Christ would still remain the perfect pattern of goodness which

the world had ever seen, as He "went about doing good," healing and blessing, though with no other means than those possessed by other men.

It was a bold attempt: yet not more bold than vain—to suffer the sacred text to stand, and yet to find no miracles in it. To accept the New Testament as authentic history—to appeal to the word of Scripture as the proof of its assertions, and yet to assert that the Evangelists did not intend to relate miracles, but merely ordinary facts of every-day experience. Thus (according to Bahrdt) the angel who appeared to Zacharias was a flash of lightning; or (according to Paulus) the light of lamps falling upon a cloud of incense, and followed by an apoplectic stroke. The opening of the Heavens, at our Lord's baptism, was a flash of lightning, or a sudden parting of the clouds; while Paulus adduces examples of the tameness of birds, to show that a real dove might have alighted on the head of Jesus. The angel who appeared to the shepherds announcing the Nativity, is a Jewish messenger carrying a torch; and the song, the merry notes of a party who are with him. Another (rejecting the torch) supposes it was an *ignis fatuus*, or else—the usual expedient—a flash of lightning; while a third, resolves the whole into a mental vision. The walking on the sea, was either swimming on the sea, or walking on the shore. The miracles of the loaves consisted in the disciples bringing out a small store, and thus tempting or shaming others, who also had hidden stores with them, into following this example of liberality, so that all were supplied from these unsuspected hoards of loaves and fishes. The tempter was an artful Pharisee, sent by the Sanhedrim, and the ministering angels were a caravan approaching with provisions, or else soft, reviving breezes. In the cleansing of the temple, Paulus conjectures that others took part with our Lord, and ejected the buyers and sellers by their united strength. The swine were drowned in the storm while Jesus was crossing the lake, or they fell into the sea while their keepers were gone to meet Jesus upon His landing at Gadara. The ten lepers merely received a piece of encouraging advice, because Jesus perceived that they were already fit to pass the examination of the priest. The cures of the blind were wrought by means of a strong water prepared beforehand. Even the resurrection of Lazarus is accounted for by the supposition of an unusually protracted

lethargy. "After the stone was removed," says Paulus, "Jesus discovered by some means the unexpected fact that Lazarus was still alive, and returned thanks accordingly." These examples, which weary us by their monotony of dull absurdity, may serve to show how desperate are the efforts required to force down the Gospel narratives to the level of common history. And yet these efforts were made in the name of reason; and this system arrogated to itself the exclusive right to be regarded as "rational!"

Hardly was it full blown, however, before it began to perish. Even the children of this world directed against it the keenest shafts of their ridicule. Not only every philologist, but every man who believed that language had any laws, was its natural enemy, for it stood only by the violation of all those laws. It got rid of historical wonders only by substituting philological wonders of a still more astonishing kind. For it must be remembered that this "Rationalism" does not say that the Evangelists made mistakes and exalted ordinary events into miracles, but that ordinary events are what they actually intended to record. When they say, therefore, that there remained after the feeding of the five thousand, twelve baskets of fragments from five loaves, Paulus replies that they say nothing of the kind; for St. John (*s. g.*) vi. 13 is speaking not of remnants after the meal, but of bread broken into fragments for the purpose of eating, before the meal! And similarly St. Matthew (xvii. 24-27), speaking of the "piece of money" in the fish's mouth, is made to mean by "when thou hast opened his mouth," "loosing him from the hook;" by "thou shalt find a piece of money," "by selling the fish thou shalt get a piece of money for thyself"! In a later work, however, Paulus desires to amend his former plea, and consequently "when thou hast opened his mouth," is no longer opening the fish's mouth to take out the hook, but, "opening thine own mouth" (*i. e.*, crying the fish for sale), "thou wilt earn a piece of money." Another of the same school will have it that the whole speech is a playful irony on our Lord's part, in order to show Peter the impossibility of the payment to which he has pledged Him, seeing that they have no money in hand. As though He had said, "The next thing which you had better do, is to go and catch us a fish, and find in it the piece of money which is to pay this tax for which you have engaged;" not as meaning

that he should actually do this, but as conveying a slight and kindly rebuke. It cannot be wondered at that a system so thoroughly artificial and dishonest as this, should quickly have succumbed under the assaults which it incurred on all sides. Even in the land of its birth, it has entirely perished; and has long since ceased to be regarded except as one of those cast-off garments of unbelief which are now despised and trodden under foot of those by whom they were once held up to admiration, in all the glory of their new colour, with boastfulness and pride.

The conflict, then, between Christianity and its assailants has now passed into its third and last stage. Finding it hopeless to attempt the separation of the miracles from the history, and finding, too, that "every forced effort of this kind, however it might keep in the studies of German divines, when exposed for a few years to the open air, began to stink in the nostrils of all reasonable men, a violent plunge has been made by another class of writers, of whom Dr. Strauss is the most celebrated, to get rid of the history and the miracles together." "It is admitted that there was a person called John the Baptist, and a Jewish peasant called Jesus, who lived some time at Nazareth; but all beyond these barren facts is mystical invention, the fruit of the creative and legendary habits of thought in the early Christians. No miracles were wrought by this Jewish peasant, no prophecy was fulfilled in Him. He was condemned, perhaps, to death, but was either taken down from the cross while still alive, or never appeared again after His burial. But a small company of disciples, with strange pertinacity, resolved to treat Him as their promised Messiah, without one grain of evidence to warrant the idea, and in the teeth of all their deepest prejudices as Jews. Without the least purpose of fraud, through the vividness of their fancy and their faith in prophecies which they entirely misunderstood and misapplied, they ascribed to Him cures He never wrought, a resurrection which never occurred, parables and discourses—rich with wisdom—which He never spoke, and, in short, a character, both in word and deed, which was due to their own imagination. The very inventors of these fictions mistook them for facts, and spent their lives in persuading others that they were facts, before the proof of the fiction was half complete."* In short, on this hypothesis the apostles turned

* Rev. T. Birks' "Modern Rationalism," pp. 26, 27 (*Seeley's*).

the world upside down by proclaiming, as well-known and well-attested facts, a series of dreamy legends, which they were, at that very time, weaving gradually out of their own fertile imagination.

The Jews, we are told,* had certain expectations of what their Messiah was to be; and the character of Jesus strongly impressed many of them with the belief that He was the Messiah; and hence they were afterwards led to fancy that He must have done what Messiah ought to have done. But then, unfortunately for this theory, it is notorious that the Messiah expected by the Jews was a very different person from Jesus of Nazareth. They looked for a conquering Prince; not for a crucified Teacher.

"No matter for that," it is rejoined, "for this only shows that the disciples of Jesus modified their previous notions of the Messiah so as to suit such facts of His history as could not be denied." But in this shape also the theory is plainly left without any foundation in fact. For if Jesus neither wrought miracles to prove His Divine mission, nor in any way fulfilled the expectations of the Messiah, what was there to impress men's minds so strongly with the conviction that He was the Messiah? "Take away His miracles, and you leave Him nothing but the character of an humble Teacher, followed by a few poor peasants, addressing calm lessons of morality to a people swallowed up in factional strife and ceremonial superstition—a people divided between the hot bigotry of the Pharisees and the cold incredulity of the Sadducees, but selfish and worldly to the heart's core in both extremes, and agitated by that most absorbing of all excitements, a fierce political agitation. Read Josephus's account of that age and generation, and then say whether such a cause was likely to produce such an effect."

But this is not all: for when Jesus was first believed to be the Messiah, it must have been in consequence of the persuasion that He would fulfil the popular expectations of the Messiah. How then came the belief in the Messiahship to remain after He had failed to fulfil them?—to remain, too, so strongly imprinted, as to change the very foundation on which it was built? To this it is replied that "the necessity of the case required that His disciples should accommodate their views to known facts. When it was certain that He was put to death, they could only mend the matter by fancying that He had risen again."

* By Strauss, in his "Leben Jesu."

On which it has been pertinently remarked† that "the necessity of all this for Dr. Strauss's theory is plain enough; but it is not easy to see its necessity for anything else. For the Apostles were not modern philosophers, prepared to sacrifice everything to a theory, but plain, unsophisticated men. Their hopes had been confessedly disappointed, and their faith had failed. Hope, faith, and courage had been buried in their Master's tomb. These might rise again with Him, but they could not raise Him, when they were not themselves revived. And the question is, What revived them? It is idle to say, 'an altered view of the prophecies,' because that is only suggesting again the same question in another form—What altered their view of the prophecies? These prophecies, according to the infidels, can only be made to speak of the Messiah's sufferings by one who already believes in a suffering Messiah. If they really do predict 'the sufferings of Christ, and the glory that should follow,' let this be distinctly allowed, and we shall know how to use the admission; but if they do not, the question still recurs, *What* produced the strong persuasion which made the disciples fancy a meaning so remote from the notions of that age, so different, as we are told, from the natural meaning of those prophecies?"

Without further pursuing the subject at present, we will merely point to the important fact that by their mutual antagonism these two main schools of Rationalism directly destroy each other; while, indirectly, each of them confirms the truth of the Gospel. The earlier school of Semler and Paulus point to the fact that the Gospel narrative is so inextricably interlaced with the history of the times, that to uproot it or to deny its reality is a thing absolutely impossible. The mythical school of Bauer, Gabler, and Strauss have shown that it is equally impossible to separate the supernatural from the historic. Combine these admissions, and the evidence is complete. The countless and absurd glosses of the naturalists bear witness that Christianity is a true history. The laboured hypothesis of their rivals proves that that history is indisputably miraculous; and unless we revive the blasphemies of the Pharisees, we must also own that it is truly and really Divine.

The ancient faith alone is tenable—"Rabbi, we know that Thou art a Teacher come from God: for no man can do these miracles that Thou doest, except God be with him."

† By Bp. Fitzgerald, "Cautions for the Times," pp. 511.

LIGHT ON CHURCH MATTERS.—VI.

WHY WERE OUR REFORMERS BURNED ?

BY THE REV. J. C. RYLE, B.A.

THIS is a point which I hold to be one of cardinal importance in the present day. Great indeed would be our mistake if we supposed that our Reformers suffered for the vague charge of refusing submission to the Pope, or desiring to maintain the independence of the Church of England. Nothing of the kind! The principal reason why they were burned was because they refused one of the peculiar doctrines of the Romish Church. On that doctrine, in almost every case, hinged their life or death. If they admitted it they might live; if they refused it they must die.

The doctrine in question was the *real presence* of the Body and Blood of Christ in the consecrated elements of bread and wine in the Lord's Supper. Did they or did they not believe that the body and blood of Christ were actually present under the forms of bread and wine after the words of consecration were pronounced? Did they or did they not believe that the real body of Christ, which was born of the Virgin Mary, was present on the so-called altar so soon as the mystical words had passed the lips of the priest? Did they or did they not? That was the simple question. If they did not believe, and admit it, they were burned.*

There is a wonderful and striking unity in the stories of our martyrs on the subject. Some of them no doubt were attacked about the marriage of priests. Some of them were assaulted about the nature of the Catholic Church. Some of them were assailed on other points. But all, without an exception, were called to special account about the *real presence*, and in every case their refusal to admit the doctrine formed one principal cause of their condemnation.

* "The Mass was one of the principal causes why so much turmoil was made in the Church, with the bloodshed of so many godly men."—*Foxe's Preface to Vol. III. of Acts and Monuments.*

"The sacrament of the altar was the main touchstone to discover the poor Protestants. This point of the real, corporal presence of Christ in the sacrament, the same body that was crucified, was the compendious way to discover those of the opposite opinion."—*Fuller, Church History*, iii. 399. Tegg's edit.

(1.) Hear what Rogers said :—

"I was asked whether I believed in the sacrament to be the very body and blood of our Saviour Christ that was born of the Virgin Mary, and hanged on the cross, really and substantially? I answered, 'I think it to be false. I cannot understand really and substantially to signify otherwise than corporally. But corporally Christ is only in Heaven, and so Christ cannot be corporally in your sacrament.'"—*Foxe in loco*, Vol. iii. p. 101, edit. 1684.

And therefore he was condemned and burned.

(2.) Hear what Bishop Hooper said :—

"Tunstall asked him to say, 'whether he believed the corporal presence in the sacrament, and Master Hooper said plainly that there was none such, neither did he believe any such thing.' Whereupon they bade the notaries write that he was married and would not go from his wife, and that he believed not the corporal presence in the sacrament: wherefore he was worthy to be deprived of his bishopric."—*Foxe in loco*, Vol. iii. p. 123.

And so he was condemned and burned.

(3.) Hear what Rowland Taylor said :—

"The second cause why I was condemned as a heretic was that I denied transubstantiation and concomitancy, two juggling words whereby the Papists believe that Christ's natural body is made of bread, and the Godhead by and by to be joined thereto, so that immediately after the words of consecration, there is no more bread and wine in the sacrament, but the substance only of the body and blood of Christ."

"Because I denied the aforesaid Papistical doctrine (yea, rather plain, wicked idolatry, blasphemy, and heresy) I am judged a heretic."—*Foxe in loco*, Vol. iii. p. 141.

And therefore he was burned.

(4.) Hear what was done with Bishop Ferrar.

He was summoned to "grant the natural presence of Christ in the sacrament under the form of bread and wine," and because he refused to subscribe this article, as well as others, he was condemned. And in the sentence of condemnation it is finally charged against him that he maintained that "the sacrament of the altar ought not to be ministered on an

altar, or to be elevated, or to be adored in any way."—*Foxe in loco*, Vol. iii. p. 178.

And so he was burned.

(5.) Hear what holy John Bradford wrote to the men of Lancashire and Cheshire when he was in prison :—

"The chief thing which I am condemned for as an heretic is because I deny in the sacrament of the altar (which is not Christ's Supper, but a plain perversion as the Papists now use it) to be a real, natural, and corporal presence of Christ's body and blood under the forms and accidents of bread and wine; that is, because I deny transubstantiation, which is the darling of the devil, and daughter and heir to Antichrist's religion."—*Foxe in loco*, Vol. iii. p. 260.

And so he was burned.

(6.) Hear what were the words of the sentence of condemnation against Bishop Ridley :

"The said Nicholas Ridley affirms, maintains, and stubbornly defends certain opinions, assertions, and heresies, contrary to the Word of God and the received faith of the Church, as in denying the true and natural body and blood of Christ to be in the sacrament of the altar, and secondarily, in affirming the substance of bread and wine to remain after the words of consecration."—*Foxe in loco*, Vol. iii. p. 426.

And so he was burned.

(7.) Hear the articles exhibited against Bishop Latimer :—

"That thou hast openly affirmed, defended, and maintained that the true and natural body of Christ, after the consecration of the priest, is not really present in the sacrament of the altar, and that in the sacrament of the altar remaineth still the substance of bread and wine."

And to this article the good old man replied :

"After a corporal being, which the Romish Church furnisheth, Christ's body and blood is not in the sacrament under the forms of bread and wine."—*Foxe in loco*, Vol. iii. p. 426.

And so he was burned.

(8.) Hear the address made by Bishop Bonner to Archdeacon Philpot :—

"You have offended and trespassed against the sacrament of the altar, denying the real presence of Christ's body and blood to be there, affirming also material bread and material wine to be in the sacrament, and not the substance of the body and blood of Christ."—*Foxe in loco*, Vol. iii. p. 495.

And because the good man stoutly adhered to this opinion he was condemned and burned.

(9.) Hear, lastly, what Cranmer said with almost his last breath, in St. Mary's Church, Oxford :—

"As for the sacrament, I believe, as I have taught in my book against the Bishop of Winchester, the which my book teacheth so true a doctrine, that it shall stand at the last day before the judgment of God when the Papist's doctrine contrary thereto shall be ashamed to show her face."—*Foxe in loco*, Vol. iii. p. 562.

If any one wants to know what Cranmer had said in this book, let them take the following sentence as a specimen :—

"They [the Papists] say that Christ is corporally under or in the form of bread and wine. We say that Christ is not there, *neither corporally nor spiritually*; but in them that worthily eat and drink the bread and wine He is spiritually, and corporally in Heaven."—*Cranmer on the Lord's Supper*. Parker Society edit. p. 54.

And so he was burned.

Now, were the English Reformers right in being so stiff and unbending on this question of the *real presence*? Was it a point of such vital importance that they were justified in dying before they would receive it? These are questions, I suspect, which are very puzzling to many unreflecting minds. Such minds, I fear, can see in the whole controversy about the real presence nothing but a logomachy, or strife of words. But they are questions, I am bold to say, on which no well-instructed Bible-reader can hesitate for a moment in giving his answer. Such a one will say at once that the Romish doctrine of the real presence strikes at the very root of the Gospel, and is the very citadel and keep of Popery. Men may not see this at first, but it is a point that ought to be carefully remembered. It throws a clear and broad light on the line which the Reformers took, and the unflinching firmness with which they died.

Whatever men please to think or say, the Romish doctrine of the real presence, if pursued to its legitimate consequences, obscures every leading doctrine of the Gospel, and damages and interferes with the whole system of Christ's truth. Grant for a moment that the Lord's Supper is a sacrifice, and not a sacrament—grant that every time the words of consecration are used the natural body and blood of

Christ are present on the Communion-table under the forms of bread and wine—grant that every one who eats that consecrated bread and drinks that consecrated wine, does really eat and drink the body and blood of Christ—grant for a moment these things, and then see what momentous consequences result from these premises.

You spoil the blessed doctrine of *Christ's finished work* when He died on the cross. A sacrifice that needs to be repeated is not a perfect and complete thing. You spoil the *priestly office* of Christ. If there are priests that can offer an acceptable sacrifice to God besides Him, the great High Priest is robbed of His glory. You spoil the Scriptural doctrine of the *Christian ministry*. You exalt sinful men into the position of mediators between God and man. You give to the sacramental elements of bread and wine an honour and veneration they were never meant to receive, and produce an *idolatry* to be abhorred of faithful Christians. Last, but not least, you overthrow the true doctrine of *Christ's human nature*. If the body born of the Virgin Mary can be in more places than one at the same time, it is not a body like our own, and Jesus was not the Second Adam in the truth of our nature.

I cannot doubt for a moment that our martyred Reformers saw and felt these things even more clearly than we do, and, seeing and feeling them, chose to die rather than admit the doctrine of the real presence. Feeling them, they would not give way by subjection for a moment, and cheerfully laid down their lives. Let this fact be deeply graven in our minds. Wherever the English language is spoken on the face of the globe this fact ought to be clearly understood by every Englishman who reads history. Rather than admit the doctrine of the real presence of Christ's body and blood under the forms of bread and wine, the Reformers of the Church of England were content to be burned.

We live in momentous times. The ecclesiastical horizon on every side is dark and lowering. The steady rise and progress of Ritualism and Ritualists is shaking the Church of England to its very centre. It is of the very first importance to understand clearly what it all means. A right diagnosis of disease is the very first element of successful treatment.

The physician who does not see what is the matter is never likely to work any cures.

Now, I say there can be no greater mistake than to suppose that the great controversy of our times is a mere question of vestments and ornaments—of chasubles and amices—of more or less church decorations—of more or less candles and flowers—of more or less bowings and crossings—of more or less gestures and postures—of more or less show and form. The man who fancies that the whole dispute is a mere æsthetic one, a question of taste like one of fashion and millinery, must allow me to tell him that he is under a complete delusion. He may sit on the shore, like the Epicurean philosopher, smiling at theological storms, and flatter himself that we are only squabbling about trifles, but I take leave to tell him that his philosophy is very shallow, and his knowledge of the controversy of the day very superficial indeed.

The things I have spoken of are *trifles*, I fully concede. But they are pernicious trifles, because they are the outward expression of an inward doctrine. They are the skin disease which is the symptom of an unsound constitution. They are the plague spot which tells of internal poison. They are the curling smoke which arises from a hidden volcano of mischief. I, for one, would never lend a hand to agitate about church millinery or candles if I thought they meant nothing beneath the surface. But I believe they mean a great deal of error and false doctrine, and therefore I publicly protest against them, and say that those who support them are to be blamed.

I give it as my deliberate opinion that the root of the whole Ritualistic system is the dangerous doctrine of the real presence of Christ's body and blood in the Lord's Supper under the forms of the consecrated bread and wine. The *real presence*, under the forms of bread and wine, is the foundation principle of Ritualism. The *real presence* is what the Ritualistic party want to bring back into the Church of England. And just as our martyred Reformers went to the stake rather than admit the *real presence*, so I hold that we should make any sacrifice, rather than allow it to come back in any shape into our Communion.*

* From Church Association Lectures, No. VI. [London: W. Macintosh.] These Lectures should be widely circulated.

HEART CHEER FOR HOME SORROW.

THE LESSON OF THE FLOWER.

"Flower upon the green hillside,
Thou, to shun the threatening blast,
In the grass thy head dost hide,
By the tempest overpast.
Thou, to greet the azure skies,
And to feel the soothing sun,
Brighter, sweeter, thou dost rise,—
Tell me, flower, how this is done?"

"I will tell thee, as thy friend,
Artless, timid, whispering low,
To the blast 'tis good to bend—
He who made me, taught me so!
While His teaching I obey,
I but fall to rise and stand,
Brighter for the stormy day,
Leaning on His viewless hand.

"When to Him I've lowly bowed,
He with freshness fills my cup,
From the angry, scowling cloud;
Then He gently lifts me up.
So I fall, and so I rise,
In the dark or sunny hour,
Minding Him who rules the skies,—
He's my God, and I'm His flower."

THE GARDEN OF THE LORD.

Many of the most beautiful plants in our gardens, and the trees that bear the richest fruits, were once wayside seeds, with insignificant flowers, or stunted thorny bushes bearing only sour berries. It was a slow and troublesome process, however, requiring skill and pains and patience, that changed the buttercup into the ranunculus, or the sour crab into the sweet apple. And so, when it pleases God of His grace to select wild seeds, like you and me, we must not murmur or wonder if He insist upon wholly changing us, and leaving no portion of the original bitterness and harshness and sourness of our natural character in us.

Many of the seeds He chooses for himself, He allows just to germinate, and immediately plucks and sanctifies, and takes to Heaven. These are the babes who die in the very morning twilight of their days. Some, like

the thief on the cross, have ripened almost to destruction, when they are snatched like brands from the burning! Others, like Dr. Chalmers, are fostered long on this earth, and put on many of the heavenly characters before they are transplanted to the gardens of the Lord. But all are watered by the Holy Spirit, and renewed by Him in their whole nature, and purified and cleansed and pruned by the Father, the Husbandman, and grafted into the true Vine, which is Christ, and made branches of Him; and thereby, and thereby alone, bring forth fruit.

Let us long, then, for holiness. Even if we got into Heaven without it, which is impossible, we should have no pleasure there. You and I know that sickness makes it impossible to enjoy the delights of this world, and that health is essential to the realization of even its pure joys. Well, sin is the sickness of Heaven, and holiness its health. As a sick man turns away in disgust from the flowers and books and music and food that delight the healthy, so a sinner would find no pleasure in the holiness of Heaven. Holiness and happiness are inseparable.

GEORGE WILSON, M.D.

THE PRAYER OF AGONY.

Tell to thy God thy heart's desire,
With lips of fire;
But close the prayer, as did His own blest Son,
"Yet not my will, but Thine be done."
Freely, like Christ, to God express
Thy deep distress;
But pray thy Father, that He work, at will,
Woe which salvation must fulfil.
"All things are possible," repeat:
And thrice entreat;
But, though the blood start to thy throbbing
brow,
Lowly upon the ground be thou.
Arouse thy brethren by thy side:
Yet gently chide;
Then with thy God again thy soul engage,
And strengthened be to bear thy cross.

LORD KINLOCH.

Pleasant Readings for our Sons and Daughters.

MISS VIVIAN AND HER RELATIONS.

BY A. G., AUTHOR OF "AMONG THE MOUNTAINS," "MABEL AND CORA,"
"BEECHENHURST," ETC.

CHAPTER X.

"It is therefore vanity to seek after perishing riches,"
THOMAS A KEMPIS.

"Why dost thou build up stately rooms on high,
Thou who art underground to lie?
Thou sow'st and plantest, but no fruit must see,
For death, alas, is reaping thee."

ABRAHAM COWLEY.

TH. WENTWORTH was not mistaken in his idea that Captain Gifford had reasons of his own for paying a visit to Vivian Mansion at that particular time when he could spend an hour in the drawing-room free from observation, and that the solicitude he was so careful to display, respecting the health of his aged relative, was a mere pretence. Mr. Wentworth was, however, entirely ignorant as to the nature of those reasons; and could he have seen the manner in which Captain Gifford proceeded to employ himself as soon as he was alone, he would probably have been no less surprised than shocked.

The gentleman's first act was noiselessly to close and bolt the door. Then he walked to a large old-fashioned writing-table in one corner of the room, containing a great many drawers of various sizes, from the smallest of which he took a bunch of keys. Poor Miss Vivian! little had she ever imagined that the place in which they were hidden,—kept studiously secret from every one, even Bentley,—had been discovered by the lynx-like eyes of Captain Gifford, only a few days before. Keys in hand, he next set himself to the task of opening drawer after drawer, turning over and examining the contents of each with equal care and rapidity.

Whatever was the object of his search, it was not easily discovered. But strange and various indeed were the long-hidden hoards thus brought to light. Here were a number of old letters, faded and torn, relics of earlier

days, when Miss Vivian had not been quite alone in the world. There were some pieces of rich-flowered silks,—such silks as in the days of our great-grandmothers would have cost some thirty or forty guineas the dress,—rolled up and thrust into a drawer. Now Captain Gifford opened one full of newspapers, none less than fifteen or twenty years old; then another filled with pieces of string and pack-thread, knotted loosely together, or rolled into balls. Here again were scraps of blank paper, yellow and dusty, intermingled with the torn leaves of one or two books, amongst which was a very ancient and dilapidated primer. Could it be possible that Miss Vivian's love of hoarding had extended so far as to induce her to preserve the book in which she had learnt her A, B, C? More curious still, in the next drawer were one or two broken toys,—the wheel of a child's cart, roughly made, and a misshapen, battered wooden doll, minus legs and arms, a mere caricature of the elegant waxen babies now in vogue. But Captain Gifford was in no mood for lingering over these strange melancholy relics of former days, and he tossed back the doll with an impatient, "Pshaw! what a parcel of rubbish!"

He had, as yet, by no means come to the end of the rubbish. Other drawers remained, and he still continued to open one after another, now turning over a mass of papers, now of scraps of old dresses, here a pile of old music torn and soiled, there a number of faded water-colour sketches, echoes of the school days long gone by. And all these were locked up as carefully as if they were treasures of the greatest value.

Only two more drawers remained, and Captain Gifford began to look annoyed and impatient at his lack of success in finding what he wanted. But he was now near the discovery. He opened one of the drawers—it was stuffed full of beeswax, string, nails, and paper; but within it was a much smaller drawer, which at

first almost escaped his glance. Inside this lay a piece of paper, written closely over, faded, yellow, and worn with old age, upon which Captain Gifford eagerly seized.

Yes, this was the object of his long search, and very well pleased was the expression of his face as he scanned the contents, written and signed by Miss Vivian, willing the whole of her possessions to "Percival Gifford," with the exception of fifty pounds to Bentley.

But he was not yet satisfied, for the will being so old in date, the probabilities were great that it was not her last. He carefully replaced the yellow paper in the drawer, and resumed his search with renewed vigour, only pausing every two or three minutes to listen for the coming footsteps that might herald an interruption.

Not only the writing-table, but every drawer in the room,—and the number was not small,—and every shelf in the deep old cupboards, he ransacked with a perseverance worthy of a better cause. But nothing in the shape of a second will, or writing of any description signed by Miss Vivian, could he discover; and, very well pleased with the result, he closed the last drawer, returning the keys to their hiding-place, and prepared to leave the room.

He had reasons for being perfectly satisfied that this was the only will in existence, and that he was consequently secure of the property, from some words uttered by Miss Vivian not long before. Captain Gifford had one day contrived to edge the conversation round to the subject of wills and bequests in general, in the hope of making some discovery in reference to hers in particular. He related one or two amusing anecdotes, to which she listened graciously, but at the end she said, scornfully,—

"Ay, you think a great deal about wills, I don't doubt, Percival Gifford. But you know nothing at all about mine."

Captain Gifford knew very well that there had been one in his own favour, but whether it was still in existence was doubtful, and by way of finding out, he remarked cautiously,—

"I have no doubt you have made plenty of wills in your lifetime, Miss Vivian."

"You are mistaken then," said Miss Vivian, shortly.

"Indeed!" returned Captain Gifford, politely, though secretly nervous. "I should have expected one in your position, Miss Vivian"—this was said with infinite respect,—"to make and destroy a great many before being satisfied.

And in such a large rambling old house as this, I should think it very probable that more than one might be accidentally lost or mislaid."

"You talk like a child, Captain Gifford!" Just what Captain Gifford had intended to do, in the hopes of obtaining an explanatory answer. "I never destroyed or lost a single will in all my life,—nor anything else, for the matter of that. And if I have a will at all in the house,—and I don't say I have not, though it certainly is no business of yours,—I keep it in its proper place among my other papers, in this room, so I am not likely to mislay it as you seem to fear. Nevertheless it is safe enough from all prying eyes, and neither you nor any one else would find it if you looked all day and night too."

This was the one solitary instance of Miss Vivian's condescending to speak upon the subject, and from the last words Captain Gifford inferred that there undoubtedly was a will, though in favour of whom he had no means of knowing. That he would discover it as soon as possible, he at once determined; and as the first step towards doing so, he managed by very close observation to find out the hiding-place of Miss Vivian's large bunch of keys, and—what was still more difficult—the nature of the spring by which the little drawer was opened. After that he had only to wait for an opportunity; and one was not long in presenting itself, as we have already seen.

Why Captain Gifford should have chosen to run such a risk of discovery, as he undoubtedly did run, in making this search, instead of waiting to become acquainted with the contents of the will in the due course of events, it is at first sight difficult to say. Impatience alone could hardly have formed a sufficient reason. A more probable solution of the question seems to be this,—that the unprincipled man, feeling almost certain that one will had been made, leaving the property to himself, and being uncertain whether a second existed of later date disposing of it otherwise, contemplated destroying the latter in the event of finding it, and thus securing to himself the wealth he so greatly coveted. But if these were his intentions, he was spared even the temptation of committing such a crime by the absence of any second will.

Well satisfied with the result of his search he left the house, overheard, as related in the last chapter, by both Beatrice and her father, but the real object of his long visit was of

course unknown to them, and in the midst of succeeding events they soon forgot the incident altogether.

Beatrice was greatly shaken and overcome by the sad scene of Miss Vivian's closing hours, and for many days afterwards she was haunted unceasingly by that last melancholy conversation. It was the terrible uncertainty connected with Miss Vivian's death that weighed so heavily upon her, far more than the actual loss of an old friend; for though she had been in a measure attached to Miss Vivian, the latter was not a person to inspire any very deep affection, and in Beatrice's intercourse with her, there had been far more of pain than pleasure.

The day of the funeral came at length, and the worn, aged body was borne beneath velvet and plumes—strange mockery of grandeur after her life of parsimony!—to its last resting-place. Little availed to her now the wealth that for years she had been heaping up. Death claimed her for his own, and the broken idol of riches must be left behind. There were many lookers-on in the churchyard, and half of Rookdale turned out of doors or stood at the windows to see the sad procession pass on its way thither, for Miss Vivian was well known by character in the place; yet how few—how very few—there were who really felt her loss! "It is the funeral of Miss Vivian, the old miser! Poor old lady; her money has not done her much good after all," was the comment made by many, and then they turned away, and thought no more about her. Sparingly as Miss Vivian had sown love and kindness among her fellow-creatures, so sparingly she reaped it in return.

There were several gentlemen to follow the hearse to the grave. Captain Gifford was there; and Captain Vivian and Mr. Mansfield, laying aside all remembrance of her repellant coldness towards them, were there also, as well as Bertram and Mr. Wentworth, and Mr. Clifford, the principal lawyer in Rookdale. When all was over they returned in a body to the old Mansion, to hear the reading of Miss Vivian's will.

Meanwhile Constance Mansfield was flitting to and fro between the garden and drawing-room of the Rookery, in a fever of impatience and suspense, that rather perplexed Mrs. Mansfield. She bore for some time in silence her daughter's fidgety movements, but at length said in rather a worried tone,—

"My dear Constance, do pray sit down and

employ yourself. What is the matter with you to-day?"

"Oh, I am only rather excited, mamma. I can't help it. I do wish they would make haste and come back."

"I have no doubt there is a great deal to arrange and discuss, and that it will take them some time. I had no idea you cared so much about this, Constance."

"Mamma, it isn't for myself. I really don't think I am mercenary, am I? I can't help wishing it for Leonard."

"Poor Miss Vivian is very unlikely to have left anything to Leonard, so you had better not expect it, Constance. I thought you had quite made up your mind to that."

"Not quite, mamma. I know it is most unlikely: but still it is possible, just possible, that she may have relented enough to leave him something."

"I did not know you thought so much of riches," said Mrs. Mansfield, with a quiet smile.

"Not generally, mamma. I don't care at all about them generally. It is only just now—just this once. I *should* be very glad if anything were left to Leonard, because—"

"Well, dear?" as Constance hesitated.

"Because he is so poor, mamma, and—and— and because Mrs. Wentworth thinks so much of riches," added Constance, blushing and laughing. "There, mamma, now you have my reason."

"You seem to think a great deal of Mrs. Wentworth's opinion."

"Oh, mamma, you must know what I mean. You must have seen for yourself. And I don't believe she would ever consent—and Mr. Wentworth would never dream of consenting unless she liked it—if Leonard had no more that he has now. Her dream is to see Beatrice rich."

Mrs. Mansfield smiled, and Constance was satisfied,—

"I was sure you knew what I meant, mamma."

"I do not think wealth would form any inducement to Beatrice, Constance."

"No, mamma, only,—I don't believe she needs any inducement," and Constance coloured and laughed again. "Beatrice is the last girl in the world to marry for money. But the doubt is whether Mrs. Wentworth would give her consent. Oh, mamma, I do hope it will come to pass. Would it not be delightful?"

"Your ideas are running on rather fast, I think," said Mrs. Mansfield, quietly. "After all

it may be only a fancy of yours." Constance shook her head decidedly. "At all events I think we are rather premature in discussing this now. It may be long before it comes to anything."

"It won't be Leonard's fault if it is," said Constance, archly. "I am not at all afraid, mamma. I only wish I could see Beatrice more like herself again."

"You thought her rather brighter this morning, did you not?"

"Oh, yes, much. Quite different from what she was at first; only she still looks very pale and worn, and she can't bear to hear poor Miss Vivian mentioned. Mrs. Wentworth is so insensible, she *will* keep on making remarks and asking questions, without caring a bit for Beatrice's feelings. Afterwards she was called away, and when Beatrice was alone with papa and me, she cried so bitterly, and said she was afraid she had never done her duty by Miss Vivian, and that she was always thinking now of things she might have said and done."

"I should think Beatrice is the last who ought to reproach herself with neglect of duty," said Mrs. Mansfield.

"So I think, mamma; but it is of no use to say so to her. Papa talked to her a good deal, and she seemed happier before we came away. But I don't wonder at her feeling it all, after knowing Miss Vivian as she did."

Steps outside made Constance start up, and Mr. Mansfield and Bertram entered the room together. Leonard did not make his appearance till some time later.

"Papa, what have you been doing?" asked Constance eagerly, though trying to look unconcerned, and to persuade herself that she was prepared for the disappointment of her hopes. "Have you heard the will?"

"Yes, and it is all left to Leonard!" said Bertram. "Such a scene we have had! How Captain Gifford did storm!"

"But is Leonard really to have all? Is it really true, papa?"

"Why, my little Connie, I did not expect to see you so excited and anxious about it," said Mr. Mansfield, with a grave smile. "Yes, it is quite true that Leonard has come in for the whole property, with the exception of legacies to Captain Gifford and Bentley. It is more than I expected."

"Oh, mamma, isn't it good?" exclaimed Constance. "Papa, are you not glad?"

"Very glad." But his face did not relax sufficiently to please her, and seeing her dis-

satisfied expression he added,—"Never mind my looks, Constance. Both Leonard and I felt it to be a very painful scene. Poor Miss Vivian! Little use have her riches ever been to her!" and with a sigh he turned to leave the room, saying, "Bertram will tell you all about it."

"Papa always feels that kind of thing so much," Constance remarked half to herself, as the door closed behind him. "But now, Bertram, you must tell us how it has all happened."

Bertram was by no means unwilling, and at once commenced his recital:—

"We were all together in the drawing-room. Captain Gifford was very polite and gracious, and evidently felt quite sure of his ground,—indeed, his manner was remarkably like any one entertaining visitors in his own house. I think he looked upon it as already belonging to him. Mr. Clifford opened the proceedings by a long preamble which—it seemed to me—meant nothing at all, and produced a yellow faded old will, made when Captain Gifford was hardly more than a baby, which he read aloud. Every single penny was left to Captain Gifford, and very complacent and self-satisfied he looked, while it was being read. Mr. Clifford explained that, old as it was, it was the only one in existence, so far as could be discovered by the closest searching."

"But how does the property come to Leonard. Was there no other will?"

"No one imagined that there was, after what Mr. Clifford said. At least no one except Leonard and Mr. Wentworth. Mr. Clifford was congratulating Captain Gifford, and Captain Gifford was looking extremely well satisfied, when Leonard, who had been very quiet and silent all the time, drew a paper out of his pocket, handed it to Mr. Clifford, and sat down again, only saying,—“Will you be so good as to read that, if you please?”

"Bertram!—no, was it really—"

"You remember the time, Constance, when Leonard rescued Miss Vivian from the runaway cart and horse; and the next morning his visit to the Mansion, about which you told me he was so mysterious?—you remember how curious you were about it?"

"I should think so. And from that time to this he has never satisfied my curiosity. What was it all about?"

"Why, it seems that in the first impulse of her gratitude—though I should never have imagined poor old Miss Vivian to be impulsive

in anything, least of all in gratitude,—but whatever was the reason, nothing would satisfy her that morning but the making of a fresh will, leaving her money to him. And she did it too,—all by herself, for you know her horror of lawyers was even greater than her horror of doctors. It was signed by Mr. Wentworth and Bentley, the only others in the secret, and they as well as Leonard had to promise never to mention what had passed, so long as she was alive, without her express permission. Leonard says that the reason she gave was that ‘she did not like a sensation made about her money,’ but I suspect it really was that she did not like him to be known as her acknowledged heir. And the oddest part of it all was that she gave Leonard the will to keep. That was how no one knew anything about it, till he pulled it out of his pocket.”

“But what was it that so amused Leonard—that morning I mean when the will was written—when he was so mysterious? I remember his laughing and looking very much amused.”

“I fancy it must have been a very curious interview from what he says. And the wording of the will itself,—at any other time and place we should have been almost amused over it. But it is all perfectly correct and valid. Mr. Clifford examined and questioned pretty closely, but he could find no flaw either in the way it was drawn up, or signed, or witnessed, and at last he got up, shook hands with Leonard and congratulated him.”

“And how did Captain Gifford take it?”

“I was just going to tell you. He would hardly believe his own ears at first, and when he was obliged to see the truth,—the passion he was in! I really think he could have knocked us all down, ‘with the greatest pleasure in life,’ as the Irish say. He looked quite ferocious.”

“I think I could excuse a little disappointment on his part,” remarked Mrs. Mansfield.

“Disappointment!—yes, mamma, but I don’t think you would have excused the rage he was in, and the words he used. He stormed at us all, and seemed quite beside himself, till Mr. Clifford took him aside and reasoned him down into quietness. After all, I don’t wonder he was astonished, for we all were. No one imagined—Leonard least of all—that she would not have made a fresh will after he offended her so. But I suppose it was either too much trouble, and she put off doing it too long, or else she was not really so angry with him or so pleased with Captain Gifford as she

chose to appear. Captain Gifford had evidently felt perfectly sure of gaining the property, so it really was rather a shock to him. After a while he cooled down, and began to look a little ashamed of his explosion.”

“But is nothing at all left to him?” asked Constance.

“Yes, I was just going to tell you something about that. There is a hundred pounds left to Beatrice, and seventy to Bentley, and five hundred to Captain Gifford. When he had come round again, and was talking to Mr. Clifford,—rather excited, but not in such a passion,—I saw Leonard take up the paper, and point to the legacy of five hundred, saying something which I don’t suppose he meant us to hear.”

“What was it?” Constance asked involuntarily.

“Well, I may as well tell you, for you won’t think any harm of him from it. I could not quite hear all he said, but it was to the effect that he thought the five hundred less than Captain Gifford had a right to expect, and offered to double the sum, if Captain Gifford would permit him.”

“How nice of Leonard,—how kind and generous!” exclaimed Constance warmly. “And how did Captain Gifford take it?”

“I can’t say his manner was very gracious to Leonard, but for very shame he was obliged after that to be civil to him. He mumbled out something like thanks, I think, and at any rate took care not to refuse the offer. It is a great deal more than he deserves, and I think it is a great pity that Leonard should fling away his money in that fashion, directly he gets it.”

“It is just like him,” said Constance. “I am very glad he did it.”

“Like him! Yes I dare say it is. There’s no great praise in saying that. I can’t think what he did it for though, unless he thought it would appear creditable. You need not look so angry, Constance, for that is what half the generosity in the world springs from. However, here comes Leonard himself.”

“Has Bertram told you all particulars, Constance?” Leonard inquired as he entered. Very quiet and composed he looked, but Constance fancied she could detect a lurking expression of bright hope and pleasure beneath the gravity of his face.

“Yes, all. And you must let me congratulate you, Leonard,” she added with a smile. “It is very delightful. But you don’t look

half glad enough. Are you distressed for Captain Gifford's disappointment?"

"Don't I look glad? I am very much pleased, Constance. But there are some rather depressing circumstances connected with it,—I mean if one thinks of poor Miss Vivian," he added in a lower tone, as she looked inquiringly. "I could not sit in that drawing-room without thinking of the last time I was there,—and wishing I had said more, or spoken more wisely."

"She would not let you say more."

"So I thought at the time, and that it was impossible. Now I cannot help fancying that I might at least have spoken differently, and in such a way as to have caused less irritation. But it is too late to think of it now." Leonard was silent a minute, and then added more cheerfully,—“You must not think I am insensible to the advantages of wealth, Constance, and to the influence it brings with it.”

"I can hardly fancy you a rich man," said Constance, half incredulously. "I suppose you will quite give up India now, and settle down in the old Mansion."

"Time enough to think of that," he answered, half gravely, though with a smile.

* * * * *

One evening, about ten days later, Constance was sitting upon the rug, absorbed in a book. A fire had been lighted, as the evening was chilly, and the ruddy flickering light danced over her figure, and cast a gigantic, unsteady shadow upon the wall and ceiling at the farther end of the room. She had been alone for some time when the door opened, and her father came in.

"Reading by firelight, Constance! That is very bad for your eyes."

"I was so interested, papa, that I could not leave off. But where have you and mamma been all this time?"

"Talking to Leonard. Can you guess what about?"

"To Leonard! What, all the time, papa?"

"Not quite. What do you think it was about?"

"I don't know, papa;" and Constance started up. "Is it something good?"

"Ask Leonard if he thinks it so. Here he is to answer for himself."

Leonard came forward, attempting to speak in his usual tone, though his face wore a tell-tale expression of happiness,—

"You are quite puzzled at my father's mysterious remarks, are you not, Constance?"

"No,—but is it really? Do tell me;" said Constance, glancing eagerly from one to the other. "Oh, please tell me, papa! I am so afraid of guessing the wrong thing—though I am almost certain."

Leonard looked down with a smile upon the bright face,—

"Constance, you adopted me long ago as your real brother. Are you willing to have Beatrice for a sister?"

"Then I am right! Oh, how delightful!" and in her ecstasy she seized his hand, and shook it warmly. "How very delightful! I always thought you would like Beatrice. And she has always been my sister in everything but reality. Now, papa, it is too bad to laugh at me; you know what I mean. But are not you and mamma glad?"

"No need to ask that, Connie," said Mr. Mansfield, smiling; "nothing could have pleased us more."

"And Beatrice will be just across the road, and I can run in and out whenever I like," pursued Constance. "And she will be rich at last! What a Lady Bountiful she will be! Oh, Leonard, isn't Mrs. Wentworth delighted?"

"Something like it. Yes, she certainly seemed gratified."

"Only gratified! after she had set her heart on it for so long."

"You seem very well acquainted with Mrs. Wentworth's private feelings and wishes," remarked her father drily: and Constance blushed, but she did not retract her words.

"Papa, you know what I mean. Leonard knows."

"Do I?" was all Leonard would say.

"I know you do. I don't say that of Mrs. Wentworth without reason. Leonard, you must have seen how cool and stiff she was to you for some time after that day when you offended poor Miss Vivian,—ever since then, indeed."

"Yes, I saw it," said Leonard, quietly. "It was no more than I feared beforehand."

"Before you spoke to Miss Vivian? then you expected Miss Vivian to be offended?"

"I thought it very probable. Once or twice before she had shown signs of anger, when I had attempted to say a word upon the same subject."

"And you did it, nevertheless. I think that was very brave; but I wonder you had the courage, when you might have known that so much was likely to depend on your favour with Miss Vivian."

"I did not dare to think of that."

Both Mr. Mansfield and Constance looked inquiringly, and he added in a low serious tone,—

"I found the thought of the money was becoming a snare to me, Constance,—not for its own sake, but for that very reason that I knew how much Mrs. Wentworth thought of riches, and that as a poor man I was very likely never to gain her consent. I found myself involuntarily, though not intentionally, concealing my religious principles from Miss Vivian. I was hardly aware of it, until one day Beatrice in a passing way repeated some words that Miss Vivian had used respecting me, to the effect that she liked me because I was 'not so over-particular, or so fond of interfering with other people's principles as some that she could name,' and that she had 'on the whole been agreeably disappointed in me.' You can imagine what that meant from Miss Vivian."

"No wonder you spoke to her openly after that," said Mr. Mansfield, gravely.

"And you must be glad now that you did," added Constance.

"Very glad and thankful, Constance. But after what Beatrice told me I could never have had any peace of mind until I had shown Miss Vivian my 'true colours,' without reserve. It was as much for my own sake as hers that I spoke."

"I remember wondering sometimes, before that day, how it was that you got on so smoothly with her," said Constance,—adding, with a smile, "but I see now that you understand what I said about Mrs. Wentworth. If she had not set her heart on the money for Beatrice, she would not have been so displeased when she thought all hope of it had gone. However, I suppose she is very happy about it all now—almost as happy as I am. Oh, Leonard, you must tell me one more thing! How soon is it to be?"

"Well done, Constance!" said her father, patting her cheek. "Did you think everything could be settled in half-an-hour?"

Leonard smiled, and assured her that if matters were arranged according to his

wishes, they would not have very long to wait.

"And what are you going to do about the old Mansion?" asked Constance.

"Constance, you are a rather inquisitive young lady," said Mr. Mansfield. "You see, Leonard, she is determined to become acquainted with all particulars."

"She is very welcome to know all that I can tell her," returned Leonard. "I hope to have preparations begun there at once. Beatrice has very gloomy associations now with the place, and my intentions are to make all possible alterations within and without. I shall want your help, Constance, in the choice of new furniture, carpets, curtains, and so on. I am afraid I am very ignorant about such matters. Then the house must be painted and papered from top to bottom, and all the old useless lumber must be made away with."

"And the jungle," suggested Constance.

"Yes, the garden must be taken in hand at once. I am afraid it is too late in the year to transplant many plants, but at all events the brambles and weeds must be cleared away, and turf laid down, and beds made. I should like to have the place so completely transformed that it could hardly be known again."

"No great difficulty, considering the state it is in now," said Constance. "What a comfort it will be to have a respectable garden across the road. Though I am not sure that I shan't rather miss the jungle: I have been so accustomed to see it from my bedroom window from babyhood."

"I don't think you will," returned Leonard. "You will have plenty of trees to look upon still. It is the nettles and brambles that I intend to remove. You can hardly care for the sight of them."

"I wonder what poor old Miss Vivian would think of such alterations," remarked Constance half to herself. "Leonard, you and Beatrice will make a better use of the money than she ever did."

"I trust we may be led to do so," said Leonard seriously, as Mrs. Mansfield entered the room with Bertram and Edwin, and the conversation was broken off.

TAKE CARE OF THE HELM.

BY BLIND AMOS.



VERY often, when I have been on the water in a boat, I have heard, as you may have heard, the man at the oar say to the man steering, "*Mind your helm.*" On board ships and steamboats you often see the inscription up, "Passengers not allowed to talk to the man at the helm." So much depends on steady and careful steering. A careless helmsman might very soon lose a ship; and I remember being on a river in a rough wind, when we got into a great difficulty and dilemma through a little carelessness in steering. We got the boat aground, and long we had to wait, and to wait in very unpleasant circumstances too, because the foolish man did not take care of his helm. And yet the helm seems the most easily managed of any part of the vessel. One is inclined to say, "Well, if a man fail, there is a perfect carelessness and nothing short of it." He has not to do so much; it is no toilsome work; but it needs the attentive, diligent eye. It needs the silent tongue. Sometimes more and sometimes less exertion is needed, but what is especially needed is care. And in rough seas or calm rivers, as the dangerous rock may lurk or the shallow spread below, the good sailor will keep his weather-eye open and "*mind his helm.*"

We are all sailors, and all the success of the voyage depends on our taking care of the helm. I have known many a ship lost by the helmsman. I knew one especially; it had gone many a voyage, but it had always met with some disaster, and always through the helmsman. The vessel had always been light and well rigged, sails all complete and stout, flags and pennons flying; away she went before the breeze. But she had not been at sea long before a spark from the helmsman set a sail on fire; the ship was in flames very soon. To be sure she was saved, but she had to put in again to harbour to be refitted and re-rigged. Well, away she went again, and this time all went very well till the helmsman, a stupid fellow, drove her right among some rocks; there she lay aground for a long time; but again she was saved, and once more was seaworthy. But again she was coasting too near the Arctic Seas, and she was run by the helmsman right upon some icebergs, and there she might have been lost; and was saved by no

clever arrangement of her own, but by a friendly hand from a neighbouring ship. Lost three times by the same helmsman!

Take care of the *tongue*; it is the helmsman of the soul. A word from the tongue will set all the passions in a blaze,—a word from the tongue will wreck a craft among the rocks of thoughtlessness,—a word from the tongue will dash the human vessel among the icebergs of unkindness. The tongue is the helm—take care of the tongue. "Whoso offendeth not in word, the same is a perfect man." When we advance a little into life, we find that the tongue of man creates nearly all the mischief of the world. The man who is able to command his tongue is able to command his whole body, and is able to command other people too.

Is it not wonderful to notice that so large a number of proverbs of all nations should be about the tongue? it shows how much attention it has needed. It is of no use being soft and kind and gentle in disposition, and generous in pocket, and firm and powerful in character, if you cannot control your tongue. A man's tongue makes him or unmakes him far more than he thinks; and indeed it represents and reveals the man. "By thy words thou shalt be justified, and by thy words thou shalt be condemned;" for every word, you know, is an action, and none the less because its deeds cannot always be clearly seen.

In a word, if you would walk upon velvet, take care of your tongue. "Many a man finds fault with his hard path, who has spit stones from his own teeth." "Let a man be born among roses, a foolish tongue may turn them all into nettles." "Rue and thyme both grow in one garden." "A good tongue is a good weapon." "Fair words break no bones, but foul ones many a one." "Good words cool more than cold water." "To cast oil in the fire is not the way to quench it." "Take care of the first words." "The beginning of strife is as when one letteth out water." "Evil words beget evil words, till at last they come to generations."

Oh, the tongue! the tongue! the tongue! "What shall be done unto thee, thou false tongue?" Hollowness and deceit are as bad as slander or railing, or worse. Some tongues

are always on the look-out for an equivocation; they cannot give a direct or plain answer. Their owners do not so much use them, as fence with them; and play off on their neighbour a clever double-dealing in words. All the words of such people are like pieces of money—they have two sides, and one is as good as the other, and neither good for much, for it is all brass or copper coin. Whenever they give you a reply, you can almost always hear the words chuckling in their throat, to think how cleverly they have imposed on you. To such persons a yea is never yea; nor is a nay, nay. Learn to hate all two-faced words. Life has been said by some people to be like the waterman's craft, "Rowing one way, and looking another." That is very well, for we have not only to act for the present moment, but to look right ahead into the future. But we must not say one thing and mean another; it is our using too many words which makes us insincere. If we thought before we spoke, we should oftener live nearer to honesty.

Take care of the helm. Every helm may be steered to the right or to the left. The two things to be constantly borne in mind in the government of the tongue are kindness and sincerity. Virtues carried to extremes become vices. If you are too gentle, soft, and yielding with the tongue, there is danger of insincerity; if too vehement, too rapid, forcible, inconsiderate, you become unkind. There is a golden mean, if we can find it, so that the tongue may become a temple of purity and meekness, of love and truth.

I am sure that the tongue does more to keep the world in turmoil than the sword. I am sure we shall never tread on velvet till people look after their tongues. Of course, control the tongue as we may, still there will be many vices left behind: but a busy tongue is the parent of much mischief. What keeps so many people constantly by the ears? Why, some two or three venomous old newsmongers, who go about, like industrious old apostles of mischief, from house to house. I have often thought when I heard of a straight-waistcoat for lunatics, and a lunatic asylum, what a glorious thing it would be if there were a *tongue asylum*, and some sort of restraint for that most mischievous piece of red machinery. If a man runs out of his house and breaks a window, he is clapped into an asylum, and watch and ward kept over him; but if an old gentleman or lady of the best intentions invite a few neighbours to tea, and proceed to tear in

pieces half the characters in the neighbourhood—or if they go from house to house deliberately to exercise their gifts and graces of malice, by whispering suspicions into the ear of the unsuspecting—or breathing a blight upon fair names, it is all thought to be right and natural, and innocent enough. We have lunatic asylums, asylums for the deaf—for consumption—for the eyes—for the ears. I have heard of chiropædic hospitals; but I have groaned for some hospital for diseased tongues—tongues that are troubled with perpetual and mischievous motion. What a benefactor to his race would he be who should found that hospital!

Take care of *your tongue*—never mind anybody else's tongue—let *them* take care of *theirs*—you take care of *yours*. I say this because most people are more anxious about their neighbours' tongues than about their own. You take care of your hands and your face, why not take care of your tongue? You don't trouble yourself much with your neighbours' hands or face,—let their tongues alone. And you do find, or probably you will, that they do not attend to the health of theirs, and they meddle with the tongues of other people; that will only be another argument why you should devote more attention to yours. Take care of *your tongue*; you have but one tongue to take care of; two feet—two hands—two eyes—even nostrils—a double pair of nerves I am told: but only *one tongue*, and that the cause of as much trouble to everybody as an unbroken colt. Take care that your tongue does not become your master—make it your servant; take care that it does not turn coward—teach it when to speak, what to speak, and how to speak. "Life and death are in the power of our tongue." "Blessing and cursing are in the power of the tongue." Pure fountains and black pools; and the will and the mind preside over all. Take care of *your tongue*.

How blessed is the privilege of those who live so near to the Lord that when the breath of injurious slander has gone over them, they sit still, or pay back the false coin of the world's unkindness with words of gentleness and love! "Of such is the kingdom of Heaven." And why may not this be? The wind that shakes the rose cannot destroy its sweetness. The insect that crawls upon its beautiful leaves may seem to impair, but the rose still pays back injury in fragrance. A shower washes the insect away, but leaves the rose a rose still. And is it not very sweet to know that

the loving heart has a fountain of sweetness in itself, which the winds of unkindness cannot shake, nor the showers and storms of slander wash away? You must be careful how you ever touch, by a word, those hearts which are the Lord's. "God avenges His own elect," and every slight practised on them will be found in the long-run to have been practised on Him. For through all time beautiful things are beautiful things, and the evil things are the evil things.

A Violet and a Nettle were growing on the same bank one spring day, when the sun was shining very brightly, and some of the sweetest breezes were abroad. The violet was rather out of sight, but the nettle had seen her many times though he had never before spoken to her. "Good morning, ma'am," said he. "Good morning, Mr. Nettle," sweetly replied the violet. "I wouldn't give much for your chance if we have many such days as this; there will be some walkers-out who will be wending their way up here, and you will have a short time—you may take my word for it." So impudently spoke the nettle, like a great coarse thing as he was. "Alas," said the violet, "it may be so, but I hope not—I would rather stay here a little while longer and enjoy the sunshine and breeze." "Ah! my lady," said the nettle, "you see that's just the way the world treats you poor things, while it respects me: catch them gathering me—no, no—they know a trick worth two of that; if they touch me I give

them something to remember. And if you had a good sharp sting or two they'd let you be where you are, I'll be bound." "Perhaps so," said the violet, "and yet I'd rather be as I am, without the sting; for you see, *if they gather me it's because they love me—and if they let you alone it's not because they love you so much.* I do not want to be taken away from the pleasant hedge—but they will perhaps gather me to carry me to some sick room—or a lover will give me as a present to his mistress, and she will prize me, and make me a book-mark, where, perhaps, I may stay for generations, to be looked at by her grandchildren. They'll never treat you with so much respect, Mr. Nettle. And if I were gathered you would be sorry: you would not be able to talk to Tom Dockleaf as you do to me—and you know you dearly like to smell my breath. I do not wish to be impudent, but I know that you are all the sweeter for being in my neighbourhood—and you know it too, don't you, Mr. Nettle?" He had no time to reply, for a labourer came with a hedging tool and cut down Mr. Nettle and Tom Dockleaf too; and the poor violet was left in safety to herself in the beautiful light and cool breath of Heaven alone. "Yes," said she to herself, "if they injure us, it is better to feel that we have neither the disposition nor the power to injure them."*

* From an attractive book for young folk—"Blind Amos and his Velvet Principles." By the Rev. Paxton Hood. London: S. W. Partridge.

THE MAIL TRAIN.



FROM the siding slowly gliding,
Almost sleeping, gently creeping,
Comes the engine towards the line—
Brightly polished brasses gleaming,
Blazing fire and vapour steaming,
For the mighty work combine.

See the stalwart driver stand
With his hand upon the mane
Of his tireless flaming steed,
Guiding his speed
At his own will or need,
To stop, or run, or fly.
How calmly resolute and grand
He looks while passing by,
And followed by the train!

A noble engine, high in fame,
"The Wellington"—a deathless name,—
And high in speed and mighty power,
To cover fifty miles an hour.
The carriages are first and second,
Fourteen together reckoned;
Besides the luggage-van and tender.

But oh! what beauty, wealth, and splendour,
Comes crowding forth
From east and west, from south and north,
Squires, merchants, bishops, farmers, traders,
And Ethiopian serenaders;
The bounding young, all joy and glee,
Sweet laughing children blithe and free;
And tremulous old, and rich and poor,

All hurrying to the carriage-door.
The train is full—five hundred souls
Are packed together there ;
The whistle sounds, away it rolls,
And leaves the platform bare.

With watchful heed, but rising speed,
The iron horse pursues his course !
The eagle eye and steady hand
That drives, can regulate the force,
And hold him in command.
The city lights grow dim and few,
And vanish from the sight
In deep dark night,
And only leave in view
Two flaming eyes before
A rush of something undefined,
Which passes with a thunder roar,
And two red stars behind !
Onwards ! like a meteor flashing,
Gathering speed,—gathering speed :
Under bridges, over ridges,
Onwards ! blazing, hissing, dashing,
Terrible indeed !
Past the solitary station,
Quick as thought—it comes—'tis gone !
O'er the giddy elevation,
O'er the viaduct of stone,
Flaming on—alone—alone !
See below—nay, do not quiver !—
Underneath us runs a river,
Making melancholy moan,
Flowing on—flowing on.
See, a ship is sailing under ;
On we sweep ! on we sweep !
As though we cleared it with a leap,
In fear and wonder.
But hark ! a sound like thunder
Bursts with electric shock,
Or blast of granite rock,—
The whistle's shrill and startling sound
Tells us we are underground,
In a tunnel three miles long.
On we fly ! on we fly !
Our charger never was so strong
Or speed so high ;
Without slackening or strain,
He springs into fresh air again.

Onward sweeping—onward sweeping,
While the silent world is sleeping.
Onward sweeping—onward sweeping,
With a flare of lurid glare :

Never weary, though the dreary
Midnight chills the air.
Alps of chalk on either hand,
Then through Apennines of sand ;
Iron bridges hung on chains,
Where mountain spasms
Have left wide chasms.
Giant tubes—through which the trains
Travel by the light of gas ;
Still our never-flagging horse
Shoots on his lightning course !
So, falling back with folded arms,
Over our eyes we draw our cap,
To take a gentle nap
Oblivious of alarms.

* * * *

What's the shaking ? Are we waking ?
Can we have slept on an hour ?
What a screech the whistle's making !
Every break puts on its power,
We have slept for many an hour.
Sweetly waking—morning's breaking,
Summer morning's primest hour ;
Yonder is our journey's end,
Yonder is the glorious sea ;
Softly round the curve we bend,
Slow and easy as may be ;
Spires all glittering in light,
Noble cliffs and sweeping bays,
Burst all bright upon the sight :
Friendly meetings, happy greetings,
Loving bands all shaking hands ;
Crowds of fathers, brothers, cousins,
Uncles, aunts, and lovers—dozens !
Groups of friends already come,
Welcome everybody home.

Gently from the platform gliding,
See the conquering engine go ;
Put him back upon the siding,
Quench his fiery heart, and blow
Off the steam, and let him dream
Hazily and lazily.
On that siding still abiding,
In a deep, unconscious sleep,
There a holiday to keep,
Until duty's call shall come—
See "The Wellington" at home !

BENJAMIN GOUGH,
*Author of "Kentish Lyrics," "Lyra
Sabbatica," &c.*

LIVES THAT SPEAK.

SECOND SERIES.

X.—MARTIN LUTHER.

BY THE REV. J. B. OWEN, M.A., INCUMBENT OF ST. JUDE'S, CHELSEA; AUTHOR OF
"THE HOMES OF SCRIPTURE," ETC.

MARTIN LUTHER is a name at once the bugbear of Romanists and a household word among Protestants. We all seem to know something about him, and we so much like what we know as to want to know more. His colossal reputation looms out on the edge of "the dark ages," like a giant mirage magnified by the eccentric condition of the atmosphere upon which he was reflected; and when, upon a nearer contemplation of his character, he seems to come down to us from the cloud and the mountain-top, his face shines like that of a Moses, radiant with the light of intimate communion with God.

There is a certain magnanimity of daring about the character of Luther, which appeals mightily to our English sympathies. His isolated standing-at-bay, confronted by the hosts of papal Europe,—a position chivalrously assumed, and more than heroically maintained,—takes our hearts by storm. It is just what we would have him do, had he been a countryman of our own. We are half persuaded he was *one*, and feel assured, that, but for the accident of his birth among our "cousin-german," his name would have been, not Martin Luther, but Martin Bull. Among all our admirable reformers in England, we had not one who left the impress of his individual spirit and theology on the national mind, as Luther did in Germany, or Calvin in Switzerland, or Knox in Scotland. Our own reformers established no new ecclesiastical politics, but they were content to die for the renovation of the old one.

It has become the fashion among some drawing-room theologians to disparage Luther,—he sits too strongly on their weak stomachs,—they are sick of him; and it would be strange if they could digest the man whom Leo X. found too hard to swallow. Luther was "he that troubled Israel," such men say; and the disguising Ahabs and painted Jezebels of the day brought the same charge against Elijah.

Luther, they say, "was a vulgar brawler" too—and why? Because, when his eyes at

length recognised in the Papacy an Agag walking delicately, "he hewed him in pieces before the Lord." Luther was "superstitious" say they,—and well he might be; things wear their most eccentric and monstrous shapes in the dim exaggerated caricatures of twilight; but when the sun arose upon his soul, "they gat them away to their dens," as if pelted with the tiles of Wittenberg. The infirmities of Luther were due to his popish antecedents; his virtues, to the pious heroism that rejected them.

I do not think Luther is really known among us. Until the appearance of Mr. Hazlitt's profoundly philosophical portrait of the great reformer, justice was scarcely done him in England. We still want more insight into the *man*. Sir James Stephen (in his article, in No. 138 of the *Edinburgh Review*, on D'Aubigné's History) observes: "History having claimed him for her own, Biography has yielded to the pretensions of her more stately sister, and the domestic and interior life of the antagonist of Leo and of Charles yet remains to be written. I have searched even D'Aubigné in vain for a portrait of 'Luther at Home.' He came forth on the theatre of life another Samson Agonistes, 'with plain heroic magnitude of mind, and celestial vigour armed,' ready to wage an unequal combat with the haughtiest of the 'giants of Gath;' or to shake down, though it were on his own head, the columns of the proudest of her temples."

Luther's warlike spirit might have steeped him in terrible and continual antagonism, but that it was counterpoised by a constitutional melancholy, that often melted him, like Saul, to tears, and led him to play the David to his own gloomy hallucinations—soothing down his spirit by his own hand and lute and voice, to the tune of those noble melodies which connect the memory of the stern reformer with the softer associations of the musical and pathetic. When, under the influence of a better light, he yielded, with the heartiest relish, to the innocent convivialities of his friends, his broad humour and railleury be-

tokened the relaxation of a master mind, abdicating an habitual sovereignty over other men, to become for a passing hour their companion.

Martin Luther was born on November 10th, 1483, at Eisleben, in Saxony. His father, John Luther, was employed in the mines, and by his intelligence and character had been raised to opulence, respect, and to an appointment in the local magistracy. At fourteen, Luther was sent to school at Magdeburg; but, in less than a year, was transferred to a superior establishment in charge of the Franciscans, at Eisenach. Here he distinguished himself in the abstruse and clumsy grammar of the day, and by the spirit and easy flow of his Latin verses. In 1502 he entered the college of Erfurt, and the next year graduated as M.A.; and having now run through the curriculum of all the sciences which the universities could then afford, he was persuaded by his family to abandon theology for the study of the law. Accident—or rather, Providence alone—occasioned his return to the study of divinity.

In 1504, walking in the fields with his young and beloved friend Alexius, a sudden thunder-bolt struck his companion dead at his feet. At the spectacle of such an awful disaster, Luther was led to think seriously of the necessity of being ever ready for the great change—"for in an hour that ye know not the Son of Man cometh." It was the age of monkery; no better notion of preparing for Heaven was then entertained, than shutting up the living man in a cell, little larger or lighter than his sepulchre, and imitating the dead—playing at mortmain as far as possible—in the grave-clothes of cowl and hood, like a shroud, lying in sackcloth, feeding on ashes, affecting silence and solitude, and dosing upon relics and dead men's bones. How far it consulted the glory of God, the good of society, or of the individual sinner—the gloomy anachronism that parodied the dead self in the lifetime of the living one—the common sense as well as religious sense of Protestantism has yet to learn. Over the ashes of his friend, Luther made a solemn vow to abjure the world and assume the cowl.

In 1505 he was admitted an Augustine monk at Erfurt, and soon became remarkable for his mortifications, labours, fastings, and prayers. Luther had never yet seen a Bible, beyond the fragments of it read in the mass. The Faculty of Theology at Paris had just issued the memorable declaration that "Religion was undone, if the study of Greek or

Hebrew were permitted"—a declaration that stands in European history, like the obelisks in the Nile floods, a landmark by which to gauge the depth of Papal inundation on Christendom! The general opinion may be summed up in the oration of a popular friar of the day, who said,—

"They have invented a new language, which they call Greek: you must be on your guard against it. There is in the hands of many, a book which they call the New Testament: it is a book full of daggers and poison. As to the Hebrew, it is certain that whoever learns it, immediately becomes a Jew."

Two years after, an old copy of the Scriptures, made by one of Cassiodorus' monks, in an early century, fell into Luther's hands. He was already ordained, and when his ignorance of God's Word became painfully apparent to his mind, he felt bitterly the Saviour's reproach, "Art thou a master in Israel, and knowest not these things?" but though, like the Jewish ruler, he had come to the Word of God in darkness, he was soon to find it to be "a light to his feet, and a lantern to his patha." He studied Scripture with even a greater and holier ardour than the zeal with which he had already mastered the sciences. Its statutes became "the men of his council." The future professor of logic and theology obeyed upon his knees the Saviour's precept, "Search the Scriptures," and he found them verify His declaration, "They testify of Me." He found Christ in the law, Christ in the prophets, Christ in the Psalms—a typical Christ in the ritual of Leviticus—a symbolical Christ in historical persons and parallels—a practical Christ in the sorrows and trials, comforts and triumphs, of His saints—and Christ at last his own "all in all." This blessed effect is promised in the Book, to them that approach its temple of truth, as the Grecians in the Gospel did, saying, "We would see Jesus." "If thou seek Him, He will be found of thee." He found his light growing, his knowledge advancing, and his difficulties rapidly dispersing, like the mountain mist before the sunrise, till the cloud in which its head had been hidden shone out like Sinai, radiant with the light of Heaven, and glorious with the presence of God!

But, mingled with these precious musings, as their earthly alloy, or as the quartz in the virgin gold, were other sensations that belonged to his German education—to the spirit of the community and of the age in which he lived.



MARTIN LUTHER.

All Luther's antecedents were at variance with his evangelical emotions. There was between the old man and the new no moral amalgam. The attempt to patch "the old cloth with the new piece" made the rent worse. "The house made with hands" could not be merely repaired and fresh wings added to the original structure—his whole previous system of religious sentiment must be swept away. Like the Jewish temple, "not one stone [of the old building] must be left upon another," it must become desolate, or ever the broken heart shall sigh up from among its ruins, "Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord!" But before this consummation could be arrived at, the strong antagonism between his habitual prepossessions, and the unearthly teaching of the inspired Word, like the announcement of Messiah's birth to Herod, "troubled him;" and there were intervals of such deep dejection, that, with the lonely prophet by the exhausted streams of Cherith, he could only pray, "Now, Lord, take away my life!" The thunders of the law of judgment seemed to awake an echo in his ears, that stunned him to the heart; the lightning of Divine wrath against sin seemed to flash with a special view to his detection, and the laying bare of his life of sin; and he wrote, by its fearful light, "bitter things against himself." The very conflict of alternate hope and fear that divided him against himself, urged him to search, more deeply and anxiously, into the grounds upon which it might be possible to reconcile his position with the exercise of Divine mercy. At such seasons he has abruptly hurried off from a dispute on doctrine, and, overpowered by the struggles of his own heart, flung himself on his monastic bed in an agony of supplication, uttering the soul-searching words of his own great prototype, St. Paul, "He hath concluded all in unbelief, that He might have mercy upon all!"

There is nothing singular in this experience. It finds some counterpart in the throes of conscience and conviction in every child of God. Like the diseases incidental to natural infancy, they are the normal epidemics of spiritual childhood, that leave the soul, after her passage through them, healthier, stronger, and less liable to the poignancy of the maladies than before.

Luther knew no better, at this time, than to have recourse to more rigid mortifications and fastings, sometimes even for three days together. Like the woman of the "bloody issue,"

who "had spent her all upon physicians, and grew nothing better," Luther grew worse. His severe discipline, joined with intense study, superinduced a serious illness, more mental, however, than physical, which led him to cry out to such "miserable comforters" as the monastery afforded—

"Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased:
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow:
Raze out the written troubles of the brain:
And, with some sweet oblivious antidote,
Cleanse the stuffed bosom of that perilous stuff
That weighs upon the heart?"

But, even in the ignorance and corruption of conventual life, God had not left Himself without a witness. An old brother of the order, who attended Luther on his sick-bed, discoursed with him on the remission of sins, and finally landed him safe on the *terra firma* of "justification by faith, through grace." The spirit that influenced the Jewish high-priest to advise a course of dealing with Jesus, which issued in the superseding of his own system, seems to have similarly impelled Luther's Superior to recommend him a pursuit which led the Reformer to the denunciation of Popery. The prior of the Augustines exhorted him to make himself an able *textualis et localis*, i. e., a master in doctrine and quotation of Scripture. Naturally fluent, he cultivated his gift by frequently exercising it in the neighbouring churches, and was thus, by the grace of God, at length endowed and "thoroughly furnished" for the great work which was destined to immortalise the name of Martin Luther in the chronicles of the kingdom of God. Frederick of Saxony offered him the chair of logic in the University of Wittenberg in 1508. He assumed it in the twenty-fifth year of his age, and thus entered upon that course of athletic controversy, which constituted the drill of the future champion against the fanciful and ferocious errors of the Schoolmen.

"In the middle of Wittenberg Market-place," says D'Aubigné (Vol. i. p. 168), "there stood an old wooden chapel, thirty feet long, by twenty feet broad, in which was an old pulpit, made of boards, three feet high, in which begun the preaching of the Reformation—a building that might well be compared with the stable in which Christ was born. It was in that miserable enclosure that God desired, so to speak, that His Beloved Son should be born a second time. There Luther preached,

and all were struck with his expressive face, his noble air, and clear and sonorous voice."

Before his time, most preachers sought rather to amuse their auditors than to convert them. The pulpit was but the higher part of the church-stage which relieved the Latin pantomime of the "mass," by an homogeneous epilogue in the vernacular.

The respect in which the Reformer was held is obvious, from the fact of his having been sent as a kind of proctor to represent seven monasteries in an appeal to the Pope. On the occasion of this visit, Luther's actual inspection of the general and unblushing profligacy of Rome, which he had hitherto been accustomed to consider "the Holy City"—the Jerusalem of Christendom, effectually released him from his fabulous impressions of its metropolitan relation to the Church catholic, as the headquarters of the faith, and the treasury of evangelical sanctity. He discovered that the Pope had more holiness in his title than in his estate; and troubled, wounded, and disgusted with all he witnessed in the Pontifical city and in the Vatican, in its monasteries, nunneries, colleges, churches, and social circles, he exclaimed in that bitterness of soul with which a generous spirit discovers the worthlessness of a beloved object in which it had "garnered up its heart"—"If there be a hell, Rome is built over it; it is an abyss whence all sins proceed." "Not for a hundred thousand florins would I have missed seeing Rome."

Luther returned from Rome disabused root and branch of all his old impressions of its sanctity and oracular authority; and, falling back upon the exclusive sanction and supremacy of Scripture, the whole Reformation was involved in that characteristic movement; for a placed God where for ages of theological usurpation had been the graven image of a priest!

It is one of the random *ex-post-facto* conjectures of later years, that Luther's opposition arose from his annoyance at the sale of indulgences being taken out of the hands of his own order, the Augustines. It is, however, not at all clear that these monks ever held a commission for their sale in Germany. The charge was never urged in the Reformer's lifetime—it has been obviously abandoned by the more distinguished even of Romish historians, and at this period Luther was himself too "good a catholic" to murmur at the authority of the supreme pontiff of Christendom. The true cause of his hostility to indulgences was

their palpable contradiction to Scripture, and to the natural philosophy of religion. In the face of Tetzel's impudent threat of a pile for the burning of heretics, which that infamous friar had ordered with a view to the intimidation of his opponent, Luther immediately published his celebrated "Ninety-five Propositions," embracing the whole doctrine of penance, purgatory, and indulgences; suspended them on the church-door in one of the thoroughfares of Wittenberg, and challenged a public disputation. The cartel not being accepted, he printed his "Propositions," which comprised, virtually, the first document of the Reformation. His letter, at the same period, to the archbishop of Mentz, briefly capitulated his points, and added, "What horror must that bishop experience, and how great his danger, if he allow the sale of indulgences to be substituted among his flock for the doctrines of Revelation. Shall not Christ say to such persons, 'Ye strain at a gnat, and swallow a camel?'"

As we are rather pencilling a sketch than recording a history, we shall here diverge from strict chronological order to delineate Luther's portrait as a man, a husband, and a father. We love to contemplate a great character in little things—they are the casual notes of introduction that render it accessible—they present the man in his undress, off his guard, in his real and inner self; and in these trivial indices their greatness often betrays itself with a simple natural grandeur that eclipses their more public and memorable developments, just as the sun looks brightest in the little rays that shine through the shutter-blinds into a dark room. One of the earliest keynotes of the moral greatness of a Chalmers was sounded in the fond-hearted heroism that led him in his young manhood to walk all the way from Edinburgh to Liverpool and back again, to give a younger brother, who was going to sea, some lessons in navigation, which both were too poor to pay for in any other way! Such brotherhood as that is large enough to make room for a wide fraternity of its fellow-man.

Luther married a nun, Catherine de Bora, a beautiful and accomplished lady of noble birth, who, moved alike by the great Reformer's eloquent philippics against sacerdotal celibacy, and by admiration of a holy boldness, like another John the Baptist's, abandoned her ancient creed, her convent, and her vows, to become the wife of a monk who offered to share with her the odium and the heroism of such a

precedent. From this two-fold matrimonial sacrilege, the small homœopathic wittings of the day predicted the birth of antichrist; but in due course, six fine prattling Lutherans negatived their ribald prophecy. Luther's own defence of the case was, like the man, clear, direct, and straightforward. "He had inculcated on others," he said, "the advantages of the conjugal state, and was bound to enforce his precepts by his example." And all that need be added to the argument, is the converse proposition—it were well if they who uphold the celibate as a sacerdotal theory, were in the habit of illustrating its virtues "not only with their lips, but also in their lives." Unless it be conceded to the unnatural contract of monkery and nunnery, that it is binding upon the parties for life, whatever conscientious change of views might thereafter lead them to loathe and abhor that contract, along with the other abominations of the same system, then it appears to me Luther had a better right to marry, which is God's ordinance, than to patronise the celibate, which is man's device. "But the vow was a bar against matrimony," says the man with the beam in his eye. True, but it was notoriously the "bar-sinister," and it was better, with the might of a Samson, to bear away the gates of the harlot's city, "bar and all," than to be taken captive in the harlot's arms!

Luther's habitual reverence for woman was at once a natural instinct, and a point of doctrine. Hence, he was not merely a fond, but in the most touching sense of the graceful word, a courteous husband. His view of the relation of man and wife partook of the originality that distinguished his other conceptions. He observed, that when the first woman was brought to the first man to receive her name, he called her not wife, but *mother*—"Eve, the mother of all living!" A word more eloquent than ever fell from the lips of Demosthenes.

A happier home than Luther's was not to be found even in the domestic fatherland of Germany. He gaily said to his wife, one day, "If I were going to make love again, I would carve an obedient woman out of marble, in despair of finding one in any other way."

Over one of his infants, fondly pressed to its mother's bosom, Luther moralised, "that babe and everything that belongs to us, is hated by the Pope, by Duke George, by their adherents, and by all the devils. Yet, dear little fellow, he troubles himself not a whit for all these powerful enemies; he gaily sucks the

breast, looks round him with a loud laugh, and lets them storm as they like."

The following letter, written to his eldest boy, during the Diet of Augsburg, will be read by parental eyes with more interest than the five confessions submitted to the Emperor on that famous occasion:—

"Grace and peace be with thee, my dear little boy! I rejoice to find that you are attentive to your lessons and your prayer. Persevere, my child, and when I come home I will bring you some pretty fairing." (He then proceeds to put in an allegory his favourite view of the enjoyments of Heaven, as being more in unison with the constitution of the human creature, and less refined away to such a point of evanescent spirituality, as in some peoples' celestial theories, neutralize, or rob them of their attraction.)

"I know," said he, "of a beautiful garden, full of children in golden dresses, who ~~are~~ ^{are} about under the trees eating apples, pears, cherries, nuts, and plums. They jump and ~~are~~ ^{are} and are full of glee, and they have pretty little horses with golden bridles and silver saddles. As I went by this garden I asked the owner of it, who those children were? and he told me that they were the good children who loved to say their prayers, and to learn their lessons, and who fear God. Then I said to him: Dear sir, I have a boy, little John Luther; may not he, too, come to this garden to eat these beautiful apples and pears, to ride these pretty little horses, and to play with the other children? And the man said, If he is very good, if he says his prayers, and learns his lessons, he may come, and he may bring with him little Philip and little James. . . . So I said to the man, I will go and write to my dear little John, and teach him to be good, and to say his prayers, and learn his lessons, that he may come to this garden. . . . I commit you to the care of God. . . . From your papa, who loves you,—MARTIN LUTHER."

There were other seasons of domestic gloom and sorrowing for the inroads of death upon his attached home circle, when theology and polemics gave way to the more powerful voice of nature, and the iron-stone man that could stand alone and firm as a rock in the storm, could melt into gushing tears, like Horeb under the touch of the Hand Divine. Witness his passionate apostrophe over the bier of his sweet child, Magdalene, whom the Lord took to Himself, like Jephtha's daughter, in her virgin youth and beauty.

"Such is the power of natural affection," said he, "that I cannot endure this without tears and groans, or rather an utter deadness of heart. At the bottom of my soul are engraven her looks, her words, her gestures, as I gazed at her in her lifetime and on her death-bed. My dutiful, my gentle daughter! Even the death of Christ (and what are all deaths compared to His?) cannot tear me from the thought, as it should—she was playful, lovely, and full of love!"

Take one more trait of Luther as a master—"there is but one step from the nursery to

the servant's hall"—mark the great man's social gratitude to his old servant John, who was leaving his family:—

"We must dismiss old John with honour. We know that he has always served us faithfully and zealously, and as became a Christian servant. You need not remind me that we are not rich. I would gladly give him ten florins if I had them, but do not let it be less than five. He is not able to do much for himself. Think how this money can be raised. *There is a silver cup which might be pawned.* Sure I am that God will not desert us. Adieu."

(To be continued.)

THE GREAT CABLE.

ONE of those little rocking steamboats which coast along the shores of the Mediterranean, and which present so forcible a contrast to the magnificent boats that float upon our own waters, was just approaching the last port at which she was to touch before reaching Naples, her ultimate place of destination. In was in the afternoon of one of those beautiful days which never seem so beautiful as under an Italian sky. The passengers were few, and, like all similar assemblages on those waters, were composed of strangely mingled materials. Most of them seemed to be recovering from the effects of the tossing and rolling which such short and small boats must always encounter in the quick chopping waves of the Mediterranean,—and were here and there composing themselves to such sleep as the noisy machinery and rocking of the boat would allow. Others were gathered in the bow of the boat, looking in a kind of dreamy curiosity at the city they were approaching.

Thus it happened that two of the passengers, seated on the after part of the deck, were left entirely alone. They appeared to have been engaged in animated conversation. Harold Drummond, the younger of the two, had been left fatherless at an early age, but under the care of his devoted mother, who had lived to see him graduate with high honours at Cambridge, and of his Uncle Herbert, his present travelling companion, he had scarcely realized his loss. From Cambridge he had gone to Berlin, and if, when left to his own guidance, he had acquired a taste for German meta-

physics,—and had exchanged the simplicity of his mother's faith for the dark and shadowy theories of his foreign teachers and associates,—he only followed, unwittingly, in the footsteps of many an unhappy predecessor, and did no more than young men will never cease to do, till parents learn how illusory are the advantages and how decided the dangers that attend foreign universities. His personal appearance was prepossessing. His figure was slight, but manly. His high forehead and pale complexion bespoke the student. His features were classic, but a little irregular, and his whole countenance attractive, except that upon his thin lips there sometimes rested an expression which almost amounted to a sneer. His uncle was a man of perhaps forty-five years of age. He was a clergyman of the Church of England, and was accompanying his nephew in his travels, partly for his nephew's sake, partly to restore the health that twenty years of uninterrupted faithful labour had greatly impaired. His face showed deep marks of suffering gone through at some former period of his life, but every line had long since settled into an expression of calm and almost majestic repose.

"You were speaking of faith, just now, uncle. It seems to me that men insist upon faith without much knowing what it is, or having very clear ideas about it. They speak of different *kinds* of faith, but I only know of one kind; or at least if there are more than one, I have never understood the difference between them."

"I don't think there is more than one kind either."

"It seems to me so," continued the nephew; "and then it can't make much difference what a man believes, if he is only sincere."

"Is that true, Harold?" said the uncle quietly.

"Why, yes," he replied; and then, after a little pause, added, "for if men believe according to their knowledge, what more can be expected of them?"

"Is it so in other things?" asked Mr. Herbert. "The Esquimaux believes that if he could only have walrus-meat enough he would be perfectly happy; but does he not suffer in consequence of such a belief? The African believes that written characters are connected in some way with magic; and the ignorance and stupidity of his race is a natural consequence. The Thug believes it is his duty to murder men, and he is hunted and killed himself in consequence. Men always suffer in consequence of any foolish and ignorant belief, in other things; how are you so sure, that supreme happiness will be the result of such a belief, when connected with religious subjects?"

"But, Uncle, it seems unjust to punish men for believing what they think true!"

"It is not for us, Harold, with our limited knowledge and feeble capacities, to judge of the justice or injustice of any course of conduct that God may see fit to pursue; but I did not say that men will be punished for believing what is not true. Probably, if God chose to judge each man by the faith which he professes, there would not be one that could bear the test. I only denied that it makes no difference what a man believes, even though he may be sincere."

The nephew was silent, and sat listlessly and abstractedly watching the movement of the boat, as she noiselessly glided towards the wharf.

"Harold," said his uncle, "I have a particular reason for wishing you to watch the operation of bringing this boat up to the wharf."

Harold looked surprised; but though he had often seen the thing done before, yet he now took pleasure in complying with the request. Several of the crew had gathered in the stern of the boat, just below Harold and his uncle, around a large cable that lay coiled up at the side of the boat. The end of the cable was made into a large noose, around which the mate had fastened a small rope. The rest of the little rope he held coiled up in his hand.

When the stern of the boat had come near enough to the wharf, the mate, with one whirl around his head, threw the coil of rope on the shore. It unwound as it flew, and struck one man on the head, and another on the back, and lay stretched out over the heads of the crowd. A dozen hands caught it, and three or four men were soon engaged in drawing the cable ashore, as fast as the men on the boat let it out. When the noose of the cable was fairly on the wharf, two or three men lifted it up, and slipped it over one of the large posts that stood so firmly fixed in the wharf. Still the boat lay motionless many feet from the shore. The men on the boat then seized the cable and began to pull in,—not steadily, but by jerks; and at every jerk, the mate encouraged them with a loud "heave-ho!" and the great cable which stretched from the boat to the shore, rose dripping from the water, and then fell back again, as the boat moved slowly up to her place. When at last the boat touched the shore, amid a great deal of shouting, the sailors fastened the cable and went away.

"Well," said Harold, smiling, "she is fast. There is nothing very mysterious in that, is there?"

"No," replied his uncle, "I see nothing."

"What did you want me to watch it for?"

"Because faith is a very similar operation,—no less simple,—and indeed very much like it."

"Faith like the mooring of a boat?" exclaimed his nephew.

"Yes,—very much!"

The student looked puzzled.

"Harold, how many things are necessary in bringing that boat up to the wharf just now?"

"Why, a good strong cable was pretty much all," answered Harold.

"Was that all? Suppose there had been nothing to fasten it to!"

"Oh, yes, of course there must be a post."

"Well, then, what else?"

"Nothing."

"So then you mean to say," said Mr. Herbert, "that a post and a cable will be sufficient to bring any boat ashore?"

"Why, no," replied Harold, laughing. "there must be some one to pull upon the cable."

"Well, then, there must be, first, a cable; secondly, a post, or something to fasten the cable to; thirdly, men to pull. Now in *faith* there are just three things necessary: belief, truth, determination. Do you understand me?"

"No, I don't think I do."

"We will call belief the cable. Almost all men believe *something*, some theory or doctrine about religion. But you say the cable is not enough. Neither is belief, although sincere. Then we will call the post on the shore truth. Belief must be fastened upon something *true*. If the cable had been fastened to another boat, to a log, or to a moveable stone, we should never have got ashore. Just so we must believe the *truth*,—something that is never false, or changing, or moveable. Can you think of any class of people who have these two qualities of faith and nothing more?"

"Why, I should think that most men in Christian countries have a belief more or less firm in the—in what is true."

"Yes, and is that enough?"

Harold was silent.

"No," continued his uncle, "there must be something more. The *will* must take hold of this belief with energy, and make it the ruling principle of life."

"How?" asked Harold.

"That, my dear fellow, is the great secret of religion, and can only be really learned from experience. But to answer as well as I can,—by entirely submitting itself to a higher will, in obedience, confidence, and love. And this principle, when thus active in the heart, will show itself outwardly."

"How?" said Harold again.

"By its works."

"Then you make works necessary to faith?"

"No. Are the leaves of the tree the cause, or the proof, of life in the tree?"

"The proof only, certainly."

"Exactly."

There was a pause for a moment, and then Mr. Herbert continued: "Then, again, there are some men who have only the first and last qualities of faith,—belief and activity. Can you think of any such?" Harold thought of the worshippers he had seen in the great cathedral of Milan; how devout and earnest they seemed to be, and how hard some of them were thus trying to secure their own salvation, as Luther once tried.

"There are some too," added his uncle, "who, without *either* belief or knowledge of the truth, are vainly struggling for salvation." Harold thought of some of his German friends, and was silent.

Mr. Herbert walked away and left Harold to himself. The boat had again been put in motion, and the young man, absorbed in a new

train of thought, stretched himself upon a settee, and was soon asleep.

As he slept, he dreamed that he was still in the boat, but no longer on the Mediterranean. They seemed to be approaching the wharf of a town on the bank of a river. A great crowd of people, as usual, were waiting the boat's arrival. The engines stopped, and the boat glided along, but no one seemed to be making any preparation to bring the boat to her landing. The current was strong, and she was drifting away from the wharf. Then it seemed to him that, just at a little distance below, the river fell over a precipice, and went tumbling and roaring down among the rocks, where no boat could live for a moment. The sailors and passengers now first began to see the danger, and were in terror. In vain they hurried to and fro, looking for ropes to throw ashore. They found none, and the shore constantly retreated, and the falls grew nearer and nearer.

All at once it seemed to Harold that a long cable was stretched from the boat to the shore, and all the sailors and passengers clutched it eagerly, and began to pull upon it. The captain and officers seemed to cheer them on. But the captain seemed changed into a priest in full canonicals, repeating in ceaseless monotony Latin prayers, and the mate, decked in a turban, was reading from the Koran. Then it seemed to him that the deck and rigging were crowded with many officers, all encouraging the men to work, and every officer was a priest. The proud Brahmin, the fierce Sun-worshipper, the Grand Llama,—all were there; and every now and then they ceased their invocations, and then in the breathless silence nothing was heard except the heaving and panting of the men, the tramping of countless feet as they worked with desperate energy, tugging at the wet, slimy rope; and the heavy rattling and dripping of the great cable as it came up from the water, and passed over the side of the boat. And still the cable did not cease coming, and still the shore retreated, and still the falls came nearer and nearer!

Harold left the rope in despair, and leaned over the side of the boat. A cold damp stood upon his forehead, and he was in an agony of fear. He tried to pray, but he could not keep his eye off the cable. He could see the end of it now, trailing slowly over the ground. It would soon be drawn over the wharf into the water, and then there would be no hope!

Would no one throw it over a post? Of all the crowd that had a few moments before lined the wharf, not a soul was left. And still the cable came dripping, rattling up, and still the shore retreated, and already he felt the spray from the falls.

Suddenly a single man appeared upon the wharf, and, seizing the end of the cable, with wonderful strength threw it over an iron post. At once the noise of the voices on the boat ceased. The priests of every name were gone. Harold heard the rattling cease; he heard the cable violently lashing the water, in its struggles to be free; he felt the boat tremble and quiver under the new and powerful strain that came upon it. He heard the beams and the cable groan, and creak, and strain; and the boat stopped, and Harold knew that she was now safe. Again he seized the cable with willing hands, and again the cable came dripping, rattling up into the boat; but now the falls retreated, and the shore came nearer and nearer. Already he began to perceive the

perfume of orange-groves, of vineyards, and of gardens.

Harold awoke. The boat was firmly moored to her dock. The city rose before him in golden light, and behind him the sun was just setting in a flood of glory, over the unequalled bay. Beside him lay the book which he had laid down in order to talk to his uncle. It was the latest production of a noted German infidel. He took it up and tossed it into the water.

On the other side of him, a young man, in the dress of a friar, held out to him a string of beads, possessed of wonderful powers and virtues as charms and rosaries, which the Pope himself had blessed, and all "for a paul."

"Away with your trumpery!" cried Harold.

"Ah, Signor, they are holy,—able to heal any disease,—to accomplish every desire,—but Signor must have faith!"

Harold pushed impatiently past him.

"Ah," continued the friar, "if Signor would only have faith!"

YOUTH RENEWED.



ES; with silver dashing
Of a shower just shed,
On the gloomy beech-tree,
Wet were leaves o'erhead.

Wet were all the roses
On the garden wire,
Wet were all the corn-fields'
Flakes of yellow fire.

By the gloomy beech-tree,
By the roses wan,
Looking on the corn-fields,
Whence the gold was gone,
Walked I sadly, thinking,
"I am no more young,"
When, among the dripping
Leaves, a wild bird sung.

Ah! I thought it chanted
Some immortal strain,
Of a silverer sunshine
Coming after rain;

Of a richer flushing
On a finer rose;
Of a tint more golden
Than the Autumn knows.

Yes, with sorrow wetted,
In life's Autumn day,
Is the cheek full often
When the hair grows grey;
All the leaves and blossoms
Drip with rain of tears,
And the sheaves lie sodden
On the field of years.

Then a sweet bird singeth
Of a joy that lies
In the grief that's only
Glory in disguise;
Sings of youth more happy,
Sunlight more Divine,—
Gentle bird, sweet spirit,
What a song is thine!

W. ALEXANDER, M.A.,
Dean of Ely.

Science, Art, and History.

THE BEDOUINS.

(See Frontispiece, page 397.)

IT is remarkable how to this day the nomadic Arabs, the Bedouins, sustain the characteristics of their progenitor Ishmael—"And he will be a wild man; his hand will be against every man, and every man's hand against him; and he shall dwell in the presence of all his brethren."

A recent traveller, Mr. Zeller, who succeeded in opening friendly communications with them, with a view to missionary effort, writes thus in his journal:—

"They laughed at the idea of leading a peaceable life together with other Arab tribes. 'How shall a Bedouin get his livelihood,' they said, 'without his spear and sword? We have old enemies among the other tribes: if they have taken away our camels, we must, somehow or other, regain them, or die from hunger.' Their relation towards agriculturists and the word of Scripture, 'His hand will be against every man,' they strikingly illustrated by the following story—'Our father, Adam,' they said, 'had three sons. One was a hunter, the other a farmer, and the third a Bedouin, who had received from Adam the camel, to live by it. However, the camel died, and the Bedouin came to father Adam, and said, 'My camel died; what shall I do now? on what shall I live?' 'Go,' answered father Adam, 'and live by what you can get from your brethren.' Another characteristic story is affirmed to have lately really happened. A Christian farmer, in the plain of Jezreel, had engaged a Bedouin to guard his field of durra (Indian corn), and exhorted him to take care of the same, as he had sown it in the sweat of his brow. But when the corn was ripe, the Bedouin carried it all off, leaving nothing to the peasant. The latter remonstrated, but the Bedouin answered, 'Is it not written in the book, "In the sweat of thy face thou shalt eat thy bread?" See the perspiration upon me and my horse from endeavouring to gain a bit of bread.' And when the peasant answered that God wants that we should eat our own bread in a rightful way, the other said, 'This

is an addition of your own, which is not contained in that passage of Scripture."

All around these tribes kingdoms have changed, and dynasties been overthrown; but they retain their wild independence, and the tented Arab, in his present appearance and habits, has preserved through lengthened generations the same type. One great change, however, he has experienced. Embracing the tenets of Mohammedanism, and prompted by all those motives which that system so craftily applies to the natural tendencies of the corrupt heart of man,—actuated by ambition, the love of conquest, spoil, and sensual gratification,—they broke forth from the recesses of their desert homes, and, like clouds of locusts, spreading themselves over the cultivated regions which bordered on the Mediterranean, laid all waste before them; nor has northern Africa to this day recovered from the blight which then came upon it. And now throughout the vast extent of the great desert tracts extending throughout Northern Africa, a part of Egypt, Arabia, Persia, into Beloochistan, the Bedouin finds a safe retreat, from whence, as opportunity presents itself, he visits and molests the fertile and settled countries which intervene between the sandy interior and the sea.

These wild Arabs are subdivided into innumerable tribes. Burckhardt enters into a classification of them. Those who desire information on this subject can consult his notes on the Bedouins and Wahabys; but to attempt to follow him here would be as though we should prepare to penetrate the Dahana, or desert plains of Arabia. We should find it a dry and interminable subject, with little to vary its monotony or excite interest. Some brief notice of the leading peculiarities of these nomades may, however, be acceptable to our readers.

The Bedouin tribes that inhabit the Syrian desert may be divided into those who remain the whole year in the vicinity of the cultivated tracts, and those who, quitting them towards

the winter, retire into the deep recesses of the desert. The former never venture to the great eastern desert, and have therefore more horses and fewer camels in proportion to their tents. The true nomades of Syria, those who alternate between the desert and the more settled tracts, are the *Aenezes*. Their summer-quarters are near the Syrian desert, and in the winter they move into the heart of the desert or towards the Euphrates.

The encampments vary in number of tents, from ten to eight hundred. When the tents are but few, they are pitched in a circle; but more considerable numbers in a straight line, or a row of single tents, especially along a rivulet, sometimes three or four behind as many others. In winter, when water and pasture never fail, the mode of encamping is different. The whole tribe then spreads itself over the plain in parties of three or four tents each, with an interval of half an hour's distance between each party.

"When I was returning from Tadmor towards Damascus," says Burckhardt, "I met, on the same day, two strong encampments moving slowly over the sandy plain in search of water and pasture: their order of march was as follows. A party of five or six horsemen preceded the tribe about four miles, as a reconnoitring detachment: the main body occupied a line of at least three miles in front. First came some armed horsemen and camel riders, at a hundred to a hundred and fifty paces from each other, extending along the whole front; then followed the she-camels with their young ones, grazing in wide ranks during their march upon the wild herbage; behind walked the camels loaded with the tents and provisions; and the last were the women and children, mounted on camels having saddles made in the shape of a cradle, with curtains to screen them from the sun. The men indiscriminately rode along and amidst the whole body, but most of them in front of the line; some led horses by their halters: in depth, their wandering bodies extended about two miles and a half. I had seen them encamped when on my way to Tadmor, and then estimated one at about 200, and the other at 250 tents: the latter had above 3,000 camels. Of all the Arabs, I did not see one on foot, except a few shepherds, who drove the sheep and goats, about a mile behind the main body."

This is the general order in which a great tribe crosses the desert, strongly reminding us of the procession which was formed

when Jacob was going to meet his brother Esau.

"The tent is denominated *beit*, or house. The covering of a tent consists of pieces of stuff made of black goats' hair, about three-quarters of a yard in breadth, its length being equal to that of the tent: according to the depth of the tent, ten or more of these pieces are stitched together; this goats' hair covering keeps off the heaviest rain. It is usual to have nine tent poles or posts, three in the middle and an equal number on each side of the tent. That these poles may be more firm when stuck into the covering of the tent, pieces of old *abbas*, or woollen cloaks, are stitched to the eight corners where the poles are to be fastened. The lower end of them is twisted about a short stick, to both extremities of which a leather string is tied, and to these strings are fastened the ropes which secure the covering of the tent.

The tent is divided into two parts, the men's apartment and the women's; the men's on the left of one entering the tent, the women's on the right. These apartments are separated by a white woollen carpet of Damascus manufacture; this partition is drawn across the tent, and fastened to the three middle posts. In the men's apartment the ground is generally covered with a good Persian or Bagdad carpet; the wheat-sacks and camel-bags are piled up round the middle post, and this pyramid often reaches almost to the top. The women's apartment is the receptacle for all the rubbish of the tent, the cooking utensils, the butter and water-skins, &c.: all these things are laid down near the pole called *hadhera*, where the slave sits and the dog sleeps during the day. The corner end of the tent-covering always advances a little on that side, and hangs down floating in the wind: this corner is called *roff*. Upon the ground under this no man of good reputation would readily seat himself; and from the prejudice attending it is derived the expression, "Your sitting-place is the *roff*," denoting a mean despicable character. On the fore-post of the men's apartment hangs, likewise, a corner of the tent-covering or *roff*, which serves as a towel for wiping hands before or after dinner.

In summer the men wear a coarse cotton shirt, over which the wealthy put a *kombar*, or long gown, as it is worn in Turkish towns, of silk or cotton stuff. Most of them, however, do not wear the *kombar*, but simply wear over their shirt a woollen mantle. There are dif-

ferent sorts of mantles, one very thin, light, and white woollen, manufactured at Bagdad, and called *mesourmy*. A coarser and heavier kind, striped white and brown (worn over the *mesourmy*), is called *abba*. The Bagdad abbas are most esteemed: those made at Hamah, with short wide sleeves, are called *boush*. They are sometimes interwoven with gold, and worth as much as £10 sterling. The Aenezes do not wear drawers: they walk and ride usually barefooted, even the richest of them, although they greatly esteem yellow boots and red shoes. All the Bedouins wear on the head, instead of the red Turkish cap, a turban, or square kerchief of cotton, or cotton and silk mixed: the turban is called *keffie*: this they fold above the head, so that one corner falls backwards, and two other corners hang over the fore-part of the shoulders: with these two corners they cover their faces, to protect them from the sun's rays, or hot wind, or rain, or to conceal their features, if they wish to be unknown. The *keffie* is yellow, or yellow mixed with green. Over the *keffie*, the Aenezes tie, instead of a turban, a cord round the head: this cord is of camels' hair, and called *akâl*. Some tie a handkerchief about the head, and it is then called *shufs*. A few rich sheikhs wear shawls on their heads, of Damascus or Bagdad manufacture, striped red and white: they sometimes also use red caps, and under those they wear a smaller cap of camels' hair.

The Aenezes are distinguished at first sight from all the Syrian Bedouins by the long tresses of their hair. They never shave their black hair, but cherish it from infancy, till they can twist it in tresses that hang over the cheeks down to the breast: these tresses are called *keroun*.

In winter the Bedouins wear over the shirt a pelisse made of several sheep-skins stitched together; many wear these skins even in summer, because experience has taught them, that the more warmly a person is clothed the less he suffers from the sun. The Arabs endure

the inclemency of the rainy season in a wonderful manner. While everything around them suffers from the cold, they sleep barefooted in an open tent, where the fire is not kept up beyond midnight. Yet in the middle of the summer an Arab sleeps wrapt in his mantle upon the burning sand, and exposed to the rays of an intensely hot sun.

The ladies' dress is a wide cotton gown of a dark colour, blue, brown, or black: on their heads they wear a kerchief, the young females having it of a red colour, the old, black. Silver rings are much worn by the Aeneze ladies, both in the ears and nose. All the women puncture their lips and dye them blue: this kind of tattooing they call *bertoun*, and apply it likewise in spotting their temples and foreheads. The women of some tribes puncture their cheeks, breasts, and arms, and others their ankles. Some of the men also adorn their arms in the same manner. The Bedouin ladies half cover their faces with a dark-coloured veil called *nekya*, which is so tied as to conceal the chin and mouth. Round their wrists the Aeneze ladies wear glass bracelets of various colours; the rich also have silver bracelets, and some wear silver chains about the neck: both in summer and winter the men and women go barefooted.

The Aenezes are easily distinguished from the Shemâl Arabs by their diminutive size, few of them being above five feet two or three inches in height: their features are good, their noses often aquiline, their persons well formed, and not so meagre or slight as some travellers have reported; their deep-set dark eyes sparkle from under their bushy black eyebrows, with a fire unknown in our northern climes; their beard is short and thin, but the black hair of all abundantly thick. The females seem taller in proportion than the men: their features in general are handsome, and their deportment very graceful. In complexion, the Arabs are very tawny.

(To be continued.)



Leaves from the Book of Nature: Descriptive Narrative, &c.

A THOUSAND AND ONE STORIES FROM NATURE.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

BY THE REV. F. O. MORRIS, B.A., RECTOR OF NUNBURNHOLME, YORKSHIRE, AND CHAPLAIN TO HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF CLEVELAND, AUTHOR OF A "HISTORY OF BRITISH BIRDS" (DEDICATED BY PERMISSION TO HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN), ETC., ETC.

THE DOG.

XCIV.

About twenty years ago there lived in a little hut at the foot of the Southdown Hills an old man who had been a shepherd on the hills for more than sixty years. He was very poor and badly off, three shillings and sixpence a week allowed by his parish being all he had to keep him. His only companion was an old dog which he called Bob. Poor Bob, like his master, led a very hard life, that is, he was half-starved. A gentleman who was one day passing the hut, and who lived in the next village, in order to test Bob's faithfulness to his master, induced the old shepherd to let him take Bob home with him. Bob had as much as he could eat and drink of everything nice, a warm comfortable bed at night, and indeed was treated with every possible kindness. After keeping him a fortnight, the gentleman thought he would take him out for a walk, but Bob had no sooner got outside the door than he scampered off as fast as he could back to his miserable home and his old master. About six months after this poor Bob was seen one morning standing in the gentleman's garden, looking very sorrowful and much thinner than usual. On the door being opened, he walked into the parlour, laid himself down, and stayed very contentedly all night. The next morning Bob was taken back to the hut, and the gentleman then heard for the first time that the old shepherd had been dead and buried more than a month. So you see not all the kindness, and all the good food and comforts bestowed on poor Bob, could induce him to forsake his poor old master while he lived. I will just add, because I think it will give pleasure to know, that the gentleman took poor

Bob home with him, and treated him very kindly till the faithful creature died of old age.

XCVI.

A lady of some property, residing in the Rue des Vignes, at Vaugirard, was possessed of a huge mastiff, which, being very savage, had to be kept constantly chained up, but which she prized because it had belonged to her late husband. One morning, according to custom, she took the animal his food, but he seemed more indocile than usual, and she gave him a beating. Watching an opportunity, he suddenly rushed on her, threw her down, dragged off the greater part of her clothes, and bit her dreadfully in the breast, arm, and one of her legs—in fact, tearing away fragments of the flesh. The lady's cries attracted some of the neighbours to the spot, and they rescued her. Although suffering dreadfully, and faint from loss of blood, she requested them to strangle the animal. They accordingly passed a cord round the dog's neck, and, removing his collar, prepared to effect the operation; but he tugged so violently at the cord that he broke it, and rushed towards the room into which the lady had been conveyed. The door was closed on him, and he tried to force it open, but failed. On this, barking furiously, he rushed towards the people who remained in the court-yard, but they were able to escape by the door and to close it. The commissary of police, who had been sent for (a Frenchman sends for the commissary of police if he cuts his little finger), now arrived, accompanied by some gendarmes, and he made them kill the animal. The dog was after death examined, by a veterinary surgeon, and he declared that he was neither mad nor labouring under any malady. He

further declared, that in his belief the animal must have had a sort of instinctive hatred of his mistress, and must have been driven to fury by her beating him.

XCVII.

"I have had," writes Mr. Jesse, "many opportunities of observing how readily dogs can understand language, and how they are aware when they are the subject of conversation. A gentleman once said in the hearing of an old and favourite dog, who was at the time basking in the sun, 'I must have Ponto killed, for he is getting old.' The dog slunk away, and never came near his master afterwards."

XCVIII.

Some dogs are very fond of fruit, and will eat nuts and walnuts, cracking them as cleverly as a squirrel; and I once had a spaniel which used to eat all the gooseberries and currants within her reach,—and woe to the strawberry bed if she ever got to it! The currants she managed very cleverly; being rather old and asthmatical, she soon found out that the stalks were troublesome, so she used to draw the fruit off between her teeth, and leave the stalks behind.

XCIX.

A dog belonging to a farm at Sutton-under-Whitstonecliff, in the immediate vicinity of this place, after giving birth to a litter of puppies, was deprived of three of them. A few days after she was seen to leave the premises, and was absent for a considerable period. Soon after her return, she was noticed to leave again. On looking at the litter when she returned a second time, two young hares, to the utter amazement of the owner, were found to be added to the number. The adopted young were treated by the parent animal with the most affectionate tenderness, and under her care they have thriven very well.

THE MULE.

C.

"We were shewn a wonderful proof of the efficacy of a little kindness and care, in the case of a mule which came to Balaclava in the baggage train of the Sardinian army. Having been terribly knocked about, and very severely hurt on board ship, during a rough passage, the mule had been left for dead on the seashore. The boatswain of H. M. S.,

Rodney, happened to pass where the wretched animal lay bleeding but still alive, and with the blessed instinct of humanity he stopped to help the sufferer. He raised the dying head, and gave the parched throat some water, and by and by he brought some food. In a day or two the mule was able to crawl; and to make a long story short, when I saw him last, he was fat and strong and sleek, still covered with scars, which are in a fair way to heal, and following his friend Mr. Collinson, the boatswain, precisely like a dog. In and out of the huts, among the workmen, wherever his business on shore calls him, may be seen the boatswain and the attendant mule; and when he recovers from his scars, he will be one of the finest and handsomest mules that we have out here."

THE FOWL.

CI.

A clergyman had a hen which so far overcame its natural fear of water, as to be in the constant habit of making a short cut from the churchyard (into which she, with the rest of the poultry, occasionally wandered) to the barnyard, by regularly swimming across a pool which was situated between the two. The distance was about thirty yards, and the part of the pool where she crossed was so near the end of it, that the other fowls which came round arrived before her. This hen had another uncommon propensity, that of catching mice, a practice she pursued with the greatest eagerness. When caught, she was seen to run off with them; but whether she ate them or not, was never known with certainty; at all events she did not do so invariably, as they were sometimes found dead, up and down the yard.

CII.


"My attention was called a few days ago, by Mr. Thomas Ayre, a tenant of mine, living on an adjoining farm, to a hen almost destitute of feathers by moult, and in a very pitiable state for the cold season of the year. However, one has taken pity on her, and kindly rendered all the assistance in his power; for every afternoon, when they go to roost, the gallant old cock nestles close to her side; then, spreading one wing over her, clasps her close to himself, thus making her as comfortable as he can. If this act arises from instinct, is it not a pity that many of the *genus homo* do not possess more of it, and less reason?"

Songs of the Garden.


BY MRS. ELLIS, AUTHORESS OF THE "WOMEN OF ENGLAND."

VIII.

The Flowers.

 OT for the sake of summer suns alone,
Bloom the gay flowers:
We bloom because a Power to us un-
known
Rules, from the secret of His sovereign throne,
These lives of ours.
Not for the sake of summer dews, and skies,
And breezes sweet,
Deck we the garden in its myriad dyes—
Spread we the incense of a thousand joys
Beneath His feet.
We know not whence the Power, save from
above;
Yet, day by day,
While unseen fingers teach us how to move,
Feeling their tender touch is one of love,
Pleased, we obey.
No lesson out of wisdom's book have we,
Nor skill to gain
More knowledge than might serve the bird or
bee;
Summer and winter our philosophy—
Not learned in vain.
Yet if to wake with never-tiring eyes
On this fair view,
To love the beauty of the earth and skies,—
If this be wisdom, then the flowers are wise,
And happy too.
Thus, while the garden spreads her colours gay:
Ere faded leaf,
Or broken bell, or cup, or drooping spray,
Or paler-tinted garland, meets the day,
Foreboding grief;
In the full prime of summer's wondrous glow—
Crimson, and gold,
And purple—richest flowers that blow
Weaving a carpet, as they bloom and grow,
Of wealth untold;
We, sisters of the garden, work and sing;
Our sweet employ,
Each day, our many tinted gems to bring,
Making our task one life-long offering
Of love and joy.

Far Off.

 AR, off, there seems no shadow e'er the
scene,
No raging torrent meets the startled
sight,
No shattered bough tells where the storm has
been—
But, calm, the landscape sleeps in distant light.
Far off, there is no stain on beauty's cheek,
The rose subdued with gentler lily blends:
No tears can waste, no angry frown can break
The charm which distance to that beauty
lends.
Far off, the ear is deaf to jarring words,
No echo whispers of a thought unkind:
But the loved voice, like song of unseen birds,
Floats in unbroken sweetness on the wind.
Far off, I hear again thy last farewell,—
In tones of tenderness I hear it now;
I read the words thy tongue refused to tell,
And see the shade of grief upon thy brow.
Far off; my distant friend! I cannot trace
That dubious path—that wandering course
of thine;
I only see the beauty of thy face,
And think its fondest look is turned to mine.
Far off; if ever accent seemed less kind,
Or look estranged of thine fell cold on me:
Heedless I cast them to the idle wind,
Or waves that shut my lonely life from thee.
Far off, the arrow cannot reach to wound;
The cruel sentence has no power to kill;
Anger and hate fall harmless to the ground,
And the calm soul lies passionless and still.
Far off—but is there in that stillness balm;
Yearns not the heart for some familiar pain;
O my lost love! I cry from out this calm,
And fain would meet thy sternest look again.
Far off, I read the language of thy love,
It was not stern—unkind it could not be;
Only sometimes a cloud would float above,
And hide the sweetness of thy smile from me.
Far off; I strain my aching sight, and lo!
Space without limit—sea without a strand
Father of life and light! I pine to know
What fate lies hidden in that unseen land.
Far off, but not from Thee; for Thine alone
Are time, and space—all creatures of Thy
will.
Home, to Thy children, is before Thy throne;
And near to Thee, we dwell together still.

The Home Library.

Among the Masses; or, Work in the Wynds. By the REV. D. MACCOLL. London: T. Nelson and Sons. 1867.

This is a book that ought to be read. It gives details of successful Christian work in the "long, narrow, filthy, airless lanes," which are known as the Wynds of Glasgow. It took Dr. Chalmers, with all his great gifts and social influence, thirty years to carry out his idea of Home Mission work, and to leave in the last year of his life, in the West Port of Edinburgh, a solitary model of the kind of Church that, above all others, he wished to multiply for the masses—a remarkable example of "the patience and the faith of the saints." Mr. Maccoll has followed in his steps; and with similar success. There will be differences of opinion on some points in his narrative; but those who are anxious to reach "the uncounted multitude" who are at present, in this so-called Christian land, living without even the "form of godliness," will learn much from the study of his book. He is alive to the importance of "*planting churches*," not "building them of stone and lime merely, but of Christian men and women, and little children." The superstition of Ritualism, with the best intentions, aiming to win the masses, may raise magnificent structures, and supply histrionic performances almost rivalling the exhibitions of Romanism itself; but whatever interest these efforts may for a time excite—and zeal, however mistaken, will have its influence—the Church of "living stones," of which "Jesus Christ Himself is the chief Corner-stone," will not thus be "planted." It should be added, that, by "planting" a church Mr. Maccoll does not mean merely "preaching the Gospel." We are persuaded that much Evangelistic effort of this kind is simply lost labour. After preaching, there should be organization—system—an established provision for the perpetuation and growth of the work. We may go over much ground, and yet build and plant nothing. Preaching at street-corners may arrest a passer-by: but we have very little faith in any permanent result being secured. Mr. Maccoll gives a telling sketch of Dr. Chalmers' work in the Tron Parish, bearing upon this point:—

"He had no sooner settled fairly to his pulpit and public work in Glasgow, than he laid himself alongside every available phase of life in his parish. Sabbath-schools were vigorously prosecuted. The narrow closes became crowded as he entered, and a score of beggars sought to secure a first visit for the sake of the charities he was believed to dispense. So he denuded

himself of the civic silver and gold, and found a more cordial welcome when he went up to the beautiful gate of the temple through those who lay stretched outside, although now he had nothing to give but what could be received through faith in the name of Jesus. He stirred up every available helper within his reach: especially seizing upon the elder from his pillar-like place in the church porch beside the plate, drawing him, panting, up innumerable stairs, spending little time in talk, refusing even the traditional prayer in each house, for said he, 'If I were to pray in every house it would take me ten years to get through the work.' The work was thus, while it lasted, all the harder that it admitted of little rest. 'Well,' said he, looking kindly over his shoulder upon his elder, who, scarcely able to keep pace with him, was toiling up a long and weary stair—'well, what do you think of this kind of visiting?' Engrossed with the toils of the ascent, the elder announced that he had not been, thinking much about it. 'Oh, I know quite well,' said Dr. Chalmers, 'that if you were to speak your mind you would say that we are putting the butter very thinly on the bread.' But this was the true way to discover the other world that lay within reach of most church-going people, yet was really unknown, except from the vague rumours of some rare navigators, who had been near enough to bring their guesses wondrously near the truth, but had yet failed to stir up sufficient general interest so as to open up an ocean highway between the two worlds that were so distant and so near."

Dr. Chalmers carried his principles with him to Edinburgh, and, as we have said, they were there, although in one instance only, fully and successfully worked out. How would he have rejoiced to witness the practical recognition of the wisdom of his plans, contained in the volume before us! At the end of four years of labour, we find in these Wynds of Glasgow a church formed, comprising four hundred communicants, with a complete staff of elders, deacons, visitors, collectors, and Sabbath-school teachers! And during the next two or three years we have the record of several new churches "planted," and flourishing in the same way. All this in a district noted for "pauperism, crime, drunkenness, and brutality," of which one of the earliest labourers spoke thus: "Ah, sir, it's awfu' work this. The folks here are like rotten wood: they winna hand the nail!"

We are glad to notice the reference made by Mr. Maccoll to the value of the Parochial System, of which, when rightly worked, his volume furnishes one of the most striking instances. Speaking of Dr. Chalmers' experiment in the West Port, he says:—

"After all, the idea was not absolutely new; for it was the reproduction of some of the old vital elements of the Church of Scotland. It was the Parochial

System of the Reformation, with a few modern agencies, such as the Sabbath-school and the Savings Bank, applied to the sunken population of modern cities. It was the school and the church, the teacher and the pastor, with their subsidiary agencies, applied in a new Reformation to very much the same ignorance, immorality, and superstition, as in the old."

Whatever may be said of the modern erection of monster tabernacles in populous and neglected neighbourhoods, and monster congregations attracted in crowds by the gifts or the peculiarities of the preacher, we should have greater faith in lasting results, if, guided by the wisdom of our forefathers, we aimed at *pastoral* work: and this is only possible when the ecclesiastical building is moderate in size; and the "church" is "planted" in a limited territory, in which the minister can know each family. We admit the too frequent "abuse" of the Parochial System: but this does not lessen our sense of the value of its "use."

The Imprecatory Psalms. By the Rev. R. A. BERTRAM, Editor of "Parable; or, Divine Poesy." London: Elliot Stock.

A valuable series of Lectures, which will help to remove misunderstanding and misconception from many minds. The author sets forth his reasons for believing that the so-called "'Imprecatory' Psalms," even when taken in the 'literal and grammatical sense,' contain nothing that is contradicted and condemned by anything in the New Testament." After establishing this position in a very effective and conclusive manner, Mr. Bertram closes his argument with some excellent practical inferences. We give an extract:—

"TRUST THE BIBLE.

"We have now seen how a subject seemingly difficult admits of the fullest and most satisfactory explanation. Learn hence to put confidence in the Word of God. Should difficulties present themselves to you in its perusal, or be forced upon you by others, which you cannot explain or answer, learn hence to say—not 'this is inexplicable; this is unanswerable;' but, 'though I cannot explain, yet it may admit of explanation; for I have heard other points, at the first sight quite as difficult, satisfactorily explained.' Convince yourselves, once for all, that this is the Word of God, and then abide by your conviction. Do not always be learning and never coming to the knowledge of the truth. Be not shaken in your faith by every wind of disputation, nor staggered by every new difficulty that presents itself. Be not surprised at finding difficulties in God's Word. If you did not do so, it would follow either that you are as wise as God, or that He is about as narrow in mind and feeble in intellect as yourself. Deal with God's Word as you do with His works. There are difficulties there; but having convinced yourself that the world had a Maker, and that He is powerful, and wise, and benevolent, you hold to that faith, notwithstanding that there are such things as toads and serpents, tigers and sharks,

and pestilences and earthquakes. Never once do you suffer these things to cause you to say, 'Well, I do not believe that this is God's world at all.' And yet I am sure that if you were being pursued by a shark in the water, and looked back and saw its cruel eye and gleaming teeth within a couple of yards of your leg, if you had calmness to reflect at all, you would have as much difficulty in reconciling the existence of that shark with the benevolence of God in Creation, as you have in reconciling any of the statements of the Scriptures with the doctrine of their being Inspired.

"I say, treat God's Word as you do His works; do not be staggered at finding difficulties in it. And I say further, think more about the Bible as a sublime revelation of God, more about its message of a Savior, more about its plain directions for daily duty, more about its consolations for all seasons of sorrow, and more about its presentations of the world which is to come. I am convinced, on the calmest reflection, that the temper of mind that leads a man to be always on the out-look for difficulties in God's Word is a mean and contemptible one, and I am sure it is productive of great unhappiness to its possessor. I think it is 'unworthy of any man to be nibbling about the outskirts of a book whose great palpitating power is for virtue and salvation, and everlasting glory. What impertinence to neglect these great things, and yet institute elaborate investigations about these external things.'"

Religious Instruction; in a Graduated Series of Lessons for Children. By the author of "Lessons on Objects," "Lessons on Shells," &c. Part I. and Part II. Third Edition. London: Home and Colonial School Society, and Groombridge and Son.

Any book adopted by the Home and Colonial School Society must possess considerable merit. An examination of these volumes enables us to express in the strongest terms our sense of their value. We cannot enter into lengthened detail, but we question whether parents or teachers could find, in the whole range of Educational works, one more admirably adapted to guide and assist them in giving religious instruction to children. The principle upon which the lessons are drawn up, is simply this—that Education is like a ladder, and we ought not to allow a child to proceed a step upwards till we have ascertained that his footing is firm on the step below. The Course embraces Five Steps: beginning with the first dawning of the infant mind, and advancing progressively to meet the capacity of children of the ages of nine or ten or upwards. The catechetical mode of instruction is largely employed, and the questions are not merely what are called "leading questions," prompting memory only, but questions which are really calculated to draw out thought, to awaken the conscience, and to interest the affections. It may be well to state, that the present New Edition includes the author's "Lessons on the Miracles."



Country-Born.

The Christian Home.

COUNTRY-BORN.

BY S. J. STONE, B.A.



H me—my country-life that's gone!
The fields, the woods, the flowers,
The dear old farm, the lane of limes
We ran to in the showers,
And each beloved nook that knew
Those old delicious hours :—
To dream of these and wake up here,
Makes the drear town grow doubly drear.

There's not a place that I forget,
Nor thing I cannot see :
At morning Dobbin's in his stall,
Just as he used to be ;
At evening Naney in the yard
Still feeds the brood with me :
Mother at night, when I'm abed,
Comes back to kiss me from the dead.

I see the nook where father sat,
With mother near his side :
I see the room above the porch,
Where little Alice died—
Ah, she went first, but nothing now
Can her and them divide,
Their names, all three, are on one stone,
And only I am left alone.

How doleful is this town to me !
The sun shines all in vain :
With all his beams he'll never make
The street a linden lane :
I often think I'd rather see,
Instead, the sighing rain
Fall, like innumerable tears,
In sorrow for those happy years !

W O M A N ' S F A I T H ;

OR,

PRAISE AND BLAME.

BY MRS. ELLIS, AUTHORESS OF "THE WOMEN OF ENGLAND," ETC.

CHAPTER IX.

THE tidings of an accident having happened to Archy Dunlop became associated in the minds of many who heard them, with the pleasing intelligence of Dr. Lambert's letter of high approval of the boy's conduct and attainments, as well as with accounts of the general interest and good-will which he had excited in the school. Whether it was from that peculiarity in his appearance and in the expression of his countenance, which has already been described as appealing for kindness and sympathy, or whether, as was more probable, from a kind, gentle, and conciliating manner which appeared natural to him,—certain it was that Archy always made friends. He was, in fact, one of those fortunate (or unfortunate) beings who step easily into a position of favour, of whom no one is predisposed to think disparagingly, and who must do something very culpable indeed to forfeit the good opinion and the praises of those with whom they associate. It seemed, in fact, as if no one looked very critically into the right and wrong of Archy's actions. No one judged him as they would have judged his brother Harry; and hence the terrible temptation to him to appropriate this amount of good opinion, and to accept these praises, without altogether deserving either.

But if Archy did accept sometimes more praise than he was conscious of deserving, he took such praise very humbly—very lovingly and gratefully—never with boasting or presumption. He took it for the most part with some graceful disclaimer, some modest protest, or some sad acknowledgment of general demerit, which only made his friends believe in him the more. And he would not unfrequently endeavour to quiet the uneasiness of his conscience by

mentally exclaiming, "If they *will* think of me in this way, how can I help it? I tell them how misplaced is their good opinion—how little I deserve—how very, very unworthy I am!"—and so on, as many a conscience has been played with before now. And all the while Archy knew perfectly well that he had only escaped public disgrace by a lie—a lie of permission, if not of commission; and that if he would be strictly honest and tell all, his conduct and character would assume a very different aspect, even in the opinion of his best friends.

Instead therefore of not being able to escape from his false position as he fancied, Archy was by no means at ease under his present circumstances; nor, pleased as he was to be thought well of by others, was he able at all times to think well of himself. Indeed, if the whole truth were told, it must be confessed that Archy, about this time of his life, was a very miserable boy. He thought his unhappiness was the result of his accident, for he had undoubtedly a large share of physical as well as mental suffering to endure. The hurt he had received proved more serious than had at first been anticipated, and it threatened to affect him for life. Kind Mrs. Godwin did everything in her power to comfort him, by speaking of only a slight limp; but notwithstanding these soothing efforts, there was every probability that the injured limb would be so contracted that the boy would be lame for life.

This Archy thought was quite enough to bear—this miserable prospect for the future, in addition to his present pain,—without entering upon the right and the wrong of his past school-life. Besides which, "I did nothing so very bad," he said to himself again and again. "I did not actually tell a lie—nobody can say I did that."

Certainly Archy was not in circumstances just at this time to have been very severely dealt with. The good friends under whose care it was his privilege to be placed were the last people in the world to be likely to regard him with suspicion, or to torture him with close investigation. If it be an inevitable consequence that "to the pure all things are pure," certainly to the good all things are good, until clearly shown to be otherwise; and if Mr. and Mrs. Godwin were sometimes deceived, they were undoubtedly gainers in their own happiness by being so. It is often spoken of as a subject of regret—as a weakness or a fault—that the good are not quick to detect evil. Yet "charity thinketh no evil, hopeth all things, believeth all things." Hence the peace and the rest which it is possible to experience, even in a world where so much is wrong, and for which we should make but a poor exchange, if in its stead we could acquire the power to see, with piercing vision, all the evil that is being transacted around us, in thought, word, and deed.

Deeply sensible of the trial which so painfully affected her suffering charge, Mrs. Godwin's kind heart overflowed with tenderness for Archy; and when she wrote about him to her daughter or to Margaret, it was in those terms of affectionate interest which are apt to partake of the nature of praise as well as pity. Indeed, the very act of pitying those whom we love makes us inclined to praise them; as if we fain would cast all we could into the balance, to weigh against their suffering and distress, or as if we owed something to their dignity in the way of making up for their loss. Thus, for the six months intervening between Christmas and Midsummer, there seldom was a letter written from the parsonage in which the amiable and interesting invalid was not spoken of in terms of commendation as well as kindness.

Margaret was pleased and grateful when she read these letters, but Agnes was delighted. Just at that time of life when the imagination, if ever, takes a romantic tendency, and converts the mere sufferer into a martyr, Agnes, while absent from home, had

persuaded herself that she was more deeply interested about Archy than was really the case. She had always liked him, and they had been the best of friends; now he was beginning to be almost a little hero to her. But the day was at hand when the spell was to be broken, and the charm destroyed for ever.

Agnes Godwin, as already said, spent the time before returning home with some of her mother's relatives in London, under whose care she had an opportunity of seeing more society than was possible in the quiet little town of Eastwick. Her uncle, with whom she stayed, was a partner in the mercantile house where George Dunlop had been placed, and here they met not unfrequently on the most social and familiar terms.

George Dunlop was a man of weight and importance now, in all respects much improved since he first arrived in England with the appearance and manners of a boy. More prudent and self-governed than his brother Harry, he had all the firmness and dignity which Archy seemed to want; and if in the fresh girliness of her first escape from school George appeared to Agnes a little stern and awful, she was by no means insensible to the amount of general esteem in which he was evidently held. And there was, after all, something very gratifying to Agnes in the fact that a man—a tall commanding man—should so often take the trouble to look after her in company; to see that she was safe and comfortable, and not exposed to any kind of inconvenience. "It is rather nice," she would sometimes say to herself, "to have such a man to go to if one wants help. I am afraid poor Archy would want help himself." And then she thought of those large, appealing, soft blue eyes of Archy's, and sighed a little, and rather wished she was at home that she might nurse and pet him.

On one occasion, when there was an evening party at her uncle's, Charles Hetherington was amongst the guests, and Agnes had heard his name so often, coupled with Archy's partial praises, that she looked with considerable interest when it was announced.

But, still a child in impulse, she almost shrank away when the youth first addressed her. He was not at all what she had expected, and yet, like many others, she found herself unconsciously attracted by his wild, bold way of talking. At least she was so far attracted, that her ear turned involuntarily to catch what he was saying, at the same time that she scrupulously avoided joining the circle of his more amused and attentive listeners. Suddenly, while only half attending to what the youth was saying, her ear was caught by the names, first of Dr. Lambert and then of Archy Dunlop. "His friend," thought Agnes. "What will he say of him? Now I shall hear Archy's praises indeed; he was so fond of Charley, as he called him."

So, as Agnes occupied a kind of neutral ground, neither exactly within the circle of which Charles Hetherington formed the centre of interest, nor yet entirely without, she could hear distinctly what was said, and could even join in it if she liked; or she could carry on another train of conversation entirely distinct from theirs. Of course, Agnes wished to hear all she could about her friend and former playmate; and Charles Hetherington was a good story-teller. At any rate, when he told a story, he made everything subservient to the *point* of what he had to tell. It was not very pleasant to be the subject of one of these stories. Personal dignity stood for nothing with Charley, and friendship for very little; but the laugh of the moment stood for a great deal. If it rendered the humour more piquant that his friend should appear ridiculous, what was that to him? If his friend should even appear contemptible, that was nothing in comparison with keeping his hearers entertained.

Many of those to whom Charles Hetherington was on this occasion making himself agreeable had heard of the Dunlops. Some of them knew George, and all became interested in that little episode in school-life, of which Archy was the hero. So the tale went on, to the increasing astonishment of Agnes, who listened not certainly to the *praises* of her friend, but to a representation of his conduct in these school transactions,

which filled her with surprise and disgust. Many times while she listened her cheek flushed with indignation, and she was on the point of saying something in vindication of the absent one. But again the ridicule was too powerful for her, and she felt glad that she had not spoken. Altogether, Archy's manner, the things he would be likely to say and do, were so pointedly represented, and at the same time made to lean so decidedly towards what was considered the funny side—his natural gentleness and timidity were so transformed into cowardice, and his conscientiousness so wrapped up in cant,—that, amidst the amusement and laughter of the listening circle, Agnes lost all courage, all desire, to offer a word in his defence. By degrees even her own opinion of him began to change, and when the story reached its climax, in that sad scene where the deaf doctor helped his pupil to escape by a mere verbal misconstruction, and when Charley rose from his seat in order to act the part of the boy, limping back "with a clear conscience, not having told a lie," Agnes felt all the meanness of the position, and grew half ashamed of having ever called that boy her friend.

Just then it happened that George Dunlop came and seated himself beside Agnes, who blushed deeply from a consciousness of what had been going on both within the adjoining circle, and within her own mind. George of course knew nothing; yet he had scarcely begun a common-place conversation, when, almost starting, he looked suddenly round, and confronted the teller of the story, who as suddenly changed his tone and manner, yet had scarcely sufficient presence of mind to begin on the instant with another subject.

Agnes was not aware how much George Dunlop had heard, for he made no remark; but the change was not lost upon her. She saw the effect produced by his manly and dignified bearing, and she estimated him accordingly. In proportion as one brother sank in her regard, the other rose; but she was not on terms sufficiently familiar with him yet, to speak of what she had heard, and

she prudently kept her own counsel. Only, in writing to Margaret, Agnes expressed herself fully and severely, stating that they had all been deceived in Archy—that he had two characters, and had not been at school the kind of boy they took him for—that he was thought mean and cowardly by his companions, had done something very wicked, had deceived good Doctor Lambert, and told a great falsehood, or something of that kind. All this Agnes said she had “from the very best authority, from one who could not be deceived, and had no motive for disguising the truth.”

When Margaret received this letter, her astonishment was scarcely greater than her distress. Life seemed full, she thought, of these distressing hearsays—things that could not be contradicted and must be true because those who told them were sure to know. She felt as if walking in the midst of entanglements, not knowing where to tread. Nothing, in fact, destroyed Margaret's peace of mind, annoyed, or vexed her, so much as insinuations against those whom she regarded with affection and esteem. Harry Dunlop had already gone down in the opinion of the Andersons, almost below being mentioned; and was Archy, who had always been the favourite, to go down also?

Margaret determined to keep her own counsel in the matter; and, after all, it might be all misunderstanding and mistake. Most likely it was so, for had not every one hitherto spoken well of Archy?—had not Doctor Lambert himself written a letter about him, full of the warmest encomiums? She wished they would be only half as lavish in their praises of Harry. But nobody spoke of him now, not even the Godwins; and their silence in their letters caused her infinitely more uneasiness than the severest invectives uttered against him by her uncle and aunt.

After all, what had Harry done? Margaret believed in him so entirely that she would not inquire—she would not hear. At all events she did nothing to encourage the disclosure. There would to her mind have been a kind of treachery in asking what he had done. And as she built herself up perpetually in the firm belief that he had

done nothing really wrong, and that all would be made clear in time, showing him to have been right, there was no need to pursue the subject with fruitless and unpleasant inquiries. What she did gather from her aunt made her flush so with shame and indignation, that she would most likely have refused to hear more, had there been more to tell; and in this state the matter remained between the two, with little variation, except that once Mrs. Anderson went so far as to say:—“It was perfectly shocking—something which she felt quite at a loss how to explain.”

“Then please don't try,” said Margaret: “I do not want to hear more. But mind this, aunt—I don't believe it, and I do not think I ever shall.”

When Margaret uttered these audacious words, she was in the act of leaving the room, or she might have been compelled to hear more, whether she wished it or not. She was also making ready to set off on the following morning for a visit to Miss Clare. The time was at hand for the families to meet again at their pleasant seaside residence, and it was arranged for Margaret to set out a little in advance, in order that she might see the school, and some of her former companions there, before the general dispersion. There were some who would not return after the midsummer holidays, and a desire had often been expressed that Margaret would come and see them all once more, under different circumstances; for so they assured her it would be, the school being much altered for the better since she left it.

“Not very flattering to me,” said Margaret sometimes, as she read and smiled over these messages sent in Lucy Linton's letters. But she knew what they meant, and was both pleased and thankful to recognize the change, for unless it had been real, the girls would scarcely have wished to see her again.

Margaret, however, was scarcely prepared for the extent or the nature of that difference in popular feeling, to which the letters of her friend so often alluded. That the girls had become more kindly disposed towards herself in consequence of seeing

afterwards how entirely they had misunderstood her, she could well believe, and that they should have the candour to confess it; but she was scarcely prepared for the results which had subsequently taken place, in consequence of the quiet working out of that system of moral and religious training on which Miss Clare depended, under the blessing of God, for the formation of character, and the establishment of right principles of conduct.

"It will come in time," Miss Clare would often say, when baffled for the moment. "They must themselves see and feel what they are about. The good which I wait for must be done by them, not by me. It is comparatively an easy matter for me to find out the evil that is being done—comparatively easy for me to stop it; but what we want is for them to see it as it is, and to stop it themselves. People talk a great deal about orderly and well-governed schools, and undoubtedly such schools are very pretty to look at, and very calm and safe to dwell in the midst of. But while we govern, we do not always educate; certainly not while we govern as it were by rule and compass. Education of the highest order I understand to be that which teaches the young how to govern themselves; and this is a widely different thing as regards their after-lives from what takes place where they are only governed. While learning to govern themselves, they must necessarily have a little space to move in, a little line must be given them, a little freedom of choice and action must be allowed; and a school where this is the case will scarcely look so prim and orderly as one which is strictly governed, where everything is done by rule, and where the pupils have no choice but to obey implicitly. From such schools they go out into the world bewildered with the new sense of their own freedom, and their total ignorance of how to use it. Having been governed entirely by rule and letter, they find neither in the world of society, or they find them not the same. What are they to do? They cannot fall back upon principle: they have never been accustomed to make principle the basis of their conduct—only

rule and law. And yet we call such young people educated, because they have gone through a certain course of instruction in things which, in many cases, they will scarcely ever have occasion to think of again, and which bear no relation whatever to that which they must think, and act out, and be, themselves—their own lives, their own conduct, and their own characters."

When Margaret reached the end of her journey, and looked up at the well-known windows of the school, she saw a crowd of faces almost pressing against the panes of glass in one particular room with which she was well acquainted. To smile and nod was all she could do while walking up to the door. She must see Miss Clare first; and here the welcome she received was kind and cheerful in the extreme; for though often harassed and perplexed, as all earnest people must be whose hearts are set upon doing good, Miss Clare was naturally cheerful, even merry at times; and in proportion as her spirit was oppressed at other times with a sense of the burden of her great responsibility, it seemed to fly back with a kind of youthful rebound into the sunny region of hope and joy, whenever, to use her own homely expression, "things were going well."

Things were going well now. They seemed indeed to be going almost better than well. The school-girl element is very lively and penetrating. Happy feelings, as well as sad ones, spread rapidly; and in spite of what some sage moralists tell us, I for one believe that where good has gained the mastery over evil, there is more genuine and widespread delight experienced, than in any case where evil is the victor. So it was at all events in Miss Clare's school just now. Some of the inmates were very naturally rejoicing in the near prospect of returning home; and many, the little ones especially, were happy because they had caught a kind of infection from the cheerfulness and goodwill which generally prevailed. But there were others, and amongst these were some of the strongest and most influential characters, who were happy because they had done what was right, instead of persisting

in what was wrong—had made confession before their fellow-beings, and had asked forgiveness of God, and so had set their faces honestly the right way, determined with His help to pursue that course for the future.

Under these circumstances Margaret made her appearance amongst the girls, no longer with a cloud upon her brow, but with that open, confiding smile which made its way at once to every honest and feeling heart. If some who had been her most determined enemies stood back a little, this smile invited them to come, without a shadow of doubt or fear. It assured them that on her part all was peace and confidence and good-will—that the past was put away as if it never had existed, and thus they were all one now in girlish love and mutual faith.

It takes off a little from the romance of this scene to say that Margaret was nearly borne down by embraces, smothered with kisses, and crushed out of all fashionable shape; but such is not unfrequently the best part of human life,—when we cannot look into a glass and say that the picture is at its best, but—oh, happy time!—when we do not care whether it is or not!

Margaret was in her element now. Not receiving apologies—that was not her wish; not even receiving explanations—Miss Clare had explained all,—but sharing the general good-will, the general cheerfulness, an honest and hearty joy, arising out of feelings which none need blush to own—feelings congenial to youth, and to all that youth can most depend upon for its future happiness and welfare.

It was pleasant, with companions in this frame of mind, to roam about the well-remembered walks and grounds; and though there were reasons why the busy talkers could not say much about the more immediate past which they had shared together, they managed to talk about a thousand familiar and amusing things, without treading upon dangerous ground; for all understood that the more painful portions of their mutual experience were not to be entered upon with Margaret; and perhaps her friends never loved her better than when they found

that such was her wish—that she had not come back to preach a sermon to them, not even to tell them how wrong they had been, nor how much they had made her suffer,—but to rejoice with them, and to thank God for the happy change.

There were a few amongst the girls, however, to whom this was not enough. They felt too keenly how deeply they had wronged a noble and generous nature, and they could not pass over in silence this their first, and perhaps their last, opportunity of making what atonement was in their power. To them it seemed like a confirmation of their wrong not to speak openly to Margaret, and at least acknowledge their fault.

But sufficiently assured before-hand of the altered state of their feelings, it was painful to Margaret to hear the confession of these girls; only, remembering that in their place she herself would never have been satisfied without confessing, she bore their acknowledgments as well as she could, not making light of what they had done—that would have been against her own convictions,—but putting the matter away with all kindness and tenderness, and making them feel that it must henceforth be a closed page in their mutual history, only to be opened to the eye of God.

At the same time Margaret frankly took some blame to herself, and spoke openly and candidly of an abrupt, unpleasant manner that she had—somewhat dictatorial, perhaps, and often too impatient of wrong. She would endeavour to correct it, she said, for she felt the unpleasant effect of such a manner in others, and ought to be on her guard against it herself.

And thus the matter ended, under the shady trees of that school garden. It ended there so far as to its being talked about as a grievance or a wrong; but if we could trace out the different histories of those most concerned in it, we might possibly see that the end was in honourable lives, in right and noble government of households and families, and in living and dying thankfulness for having been taught, though severely, the inestimable benefit of holding by what is just and right and true, even in little things.

In this manner Margaret's pleasant visit was closed, and a happier season has perhaps seldom been experienced than that which served the good end of healing the wounds received in her school-life.

So complete, indeed, was her satisfaction, so full her cup of joy, that she forgot for awhile the troubles, or rather the one trouble, which awaited her on returning to her friends at Eastwick. Here her relatives were again comfortably settled in their old quarters, when Margaret arrived, and Agnes Godwin was expected soon to join the social circle.

Archy Dunlop was now considered to have regained his health, and was perhaps as strong and well as he was ever likely to be, with a lameness which had now become a settled malady, and which, besides the inconvenience and pain it caused him, was a source of greater mortification to the sufferer than any of his friends would have anticipated. The fact was, they had never known the real force of that innate desire to be admired and loved, which lurked in the boy's heart, and which, as in all such cases, never so strongly developed itself as when he was in danger of losing ground in the opinion of his friends.

Archy was now also just at that age when personal appearance is of the greatest importance to a youth—when to be manly, active, and graceful in all movements and exercises is one of the first points of consideration, and when simply to look well is something, especially in the eyes of women. Agnes was coming home too, not only the beautiful girl he had seen her six months ago, but polished into a London young lady, accustomed to society, and, in short, in all respects what is generally understood by a charming and accomplished woman. What would Agnes think of him—a poor, sickly, limping fellow? She was kind and gentle—perhaps she would not mind—perhaps she would sit beside him, and read to him on summer evenings, when he was unable any longer to take rambling walks with her upon the cliff, or along the seashore. Perhaps she would not mind his lameness. He did not think it altered his appearance much, and not at all when he remained quiet.

And, then, poor Archy, with a sudden rush of thought, would go back to scenes of youthful enterprise, in which, if not the most alert, he was always active and merry. Nor was this all, nor by any means the worst; for by a similar rebound of feeling he would go back to scenes of innocence and happiness, before he had anything to conceal, or had learned the miserable art of appearing to be what he was not. The difference now was such, that it made him shudder. He felt like one who had fallen from a height, and could not recover himself—who had dropped out of some fair region of pure air and sunshine and verdure, down into darkness and bad air and disease and misery. And for what?

Then Archy would mentally shake himself, as if from a bad dream, and try to think it was half fancy, or morbid feeling, or over-sensitiveness, or merely the result of long confinement and want of accustomed exercise; and then he lost himself in pleasant thoughts again, for was not Agnes coming home? Yes, many and many were the pictures, very fair and very sweet, which Archy painted as he lay thinking and dreaming upon his couch alone; and as his health improved, and he had less to suffer—yet at the same time was compelled to be still—his imagination took the active part, and did work enough for any amount of strength, if only it had been useful work, or likely to issue in any kind of good.

In joining her friends at Eastwick, it was a great object with Margaret not to appear curious about the unpleasant reports which her aunt assured her were so far authenticated as to place Harry Dunlop entirely beyond the pale of acquaintance to her, or to any of them. "Except," as Mrs. Anderson said, "the Godwins might perhaps consider it an act of Christian duty not to cast him off. Clergymen, you know," she said, "must do many things in the way of duty, which other people cannot do, and ought not to attempt."

And still Margaret was kept in the dark as to the actual facts of the case. Still she would not encourage her aunt to explain—still she would not stoop to make inquiries

of the common gossip of the place, and still she shrank from asking even kind Mrs. Godwin herself. Mr. Godwin, she observed, seldom if ever mentioned Harry's name—that in itself was a bad symptom. Archy seemed to know nothing, and of course suspected nothing. His intercourse with the people of the place was necessarily very limited, and unless the Godwins should make him acquainted with the stories told about his brother, it was not likely that they would ever reach his ear.

"Some day," said Margaret, "I will know all, even if I ask Mrs. Godwin myself;" and if she shrank from making the inquiry at once, it was from no misgiving in her own mind that her friend had been guilty of any act of moral culpability. "He has only been doing some of his old rash acts," she said to herself, "setting public opinion at defiance, and bringing blame upon himself for nothing. Perhaps some wild sea enterprise has kept him out late at night, or he has been seen in the company of strange people—fishermen or sailors. Something of that kind must have brought these unaccountable suspicions upon him, for that Harry has been wicked or mean I never will believe."

The real charges brought against Harry Dunlop were such as Margaret never would have dreamed of, still less could have believed; and yet they were just such as no one could contradict, or clear him from. They would have been no very improbable charges to bring against many young men, and it required a very intimate knowledge of Harry, and a thorough acquaintance with his character, for any one who heard them under present circumstances to reject them as entirely untrue.

It would scarcely have been in keeping with a character like Mrs. Godwin's to avoid speaking on any subject closely interesting to Margaret and herself. Even had the subject worn a darker aspect than this did to her, she would have been almost sure to speak, unless indeed it had been one of confirmed disgrace and shame; and as it was her general practice to find out the bright points in every picture, and the hope-

ful indications in every case, there were few subjects on which she did not speak with her intimate friends, and sometimes she spoke both warmly and eloquently.

Thus, the very first time that Margaret was alone with Mrs. Godwin, and likely to be so for a considerable length of time, the subject which was upon both their hearts was fairly entered upon, soon, however, to be interrupted by Margaret's earnest exclamation,—“But what is it, my dear Mrs. Godwin? I do not so much as know what all this is about.”

“Not know?” exclaimed her friend, with the utmost astonishment.

“No; I would neither ask my aunt, nor allow her to tell me.”

“You are a strange girl! Why, I thought you took a deep interest in Harry Dunlop.”

“So I do. Perhaps too deep to sit still and hear him abused.”

“Oh, I understand you now! Well, you remember Tom Lawson, a young farming man that Mr. Dunlop took away with him? He was engaged to a smart pretty girl, the niece of James Halliday, the fisherman who lives down in the little bay yonder—not a good man, and one whom I suspect of being at the root of all this mischief.”

“What does he say? I know James Halliday, and have seen his niece, who appeared to me a respectable, nice kind of girl.”

“Yes, altogether respectable; no one can say anything to the contrary. And observe—it is not a case of open wickedness which they attempt to bring forward, or we might all have joined to contradict it; but of treachery and deception.”

“Such as Harry Dunlop never would, nor could, be guilty of!”

“So I say, and I say it the more confidently because I do not believe that treachery and deception ever come at once. I believe there is always some preliminary failure of principle, or weakness of character, or something of that kind, to indicate the probability of deception before it occurs to any considerable extent; and Harry Dunlop was clear as the day, like a rock in his firmness and decision—almost too bold

and stern in his integrity: nothing could shake him—nothing could make him yield. But for all that, appearances are against him. There is no doubt but that he was seen more than once walking with Nelly Armstrong, deeply absorbed in some kind of confidential intercourse; and the report goes in this way—that while planning to get the girl over to Canada, ostensibly to join her affianced husband, Tom Lawson, he has been secretly scheming to get her over to be his own wife."

"Absurd! impossible!"

"Yea, I say absurd, and impossible, too; but then he *was* seen walking with Nelly late on the cliff, he *was* a frequent visitor at her uncle's cottage, he *was* seen in earnest conversation with her late on the evening before you and Agnes left to return to school."

"On *that* evening?" exclaimed Margaret, earnestly, and she remembered almost instantaneously all that took place—her long walk with Harry on the seashore that evening,—not only what they had talked about, but the very tones of his voice—his looks—everything—even to the slightest expression which had been associated in her mind with that memorable evening; and was it possible, she thought, woman-like, that he could have walked with another girl after that—a very

different girl from herself,—and could have carried on a conversation such as these people described?

Margaret had no proof to the contrary. Harry Dunlop had never written to her. Even in the close and interesting communion of mind with mind, or rather of soul with soul, which had marked their intercourse that evening, and made it memorable, he had said nothing to her except as friend might speak to friend. He had given her no pledge by which she might hold him under any especial bond to herself. He was free, as regarded her, to speculate upon any wife that might suit his heart and home. And yet there was undeniably a something, which it would have been impossible for her to define, which made this story, if true, assume an air of meanness in him, and of treachery to her.

If true! Margaret was shocked, grieved, disturbed, perhaps, beyond what she had ever been in her life before; but after looking thoughtfully upon the ground for some time, she raised her clear eyes, and fixing them full upon Mrs. Godwin's face, said calmly, but firmly, "I don't believe it."

"No more do I," said the cheery little woman, and they walked on together more happily, talking pleasantly of other things.

THE HOME LIFE OF H.R.H. THE PRINCE CONSORT.

"We know him now, all narrow jealousies
Are silent: and we see him as he moved:
How modest, kindly, all-accomplished, wise—
With what sublime repression of himself;—
In that fierce light which beats upon a throne,
And blackens every blot."



NE summer's day, nearly thirty years ago, there was a grand ceremony at Westminster. Men talked of it in lands severed by half the circumference of the globe. It absorbed the thoughts of millions throughout the British Isles. The sceptre of these realms had fallen from the grasp of our grey-haired sailor King, and been taken up by a young and gentle girl. Not the gorgeous

equipages, the State pageantry, nor yet the imposing grandeur of the vast multitudes chiefly arrested attention—it was her fair, calm face that was the sight most coveted as she then passed to her coronation. Many eyes moistened as they watched it on her progress to the great Abbey, and as she returned, her smoothly-banded hair crowned with the diadem of England, Christian hearts swelled with an emotion such as Christianity approves. For loyalty is no earth-born sentiment. The King immortal and invisible does not borrow from, but lends His titles to, mundane princes. His relationships to us are only reflected by our relationships to each other.

Two years later, the great Dover road was thronged with spectators, for railways were yet in their infancy. The fair lady who wore the Imperial crown of these realms was about to share so much of its burden as was permitted to her with a young German Prince of the Protestant line of Saxony; and again the multitudes had gathered for a momentary sight of a single face. That face was one to photograph itself on the memory. It bespoke a cultivated intellect, a gentle heart, and dignified firmness of character. The sweet gravity of its expression, indicating a sense of the responsibility about to be assumed, was welcome to all who valued the happiness of the Queen and the welfare of the country.

Years sped on, and the opening promise of "twain lives made one," was developed in the Home Life of a Royal Household, which presented such a picture of "whatsoever things are pure, lovely, and of good report," that the nation's loyalty, advancing far beyond the principle of allegiance to the throne, deepened into a feeling of almost personal attachment and affection towards the Queen and her Husband.

The royal pair became a notable pattern of those private and domestic virtues which, next to the "righteousness" which "exalteth a people," are the truest elements of a nation's strength and prosperity. Those who bear in mind how demoralising and wide-spread must be the influence which the profligacy of a Royal Court necessarily exerts, are able to appreciate the reformation in social and family life which the Queen and her Consort so powerfully promoted in the land.

From the very first, the princely character of Albert was manifest. Called at an early age to fill a most difficult position, he shunned on the one hand the fashionable vices and frivolities of youth, and on the other the enmeshing temptations of political ambition. He chose a path of his own, which has for ever associated his name with the progress of his adopted country, in manufactures, agriculture, science, and the fine arts; and, what is far more important, identified him with every philanthropic and educational movement of the age. Of course he did not always please all. No man in such a position could entirely escape either the jealousies in which even the great sometimes indulge, or the vulgar detraction which is natural to the mean. But throughout his career the voice of jealousy or detraction was very seldom able to make itself

heard, and when it did succeed, it was instantly silenced by the nation's expression of indignant reprobation.

But however appreciated whilst living, it was not till that sad morning when the shock of grief fell upon every heart and home in the land, and eyes that had scarcely ever been dim with tears, overflowed for their Queen, in the desolating bitterness of her great bereavement—it was not till then that England could really know and feel how much she owed to the wise counsel and conduct of her noble Prince. The telegraphic communication which, on that Sabbath morning, stilled the voice of prayer in so many Christian temples for one who needed prayer no more, aroused and quickened the pulsations of the national heart; and that heart, throbbing in closest sympathy with the sorrow of the best of earthly sovereigns, bespoke, in language which could not be misunderstood, the sense of a loss which the country felt could scarcely be over-estimated.

Since the hour of this great sorrow, years have again sped on, and we may truly say, whilst time has fled, our Queen in her widowed loneliness, whether in her household or upon her throne, has not been less queenly than before. We know there have been those who have found occasion for censure in Her Majesty's partial retirement from the world's gay circle—where grief is so often disguised from the eye, but continues nevertheless as a canker-worm to feed on the heart. But even that retirement, we doubt not, has had its influence for good: and whilst Christian loyalty may and ought to preempt the earnest prayer that the light of another world may increasingly dispel the sorrowful recollections connected with happiness in this which has passed away, filling their place with the anticipations of hope looking forward to a reunion above, and so bracing the mind for active service till the appointed time,—it should ever be remembered that Her Majesty's partial retirement must be regarded as a personal matter, in which her own judgment alone could guide her; and, moreover, we must also admit that hitherto this retirement has never been allowed, in any single instance, to interfere with the faithful discharge of the royal duties incumbent upon her. Her walk in life may have been less public than it would otherwise have been, but perhaps it has not on that account been less *influential*. The "outward pomp and circumstance" of royalty, after all,

is not the glory that excelleth. There are "touches of nature" which forge closer links of attachment than can be created in the atmosphere of magnificent palaces and crowded levées. The Queen has gained an entrance to many a palace-heart—even in cottage homes—which has opened the more readily to welcome her, *because* the bond of sympathy had been formed by the hallowing influence of a common sorrow. We may have seen a little less of the *Queen*, but we have certainly seen far more of the *woman*: and in the woman we have learned the more to revere the Queen. The humblest of her people have seen how they are remembered by their sovereign; and those palace messages to widows and orphans in the hour of national calamity, whilst they spoke to the nation, are treasured as words seldom are treasured, in many a grateful heart. As a woman, in a queenly manner, Her Majesty has especially devoted herself to the exalted ministry of sympathy—soothing the sorrowful, cheering the sad, and alleviating the pains of the sick and the distressed: and we are well assured that in the ultimate estimate of royal influence, any disadvantages which may be thought in some cases to have arisen from her partial retirement from public life, will be felt to be unworthy to be named in comparison with the higher office which that retirement has enabled her the more effectively to discharge,

It is in this light we regard and accept the remarkable volume—"The Early Years of His Royal Highness the Prince Consort"—which the Queen, with the simple, free, and unreserved confidence which she has ever displayed, has just placed in the hands of her subjects. The original design, as we are informed, was to furnish "a biography for his sons and daughters—for those eyes alone that had the right of blood or of close friendship, to view nothing as unimportant which might revive a forgotten touch, or deepen a familiar trait, in the picture of a Prince whose life and death have given new meanings to royalty." But Her Majesty ultimately and wisely resolved to "*make her people members of her family.*" The confidence reposed will not have been misplaced. "This pathetic book—glowing with household fondnesses, and plain to boldness in its resolute wish to let nothing go of the dead that can be saved—will speak to the millions the things they understand best. Whoever does not thank Her Majesty for these pages—beautiful with a pure and faithful affection,

and richer in their common humanity than any stately style or nice choice of royal incidents could make them—wants eyesight to see great facts. He will be one who thinks the jewels of a crown brighter than the tears of a Queen, State papers more precious than the souvenirs of a perfect bond of hearts, and royalty too high and too unhappy a state to have the right to be human, or to hold its human prerogatives of love and loving memories dearer than all its other splendour."

Our readers are doubtless already familiar with the extracts from the volume which have appeared in most of the public journals: but we are sure they will welcome an attempt to present, in this and a succeeding paper, a somewhat more connected narrative of the Home Life of the Prince.

Prince Albert's father was Duke Ernest I. of Saxe-Coburg-Saalfeld. He married in 1817 the daughter of the last Duke of Gotha. They had two sons—Ernest, the present reigning Duke, born in 1818, and Albert, born on the 26th of August, 1819. A memorandum, written by the Queen in 1864, describes the Duchess, their mother, as "very handsome, although very small; fair, and with blue eyes: and Prince Albert is said to have been extremely like her." She was, moreover, full of cleverness and talent.

The Duchess died in 1831, in her thirty-second year; and the Princess were, from this period, mainly indebted for motherly care to their grandmothers, the Dowager-Duchess of Coburg-Saalfeld, and the Duchess of Saxe-Gotha, who watched over them with the most constant anxiety. From their infancy indeed, we are told, the grandmothers seemed to vie with each other as to which should show the two children the most love and kindness.

From the Duchess of Coburg we have the first announcement of the arrival of the Prince, written from the bedside of her daughter-in-law to her own daughter, the Duchess of Kent in England.

"I am sitting by Louischen's bed (at Rosenau). She was yesterday morning safely and quickly delivered of a little boy. Siebold, the accoucheuse, had only been called at three, and at six the little one gave his first cry in this world, and looked about like a little squirrel with a pair of large black eyes. I found the little mother slightly exhausted, but *gai et dispos*. She sends you and Edward [the Duke of Kent] a thousand kind messages."

Her Majesty observes in a foot-note that

"his eyes were blue;" but the Duchess afterwards repeats her statement, which proved correct. And, in that second letter, she also speaks of the "little May flower" born in the same year—three months before: she said "May flower" being no other than the Princess Victoria.

The Prince was baptized in September, 1819, by the names of Francis Charles Augustus Albert Emmanuel, but Albert was the name by which he was always known. He must certainly have been a most charming child. The following is his mother's description of him when he was eight months old, in which she contrasts the two brothers:—

"Ernest est bien grand pour son âge, vif et intelligent. Ses grands yeux noirs pétillent d'esprit et de vivacité. . . . Albert est superbe—d'une beauté extraordinaire; a des grands yeux bleus, une toute petite bouche—un joli nez—et des fossettes à chaque joue—il est grand et vif, et toujours gai. Il a trois dents, et, malgré qu'il n'a que huit mois, il commence déjà à marcher."

Something, perhaps, must be allowed to a mother's partiality, but a portrait of the Prince at the age of four prefixed to the volume amply supports the praises that are lavished on his beauty in childhood. It is as beautiful a child's face as could be conceived. As a portrait it is an exquisite work of art, but painters rarely draw, even from fancy, so lovely a face.

The education of the two young Princes, notwithstanding one or two serious disadvantages, was from the first excellently conducted; and their life during the next fourteen years is described in a good deal of interesting detail.

We have pictures of the little one at the mature age of two when he drags his "uncle Leopold" about the castle, and is "teething, like his little cousin in England"—always with his elder brother Ernest. At five we see him transferred from the nurse to the care of the tutor Herr Florschütz, under whose charge the brothers remained for fifteen years, until they had completed their education at the University of Bonn.

Their removal from female care at so early an age caused very natural anxiety in their grandmother at Gotha, for the Prince was subject to dangerous attacks of croup. But we are told that "the Prince from a child showed a great dislike to being in the charge of women, and rejoiced instead of sorrowing over

the contemplated change." The strength of the Prince, indeed, was in his mind rather than in his body. He was healthy, but never robust. King Leopold describes him as "looking delicate in his youngest days," but adds that "he was always an intelligent child, and held a certain sway over his brother, who rather kindly submitted to it."

The two Princes were evidently much like other boys—a fact not necessarily surprising to anybody that we know of, except gold-sticks-in-waiting and the like. We have a joyous little letter, commencing, "Papa took me to breakfast, and I got a beautiful crown piece"—for by this time the Prince has mastered the "dreadful elements;" but they don't always agree with him, for he puts down in his boy-memoranda:—

. . . . I cried at my lesson to-day, because I could not find a verb: and the Rath pinched me, to show me what a verb was. And I cried about it. . . .

He relates how he had "beer and cheese" at Ketschendorf—for it is only in fairy tales that Princes live on butterfly-wings and sunbeams; and here is a very naïve bit of boyhood:—

"9th April.

. . . . I got up well and happy; afterwards I had a fight with my brother. . . .

It is a little sad to notice that on the 10th also "I had another fight with my brother;" though conscience, or the Herr Tutor, has appended to this second the observation "that was not right."

While the Princes were thus variously engaged at books or fraternal cuffs at Coburg and Rosenau, the father was made Duke of Gotha, and the boys went there under their grandmother's care. The Duchess's views were clearly sensible, since she concludes a letter on their regimen with the remark that "a well-regulated diet, and as much air as possible, are better than all the medicines."

The prince at this time must have had great qualities, for they were recognized by his play-fellows; and boys are no panegyrists nor taft-hunters. Playing at "dukes and emperors" at Gotha, we find young Albert chosen to the latter responsible title, which he wore till bedtime with success. The strength and nobleness of his character are also brought into view, under a severe attack of croup. His tutor thus describes him:—

"I shall never forget the goodness, the affec-

tionate patience, he showed when suffering under feverish attacks. His heart seemed then to open to the whole world. He would form the most noble projects for execution after his recovery."

There is a little bit of foot-note here, which must be quoted to show how simple the Royal story is. Herr Florschütz says "he never had the whooping-cough," and we read below: "Note by the Queen.—This is a mistake. He certainly had it."

He had attacks of boyish fun too. At a public entertainment we read of his getting his instructor in chemistry to fill a number of small glass vessels, about the size of a pea, with sulphuretted hydrogen, which he threw about the floor of the room in which they were assembled, to the great annoyance and discomfort of the audience, at whose confusion he was highly delighted.

On another occasion he filled the pockets of the Princess Caroline's cloak with soft cheese; but the Princess paid him out, for she put a basketful of frogs into his bed at Rosenau and spoiled his night's rest—a bitter revenge, because he was one of those who "sleep o' nights," and could hardly keep awake if the palace festivities kept him up.

In 1832 the Princes went together to Brussels, and Albert began to see the world. The educational standing to which he had attained will best be gathered from a very interesting memorandum drawn up by his instructor, Herr Florschütz. From this it appears the Prince's regular lessons commenced at six years old. At first he was only taught one hour a day. From his seventh to his ninth year he was taught three hours; from his ninth to his eleventh year, four hours. Bodily exercises and amusements occupied the remainder of the day. Even after he went to Bonn his regular lessons did not exceed five hours. So long as he was at home even this time was greatly interrupted; for his father seems to have been of very restless habits, and it was his custom to breakfast during the summer months in the open air, generally at a different place every day. In fact, the Prince had generally to make an excursion to his breakfast, and as the morning was his time for study, his work was frequently disturbed. The Queen says that he often complained of this himself in after-life. It must not be supposed, however, that his studies were confined to his regular lessons. He was indefatigable in his own improvement. At the age of 14 he drew

up for himself the following programme of his studies:—

Hours.	Monday.	Tuesday.	Wednesday.
6-7	Translation from the French.	Exercises in Music.	Reading.
7-8	Repetition and Preparation in History.	Preparation in Religion.	Riding.
8-9	Modern History.	Religious Instruction.	Exercises in German composition.
10-11	Ovid.	Ovid.	Music.
11-12	English.	Logic.	English.
12-1	Mathematics.	Geography.	French.
1-2			Drawing.
2-3	French.	English Exercises.	French.
3-4			
4-5	Exercises in Latin Composition.	Written Translation of Sallust.	Mathematics.

Hours.	Thursday.	Friday.	Saturday.
6-7	Exercises in Memory.	Exercises in Music.	Correspondence.
7-8	Repetition and Preparation in History.	Exercises in Memory.	Riding.
8-9	Religious Instruction.	Ancient History.	Exercises in German composition.
10-11	Modern History.	Exercises in Latin Composition.	Music.
11-12	English.	Natural History.	English.
12-1	Ovid.	Logic.	French.
1-2			Drawing.
2-3	English Exercises.	French.	Geography.
3-4	Mathematics.	Latin Exercises.	
4-5		Sallust.	Correspondence.

This includes, says his tutor, all his self-imposed tasks; and well it may. It will be seen that, if it were carried out, it involves six and sometimes seven hours' work a day before 2 o'clock, and two hours' work in the evening. It affords also an interesting description of the general character of his instruction. It will be noticed that the ancient languages were far from occupying the exclusive place they hold in our English education, but that modern languages and what we should consider accomplishments, receive quite as much attention.

In connexion with the voluntary entry in this programme of religious subjects, it is most gratifying to read the testimony of his tutor, who warmly speaks of "the earnestness with which the Prince prepared for his confirmation and of the deep solemnity with which he engaged in it." This ceremony took place on Palm Sunday, 1835, and the Court Chaplain, the well-known Dr. Jacobi, presided. After the choir had begun the service by singing the hymn, "Come, Holy Ghost," the Prince and his brother sustained a public and apparently extempore examination, and it is stated "their strict attention to the questions, the frankness

decision, and correctness of their answers, produced a deep impression on the numerous assembly." The following extract indicates the sincerity and earnestness of his profession :

"The profession now made by the Prince he held fast through life. His was no lip-service. His faith was essentially one of the heart, a real and living faith, giving a colour to his whole life. Deeply imbued with a conviction of the great truths of Christianity, his religion went far beyond mere forms, to which, indeed, he attached no especial importance. It was not with him a thing to be taken up and ostentatiously displayed with almost pharisaical observance on certain days or at certain seasons, or on certain formal occasions. It was part of himself. It was ingrafted in his very nature, and directed his every-day life."

Another memorandum of personal reminiscences, drawn up at the Queen's request, by one of his cousins, Count Arthur Mensdorff, who was occasionally the Prince's playfellow, furnishes, perhaps, the most lively picture of his character during the period at which we are glancing.

The memorandum reads thus :—

"Albert, as a child, was of a mild, benevolent disposition. It was only what he thought unjust or dishonest that could make him angry. Thus I recollect one day when we children, Albert, Ernest, Ferdinand, Augustus, Alexander, myself, and a few other boys (if I am not mistaken Paul Wangenheim was one), were playing at the Rosenau, and some of us were to storm the old ruined tower on the side of the castle, which the others were to defend. One of us suggested that there was a place at the back by which we could get in without being seen, and thus capture it without difficulty. Albert declared that 'this would be most unbecoming in a Saxon knight, who should always attack the enemy in front,' and so we fought for the tower so honestly and vigorously that Albert, by mistake, for I was on his side, gave me a blow upon the nose, of which I still bear the mark. I need not say how sorry he was for the wound he had given me.

"Albert never was noisy or wild. He was always very fond of natural history and more serious studies, and many a happy hour was spent in the Ehrenburg, in a small room under the roof, arranging and dusting the collections our cousins had themselves made and kept there. He urged me to begin making a similar collection myself, so that we might join and form together a good cabinet.

"This was the commencement of the collections at Coburg, in which Albert always took so much interest.

"Albert thoroughly understood the *naïveté* of the Coburg national character, and he had the art of turning people's peculiarities into a source of fun. He had

a natural talent for imitation, and a great sense of the ludicrous, either in persons or things; but he was never severe or ill-natured; the general kindness of his disposition preventing him from pushing a joke, however he might enjoy it, so as to hurt any one's feelings. Every man has, more or less, a ridiculous side, and to quiz this, in a friendly and good-humoured manner, is after all the pleasantest description of humour. Albert possessed this rare gift in an eminent degree.

"Even as a child he was very fond of chess, and he, Ernest, Alexander, and myself often played the great four game.

"While still very young his heart was feelingly alive to the sufferings of the poor. I saw him one day give a beggar something by stealth, when he told me not to speak of it; 'for when you give to the poor,' he said, 'you must see that nobody knows of it.'

"He was always fond of shooting and fishing, as far as his natural kind feeling would permit, for a wounded animal always excited his warmest compassion.

"One day, out shooting at Coburg, I was hit by a chance shot, and he was the person who showed the greatest concern, and evinced the truest anxiety about my accident.

"In later years we saw much less of each other. In 1839, when I was serving in the Austrian Lancers, we met at Töplitz, and from thence drove together to Carlsbad, to see uncle Ernest. Eös was in the carriage. During our journey Albert confided to me, under the seal of the strictest confidence, that he was going to England to make your acquaintance, and that if you liked each other you were to be engaged. He spoke very seriously about the difficulties of the position he would have to occupy in England, but hoped that dear uncle Leopold would assist him with his advice. We were at that moment approaching the station where we were to change horses. He asked me the name of the place, which I told him was Buchau, a little village known all round as a sort of *Kräheninsel*, famous for all sorts of ludicrous stories about the inhabitants. We drove into the place, the postillion blowing his horn and cracking his whip. Albert seeing a large crowd assembled round the post house, said to me, 'Quick, stoop down in the carriage, and we will make Eös look out of the window, and all the people will wonder at the funny Prince.' We did so, and the people had to satisfy their curiosity with Eös. The horses were soon changed, and we drove off, laughing heartily at our little joke.

"Some time ago I collected all the letters I have of dearest Albert's, and in one of them I found a passage most characteristic of his noble way of thinking, as shown and maintained by him from his earliest childhood: 'The poor soldiers,' he says, 'always do their duty in the most brilliant manner; but as soon as matters come again into the hands of politicians and diplomats, everything is again spoiled and confused. *Ovidius*'s saying to his son may still be quoted: 'My son, when you look at things more closely you will be

surprised to find with how little wisdom the world is governed." I should like to add, "and with how little morality."

"How much these words contain! We again see the Saxon knight, who as a child declared that you must attack your enemy in front, who hates every crooked path; and, on the other hand, the noble heart which feels deeply the misfortune of a government not guided by reason and morality."

At this period of the Prince's Home Life we must pause. We would willingly continue our extracts, but our present space forbids. We have confined ourselves in this paper to glimpses of the Prince before he became so truly identified with England's hopes and interests. In our next paper, in sketching his advancing years, we shall have to mark the stream of that other life which, ripple by ripple, kept time with his, blending at length with its larger waves, flowing through happy meadows of honour and splendour with it—then, separating a little from it before it fell into the great sea of eternity, now waits to rest there with it at last, as we would pray and believe, under a sky without any more storm or darkness.

We read in Her Majesty's own journal (June 23, 1840), that the Prince, "when he was a

child of three years' old, was told by his nurse that he should marry the Queen, and that when he first thought of marrying at all, he always thought of her." Side by side with this entry, we would place the simple and touching words, in which the Duchess of Coburg wrote to the Duchess of Kent about England's little "blossom of May."

"The rays of the sun are scorching at the height to which she may one day attain. It is only by the blessing of God that all the fine qualities He has put into her soul can be kept pure and untarnished. May God bless and protect our little darling!"

The blessing thus desired has been richly vouchsafed; and we may safely add, the "fine qualities" of the Queen never appeared so resplendent as they now do, in the light of the testimony she has borne, so exalting in its humility, that in no small measure the nation may trace the channel of the Divine blessing to herself in the gift of that loving, honest, truthful husband, whose influence for good was so great, and whose fitting memorial is found in these simple records of his life and character.

THE EDITOR.

(To be continued.)

HYMNS OF FAITH AND HOPE.*

BY HORATIUS BONAR, DD.

I.

THE WHITE RAIMENT.

The babe, the bride, the quiet dead,
Clad in peculiar raiment all,
Yet each puts on the spotless white
Of cradle, shroud, and bridal-hall.

The babe, the bride, the shrouded dead,
Each entering on an untried home,
Wears the one badge, the one fair hue,
Of birth, of wedding, and of tomb.

Of death and life, of birth and grief,
We take it as the symbol true;
It suits the smile, it suits the sigh,
That raiment of the stainless hue.

Not the rich rainbow's varied bloom,
That diapason of the light;
Not the soft sunset's silken glow,
Or flush of gorgeous chrysofite;

But purity of perfect light,
Its native, undivided ray,
All that is best of moon and sun,
The purest of the dawn and day.

O cradle of our youngest age,
Adorned with white, how fair art thou!
O robe of infancy, how bright!
Like moonlight on the moorland snow.

O bridal-hall, and bridal-robe,
How silver-bright your jewelled gleam!
Like sunrise on the gentle face
Of some translucent mountain stream.

* Dr. Bonar is perhaps the most gifted of our modern "poets of the sanctuary." Certainly his "praise" as a hymn-writer is deservedly "in all the Churches." From a Third Series of his "Hymns of Faith and Hope," first issued by J. Nisbet and Co., we extract three exquisite gems.—Ed., O. O. F.

O shroud of death, so soft and pure,
Like starlight upon marble fair;
Ah, surely it is life, not death,
That in still beauty sleepeth there.
Mine be a robe more spotless still,
With lustre-bright that cannot fade;
Purer and whiter than the robe
Of babe, or bride, or quiet dead.
Mine be the raiment given of God,
Wrought of fine linen, clean and white;
Fit for the eye of God to see,
Meet for His home of holy light.

II.

LET YOUR LIGHT SHINE.

Love thou the truth,
And speak the truth in love;
The wisdom pure and peaceable
Descendeth from above.
Hate thou the lie!
Yet without bitterness
Thy hatred of its evil speak,
Only to teach and bless.
Let not the stain
Of angry human breath
The heavenly mirror soil or dim,
Disturbing peace and faith.
All violence
Of soul, or pen, or tongue,
Not strength, nor greatness is at all,
But feebleness and wrong.
Overbear none;
Trust not in sword or rod;
Man's feverish wrath commendeth not
The tranquil truth of God.
The error hate,
But love the erring one;
God's love it was that brought thee back,
When thou astray wert gone.
Buy thou the truth,
And sell it not again;
Count thou no price too great for it—
Part with it for no gain.
All truth is calm,
Refuge and rock and tower;
The more of truth, the more of calm—
Its calmness is its power.
Truth is not strife,
Nor is to strife allied;
It is the error that is bred
Of storm, by rage and pride.
Calmness is truth,
And truth is calmness still,

Truth lifts its forehead to the storm
Like some eternal hill.

III.

LIFE'S PRAISE.

Fill Thou my life, O Lord my God,
In every part with praise;
That my whole being may proclaim
Thy being and Thy ways!
Not for the lip of praise alone,
Nor e'en the praising heart,
I ask, but for a life made up
Of praise in every part.
Praise in the common things of life,
Its goings out and in;
Praise in each duty and each deed,
However small and mean.
Praise in the common words I speak,
Life's common looks and tones,
In intercourse at hearth or board
With my beloved ones.
Not in the temple-crowd alone,
When holy voices chime,
But in the silent paths of earth,
The quiet rooms of time.
Upon the bed of weariness,
With fevered eye and brain;
Or standing by another's couch,
Watching the pulse of pain.
Enduring wrong, reproach, or loss,
With sweet and steadfast will;
Loving and blessing those who hate,
Returning good for ill.
Surrendering my fondest will
In things or great or small;
Seeking the good of others still,
Nor pleasing self at all.
Fill every part of me with praise,
Let all my being speak,
Of Thee and of Thy love, O Lord,
Poor though I be, and weak.
So shalt Thou, Lord, from me, e'en me,
Receive the glory due,
And so shall I begin on earth
The song for ever new.
So shall each fear, each fret, each care,
Be turned into song;
And every winding of the way
The echo shall prolong.
So shall no part of day or night
From sacredness be free,
But all my life, in every step,
Be fellowship with Thee.

HOMES OF OLD WRITERS.

BY THE REV. S. W. CHRISTOPHERS, AUTHOR OF "HYMN WRITERS AND THEIR HYMNS."

II.—DR. DONNE'S "HOSPITAL" AND "PRISON."

NOW strangely prone we are to repeat the old question about an afflicted neighbour, "Who did sin, this man or his parents?"

It may be that our readiness to put the query so often, notwithstanding holy cautions against false interpretations of Divine Providence, sometimes expresses a kind of instinctive homage to God's retributive justice; but it is never safe for the best of us to attempt a judicial decision in the case of a suffering brother. There is but One who knows all that is in man: but One, therefore, who has a right to judge. Yet how easily are the most kind and loving spirits sometimes betrayed into an invasion of their Redeemer's rights! The amiable Walton even—he who so loved the memory of John Donne—ventures to hint that his friend's domestic sufferings might prove "his marriage" to be "the remarkable error of his life:" and, says he, "doubtless it had been attended with a heavy repentance, if God had not blessed them with so mutual and cordial affections as in the midst of their sufferings made their bread of sorrow taste more pleasantly than the banquets of dull and low-spirited people."

O Isaac Walton! is obedience to that "mutual and cordial affection" which Heaven has ordained as the most holy warrant and bond of matrimony, to be repented of as an error punishable with "bread of sorrow"? and are "dull and low-spirited people" proved right in preferring marriages of mere convenience, by the fact that their expediency secures for them a life of "banquets"? Nay, such love as that of John and Anne Donne had God's own impress upon it; and though their Heavenly Father chastened them, their marriage was the prime joy rather than "the remarkable error" of their life. God gave them for a time "bread of sorrow" it is true; but who shall say how their sorrows served to deepen their mutual joy of love and to bring them into a meetness for the purer communion of Heaven? Was not their "valley of Achor" made their "door of hope"?

Nor have their trials been without fruit among those who are akin to them in mis-

fortune. How many a plaintive spirit has felt itself strangely consoled while reading those touching records of home-distresses which were dated at "Mitcham." Had those records never been hallowed to others, they have been hallowed to me. Indeed, I have learnt to love the very place where they were written, and never wander over the scene without feeling as if it had a soothing air for one's spirits in moments of depression.

When Donne's home at Pirford was broken up by the death of his friend Sir Francis Wooley, he found a house for himself at Mitcham. My first sight of his chosen village was from the heights of Wimbledon. I had come from the wild undulations of the far-famed "common," where I had been indulging in a rich variety of pleasure; now, letting the soul go forth dreamily towards the distant scenes of Richmond Park; now, bending tenderly over little family groups of *Drosera rotundifolia* (round-leaved sundew) in their moist dwellings on the heath; and now, in fancy, watching Roman veterans on garrison duty in the Imperial camp, or lounging at their evening mess. I was standing, by and by, on a commanding point, looking out through a break in the foliage of Ridgway upon the glorious landscape, which might help us to realize the joy of a Pisgah-sight of Canaan. In the distance were the hills of Surrey like a heaven-wrought frame stretching around the richly coloured picture; the lower heights, beginning on one hand at Norwood and extending to the Shirley and Addington hills, and still on to Banstead Common and Epsom Downs, on the right; and behind all these, the higher ridge of the great range which crosses the county, guarding and rejoicing over its most beautiful and classic retreats. Within this noble border, and immediately below, there was a wide paradise of grassy plains and wooded undulations, dotted with villas and homesteads, and gemmed with gardens and fields of fragrant herbs.

"What tower is that?" said I to my companion, "rising yonder among the trees?"

"That is Mitcham Church."

Mitcham! The name instantly acted as a charm, throwing over the lovely view a richer

loveliness, and endowing the spectator with organs of a more spiritual vision, so that in looking, one felt as if the golden thoughts of the genius who once dwelt among those trees were still living and shedding an ethereal light on every feature of the scene where they first found expression. One's soul would fain have taken wing at once, gently to glide down into the leafy retirement where Donne used to have those strange minglings of happy thought and plaintive feeling. I was soon down the hillside and through the pretty embowered lanes which led to the banks of the Wandle, and along by the old ivy-covered wall which remains to tell of Merton Priory.

Merton or Meretun, the town by the pond, is divided from Mitcham by an old bridge on which the pilgrim is tempted to linger and look into the quiet waters until they reflect visions of the successive generations which have lived and passed away from their flowery margin. There would be the death-scene of Cynwulf of Wessex, followed by the bloody struggles between Ethelred, Alfred, and their Danish foes. Then would pass the foundation ceremonies of the old Priory in 1117, with Ethelbert the sheriff figuring as the founder of the first wooden church, and its outstanding parish sanctuary still showing its ancient flint walls. Then would come the royal pomp of Henry the Third's Parliament and its issue of the famous "Statutes of Merton;" and then the rise of Merton College in 1264, under Walter de Merton, Bishop of Rochester.

But such visions were not the only enticements to linger. I would have sauntered in the nursery grounds hard by, which now cover the site of Nelson's dwelling during the intervals of his life ashore; especially by the side of the fishpond, the only thing left upon which he used to look; and there I would be regaled once more by the talk of the good though quaint old gardener, who moralized on the changes of times and seasons, and helped me by his native logic and the light of his own transparent simplicity of character, to distinguish between the common notions of greatness as attached to human titles, achievements, and fame, and that Christian childlikeness which the Divine mind esteems as the highest standard of greatness. That old man's homely remarks about looking away from self to Christ in order to be great in His kingdom or fit for His service, reminded me of a striking passage which once fell from the lips of

Donne while preaching in St. Paul's on Christmas Day, 1627:—

"But," says he, "as a thoughtful man, a pensive, a considerative man, that stands still for awhile, with his eyes fixed upon the ground before his feet, when he casts up his head, hath presently, instantly, the sun or the heavens for his object; he sees not a tree, nor a house, nor a steeple by the way; but as soon as his eye is departed from the earth, where it was long fixed, the next thing he sees is the sun or the heavens:—so when Moses had fixed himself long upon the consideration of his own insufficiency for this service, when he took his eye from that low piece of ground, himself, considered as he was then, he fell upon no tree, no house, no steeple, no such consideration as this—God may endow me, improve me, exalt me, enable me, qualify me with faculties fit for this service,—but his first object was that which presented an infallibility with it, Christ Jesus Himself, the Messiah Himself."

Now, however, I must needs hasten to Donne's village retreat. Another half-hour, and there is the village green. Who could wonder that finely framed spirits should have chosen a home in that old Surrey village?

There were but few tokens of antiquity in the architecture of either cottages or mansions; but there were still the broad, free, fresh-looking "greens,"—the "upper" and the "lower" green, the latter still graced with some rows of noble old elms, the venerable relics of that leafy border which once beautified the village "folk-land," and afforded shade to the old and the young who used to sport or doze in the open air of summer-tide. The church, of course, was to be visited first of all. It was a comparatively modern building, of pleasant proportions and appearance, covering the site on which several earlier sanctuaries had echoed to the prayers of former generations. The one in which Donne had often worshipped was destroyed by lightning about six years after he had joined "the Church of the First-born, written in Heaven."

I found an old woman in the church, who remembered the building which followed that of Donne's time, and which was taken down to make way for the present erection.

"I have been here over fifty years," she said, "and since my time all the old families have gone; here are some of their tombs along the aisles. One of the oldest you see is that of the Crowleys; here they lie." And, lifting the matting, she showed me an old slab in the floor,

with an epitaph "To the memory of Sir Ambrose Crowley, and Dame Mary, his wife." Sir Ambrose, as his memorial says, was an "Alderman of unblemished probity and a sincere belief and practice of true Christianity." He figures in the *Tattler* as "Sir Humphry Greenhat."

"Did you ever hear anything of Dr. Donne?" said I. "Is there any story afloat about his residence here?"

"Who?" said the old woman, "Dr. Donne? No; I never heard of anybody of that name; nobody knows him here."

"Do you know anything, then, about where Sir Walter Raleigh used to live?"

"Oh, yes; he used to live in a house that was once up at the end of Whitford Lane. All gone now, sir, like everybody and everything else."

"And so," thought I, as I left the old woman to the use of her brush, "the courtier, the soldier, the sea captain, the man who offended his sovereign by tainting the breath of young England with tobacco fumes, has left traditional impressions on this village mind, while the seraphic and devout Doctor has no name or memory in the place where some of his greatest trials were suffered, and where many of his immortal thoughts were conceived and cherished!" He might have been speaking from the pulpit as I passed out of the church, with such living impressiveness did a passage from one of his sermons occur to me:—

"The ashes of an oak in the chimney," said he, "are no epitaph of that oak, to tell me how high or how large that was. It tells me not what flocks it sheltered while it stood, nor what men it hurt when it fell. The dust of great persons' graves is speechless, too; it says nothing; it distinguishes nothing. As soon the dust of a wretch whom thou wouldst not, as of a prince whom thou couldst not, look upon, will trouble thine eyes if the wind blow it thither. And when a whirlwind hath blown the dust of the churchyard unto the church, and the man sweeps out the dust of the church unto the churchyard, who will undertake to sift those dusts again, and to pronounce—this is the patrician, this is the noble flour; and this the yeomanry, this the plebeian bran?"

The next thing was to walk towards Whitford Lane, to see, not the house of Raleigh, but the old brick wall which surrounds the spot where it stood. It was, indeed, a venerable wall, with its heavy embattlements of ivy, and here and there its beautiful pendulous adorn-

ment of *Lineria Cymbalaria*. No vestige of a house or a cottage could I see anywhere in which it seemed likely that Donne could have lived. The oldest house, according to the opinion of my oldest informant, was "The Canons," but that looked too modern in its style. Nobody that I met with ever heard of Dr. Donne as a resident in Mitcham.

"Which 'green' do you think is the older—the 'upper' or the 'lower'?" said I to a comfortable-looking shopkeeper in the "upper" green.

"Oh, the 'upper' of course!"

Who does not like to be identified with the "upper" style of things? The "upper green," however, did seem to be of older date in the style of its surrounding architecture; and one was disposed to stay and be hushed by the music of the breeze among the elms, until he could realize the fact that somewhere here must have been the house which the suffering husband and father used to call "My Mitcham Hospital," "My Close Prison," "My Dungeon of Mitcham."

Why should he give such titles to so beautiful a retreat? Those who have read the letters of that husband and father will not fail to divine a reason. He must have suffered much during the years 1607-9. His correspondence with Sir H. Goodyere, and others, contains many passages that touch one painfully.

"This letter," says he, "hath more merit than one of more diligence, for I wrote it in my bed and with much pain. I have occasion to sit late some nights in my study (which your books make a pretty library), and now I find that that room hath a wholesome emblematic use; for having under it a vault, I make that promise me that I shall die reading, since my book and a grave are so near."

And again, "I receive, this 14th, your letter of the 10th, yet I am not come to an understanding how these carriers keep days; for I would fain think that the letters which I sent upon Thursday last might have given you such an account of the state of my family, that you needed not have asked by this. But, sir, it hath pleased God to add this much to my affliction, that my wife hath now confessed herself to be extremely sick; she hath held out thus long to assist me, but is now overturned; and here we be in two beds or graves; so that God hath marked out a great many of us, but taken none yet. I have passed ten days without taking anything, so that I think no man can live more thriftily."

Nothing, however, among all the allusions to his domestic sorrows is more touching than the following disclosure to a friend:—

"I write not to you out of my poor library, where to cast mine eye upon good authors kindles or refreshes sometimes meditations not unfit to communicate to near friends; nor from the highway, where I am contracted and inverted into myself; which are my two ordinary forges of letters to you. But I write from the fireside of my parlour, and in the noise of three gamesome children; and by the side of her whom, because I have transplanted into a wretched fortune, I must labour to disguise that from her by all such honest devices as giving her my company and discourse. Therefore I steal from her all the time which I give this letter, and it is therefore that I take so short a list, and gallop so fast over it. I have not been out of my house since I received your packet. As I have much quenched my senses, and disused my body from pleasure, and so tried how I can endure to be mine own grave, so I try now how I can suffer a prison. And since it is but to build one wall more about our soul, she is still in her own centre, how many circumferences soever fortune or our own perverseness cast about her. I would I could as well entreat her to go out, as she knows whither to go. But if I melt into a melancholy whilst I write, I shall be taken in the manner: and I sit by one too tender towards these impressions, and it is so much our duty to avoid all occasions of giving them sad apprehensions, as St. Hierome accuses Adam of no other fault in eating the apple, but that he did it *ne contristaretur delicias suas* (that his darling might not be sad)."

From a hint in this letter it is clear that he was in the habit of composing while pacing the road; and now one can scarcely ever ramble through the shady lanes about Mitcham without feeling as if he were stepping on the footprints of the afflicted but peaceful man whose walking hours were often filled with happy abstractions and loving thoughts. The style of his letters had much of that stateliness or even stiffness which belonged to his times. His compliments sometimes appear stilted or dressed in buckram; but after all, there is now and then an agreeable freedom which pleasantly approaches the greater naturalness of our later period, while there is always the happy revelation of a warm and generous heart. His letters from Mitcham show him frequently as the depressed sufferer; and

sometimes as the refined genius, instinctively shrinking from common business; as when he says to Sir H. Wootton:—

"The observation of others upon me is my preservation from extreme idleness; else I profess that I hate business so much, as I am sometimes glad to remember that the Roman Church reads that verse, *A negotio perambulante in tenebris*, which we read 'From the pestilence walking by night,' so equal to me do the plague and business deserve avoiding; but you will neither believe that I abhor business, if I enlarge this letter, nor that I would afford you that ease which I affect; therefore return to your pleasures."

He is not alone in this feeling. Many a genius besides Donne has found it easy to identify business and pestilence.

Our correspondent from the "Mitcham hospital" could be cheerful at times, however, and his cheerfulness finds beautiful expression too:—

"As all shadows are of one colour," says he to a friend, "if you respect the body from which they are cast (for our shadow upon clay will be dirty, and in a garden green and flowery), so all retirings into a shadowy life are alike from all causes, and alike subject to the barbarousness and insipid dulness of the country; only the employments and that upon which you cast and bestow your pleasure, business, or books, give it the tincture and beauty. But truly, wheresoever we are, if we can but tell ourselves truly what and where we would be, we may make any state and place such; for we are so composed, that if abundance or glory scorch and melt us, we have an earthly cave, our bodies, to go into by consideration, and cool ourselves; and if we be frozen and contracted with lower and dark fortunes, we have within us a torch, a soul, lighter and warmer than any without: we are therefore our own umbrellas and our own suns. These, sir, are the salads and onions of Mitcham, sent to you with as wholesome affection as your other friends send melons and *quelque-choses* from Court and London."

In his correspondence with ladies he proves himself capable of most delicate, playful, and elegant compliment; and, indeed, whether more serious or more gay, more studied or more free, in his style, he well sustains his own definition of letter writing:—

"I make account that this writing of letters, when it is with any seriousness, is a kind of ecstasy, and a departure and secession and

suspension of the soul, which doth then communicate itself to two bodies; and as I would every day provide for my soul's last convoy, though I know not when I shall die, and perchance I shall never die, so for these ecstasies in letters, I oftentimes deliver myself over in writing when I know not when those letters shall be sent to you, and many times they never are, for I have a little satisfaction in seeing a letter written to you upon my table, though I meet no opportunity of sending it."

"Which is the best inn in Mitcham?" I inquired of a lad who was passing just as I finished my first ramble through the village.

"Why the King's Head, of course."

"Of course! Why 'of course'?" was my question to myself, as at a first glance I compared the "King's Head" with a stuccoed, pretentious, modernized "public" on the other side. The lad, however, was right. The King's Head was "the old original," a venerable brick building, with its shadowy elms in

front, and its antique sitting-room upstairs. That lad had good sense and fine taste—at least I think so; he loved antiquity, and like a good fellow, stuck to old friends. The "King's Head" was my inn, "of course," and there I found a cheerful welcome, and entertainment that was really worthy of an old English inn.

Mitcham will always live among my treasures of memory; while it must ever have a special charm for those who lovingly study Donne's character and life while he sojourned in it. To Donne's experiences in that peaceful old Surrey village we probably owe a sentence, which, by the light and influence of its just thought and graceful expression, has often helped those whose life's discipline has been like his to "sing of mercy and judgment":—

"This is the difference between God's mercy and His judgments, that sometimes His judgments may be plural, complicated, enwrapped in one another, but His mercies are always so, and cannot be otherwise."

(To be continued.)

BOOTS.

THE difference between 7 and 8 is not very great; only a single unit. And yet that difference has power over a man's whole temper, convenience, and dignity.

At — my boots were set out at night to be blacked. In the morning no boots were there, though all the neighbouring rooms had been served. I rang. I rang twice.

"A pretty hotel!—nearly eight o'clock, going out at nine, breakfast to be eaten, and no boots yet."

The waiter came, took my somewhat emphatic order, and left. Every minute was an hour. It always is when you are out of temper. A man in his stocking-feet, in the third story of a hotel, finds himself restricted in locomotion. I went to the door, looked up and down the hall, saw chamber-maids; saw, afar off, the master of the coal-scuttle; saw gentlemen walking in bright boots, unconscious of the privileges which they enjoyed, but did not see any one coming with my boots. A servant at length came, round and ruddy-faced, very kind and good-natured, honest and stupid. He informed me that a gentleman had already taken

boots No. 78 (my number). He would hunt him up; thought he was breakfasting. Here was new vexation. Who was the man that had taken my number and gone for my boots? Somebody had them on, warm and nice, and was enjoying his coffee, while I walked up and down, with less and less patience, who had none too much at first. No servant returned. I rang again, and sent energetic messages to the office. Some water had been spilled on the floor. I stepped in it, of course. In winter cold water feels as if it burned you. Unpacked my portmanteau for new stockings.

Time was speeding. It was quarter past eight: train at nine, no boots and no breakfast. I slipped on a pair of sandal-rubbers, too large by inches for my foot, and while I shuffled along the hall, they played up and down on my feet. First, one shot off; that secured, the other dropped on the stairs. It was very annoying.

Reached the office, and expressed my mind. First the clerk rang the bell three times furiously, then ran forth himself, met the boots, who had boots 79 in hand, narrow and long, thinking perhaps I could wear them. Who

knows but 79 had my boots? Some curiosity was beginning to be felt among bystanders. It was likely that I should have half the hotel inquiring after my boots. I abhor a scene. Retreated to my room. On the way thought that I would look at room 77's boots. Behold, they were mine! There was the broken pull-straps; the patch on the right side, and the very shape of my toe,—infallible signs! The fellow had marked them 77 and not 78. And all this hour's tumult arose from just the difference between 7 and 8.

I lost my boots, lost the train, lost my temper, and, of course, lost my good manners. Everybody does that loses temper. But, boots once on, breakfast served, a cup of coffee brought peace and good-will. The whole matter took a ludicrous aspect. I moralised

upon that infirmity that puts a man's peace at the mercy of a chalk line.

Are not most of the pets and rubs of life as undignified as this? Few men could afford to-morrow to review the things that vexed them yesterday. They boast of being free, yet permit the most arrant trifles to rule and ride them. A man that is vexed and angry turns the worst part of himself out to sight, and exhibits himself to the pity and contempt of spectators. Who would put on a buffoon's coat and fool's cap and walk forth to be jeered? And yet one's temper does worse by him than that. And men submit to it, not once, but often, and sometimes every day!

I wonder whether these sage reflections will make me patient and quiet the next time my boots are misplaced?

"PARSONS' SONS AND DEACONS' DAUGHTERS."

WHEN a thing is flagrant, there seems to be a tendency to think it frequent. Thus one gross breach of trust by one member of a class or profession, shakes our confidence, even against our judgment and our will, in all. A single exorbitant lawyer's bill, for instance, gives us for life a horror of the law, and we submit to injustice or extortion from any other quarter rather than from that in future. Or, again, the evil life of one minister of a congregation is remembered in his own neighbourhood long after he has passed away; and, be his successor never so earnest, and of never so good report, there remains still in the hearts of many an unacknowledged distrust of all religion. Evil, though we all lift up our voices loudly enough against it, finds congenial soil in our hearts; and where it cannot bear its natural fruit of like evil living, it produces too often an unreasoning but all-distrusting cynicism; and thus, more widely than we think, "the evil that men do lives after them."

It is probably from this that the almost proverbial notion of the wickedness of good men's children has arisen. To the worst of men there is something most repulsive in that failure of early hopes, which is seen when Manasseh reigns and does that which is evil, where Hezekiah, his father, had done that which was right in the sight of the Lord. "They had no such opportunities," they say, "in their youth, or they would never have

been what they are; they are knaves, but here is one who is fool as well as knave, and what can be worse than that?" The thing is unnatural and unseemly, even to those whose standard is the very lowest; and to those whose hand and whose hopes are on the side of the good in the world's battle, it is painful as treason or desertion.

And the single instances which thus by the very power of evil which they possess fasten themselves in our memories—the boy who sat beside us at school, whose wickedness was a very byword, or that one "unfortunate" family with which we were at one time brought into contact—lead us, even before we are aware of it, to think that all are alike, until we find ourselves questioning whether a child "brought up in the way he should go," will not certainly "depart from it when he is old."

The numerous instances where the training of youth has been in good and manifestly for good also, where the hopes of Christian parents have been fulfilled in the lives of Christian children, and the good seed has remained and borne fruit to the third and fourth generation, are forgotten. They are not noticed, because they do not put themselves forward; and the very sense that "this is just as it should be" leads us to overlook them in our general estimate of the value of religious education, just as we set down a garden as "full of weeds" when there is fruit in it also.

But, whilst thus denying the justice of the

inference too often drawn from the less numerous but necessarily more prominent instances of apparent failure, looking at the subject in the light of Scripture promises, and allowing the possibility of exceptional cases, we maintain that these failures ought really to be traced to deficiencies and faults in the training itself.

Generally, we may say these deficiencies and faults are traceable to a want of *reality* in the training.

Instruction in the truths of religion has been given as a mere part of the education of the child, without any distinct effort being made to convince that these truths concern him personally even in his earliest years. There has been—the fault is one common in secular and religious instruction alike—a feeling that at present the child cannot understand all this, but that if he learns it almost by rote in the days when we can make him learn it, he will remember and understand and live by it when our hand is withdrawn from him. Now the memory of One who bade His disciples “Suffer the little children to come unto Him, and forbid them not: for of such is the kingdom of Heaven,” should convince that a child who can understand anything at all can understand as much of the eternal truths of God as he needs to understand for his own salvation. Trust and love and obedience may have their place in all reality in his little heart, and for the concerns of his little life. The effort, then, should have been to show him this; and thus, God by His Eternal Spirit working within the soul, to plant the principle of life; and not with great labour to fasten a few facts in the memory, trusting that in after-years the memory would minister them to the heart. For, taught thus, exactly as we used at one time to teach the cases and moods of a grammar, the lessons of Holy Writ leave no impression on the life. The mind rejoices to throw them off, and the man is left perhaps further from God than those to whom even the name of a God is unknown; to them the truth would be fascinating by its very novelty—to him it is but a twice-told tale.

Or, it may be, while there has been care given to educate on sound and sensible principles, there has been some want of truth in the educators which undid the work as fast as it was done. The home example would not at first sight have been set down as bad, but there have been inconsistencies between the profession and the practice, which, marked and re-

membered by none more than by the youngest, have led from distrust of part to disbelief of all. What may be called social hypocrisy are common enough even among professedly religious people, and the readiness with which the little ones see through them should speak plainly enough of the evil which they may bring with them. An extra exertion to please one from whom something is looked for—a suppression or even a concession of opinions, which at other times are fearlessly expressed, because to such an one they would be distasteful—a manifest anxiety to stand well in such a quarter at any price,—these find their excuse in the wish to do the best for the children's temporal welfare, and too frequently are done, it is to be feared, at the cost of their spiritual health. Or the small consideration shown for a poor Christian beside the scrupulous attention which is paid to the rich or the noble, belie so loudly the teaching of Christianity, that, even if the fault be absent from those to whom the child looks for instruction, it needs, when seen at all, some timely and wise antidote if it is not to begin a fatal work.

The religious practice of the parent, it should be remembered, is the climate in which the child's spiritual health is matured. The food may be the best, given in the best proportions and at the best times, but if the air which the soul breathes is bad, the very food may produce disease rather than health; and the climate itself may be in the main healthful, but if it has its east winds and its chilly fogs, it cannot be looked upon as quite free from danger to tender or weakly lives. And religious practice must be judged not by its rules or its profession, but by its spirit. This plainly is the only sound judgment which can be formed of it; and this is uniformly the way in which the child judges it.

There have been thus two principal lines laid down, in which the causes of what is regarded as the failure of religious education may for the most part be sought. But it should not be thought that in every family where there has been failure, one of these causes must have existed alone. Their spirit should be noted, rather than that they should be taken as absolute laws. Indeed, the law on which they are framed must be looked to here also more than the words of the laws themselves. Where we fail, it may be asserted, in this thing is where we miss *reality*.

Hence too, we may add, arises that cause of

failure which, distinct from those sketched above, is perhaps quite as common—the unnatural restraint to which the young are often subjected. There are some to whom happiness would almost seem to involve an approach to ungodliness, and mirth in any form to be a snare of the Evil One: that these should teach joyous, laughter-loving little ones to love religion is what no reasonable person would expect. But we most of us need to bear in mind the differences which exist between youth and age. The services which may be real to the one are unreal to the other: that which the one finds a pleasure, the other dreads as a wearisome burden,—and this naturally, as a consequence of youth, and from inability to understand, rather than from an inherent sinful disinclination.

We rejoice in the Day of Rest because then at least we can rest, if for nothing else; to them it is irksome to put aside the week's thoughts and toys, because rest is not needed. We can find thoughts and meditations to which we are glad to give ourselves; they have in themselves no occupation for the Lord's Day. Care is therefore needed here lest present weariness should grow into future dislike; care is not taken, and the natural result follows. The long services and the longer sermons are still inflicted, because it is thought that children need to be trained to them: silence and idleness are still the chief marks of home Sundays, because the children disturb their elders, and no fitting occupation can be devised for them: and in the end the man keeps only too well the threat of the boy, treats public worship as the burden which it has been made to him, and rejoices only in the idleness which as of old the Lord's Day still brings him.

We have spoken thus far only of the family. The same accusation is being made even now against the Church. We are told that Sunday-schools have failed to add to the number of Church worshippers: and there are no doubt instances, numerous enough, in which the children are thus forsaking the paths in which their fathers walked. The same causes probably operate here also. The child has never been drawn to the forms or the doctrines of his father's Church by the bond of reality, but has rather been repelled by injudicious instruction and unnatural restraint. If he is not lost in the world as a practical unbeliever, the craving after spiritual food leads him away to seek in other folds that

which he believes it to be impossible to find where he has been brought up. The associations of youth mark one place as that in which he will find, not comfort, but constraint; and looking for comfort in religion, he seeks and finds it where he can find freedom also.

And it is this thing—comfort—which is to be found and is sought by the soul of man in religion. Some there are—as we have said—who seem to find in their religion only discomfort. We may hope these are Christian men, and that they themselves “shall be saved; yet so as by fire:” but that their work in education can “abide” in the day when those whom they have educated are free to choose for themselves cannot be expected. It is those who have the power to adapt themselves to the young who can do a lasting work with them in anything; and in religion such self-adaptation is most necessary of all. Those who possess it, and who possess with it a firm faith in that which they teach as able to become a comfort and a help to all, even the youngest, may both add to the number of their proselytes—though such would scarcely name them thus—and keep them from year to year.

It may be well to assert here that which has been implied in what has already been said, viz., that merely to accustom the mind or the body to the words and ways of religious conversation and worship, will be found to be not “training up a child in the way in which he should go” at all; but often, from the senseless way in which it is attempted, it will have the very opposite effect. It needs but to remember where the result of school-life is found, to be convinced of this. It is not the routine of school, or the lessons which for the time the memory made its own, which we carry with us into the world, but only the effect of these things, in the power which we have acquired of giving ourselves steadily and with method to any work which presents itself, and of applying our minds to it in the best way. And often the thing more valuable even than this, which, as we look back upon our school-days, seems to be the only thing we gained from them at all, will be found in the *spirit* of the school itself, which unconsciously we drank in. We learnt our school's way of thinking of men, and of dealing with men, and we went out, known perhaps by our very manner as men from such a school, but the stronger nevertheless for being so. This was but the bywork of those early days, with which boys and boys' thoughts had far more to do than masters and their teachings; but

how deep a mark it has left upon us, compared with that which some thought our real work! Is it not possible—has not indeed the attempt been successfully made—that the spirit of a school should be made religious, and yet lose neither its reality nor its hold upon the young? And is it not possible also, on the other hand—is not indeed the thing seen too frequently—that the rules of a school should be cast, even ostentatiously, upon religious principles, and the school itself governed by decidedly religious men, and yet its spirit be so bad that few could pass through it uncontaminated?

It may be said that we thus deny the ability to educate to any but to those who are naturally gifted with the power to adapt themselves and their teachings, both in manner and in matter, to the minds of the young; that it is unreasonable to look for this power in more than a few; and yet almost all have in some form the charge to educate. We assent that this is a natural gift, but we deny that there are few who possess at least the power to acquire and perfect it. It is the natural want of a parent, necessary for the work of that place in which his Maker has set him, and though possessed in larger measure by some than by others, is rarely, from the very nature of the case, not more entirely absent from any than is parental love itself. But like all other natural gifts it

needs to be perfected by care and practice; and it may be, and perhaps often is, so much neglected as to seem entirely absent. And it may be added that it follows the natural law in being least easily acquired in advanced life, or where most neglected. Some indeed possess it so largely, that the very fulness of the gift to them seems to put out of sight its existence in a lower measure in others—and these are thus plainly called of God to a special work for Him; but because all cannot stand first, there is surely no excuse for any to set aside entirely that which each at some time in life ought to find a use for.

In truth, to cultivate the power of interesting ourselves in the young, of thinking for the moment as they think, and setting our own thoughts before them in such a form as they may best understand and realise them, is to keep, as regards part of God's family, the rule which bids us "look not every man on his own things, but every man also on the things of others." It needs to look out of self, and at no little pains to exert ourselves for the good of others, and that in the way which, though the best for them, may not be the easiest for ourselves. But surely he has yet learnt but little, who, taking upon him to teach others, finds this a strange and unaccustomed lesson for himself.

JOHN C. WOOD.

THE BIBLE AND OUR FAITH.

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CHAPTER VIII.

"Now they that would sail between Scylla and Charybdis must be furnished, as well with the skill, as prosperous success of navigation; for if their ships fall into Scylla, they are split on the rocks; if into Charybdis, they are swallowed up of a gulf."—*Lord Bacon on "The Wisdom of the Ancients."*



STRANGE and sad as it is, it is nevertheless true, that among the multitude of those who profess to call themselves Christians, there are not a few who, while professedly avoiding the Scylla and Charybdis of Semler and of Strauss, are yet attempting the impossible task of finding some middle course, where they may be able securely to retain the unbelief to which

they cling. The "Rationalism" of these theorists displays itself chiefly in four prominent forms, which refer respectively to

The cardinal doctrines of Christianity,

The miracles of the New Testament,

The Divine authority and historic verity of the Old Testament, and

The plenary Inspiration of both Testaments as the written Word of God.

These we propose briefly to examine.

I. Beginning with the first, we observe that this doctrinal Rationalism has itself three varieties. The first looks upon our Lord as a mere Man, in knowledge deficient and partial, in judgment necessarily fallible, however eminently good and wise; and its professed aim

is to separate His mistakes and those of His followers from that so-called "absolute religion," which it is alleged constituted the sum and substance of His teaching. The second teaches that Christianity is a sentiment, not a dogma. The third rejects certain doctrines particularly obnoxious, as being the results of mere Jewish prejudice, which it is imperative on our more enlightened reason to cast away.

1. The first of these opinions is strenuously maintained by all those who, like Newman and Parker, profess to admire the essence of Christianity, while they utterly discard its authority. A single example may suffice.

"Did Jesus lay any stress on this watery dispensation of baptism? Then we must drop a tear for the weakness. If it came from Him, we can only say, There is no perfect guide but the Father. It is apparent that He shared the erroneous notion of the times respecting devils and possessions; but He never set up for a Teacher of physiology. The acceptance of this error is no impeachment of His moral and religious excellence, more than His ignorance of the steam-engine. . . . He was mistaken in His interpretation of the Old Testament, if we may believe the Gospels. But if He supposed those earlier writers spoke of Him, it is but a trifling mistake, affecting a man's head, not his heart. He is said to be an enthusiast, who hoped to found a visible kingdom in Judea, and to return in the clouds; and certainly a strong case may be made out to favour the charge. But what then? Even if the dull Evangelists have not thrust their fancies into His mouth, it does not militate against His morality and religion. How many a saint has been mistaken in such matters!"*

To the same effect, though without the same condescending patronage to the Son of God, is the language employed by Dr. Colenso in his attempt to convince us that Christ's knowledge of the Pentateuch was not greater than that of "any other devout Jew of that day." "Why should it be thought that He would speak with certain *Divine* knowledge on this matter, more than upon other matters of ordinary science or history?"†

Whether this language be not in the highest degree offensive, I am not now concerned to inquire. I am content simply to affirm that it is in the highest degree illogical. The pietists of this school may, if they please, reject the claims of Jesus Christ as a Divinely commis-

sioned Teacher, but then by that rejection they expose the fraud of their own claim to the Christian name and character. Or, on the other hand, they may, with the Jewish Rabbi, accept the Galilean Peasant as a "Teacher come from God;" but then they must desist from the folly of attempting to teach their Teacher, and pretending to enlighten Him whose Name and office have been revealed by His own lips, and sealed by signs and wonders,—"The Light of the world!" They may pretend to be the patrons, or they may profess to be the disciples, of the Lord Jesus, but they cannot be both at once. They cannot pity the mistakes and smile at the superstitions of Jesus of Nazareth, and yet pretend to believe the very foremost of all His claims. They must either renounce their pretence to the possession of an "absolute religion," or renounce the pretence to discipleship of the Great Prophet of God, commissioned to guide our feet into the way of peace. This mongrel Christianity, with apostolic phraseology for ever on its lips, is in truth as much less honest, as it is more revolting, than open and avowed unbelief.

2. The second variety of Doctrinal Rationalism characterizes the school of Schleiermacher. It consists simply in a mysterious, undefined reverence for the Person and character of the Redeemer. It has been clothed with much beauty of sentiment, and has not been without its use as a natural protest against the dry, formal orthodoxy, as well as against the critical follies of the older Rationalists within the Lutheran churches. But in alleging that dogmas have been the chief bane of true religion, and that spiritual Christianity shrinks from the touch of logical definitions, it asserts a principle fatally opposed to the truth of the Gospel.

For how can there be deep reverence for our Lord without submission to the truth and wisdom of His own repeated sayings? But if the Gospels are credible at all, it is clear that our Lord does strongly insist on the acceptance and belief of certain distinct and definite truths. He calls Himself "The Way, the Truth, and the Life." Here truth takes precedence of even life itself. "We must first climb the steep hillside, and gaze from the mountain-top upon the glorious landscape spread around and beneath us, before the joy and exhilaration of spiritual life can take possession of our souls." Eternal life is solemnly declared to consist in the knowledge of God the Father,

* Theodore Parker's "Discourses on Religion."

† Colenso's "Pentateuch Examined." Part I.; Pref. xxxi.

and of Jesus Christ whom He has sent. But "No man knoweth the Father save the Son, and He to whomsoever the Son will reveal Him." The grand cardinal question, therefore, is still, "What think ye of Christ?" Is He a mere Man—Dr. Colenso's "devout Jew"—or the eternal Son of God, by whom all things were created, and by whom they are still upheld? Is He a fit Object for the pity and patronage of Theodore Parker, or is He the perfect Exemplar and the atoning Sacrifice?

Those very dogmas which the former class of Rationalists reject as trivial mistakes and prejudices, and which these sentimental Rationalists, through their dread of barren orthodoxy, shrink from defining, are laid down by Him whom they profess to reverence, as truths to be credited on His authority, at the peril of being disowned for His disciples. That He was the Messiah promised from the first;* that His mission was supernatural and Divine;† that He claimed, in the fullest sense, Divine honours;‡ the Divine truth of all His teaching;§ the existence of evil spirits;|| the vicarious nature of His atonement;¶ the general resurrection and judgment;** His own glorious return and its object;†† On these, as on many kindred topics, we have in the express words of our Lord, a clear, distinct avowal of great religious truths, which every disciple is bound to receive on His authority. All professions of reverence must evidently be inconsistent, if not insincere, so long as we attempt to evade this simple test of the genuine disciple, and endeavour to steal away, in a mist of our own raising, from a hearty submission to these true sayings of God.

* "Had ye believed Moses, ye would have believed Me: for he wrote of Me. But if ye believe not his writings, how shall ye believe My words?"

† "Ye are from beneath; I am from above: ye are of this world; I am not of this world. If ye believe not that I am He, ye shall die in your sins."

‡ "That all men should honour the Son, even as they honour the Father."

§ "My doctrine is not Mine, but His that sent Me. The words that I speak unto you I speak not of myself: but the Father that dwelleth in me, He doeth the works."

|| "Ye are of your father the devil, and the lusts of your father ye will do. He was a murderer from the beginning."

¶ "The Son of Man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give His life a ransom for many." "The bread which I will give is My flesh, which I will give for the life of the world."

** "All that are in the graves shall hear His voice, and shall come forth; they that have done good unto the resurrection of life; and they that have done evil unto the resurrection of damnation."

†† "Then shall ye see the Son of Man, coming in the clouds of heaven with power and great glory." "I will come again, and receive you unto Myself; that where I am, there ye may be also."

But this phase of unbelief is so insidious, and its prevalence so common, even where its very existence is often unsuspected, that we may be excused for exposing it a little more fully.

"On close inspection, it will, I think, be found that the dislike of clear, dogmatic statements is only a disguised form of opposition to the truths which those statements embody. If, for instance, a man believes in the existence of One Supreme Being, he has no objection to saying explicitly that there is One God. . . . Yet to say that there is one God, is to make an essentially dogmatic statement. Every man who makes that statement intelligently, knows that it has a tremendous bearing on the belief of millions, alas! of the human race at this very moment. Yet the man makes the statement for the simple reason that he has no doubt of the truth which it embodies. If, then, he presently hesitates to say that Jesus Christ is truly God as well as truly Man, or that the death of Jesus on the cross was a propitiatory offering for human sin, it is, I apprehend, because he does not believe the truths which are thus stated in human language. . . . Unbelief decries dogma, not because dogma is really an impediment to faith, but because it is faith's true and trusty friend. The real crime of dogma is, that it treats as settled and certain that which unbelief would fain regard as doubtful or false. If you believe a thing to be true, you have no objection to saying so. And when Christianity is warned not to be dogmatic, it is irresistibly implied that, however beautiful she may be, she must not assume to be absolutely true."*

"Why is the great dogmatic prologue, whose precision no council ever rivalled, and no philosophy ever surpassed, prefixed to St. John's Gospel? Simply because it is the one Divinely-given point of view which co-ordinates all the elements of the problem in that life." "Abrogation of dogma in the supposed interest of morality, has always ended in the abrogation of morality. A free handling of dogma in any age has always ended in a very free and easy handling of the moral law. Like the serpent whose sting is followed after a season by paralysis setting in from the opposite side to that upon which it has been inflicted, the anti-dogmatic spirit strikes Christianity upon

* "Some Words for God: being Sermons preached before the University of Oxford." By H. P. Liddon, M.A. (Rivingtons, 1865). Sermon VI., pp. 176-178, on "The Conflict of Faith with Pride of Intellect;" a sermon excellent beyond all praise.

the speculative side, but death sets in from the moral side. Had the Saviour only taught 'earthly things,' not 'heavenly things,' He would have been but a greater Socrates, not the Saviour of the world. Had the Gospel been a morality without a dogma, it would have gone the way of other moralities. There is one thing weaker than a religion without a morality, and that is a morality without a religion.*

3. We may glance much more briefly at the error of those who reject this or that particular doctrine of Christianity, because it fails to secure the approval of their reason, or the sanction of their "verifying faculty."

This is but, in another form, to repeat the first error noticed above. This eclecticism which chooses and rejects at pleasure, has nothing in common with the simple faith that accepts as Divine the sayings of a Teacher come from God. Its votaries may indeed assume to be Christian philosophers, but they certainly are not disciples of Christ. The genuine disciple is too well assured of the truth of the Divine message as a whole, to be staggered by "a hard saying" in this or that part of it. Divine revelation, though it cannot contradict true reason, must necessarily transcend it. If it did not it would be merely a revelation in which nothing is revealed. But between these two there is absolutely no incompatibility that is not seeming or temporary. It may be the result of a false interpretation. It may be an illusion of prejudice mistaken for the voice of sound reason. It may be nothing more than an imaginary opposition, where there is real harmony. "Two distinct truths may be thrown by perspective on each other, and appear to clash; when on a nearer view, there is a valley between them, and each may claim its own place among the eternal hills." To overlook these facts is to fall into a double error. It is to indulge, on the one side, our pride; on the other, our unbelief. It is to defeat the main purpose for which revelation is given, as well as to strike at the root of its authority as a message from Heaven.

II. Postponing for the present the consideration of the various questions relating to inspiration and miracles, we may conclude this chapter with an examination of the difficulty which is sometimes felt to spring from the connexion of Christianity with the Jewish History.

1. For between that History and Christianity

there is unquestionably a most intimate and necessary connexion. Our Saviour does undoubtedly assume the Divine origin of the Mosaic Institution. He recognizes the Divine authority of the Jewish Scriptures. He establishes the truth of His own teaching, by appeals to "The Law, the Prophets, and the Psalms." And, independently of His authority, it is found impossible to assign any adequate cause for the Jewish religion, other than that Divine original which is claimed in the Jewish Scriptures. Those who demur to this conclusion have failed to account for the singular circumstance that while every other people slid into Polytheism, the Jews alone adhered to the Unity of God; they have failed to account "for their being men in religion, children in everything else; behind other nations in the arts of peace and war, superior to the most improved in their sentiments and doctrines relating to the Deity."*

But the old fashion, revived by Voltaire, of attacking Christianity through the sides of Judaism, is far too fascinating not to have been eagerly adopted by his more modern imitators. Particular instances shall be adduced in a subsequent chapter; meantime it is quite sufficient to observe that "some objections of this class are founded in misconception, some in exaggeration; but all proceed upon a supposition which has not been made out by argument, viz., that the attestation which the Author and first teachers of Christianity gave to the Divine mission of Moses and the prophets extends to every point and portion of the Jewish History;" and so extends as to make Christianity responsible in its own credibility, for the circumstantial truth, and even for the critical exactness, of every narrative contained in the Old Testament.

2. Far removed, however, from the blasphemies of Morgan and Voltaire and the Wolfenbützel fragments, and deserving a very different consideration, is that kind of difficulty which has been thus expressed: "The New Testament, at least, in the main, is a revelation worthy of God, and approves itself to our inmost conscience. We cannot deny the fact that it is linked closely with the Old Testament, and seems to recognize in it an origin as Divine as its own. We also admire and enjoy the greater part of the Psalms, and many passages in the prophets. But still, the book, as a whole, jars greatly with our moral instincts. We wish from our heart that Christianity

* The Very Rev. the Dean of Emly, at the York Congress.

* See Paley's Note, "Evidences," part III., chap. III.

Pleasant Readings for our Sons and Daughters.

LIVES THAT SPEAK.

SECOND SERIES.

X.—MARTIN LUTHER (*concluded*).

BY THE REV. J. B. OWEN, M.A., INCUMBENT OF ST. JUDE'S, CHELSEA; AUTHOR OF
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LUTHER loved an innocent jest; his conscious sincerity enabled him to afford it. "God made the priest," said he; "the devil set about an imitation, but he made the tonsure too large, and produced a monk." But pensive, and even melancholy broodings were the more customary food of his over-burthened mind. "Forty years more life!" said he, "I would not purchase Paradise at such a price!" Yet with all this lassitude of the world, his contemplations of death were solemn, even to sadness. "I preach, write, and talk about dying," said he, "with a greater firmness than I really possess, or than others ascribe to me."

Luther's enemies have made food for their mirth in the wild visions and fantasies and hauntings of devils, which at times disturbed him. Intense study deranging the digestive organs of a man whose bodily constitution required vigorous exercise, and whose mind had been early stored with the wild poetical myths and legends of German literature, at once accounts for, and almost demands, such mental phantasmagoria, the presence of which would be more natural than their absence. German education was like suckling a child with dreams.

So far from abating our estimate of Luther's mental powers, his hallucinations serve to raise it. The infirmities of our nature are the real measure of its moral strength. It was easier for a Samson to break the cords of the Philistines, than to tear himself away from the tresses of Delilah; had he done the latter, the victim would have become the victor, and greater glory would have distinguished his conquest of self, than all his victories over the uncircumcised. Luther did so. He overcame the fiends which, to him at least, were no imaginary terrors, for he had been taught to believe in

them; and thus "out of weakness came forth strength," the credulous folly of the superstition being the gauge of the mental energy that subdued it.

In like manner, the same spirit which led him to bow with Oriental prostration before the analogous farce of the pontifical majesty, supremacy, and hereditary glories of Rome, is the index of the amount of resistance to be overcome, before he could brave the vengeance of a dynasty which, in his view, kept the keys of heaven and hell. For a man of Luther's constitutional habits of reverence, to hush at once the superstitious and ecclesiastical terrors of his infancy and age to sleep—to stand out in the mystic Babylon, like the three youths at the historical one, and refuse to fall down before the golden idol to which "all kinds of music" allured, and the terrors of the furnace or the stake constrained the worship of all nations—to isolate himself, like an iceberg, from all sympathy, communion, or even contact with his fellow-kind, and infallibly to know beforehand the too probable fate of the ringleader in such a breach upon the bristling ramparts of the Popedom,—indicated an antecedent conquest of self, to which the annals of hero-craft present few parallels, and to which no human gallantry is equal, apart from the sustaining arm of an invisible Omnipotence.

The misgivings which, for ten successive years, deferred his irreconcilable war with Rome, clung to him to the last moment of the rupture, as he wrote to Erasmus: "On their side are arrayed learning, genius, numbers, dignity, station, power, sanctity, miracles, and what not. On mine, Wycliff and Laurence Valla, and, though you forgot to mention him, Augustine also. . . . For ten years together I hesitated myself. Could I believe that this Troy, which had triumphed over so many

assaults, would fall at last! I call God to witness, that I should have persisted in my fears . . . if Truth had not compelled me to speak!"

But when the sword was once drawn, the scabbard was flung away, as never more to be sheathed. Mark the glowing heroism of words, any syllable of which was excommunication, prison, and death to the speaker:—

"To the language of the Fathers, of men, of angels, and of devils, I oppose neither antiquity nor numbers, but the single Word of the Eternal Majesty, even that Gospel which they are themselves compelled to acknowledge. Here is my hold, my stand, my resting-place, my glory, and my triumph. . . . At Leipsic, at Augsburg, and at Worms, my spirit was as free as a flower of the field."

When he first wrote against the "indulgences," Dr. Schurf said, "What are you about? they won't allow it." "What if they must allow it?" was the peremptory answer.

Those whose fastidious taste, or sickly love of God's truth, would not let them scotch a serpent in the sanctuary lest its blood should defile the pavement, were offended with Luther's devastating torrents of invective; but they animated the courage, and won the confidence of the multitude. A timid leader would have raised timid followers (if any), who might be afraid either of his leaving them in the lurch, or as a blind leader of the blind, lest both should fall into the ditch together. No half-measures would do. "The voice which commands in a tempest must battle with the roar of the elements." Luther could say with David, "My soul is among lions;" and, if he opened his mouth at all, it must "roar with a voice like them." The princes of Germany and their ministers, Henry VIII. and Lee his chaplain, the sacramentarians and anabaptists, the universities of Cologne and Louvain, Charles and Leo, Adrian and Clement, papists, Jesuits, and Aristoteliens, and, above all, the devils whom his creed assigned to each of these formidable opponents, as so many inspiring or ministering spirits,—these were the hosts against whom Luther had single-handed to contend.

The earlier history of Pagan Rome immortalises the name of Horatius Cocles—a man with one eye—who alone opposed the whole army of the Etrurians at the head of a bridge, while his comrades behind him were cutting off the communication with the other shore. When the bridge was destroyed, Cocles, though

wounded with the darts of his enemies, leapt into the Tiber, and swam across it with his arms in his hand.

Luther, with a single eye to the glory of God, kept the powers of Papal Europe at bay, while his fellow Reformers were completing the separation that should cut off for ever communion with the Papacy; and when the work was completed, harnessed in the whole armour of God, he threw himself into the "river of life" that divided them, and though wounded with the floating fragments of the demolished hierarchy, he buffeted the billows, till he landed on the opposite bank of an achieved religious freedom.

Still Luther was no coarse spiritual demagogue. He advocated the cause of social order, assailing the Illuminati, the Iconoclasts, or Image-breakers, and fire-and-sword-regenerators, with the same artillery with which he had breached the Romish garrison. "It will never do," said he, "to jest with *Herr Omnes* [with Mr. All-the-World]. To keep that formidable person quiet, God has established lawful authority. It is His pleasure that there should be order amongst us here." "They cry out the Bible, the Bible—Bibel! Bube! Babel!"

When the peasants throughout West Germany rose in fierce revolt against their lords, the nobles arraigned Luther as the author of the calamities, but the people invoked him as an arbiter in their dispute. A poor untitled monk responded to the appeal with more than pontifical dignity. He exerted over the national mind of Germany, at that crisis, a power more absolute than that of her thousand princes and their Imperial Head. Europe now first heard from his lips those great social maxims, which, elementary truisms now, were strange and unknown as mysteries then—viz., that power is confided to rulers not to gratify their caprice, but as a sacred trust for the common good; and he enjoined their compliance with the just claims of their oppressed subjects. He then exhorted insurgents not to dishonour their religion by rebellion, because subordination in human society was a Divine ordinance, designed to promote in different ways the moral improvement of every rank, and the general happiness of all.

That Luther's advice was not immediately followed, was their misfortune, not his fault.

Luther's last intercourse with the Court of Rome was to present the Pontiff with his book on Christian Liberty, accompanied with a letter

to Leo X., in which, while he affectionately describes the Pope personally as "a lamb in the midst of wolves, and like Daniel in the den of lions . . . that none but Iscariots were fit for such a glory," and that, in a word, "to be a Christian, was not to be a Roman;" he urged his abdication of the polluted pontificate, adding: "Seeing that in my endeavours to succour the see of Rome, I have been losing both my cares and labours, I said to it, Farewell, Rome! Let him that is unjust, be unjust still: let him that is filthy, be filthy still." But the Bull that anathematized him, so far as its bitter malignity could extend, from all human sympathy and intercourse, social, religious, or political, was already at the doors of Luther's residence. It summoned him to appear at Rome within two months to take his trial for heresy, the sentence for which was ordinarily pronounced in the crackling tones of the martyr's faggots. He, and all that thought with him, were cut off from all rights, natural or acquired, declared guilty of high treason, incapable of any legal act, of property, freedom, or worship, and infamous alike in life and death and burial. Yes, in burial: but Luther's feeling was like an old English worthy's, recorded by Fuller, who, when the Jesuits in Spain, having every exhausted argument, to induce him to turn Papist, plied him with the last threat of refusing him burial, replied, "Not bury me? then I'll stink."

His books were to be burnt, and it was a crime to publish, to preach, or even read his works. This was the furious version of Christian liberty which Rome returned in exchange for Luther's pamphlet. This was, and is, the canonical idea of toleration which would be republished in every state in Europe, from the stereotyped edition in the Vatican, if they dared to attempt it.

We are more indebted to the fears, than to the feelings, of Rome, for our religious liberty. The Pope lets us alone—but why? Like Shakespeare's apothecary, "his poverty, and not his will, consents!" This is the English of those Encyclical letters, which present so turbulent a contrast to the epistles of a Paul, that but for the anachronism, we could imagine them an intercepted correspondence of Annas and Caiaphas, with our old acquaintance, Judas Iscariot.

Ah, Luther, if you had not burned such an homicidal Bull, history would have cast your own memory into the fire.

The great Emperor Charles V. and the Pope,

like Herod and Pontius Pilate, in an analogous predicament, acted in concert: nor is the Reformer insensible to the danger which threatens himself, and what he held far more dearly—his sacred cause. He looks upward—his soul collects its energies at the footstool of the heavenly throne, like the fabled eye of the eagle gathering strength from her gaze at the sun. "Not a leaf falls from a tree without the will of our Father," said he; "how much less can we? It is a small matter to die for the Word; for that Word, which became incarnate for our sakes, died Himself first." At other times, he could not repress his scorn at the manoeuvres of Eckius, his old polemical antagonist, who had conveyed the Bull from Rome. "I know nothing about Eck," said he, "but that he has arrived with a long beard, a long Bull, and a long purse." "It does not meet me," said he, "with a single reason. . . . Already I feel more free at heart; for now, at length, I know the Pope is Antichrist, and that his seat is that of Satan himself."

Up to this period, Luther was most reluctant to break communion with the Pontiff. He was no Iconoclast even in doctrine, and would have preserved the sweet images of peace and Catholic unity had it been possible. But mere images, and awfully idolatrous ones, had they become—"Eyes had they, but they saw not" the evils perpetrated under their sanction—"ears had they, but they heard not" the distant murmuring of the thunderbolt ready to burst upon their abominations—"hands had they, but they handled not," except the rough handling of every Reformer that would have healed their abuses. Hearts, indeed, they had not; and this is the only solution of the unfeeling brutality with which personal piety, truth, Scripture, freedom, reformation, and evangelical hope, were sacrificed by hecatombs at their insatiable shrines.

But Christendom was to be healed by her very wounds; it was the surgery of the Church—the scalping-knife cutting off the corruption which would not yield to the milder influence of medicine. Luther did not break with Rome until Rome broke with Luther, and exiled him with mediæval ignominy from her obstinate pale. But the Bull was a monstrous anachronism. The world was too old to be frightened any more by a Papal bugbear. Luther had printed his translation of the Scriptures, and the Bull was too weak for the Bible. Revelation had revealed the iniquities of Rome, as well as its own sacred contents.

Like the miracles of Moses, it had demonstrated alike the hand of the true God, and the legerdmain of the Egyptian priesthood.

All Germany was now in suspense, her eyes fixed upon Wittenberg to see what the Great Doctor was next to do. Would he continue firm? Luther answered, on November 4th, 1520, by a terrible manifesto, entitled "Against the Bull of Antichrist," the echo of whose thunderbolt has lingered among the hills of Germany these three hundred years. His enemies within the University, as well as without, were secretly planning his expulsion from Wittenberg. The Emperor declared he would protect the old religion; and *auto-da-fés*, to consume the arch-heretic's writings, were attended by princes and counsellors of State. Luther now took the decisive step which originated the word "Protestant," which was to appeal from the Pope to a general council, an act which was itself treason against the pontifical prerogative.

On the 17th of November, a notary and five witnesses, among whom, singularly enough, was one named Cruciger (the bearer of the cross), met in Luther's monastery, and drew up the famous protestation, wherein he calls upon "the emperor, the electors, princes, counts, barons, knights, gentlemen, counsellors, cities, and boroughs of the whole German nation, to adhere to his protestation, and join him in resisting the antichristian conduct of the Pope, for the glory of God, and the defence of the Church and Christian doctrine."

They who gave in their adherence to this famous protestation received the name of "Protestants,"—a name which we are not ashamed of yet, a name involving the whole question of civil and religious liberty.

Luther's "writing of divorce," as D'Aubigné calls it, wound up with the solemn and heroic peroration,—

"But should any one despise this my prayer, and continue to obey that impious man, the Pope, rather than God, I, by these presents, wash my hands of the responsibility thereof, having faithfully warned their consciences, and I leave them to the supreme judgment of God, together with the Pope and all his adherents."

When we consider the fearful power of the Vatican at the moment it was thus magnanimously defied—a power that enacted throughout Christendom, by means of its legions of agents, a blasphemous parody upon the Omnipotence and Omnipresence of Deity itself, whose incommunicable honours it dogmatically

usurped,—when we couple with this fact, the lonely isolation of the Reformer, at once antagonizing against himself the mightiest civil Potentate that had occupied the Imperial throne of Germany since the days of Charlemagne, and the ablest spiritual Pontiff since the papacy of Hildebrand,—history presents no parallel to such an attitude of holy daring, except His "who in all things had the pre-eminence," who rebuked the assumption of a Pro-consul of Pagan Rome with the memorable words, "Thou couldest have no power at all against me, except it were given thee from above." There is something like it in the reply of St. Paul, who, with all Luther's reverence for the hierarchy of his Church, when his judge commanded him to be illegally smitten, retorted the denunciation: "God shall smite thee, thou whited wall!"

Had Luther faltered here, the Reformation might have failed: but his protest now swiftly flew, like the Gospel of the mighty angel in the Apocalypse, among every "nation, and kindred, and tongue, and people;" and nearly every court in Christendom was served with a copy, with all the formal solemnities due to so momentous a document.

This first act of Protestantism appears to be a grand climacteric of audacity that left nothing bolder to be done; but Luther had a still bolder step in reserve. He resolved to out-pope the Pope. If the Pontiff excommunicate Luther, Luther excommunicates the Pontiff; if there had been a bonfire for his books, there should be a bonfire for the Pope's. It assumed the form of a public duel (where, however, nearly all the seconds were on the side of his antagonist) between the lordly son of the Medicis, and the lowly son of the Mansfeld miner. Both entered the lists resolved to give and take no quarter, and, in the shock of a conflict which "then shook the earth, and yet once again shall shake all nations," it was thrust for thrust; and not a blow was dealt on one side, which was not returned with greater effect on the other. The Pope advanced like Goliath, confident in his hosts, and in the brute strength of temporal sword and spear; Luther, like David, with a single sling and a stone, chipped, as it were, off the Rock of Ages: and the result was the overthrow of Romanism, and the decapitation of Papal supremacy in the German empire.

On December 10th, 1520, the walls of the University of Wittenberg bore a public notice, inviting the attendance of the professors and

students, at nine o'clock on the morrow-morning. They were to assemble at the East-gate, the emblematic quarter of the resurrection, as if from the ashes of the fire to be kindled there, were to rise the sacred phoenix of a regenerated Christianity. A large concourse, both of the doctors and students, gathered themselves together, scarcely knowing by what secret magnetism the intrepid monk had attracted them to himself, and exercised over their minds the irresistible influence of a mighty moral gravitation. Many of them were, doubtless, trembling on the brink of the Rubicon, which they, at least, had not yet transgressed, and, perhaps, were loath to take the final irrevocable step. The centripetal force of habit, education, tradition, prejudice, and numbers, that inclined them to the apostolic see, was counteracted by the centrifugal influence of truth and righteousness that drew them to the side of the Reformer. Still the mass of them, perhaps, like Israel on Mount Carmel, were "halting between two opinions," till, alike in a spiritual and material sense, they realised "a God that answered by fire." It was a crisis where the hesitation seemed sacred to the parting infirmity of human nature, but the decision hallowed by the triumph of Divine grace.

They were not held long in suspense. Presently Luther appeared, habited, perhaps for the last time, in his Augustinian cowl; as if he had put on the Papal livery to give greater emphasis to the act by which he abandoned its service for ever! The lofty eye of the Reformer was seen scanning the learned host, in the midst of which he strode like the officers of the Hebrews on the eve of battle, saying, "*What man is there that is fearful and faint-hearted? let him go and return unto his house, lest his brethren's heart faint as well as his heart.*" "He wished to rid himself of some old papers; and fire, thought he, is made for that!" He found himself involuntarily at the head of a mighty movement, and led them in procession, like a column of the Church militant, to the solemn tournament. A dense mass of enthusiastic thousands hailed their approach with those thunders of applause—the dread artillery of the million—which shakes the thrones of despots, and strikes a paralysis into their guilty souls.

This, it will be remembered, is the scene of David's historical picture—a picture, the grandeur of whose design and execution seems a poetical efflux of the essential greatness

of the event which inspired it. The great classical events of Protestant chronology only want such paintings to give them that glory and distinction in the arts which they already possess in history and theology. Luther and his cohort reach the spot. On his right, a little in the rear of the Reformer, the pensive spirit of Melancthon occupies that position in the picture, which his own humility assigns him in history, his beautiful wife leaning fondly on that arm that itself leant meekly on the arm of God. Near them follows Luther's noble pupil, Count Albert, learning in this last parabolic act of his illustrious tutor a lesson worth all he had learned before. The bluff Ulric Von Hutten smiles a laugh that is obviously on the point of exploding, at a scandalised friar indignantly dragging away from the impious scene a reluctant dame, whose sympathies are clearly left behind her in the scuffle. A pile of combustibles was already reared upon the ground, and one of the oldest Masters of Arts, the snows on whose venerable brow, like an Arctic crater, had not quenched nor even cooled the natural fire within the bosom where God had kindled it, advanced beyond the rim of the crowd, and, setting fire to the heap, stood watching the process of ignition with the yearning of a Parsee. The work of the righteous incendiary broke forth into a blaze, and, just as the flames rose furiously, licking their ruddy tongues like beasts of prey hungering for their meal, Luther was seen approaching, and throwing into the roaring jaws of the element, Gratian's "*Abridgment of the Canon Law*," the "*Decretals*," the "*Clementines*," and the "*Extravagantes of the Popes*." He stood watching the progress of their consumption, in a silence so deep and awe-stricken, that, as if zealous in His business "*who maketh His angels spirits, and His ministers a flaming fire*," the very crackling of the fagots was audible in the ears of the multitude, and seemed to ignite a burning echo in their hearts.

Winter though it was, the ancient sun smiled down gaily upon their new Christmas bonfire, as if he recognized in its comparatively feeble glare the dawning of a higher and holier lustre than his own, when the Day-spring from on high should revisit benighted Christendom, and proclaim within the dimness of minster aisle and cloister cell, "*Let there be light!*"

When the voluminous mass of Papal forgeries and tyrannies had been consumed, and

the breeze, like a breathing of the wind that "bloweth where it listeth," was already scattering their ashes on the heads of the people, as if in symbol of their repentance of having so long yielded to the sin and superstition thus renounced, Luther laid his manly hand upon the pope's Bull—a hand that trembled, not with fear, but with the natural emotion inseparable from such a solemn crisis, and, holding it aloft, like the ancient wave-sheaf before the altar of burnt incense, in the sight of God and man, he cried, "*Because ye have troubled the body of the Lord, therefore let eternal fire trouble you,*" and cast it, as the Apostle shook off the viper at Melita, into the fire.

The superhuman grandeur of that act burst the pent-up stillness of the vast multitude—it broke its way through to the popular heart, and there arose from earth to heaven such a wild delirious shout, as seemed to fling its echo beyond the skies! The free spirit of Germany revelled in the luxurious magnanimity of the great fact: and when the Reformer quietly moved back towards the city, the electric spark ran its jubilant shock through every bosom; and doctors, professors, students, soldiers, populace, women, and children, accompanied Luther into Wittenberg, shouting, laughing, singing, praying, crying, clapping their hands, dancing their feet, tossing their heads, and lifting up their hearts in one grand hallelujah chorus, shouting "Glory to God and the Bible!" and "Long life to Luther, the Liberator of their German fatherland!"

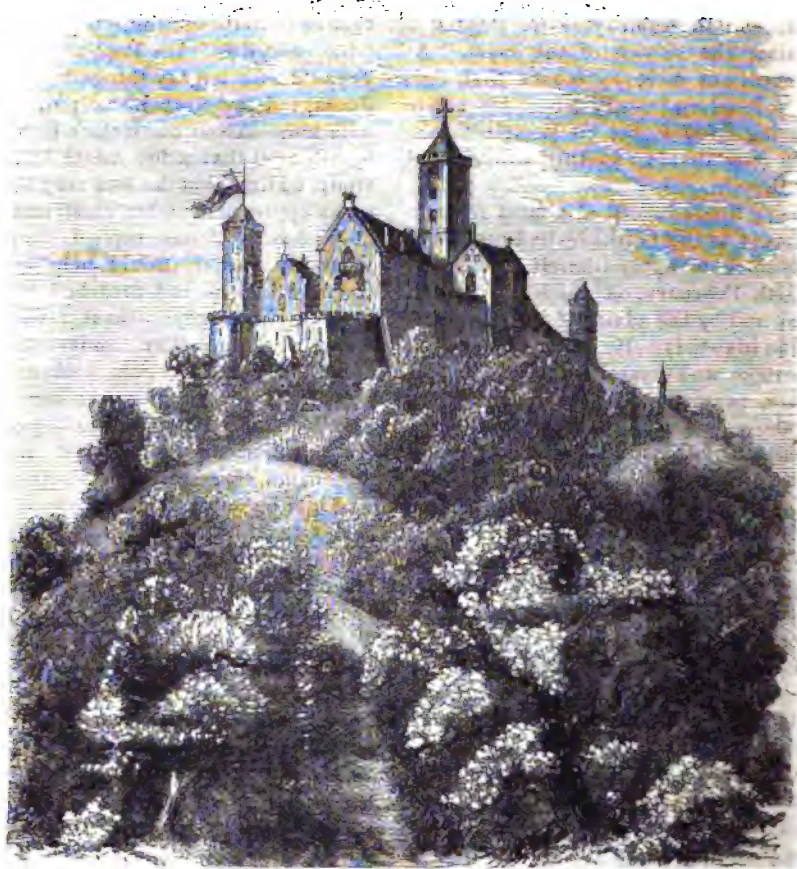
Luther's after-life presents a continuous struggle to maintain the antagonistic position he had so courageously assumed, and to spread the doctrines of the Word of God—the only rule of faith to be recognized as binding upon the Christian conscience. In April, 1521, he presented himself at the Diet of Worms before the emperor and a vast assemblage of the princes and prelates of Germany. He there made an elaborate and eloquent defence of the course which he had pursued, and the books which he had published. So powerful was this address, that privately the Elector of Saxony expressed his approbation and astonishment. But Rome has never been disposed to listen to reason or argument. And Eckius, before Luther had well concluded, cried out in much heat and passion, "That he had not answered to the point; that he was not called upon to give an account of his doctrines; that these had been already condemned in former councils, whose decisions were not now to be questioned; that he

was required to say simply and clearly whether he would or would not retract his opinions." "My answer," said Luther, instantly, "shall be direct and plain. I cannot think myself bound to believe either the Pope or his councils; for it is very clear, not only that they have often erred, but often contradicted themselves; therefore, unless I am convinced by Scripture or clear reasons, my belief is so confirmed by the Scriptural passages I have produced, and my conscience so determined to abide by the Word of God, that I neither can nor will retract anything; for it is neither safe nor innocent to act against a man's conscience." Luther then pronounced these words in the German language: "Here I stand; I cannot do otherwise. God help me. Amen."

Of course the issue of the Diet of Worms was an edict of excommunication, which was drawn up with all possible rancour and malice by the Papal legate, Alexander. Luther was condemned as "a notorious heretic," and "all persons were forbidden, under the penalty of high treason, to receive, maintain, or protect him." But German sympathy with the Reformer was already strongly evoked: and in spite of Papal effort the Reformer was allowed twenty-one days to return home, during which time the public faith was pledged for his safety. He left Worms, in fact, a conqueror. But it was so manifest that his enemies were determined upon his destruction, that the Elector of Saxony, with much secrecy, and by means of a little friendly force, conveyed him to the castle of Wartburg.*

In this "Paradis," as he called it, Luther remained ten months, and then returned to Wittenberg. Here he published a reply to Henry VIII., who had written a book against him on the seven sacraments. He also printed a translation of the New Testament, which greatly alarmed the Romanists, and severe

* Wartburg Castle was the asylum of Luther from May 4, 1521, to March 6, 1522. It crowns one of a noble chain of hills in Saxo-Weimar, as shown in the engraving (page 490). An hour's walk up the steep ascent brings the visitor to the summit, whence a glorious panorama opens to the view. A sea of rocks and wooded hills in every variety of form undulates around; whilst nearly a thousand feet below, Eisenach is faintly discerned, appearing as a pretty little model of a German town—the whole forming as lovely a scene as is to be witnessed in Thuringia. Luther, besides completing a large portion of his translation of the Bible in this asylum, wrote several treatises against auricular confession, monastic vows, clerical celibacy, and prayers for the dead, against the Sorbonne of Paris, which had condemned his works, and which he had exposed to public ridicule. The Duke of Saxo-Weimar, at great expense, recently restored the principal part of the castle to the same state it was in in the fifteenth century.



THE CASTLE OF WARTBURG, THE "PATMOS" OF LUTHER.

edicts were issued against the reading of it. In 1529 the emperor assembled another Diet at Spires to check the progress of the new opinions: but the result was again favourable to the Reformation. The protesting princes determined to have a common confession of faith drawn up, which was accordingly performed by Melancthon, and, being presented to the Diet of Augsburg, in 1530, was called "The Confession of Augsburg." In 1534 Luther's translation of the whole Bible was published; and the same year he printed a book against the service of the mass. At length, worn out more by labour than age, Luther "fell asleep" at Eisleben, his native place, having lived to see his doctrines take such deep root that no earthly power could eradicate them.

His closing hours furnished a most remarkable testimony to the truths he had confessed.

He continued to apply himself to business till the 17th February, on which day he felt indisposed, and by the advice of his friends he remained in his study. He frequently walked about the room, and sometimes looked out of the window, praying with much earnestness, as those who were present could perceive. He seemed cheerful, but said to Jonas and Cœlius, "I was born and baptized here at Eisleben, what if I should die in this place!" A person named Sickelius overheard one of his prayers; it was to the following effect: "O Lord God, Heavenly Father, I call upon Thee in the name of Thy beloved Son Jesus Christ our Lord, that according to Thy promise, to the glory of Thy name, thou wouldest mercifully hear my prayers. Since Thou hast delivered me, according to Thy great mercy and loving-kindness, from the apostacy, blindness, and darkness of the papacy, before the last day which is now at hand, and hast shown me the light of the Gospel which now shines throughout the world, be pleased to keep the Church of my beloved country unto the end, without falling, in the pure truth, and in the constant and lawful confession of Thy Word, so that all the world may know that I have been sent by Thee. Do this, O Lord, most gracious God. Amen. Amen."

At supper time Luther joined the party that were assembled; during the meal he quoted several important passages of Scripture.

After supper, a pain in his breast, which he had felt during the day, returned, and he asked for warm cloths, but would not consent that the physicians should be called. About nine

o'clock he laid down upon a couch, and slept for an hour, while Jonas, Cœlius, his sons, and several friends, watched by him. At ten o'clock he awoke, and wished his friends to go to rest, which they declined. About half-past eleven he retired to bed. As they conducted him to his chamber, he said, "I go to rest with God;" adding the words of the Psalmist, "Into Thy hands I commend my spirit:" then, offering his hands to those around him, he bade them good-night, desiring them to pray that God would continue the Gospel to them; "for," added he, "the Pope and the Council at Trent devise mighty things." He laid down, Jonas and some others sleeping in the room with him. About one o'clock he awoke Jonas, and desired that a fire might be made in his study, adding that he was very ill, and felt a great oppression at his chest, and should die at Eisleben. Jonas replied, that God, our Heavenly Father, would help him, through Christ whom he had preached. Luther then went to his study without assistance, again repeating, "Into Thy hands I commend my spirit." There he again walked about; two physicians were sent for, who speedily arrived; also Count Albert, accompanied by his Countess. Various remedies were then applied. His attendants, observing a perspiration commence, told him he would soon be better, but Luther said it was the forerunner of death, and prayed, "O my Heavenly Father, everlasting and merciful God, Thou hast revealed Thy Son our Lord Jesus Christ to me; I have preached in His name, I confess Him before men, I love Him, and worship Him as my beloved Saviour and Redeemer, whom the Pope and other wicked men persecute, revile, and blaspheme. O Lord, receive my soul." He afterwards said, "O Heavenly Father, although I am about to leave the body, and am snatched away from this life, yet I certainly know that I am about to dwell with Thee for ever, and that no one can pluck me out of Thy hand." He also repeated a verse of the 68th Psalm, "Our God is the God of whom cometh salvation, and unto God the Lord belong the issues from death." The physicians then proceeded to administer some remedy, which Luther perceiving, said, "I am about to depart;" and thrice rapidly repeated, "Into Thy hands I commend my spirit; Thou hast redeemed me, O God of truth;" adding, "God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." His soul evidently was now about

to depart, nor did he reply to his friends, although they spoke earnestly to him. The Countess, however, having administered a cordial, he revived sufficiently to reply Yes or No. Jonas and Oelius then addressed him, saying, "Beloved father, you still confess Jesus Christ the Son of God, our Saviour and Redeemer?" Luther answered, "Yes," so that it could be heard distinctly. He did not speak again, but laid quietly, with his hands clasped, for a quarter of an hour, during which time his attendants saw his features gradually become pale and fixed; at length he breathed a gentle sigh and fell asleep in Jesus, without evincing any pain or suffering at the moment of his departure, which took place between two and three o'clock in the morning of the 18th of February, 1546. He was in the sixty-third year of his age.*

Thus was fulfilled in Luther the words of our blessed Lord (John viii. 51), "If a man keep My saying he shall never see death." That passage had engaged his attention a few days before, when he wrote the following explanation of it in a book of devotion: "Although these words appear incredible, and contradict our daily experience, yet they are most true. For if any one seriously meditates upon the Word of God in his heart, believes it, and in that faith falls asleep and dies, he departs before he sees or becomes apprehensive of death, and most assuredly he is saved in that Word which he has believed and meditated upon, and in

* Com. de Luth. lit. § 133. Sleidan, b. xvi. Melch. Adam. Vit. Luth. p. 74, et seq.

which he departs." To this he signed his name and the date, 7th February, 1546.

Thus Luther lived and died—"a miracle among men," as Melancthon described him—a man raised up by God in His good providence to shake the world of superstition to its very centre, and to lay again that one Foundation on which alone the superstructure of true religion can be raised—Jesus Christ and Him crucified.

Thus the sacred fire of Protestantism was kindled in Europe, and He who multiplied the widow's oil has kept it burning to this day, and will keep it still, in spite of many a blast from the old quarter, which, aiming at its extinction, has only served to fan its flame.

What is our parting moral? "Hold fast that which thou hast; let no man take thy crown." Take Guizot's pathetic advice to England, when he shed a grateful exile's tears on our national hospitality to the unfortunate—"Keep your faith—be faithful to the example and tradition of your ancestors, and I trust that God will pour upon you and your country the most abundant blessing!"

And beware too not only of open and avowed enemies and apostates, but of the Abithophels and Judases who "dip the hand with you in the dish, and lift up their heels against you." Beware of "false brethren unawares brought in, who come in privily to spy out our liberty which we have in Christ Jesus, that they might bring us into bondage: to whom we give place by subjection, no, not for an hour; that the truth of the Gospel might continue with us."

"DARE TO BE RIGHT, DARE TO BE TRUE."

DARE to be right, dare to be true;
You have a work that no other can do;
Do it so bravely, so kindly, so well,
As to gladden all Heaven and silence all hell!

Dare to be right, dare to be true;
Other men's failures can never save you.
Stand by your conscience, your honour, your
faith;
Stand like a hero, and battle till death.

Dare to be right, dare to be true;
Keep the great judgment-day always in view.
Look at your work as you'll look at it then,
Scanned by Jehovah, and angels, and men.

Dare to be right, dare to be true;
God who created you cares for you too;
Wipes off the tears that His striving ones
shed;

Counts and protects every hair of your head.

Dare to be right, dare to be true;
Cannot Omnipotence carry you through?
City and mansion, and Throne all in view,
Cannot you dare to be right and be true?

Dare to be right, dare to be true;
Prayerfully, lovingly, firmly pursue
The pathway by saint and by seraphim trod;
The pathway which leads to the City of God.

THE DIARY OF BROTHER BARTHOLOMEW:

A MONK OF THE ABBEY OF MARIENTHAL, IN THE ODENWALD, IN THE TWELFTH CENTURY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TALES AND SKETCHES OF CHRISTIAN LIFE."*

[NOTE.—The supposed date of this Diary must account for its quaintness.

The truths stated in it are, the Editor believes, not more evangelical than are to be met with in the letters of Bernard of Clairvaux; and those truths, and the errors which grow up beside them, not more inconsistent with each other than many of the beliefs which, in those confused times, contrived to find an honest livelihood in the same mind. The mixture of shrewdness and childishness in the good monk would be the natural consequence of an experience so limited as his, and of the union of the intelligence of manhood with that habitual relinquishment of all manly freedom of thought and action which his rule required.

The earnestness of his religion may serve to show the strength of that principle of life which survived the malaria of the monastic system; whilst its deformed and stunted growth, in contrast with the quiet and steady progress of his friend, may illustrate the poisonous nature of the system which could paralyse and distort a life so real and so Divine.

It is happy to think, that, amongst the millions who adhered to the ecclesiastical system of the Middle Ages, there were many who lived so near their Saviour, as to receive from His hands the antidote to all its poisons; but it is far happier to know, that there were thousands who lived so close to Him as to rise above its errors altogether, and to be content for His sake to be rejected of their generation.]

April 9.—*S. Gregory Naziansen, Bishop and Doctor.*

IN the name of our Lord Christ, and all His saints, and especially of our Lady His Mother, patroness of this our Abbey of Marienthal, I, Bartholomew, a poor brother in the same venerable Abbey, governed according to the genuine and original rule of the holy Benedict, have undertaken to write a history from day to day of the things which mine eyes shall see and mine ears hear.

The thought of this chronicle has visited me frequently of late, often intruding on my hours of holy meditation: for which reason I endeavoured to scare it away as a presumptuous suggestion from the Enemy; but seeing that, in spite of all my conjurations and crossings and repetitions of the Pater Noster and the Sacred Hours, it hath continued to force itself upon me (being even spoken to me in visions by the holy Benedict himself), I have concluded it to be a good thought, well-pleasing to the saints; and have therefore resolved on executing it, and leaving these my humble memorials as a legacy to the Abbey, knowing that the common incidents of to-day are often as a strange and pleasant tale to those that come after: since which determination, my meditations have been no more disturbed—a further proof that the project is not from below.

In order to accomplish this design, parchment being somewhat costly, I have procured from the Prior the copy of an old manuscript, which none of us can read—not even our learned brother Lupacius, who has studied at Paris. The labour of effacing the former characters was great, they being carefully and thickly written; but I was cheered in my toil by the thought that I was destroying some of the works of the Evil One, the letters being of a very hideous and diabolical form, square and three-cornered, and very black, speckled moreover with a countless multitude of dots which skipped around them like wicked imps, making so ugly a confusion as no Christian could look at long without danger of distraction, much less have made. In every page, therefore, however I may fill it, it is a marvellous consolation to me to reflect that I am tilling so much ground reclaimed from the infidel.

I have lived all my life within the walls of the Abbey, and of the world beyond I know even as little as the Israelites did of the Promised Land when they believed the spies. Of my father and mother I know nothing, nor do any of the brethren. I was found one winter morning, a helpless infant, lying on the threshold of the convent, wrapped in a few rags, with a label importing that my mother and father were dead, and entreating the holy brethren, for the love of God, to bring up

* "Tales and Sketches of Christian Life" (London: J. Nisbet and Co.). A volume published anonymously nearly twenty years ago. Its writableness for 'these times' will be evident to the readers of this 'Diary.'

the orphan, and teach him to offer masses for the souls of his parents.

At first, I have heard, the monks were sorely puzzled how to handle or what to do with me. An especial convocation was convened, in which it was determined to feed and cherish me as they would any other young and tender thing; and, after being baptized, I was assigned to the guardians of the hospital, with a room for my special use. But, one after another, the patience of the holy men was wearied out with my ceaseless cries and complainings, until it was resolved to commit me to the keeping of a respectable peasant woman in our village, called Magdalis Schröder. With her I grew to a healthy and merry boy, but the good monks always insist that the suavity of my temper at present is nothing less than a miracle, considering that so unmanageable and ill-natured a babe was never seen.

In my youth I had occasionally strong desires to see something of the world beyond our valley, that before my profession I might know what I was renouncing; but the brotherhood always withheld me, saying that such a wish was like Eve's desire to be made wise by eating of the Tree of the Knowledge of Good and Evil—that in the world nothing was to be learnt but evil, and in the convent the knowledge of good. Their will was everything to me, and I unresistingly acquiesced; but I have often since thought that the evil lies nearer home, and that if I had to choose, I would not fly for refuge to a monastery. But what am I saying? The holy Benedict pardon me! All I mean is, that if, as they say, the earth is the same everywhere, as the heart certainly is, perhaps the Heavens are also the same, and as near. I say this to Mother Magdalis sometimes, when she groans under her burdens and cares; yet, for myself, I have no wish to change. Here I have lived, and here, if the Lord and the Abbot will it so, will I die.

Nevertheless, I was not always so content.

At one time, when I was young, my heart felt strong, and fluttered for freedom, as the Prior's birds flutter in the spring, or as the young buds throw off their casings in the forest on an April morning, and tremble and open in the sun and the warm winds.

I used to go often and visit my foster-mother. She is a widow, but she has two children—the best, she says, a poor widow ever had. It is true, Karl is a little wrong-headed and fiery now and then, but Nannerl, certainly every

one must agree there are not many like her. It was not because of her large violet-blue eyes, and her fresh colour, like a rose—if a rose could change hue as she does (of such things I am no judge)—she was a strong and healthy maiden, and that is enough—but for truth and goodness, and singleness of heart, I never saw any like her. She was like a manuscript of a Psalm of thanksgiving, illuminated all round with holy images in fair colours, so joyous and in harmony. I often thought, when I looked at her, of the blessed words, "If thine eye be single, thy whole body shall be full of light"—so full of light, pleasant, cheering, fireside light was she within and without. I never passed her mother's cottage any morning, how early soever—and I passed it often—but she was up before me, getting her brother's breakfast, or doing her mother's work, with her bright morning face, and her pleasant words.

Now it came to pass, when I went one evening to the cottage with a basket of broken meat from the Abbey, I thought they all seemed happier than usual; Nannerl's face was brighter than ever, but it seemed to be shining with some hidden joy. At length, when she left the room to put aside the contents of the basket, Mother Magdalis told me there was to be a wedding in the family—young Hans Reichardt, the Abbey carpenter, had asked Nannerl's hand. They had, she said, liked one another long; and before many weeks they would probably be coming to the Abbey church together.

I could not exactly comprehend why Magdalis should make such a festival of this; I could not tell why, but I had never much admired young Reichardt, yet I congratulated them all as honestly as I could.

"It is a good providence," said my foster-mother. "I am old, and the children have no father, and it is a blessed thing for them to have a home."

Nannerl's face glowed with quiet pleasure when I wished her joy of her new prospects. I did feel glad at their joy, but somehow I was less at home there that evening than I had ever been before—I felt left out of the circle. Hans Reichardt came to see his bride, and I took my departure early. Mother Magdalis's words rang in my ears, "It is a blessed thing to have a home." Home!—the word came to my heart with a new meaning that evening. *It means very much*; and for the first time I felt *this* the convent could never be; a shelter

from wind and rain it might be—a refuge for the weary—a refectory for the hungry—a place to eat and sleep and live in—but home meant *something more*.

Who had shut me out from this? Who had a right to say that this world, this holy thing, might never be mine?

For many days these things rankled in my heart; and sad havoc they made there. Till then, I had not a want beyond the convent walls and the society of the brethren: now, my heart had looked beyond the old walls, and they girded me in like a prison. I was not then bound by any vows, and it was well.

I did not venture to tell any of the brethren what I felt; I did not believe it to be sin, but I knew they would all misunderstand me.

This lasted until one of our evening Scripture readings; for in our convent we still adhere to the rule of reading through a portion of the Scriptures in the winter evenings. I seated myself among the rest, prepared to be once more a weary listener to the oft-told tale. (Alas! how little I knew of its blessed meaning!) The reader stood at his desk, intoning the words in his lulling sing-song; the appointed monk went his rounds with the lantern, to see that none of us fell asleep. The monotonous voice of the reader—the uniform tread of the lantern-bearer—the monotonous recurrence of convent duties—all grated like so many instruments of torture on my impatient heart. In health, we do not notice habitual sights and sounds; but in a fever, the slow dropping of water from the eaves seems at each fall to eat into the brain. And this, I thought, is to be for life! My heart sickened and sank under the intolerable burden of countless to-morrows, all like to-day. And beside this weary circle of fruitless toil arose the haunting thought of *home*—fresh springs of love, ever fresh—life, growing, widening, deepening, day by day, around us, and all centring in that inner sanctuary of love, *the home*.

I was aroused from my dreams and murmurs by some words from the Gospel, which fell on my ear suddenly, as if I heard them for the first time:—

“For even the Son of Man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give His life a ransom for many.”

For the first time, the idea of self-sacrifice came to me with all the exalted joy the thought can bring—the thought of laying down myself,

my life, for others. I arose from that evening reading strengthened and refreshed, for I had a purpose—and life is never quite barren to us if we have one living purpose to sow in it, to grow and to bring forth fruit.

The thought of His life took possession of me. I longed, I prayed, I strove to be made like Him—the holy Child Jesus—like Him who went about doing good.

I made a collection in the convent, to furnish Nannerl's house—I laboured in the convent garden to rear vegetables for the sick—I travelled leagues through the pine forests, in the frost and snow, to visit them; but the more I read of the life of Jesus, the more unattainable the perfect Model seemed. Are not the stars as far from the mountains as from the valleys? The more I heard of the law of God, the more I saw how far it carried its claims upon the heart; and the heart was precisely the thing which all my efforts could not reach.

I could labour for the sick, I could toil and plead for Nannerl and her husband, but I could not expel the repining thought from my heart when I came back from her bright fireside to these dull, cold, convent walls.

But yet again God came to me and completed the work He had begun. The second part of my text healed the wound the first had made. How strange it was that I did not see it all at once:—

“The Son of Man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give His life a ransom for many.”

The ransom is needed—for whom? Surely, for the sentenced criminal—for those who, not being able to fulfil the perfect law, can read in it nothing but their condemnation—that is, *for me*. The ransom is paid—for whom? Surely for those who need it. *The ransom is paid*; then the prisoner is free. *I am free!* “There is now no condemnation to those who are in Christ Jesus.” It is faith in this which gives strength to walk, not in the flesh, but in the Spirit.

From that time my whole life has been changed. *Jesus*, the Son of God, the Lamb of God, our Ransom, our Pattern, our Friend, He has redeemed me—I am His, and His cause is mine. The self-denial, which had been impossible as a sacrifice of expiation, became the joy of my life as a sacrifice of thanksgiving. With the eye of Him who died for us—and, dying, saved us—watching our lives, what is not possible? I learned that, before we can be

servants of God, we must be made children of God.

Since then, I have lost those restless yearnings for an earthly home. I have a home in Heaven, and my Father has sent me hither, for a little while, to call more of His children to Him, and to minister to all who need: thus journeying, and singing as I go, I am hastening *homeward*. I am happy, and can rejoice heartily in the happiness of Nannerl and Reichardt. In the convent, as well as elsewhere, we can bear one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ.

And, perhaps, in this tumultuous world, it is well that there should be some set apart on high, so that the strife and eager chase of the present may sound to them faint as those of the past, with no seasons but the seasons of heaven; like church-towers rising above the common homes of men, yet echoing with deep tones their joys and sorrows, and telling them, amidst their toils and pleasures, how the time is passing.

Yet, if any ask my advice as to leading a religious life, I usually say, "My child, in your *home* you are *sure* God has placed you. There He is sure to bless you. Be quite sure that He calls you away before you change. He knows what work to give His servants, and in good time He is sure to let them know."

April 13.—S. Justin, Martyr.

I am just returned from a preaching tour amongst the villages of the forest (anciently called of Odin), with two choristers and a deacon, to celebrate the mass, and preach the Easter sermons.

Much grieved at discovering in some of the peasants' houses a superstitious reverence and fear of the old heathen gods (or demons)—the people in many places using pagan charms and incantations against them, and even endeavouring to propitiate them with wheat cakes and other offerings. I told them that either the old gods and goddesses were *nothing*, and therefore could do nothing either for or against them: or they were *fiends*, and God was stronger than they; and that, when affrighted at night, or in lonely places, they should have recourse to prayer and to the sign of the holy cross. Some places, where the apparitions and wicked demons seem to have been more than commonly malignant, I purified and exorcised, sprinkling them with holy water. Nevertheless, in my sermons, and at all times, I told the people, that it is only sin which gives the devil

power over us, and that none but those whose hearts are turned to God, through hearty repentance and true faith, are safe anywhere. I mourn much that these things are not oftener proclaimed by our brethren; also, that they have given the peasants images of saints instead of their old gods—which they often confound, in their blindness, in a very profane manner.

As we went on our way, I and my companions made the woods resound, from time to time, with Psalms and holy hymns, thus lightening the way; and thus also, towards nightfall, effectually keeping the powers of darkness awant, the deacon Theodore being of somewhat a fearsome spirit. At other times, I meditated on some holy text, the theme of my next day's discourse, refreshing myself with the living bread wherewith I afterwards fed the people. At night, we cut down branches from the trees, and made palisades around our beasts of burden, which carried the holy vessels and vestments; lighting watchfires, also, to scare away wild beasts and other evil things.

Once I awoke at dead of night, hearing a strange rustling amongst the fir twigs which covered the ground, and a cracking of boughs, mingled with stifled, unearthly cries. Moreover, by the moonlight, which came down in strange and shifting patterns on the bare trunks, and on the ground, I perceived some dark object flitting rapidly away amongst the distant pine-stems. Whereat I arose, and, stirring the watchfires, commenced singing the fourth Psalm in a loud voice. When I had concluded the last verse, crossing myself on brow and breast, I laid me down in peace and slept.

In the morning our best ass was gone. Without it we could scarcely proceed, the other beasts being slow-paced and old; yet without it we feared to return, the creature being a favourite with our lord the Abbot. Wherefore, kneeling down, we laid our trouble before God, pleading that it was His errand on which we were journeying, and telling Him of our sore need; our lord the Abbot being withal a man of a hasty spirit. How marvellously He heard the prayers of His servants, the sequel will show.

A few days thereafter, I preached in a certain village, on the commandments, dwelling, amongst the rest, on the sin of theft. Great power was present to smite the consciences of the hearers. Many wept, and before the close of my sermon one came forth, and before

them all cried out, "Lay on me what penance you will. It is I who stole the Abbot's ass."

The whole assembly were greatly moved, and would have fallen on the thief, but, hastily descending from the pulpit, I went to him, and as he knelt before me, I said,—

"Thou seest, my son, that the eyes of the Lord are in every place, seeing in the darkness of the pine forest at midnight, as in the assembly at midday. Thou canst not fly from Him, for He is everywhere; thou needest not fly from Him, for He is ready to forgive. It is because thou hast not known His grace, that thou hast despised His law. But, if now thou repentest, and with thine heart believest, I, although a sinner as thou art, absolve thee from thy sin." He had been a very fierce robber, the terror of the neighbourhood.

After the service he brought the ass to the door. As I left the place, the people thronged around us to seek my blessing; and lifting up my hands I blessed them, many weeping and kissing my hands. But I turned and said, "Mourn not, my brethren, that ye see me no more; but look, I pray you, to Him whose arms were stretched out on the cross to save you—whose hands are lifted up always to bless you. Look to Him!"

The robber went forth with us, although the deacon Theodore much disliked his company. He spoke not a word for many miles, walking, with head bowed down, at my ass's head.

At last, as it grew dusk, and we were entering on a thick part of the Odenwald, said to be infested with plunderers, brother Theodore came to my side and whispered,—

"Were it not better to send this man away? He may have too many friends here."

But I answered, in the words of the wise king, "'The hearts of men are as the rivers of water; He turneth them whithersoever He will.' Let us not hinder His work on this poor soul."

At length the shadows fell around us, and, coming to a glade of the forest, we alighted for our night's encampment. The robber continued with us, serving us much in hewing branches and lighting our fires, he being more skilled in such work than we.

After offering our vesper prayer and hymn, I laid down to sleep, none making me afraid.

The robber sat watching the fires, whilst brother Theodore lay, with half-closed eyes, watching him. But the peace of God kept my heart, and I slept soundly.

About midnight I awoke, startled by the crackling of the watchfires. The robber sat close to my head, stirring one of the fires with a huge pine-log. I arose and seated myself opposite to him.

"Father," he said, leaning on the log, his dark strong features glowing in the red light, "thou art a man of peace, but thou hast courage; knowest thou who I am?"

"I know, my son," I replied, "that thou hast been a great sinner; but I trust One stronger than thou is melting thy heart."

"I am he whom the peasants call Otho the Thunderbolt," he said. "My name has been a terror to thousands, yet thou fearest me not. I have many bold followers in this forest; if I were to give one of my gathering-cries, in half an hour you would see fifty men around these fires."

"The Name of the Lord," I said, "is more terrible than yours, my son; but to those who trust in it, it is a strong tower: the righteous runneth into it, and is safe. The voice of the Lord is stronger than yours; and legions of His angels encamp around those that fear Him. I have not much courage, but I have faith, which is stronger."

"I know it, father," he replied; "I, too, know that the voice of God is strong, for it has made my heart tremble like a reed. He is mighty, and He is against me, for I have sinned."

"Nay, He is for you," I said, "for He came to save the sinner."

Then he unfolded to me the terrible story of his life of violence, and I unfolded to him the good tidings.

It was a strange chapel—the wind roaring in the tops of the pine-trees, and driving the clouds overhead; and a strange audience—the wolves howling around the fires—the chief of a robber band; but are not all places holy for holy words?

And the heart which had never quailed before man, but had quivered in the grasp of the Almighty, melted as a child's at the story of the love and sacrifice of Jesus.

"Father," he said, "can you admit one like me within your holy walls? The meanest office would be welcome to me—the meanest the fitter for me, if only I might work for the poor I have robbed."

"Nay," I said, "go and tell thy companions what great things the Lord hath done for thee. Mayhap they too will repent and believe."

"I will return," he said, bitterly, "if you will not receive me; but it is scarcely possible for one like me to lead an honest life amongst those who have known me. They would say, 'The old wolf has clothed himself in sheepskin, but he shall not deceive us by that.'"

"Go, then," I said, "and seek to restore your comrades, and afterwards repair to Marienthal: there ye shall all find an asylum and a sanctuary."

Before the morning broke he was gone.

The sun arose, throwing slanting rays up across the pine-stems, the birds awoke and sang, and the leaves trembled and glittered with the drops of dew—and we went on our way rejoicing: for, that night, had not the Day-spring from on high arisen on one who sat in darkness and the shadow of death?

Otho the Thunderbolt, and three of his companions, are now inmates of our Abbey. We think it best to employ them as much as possible. They therefore fell our firewood, draw our water, keep our cattle, and help to clear more of the forest for tillage. The rest of their time they spend in learning and reciting Psalms and litanies, and in listening to our solemn services. Otho, moreover, contrives to find leisure to weave mats and nets, the price of which he lays up for future restitution.

This event has greatly strengthened those amongst us who are truly seeking to lead a religious life, and has urged us afresh to prayer. But some, alas! continue idle and vain, caring for none of these things—for here, as elsewhere, our Lord and the devil have both their disciples.

June 7.—Vigil of the Nativity of St. John the Baptist.

We have entertained an angel since last I wrote. The holy Abbot Bernard, of Clairvaux, has stayed with us a day and a night—ever memorable at Marienthal. He came to preach the Crusade.

It is marvellous into what a ferment his coming has thrown the whole of Germany. People flocked from the towns and villages to meet him, bringing with them the sick on litters, that he might heal them with his touch—those esteeming themselves blessed who could kiss his hands. The churches were filled, and even the churchyards, when he preached, and men have taken the cross by hundreds. At Marienthal the peasants wept and sobbed at his sermon, although they could not understand a word he said—at which I marvelled greatly.

Scarcely could they have received the Lord Christ Himself with more devoted reverence: indeed, I wonder much that they should pay such homage to the words of His servant, and so little to His own. I fear for them, lest they be honouring the voice more than the words. Yet truly he is a man of a noble presence, and of a very lowly mind.

In the pulpit his eyes flash like flame, but in the confessional they are soft as any dove's. His stature is low, but his brow and bearing are so calm, and so full of gentle command, that the proudest bow naturally before him—not thinking of refusing what he never thinks of demanding. He seems worn out by the fervour of his piety and the severity of his life; yet the ardour which is wasting his frame is mild as the first sunshine of May to all else. At the Abbot's table more than once, I heard him laugh joyously as a child. Nevertheless, there is something in him I would shrink from encountering as a foe.

He gave a lamentable account of the world and the Church—bishops and priests buying and selling holy things, Christian princes fighting one another: and, meantime, the Turk ruling in the Holy Land, and the heretics—Cathari, Paulicians, and Manichees—poisoning the wells of Christian life within the camp.

There are many of these heretics, he says, on the Rhine, and in Bohemia, and the south of France, who deny the Divine authority of the sacred priesthood, and mock at the holy sacraments, mimicking them in their secret assemblies—all the more dangerous, the holy Abbot says, because of the blameless, moral lives of many of them, and their upholding their errors from the Holy Scriptures, which they know and pervert in a wonderful manner. Yet is he averse from killing them, having compassion on their lost souls, and dreading the effect of public executions in spreading their madness, and giving notoriety to their errors.

He is also very earnest against the recent slaughter of the Jews on the banks of the Rhine, which some have rashly styled a "crusade," saying, that the true weapons wherewith to conquer them are the Word of God and prayer. Many have already been converted by these means.

Note.—Why not the same for the Turks? They are, however, without question, very wicked and obstinate infidels, and have no right to the Holy Land.

July 29.—SS. Peter and Paul.

I have done a deed this week, whether good or evil I shall know hereafter, but otherwise I could not do.

When I went to Magdalis's cottage this morning, I found her wringing her hands and weeping bitterly, the room unswept and in disorder, and Karl standing with folded arms before the fire, looking very sullen and determined.

"What is the matter?" I exclaimed; "what has happened?"

"Nothing!" replied Karl, gruffly, "but that my mother does not want to spare me to be a soldier of the holy Cross."

"Nothing!" sobbed poor Magdalis; "will Father Bartholomew call that nothing?—for an only son to leave his widowed mother to the mercy of strangers, that he may go and be killed amongst the heathen Turks and Jews."

I could not altogether approve of Mother Magdalis's view of the Holy Wars, but neither did I feel sure of the genuineness of my foster-brother's vocation to fight in them. He is at best but a wilful lad, although sound at the core, and for some months he had been growing weary of the monotonous toil of his peasant life. Wherefore I represented to him that the call must be very strong which could make it a duty for him to desert his mother, and asked him, since the redemption of the Holy Land lay so very near his heart, when this loud call from Heaven had been vouchsafed him.

He looked puzzled for an instant; then, drawing his hand impatiently through his long brown hair, he said,—

"You know well I am no scholar: about calls and vocations I understand very little; but this I know—half the next village are going to Palestine, and the lord of Erbach-Erbach has promised to make me his armour-bearer if I will go. And how expect a young fellow like me to toil away his youth in earning a scanty pittance of daily bread, when he has the chance of seeing the world, and coming back rich enough to be head peasant of the district in a few years?"

"How many came back from the last crusade?" moaned Magdalis. "Ask the old men of the village that!—and who would not rather be a serf of the good monks of Marienthal, than a retainer of the proud lords of Erbach? And Nannerl, too, how she will grieve—and poor little Gretchen!"

"Gretchen will not care," said the young man, colouring. "Gretchen's grandfather was

a merchant of one of the free imperial cities, and she says she will never wed a serf of the soil."

"What does it matter what that silly child says?" said Magdalis, half-petulantly; "you will be killed, and then she will be as sorry as any of us, poor vain wench!"

Karl's lip curled, but he did not look altogether displeased.

"The War of the Cross is a holy war," he said; "and if I die, mother, you will know that I am safe, and Father Rudolph, who preached the crusade on the Rhine, says one wound from the Turk is worth fifty Pater Nosters."

Magdalis was too wretched to controvert either his theology or his purpose; but as I looked at his manly form, and his bold, bright eye, I felt still more doubtful as to his heavenly vocation to the Cross, and I said, "Well, I would not interfere with a pious vow, Karl, but I came to tell you that the old Abbey huntsman died last week, and I thought you might have filled his place, as you are a famous marksman."

Karl turned suddenly to me,—

"Well, Father Bartholomew," he said, after a short pause, "I am no scholar, and, as I said, know little of calls and vocations—after all, it might be a mistake;—could you really get me appointed Abbey huntsman—and made free?"

"I might try, Karl," I said; "but far be it from me to tempt you to resist a call from Heaven, or to neglect a sacred vow."

Karl rubbed his forehead and looked up and down, half puzzled and half convicted; at length he stammered—

"I am a poor unlettered man; I do not know that it was exactly a vow, Father Bartholomew: and even if it were, could you not perhaps manage that for me too?"

I could not help smiling as I shook his hand and took leave.

In a few weeks Gretchen is to be married to the Abbey huntsman. The saints intercede for me if I have done wrong! After all, Karl will be in the service of the Church.

And I sometimes wonder if the Saviour cares as much for His deserted sepulchre as so many now do.

Are not His living habitations far better?

"The poor ye have always with you."

"In that ye did it unto one of the least of these My brethren, ye did it unto Me."

And St. Paul writes to each one of the faithful: "Know ye not that your bodies are the temples of the Holy Ghost?"

Why, then, travel so far to the site of an overthrown temple and an empty tomb?

"He is not there; He is risen."
He is not there *only*, for, where two or three
are in His name, *there* is He.

St. Peter, St. Paul, St. Thomas, St. Bartholomew, and all the holy Apostles
and Evangelists;
St. Stephen, St. Clement, St. Pothinus
with thy companions;
St. Irenæus with thy companions;

St. Sebastian, St. Laurence, and all the holy
Martyrs;
St. Augustine, St. Ambrose, St. Gregory, and all
the holy Doctors;
All the holy Pontiffs,
All the holy Monks and Hermits,
All the holy Virgins and Widows,
Omnes sancti et sanctæ Dei,
Orate pro me,
if I have erred.

(To be continued.)

MOSQUITOS.

THE day has been too hot. The night is sultry. You are nervous and restless. No place so good as the bed, and to the chamber you repair, hoping soon to lose all remembrance of your cares and troubles in sleep.

The light is extinguished, and you resign yourself to the pleasing sensations of approaching rest. When, lo! a thin, piercing sound salutes you! It needs no interpretation. It is a mosquito come a-serenading. Is there any trumpet that can wake a nervous man more quickly or more entirely? Every sense is attent. Now the sound comes near, now recedes, now it is lost. It soon comes again, and, watching your opportunity, you give yourself a broad slap upon the face, hoping that the mosquito shared it with you! For a moment he seems dead. You experience a minute satisfaction of petty revenge. But soon the inevitable sound comes again, but with a hither and thither motion. You are acutely attentive. This time, to make sure, your hand is disengaged, and lies outside of the coverlet, ready for a surprising blow. He alights. You feel his delicate touch upon your forehead. Quicker than winking, your hand follows him with such a slap as makes the room echo. But he is quicker than you are, and, besides, sees in darkness much better. He is off like a sprite, and sings and pipes in a distant corner.

By this time you are quite excited,—you discourse: "The thief, if he would hold his peace and come and eat his fill, and be off, he should be welcome. But the intolerable piping is worse than a surgeon's lancet."

Suppose, my friend, that you should get up, light the gas, hunt for him! You had better close the blinds, for, however suitable your condition may be in itself considered, yet, if seen from a neighbour's window, a night-capped man in search of a mosquito, at twelve

at night, must subject himself to some ridicule. There, now, return to your work. You cannot find him? After all, perhaps that last slap did the business for him. It certainly did for *you*. See how red your much-abused face is! Why not let him take a little blood out of it? It would be improved.

The hero returns to his couch, and the tiny foe returns to the hero. Again the horn sounds, again he strikes out at him, and again misses. At length tired out, the victim falls asleep. The little trumpeter draws near and sounds a challenge. He circuits all about, and sings every note in his serenade. At length he alights upon a chosen spot, and having satisfied his hunger, retires to some dark corner, overswollen, to collapse and die.

All this would not be worth telling but for its application. I see on every hand men engaged in beating themselves on account of fears, cares, frets, and petty annoyances.

The mother sits by her child slightly ill. She imagines all possible evils,—she torments herself for hours and days at possible but improbable results. It is a mosquito game. The real evil is petty, and if quietly taken would soon cease of itself. But she must punish herself by every ingenious imagination. Love has its mosquitos. How many sounds does jealousy hear! How many dreads does anxious love breed! How many nameless fears, and how many "what ifs"!

Much of the anxiety of business is mere mosquito-hunting. When I see a man pale and anxious, not for what has happened, but for what may happen, I say, "Strike your own face, do it again, and keep doing it, for there is nothing else to hit."

Everybody has his own mosquitos, that fly by night or bite by day. There are few men of nerves firm enough to calmly let them bite. Most men insist upon flagellating themselves for the sake of not hitting their troubles.

Leaves from the Book of Nature: Descriptive Narrative, &c.

UP BEN LOMOND.

SHORTLY after seven o'clock one August morning, in company with a dear friend and old schoolfellow, with whom I had been staying for a few days, I left Glasgow for an excursion to the top of "lofty Ben Lomond."

Taking the train for Balloch we were whirled along until, after a pleasant ride of about an hour, past Dumbarton and through the vale of Leven, we reached the end of our journey by rail. Arrived at Balloch, we stepped on board the *Victoria*, which was in waiting at the foot of the Loch, and found ourselves afloat on the bosom of the "Queen of Scottish Lakes." Loch Lomond is indeed worthy of the epithet; the variety and beauty of its scenery cannot be surpassed. As the steamer glides along, the scene is ever changing into varied beauty and grandeur. Here is the fairy islet and the shining bay; there the heathy slope and the gaunt precipice looking down on the quiet waters beneath.

Everywhere the scenery teems with historical associations of Rob Roy and Robert the Bruce. It is the land of heroic deeds, calling to memory the daring conflicts of the past, and delighting the eye meanwhile with the most fascinating manifestations of the beautiful and sublime. Its beauty so struck the mind of Tobias Smollett that it elicited from him one hundred years ago the expression—"I have seen Lago di Gardi, Abano di Vico, Bosena, and Geneva, and I prefer Loch Lomond to them all. This is justly styled the Arcadia of Scotland." The celebrated Lord Jeffrey often made its shores his residence, and when parted from it said, "I hunger and thirst for another view of Loch Lomond and my Highlands." From the summit of the island of Inchtavanach, the Rev. Dr. Chalmers in astonishment exclaimed, "I wonder if there will be a Loch Lomond in Heaven!"

The length of the Loch is variously estimated at from twenty-five to thirty miles. Its breadth varies in different places. At Balloch it is narrow for some way, soon expanding on each side, but especially on the eastern, attaining

near its southern extremity a breadth of seven or eight miles, after which the shores begin to approach—now narrowing, then widening, and again narrowing, till the lake, near Glenfalloch, is reduced to a narrow strip of water. The depth of the Loch is in some places 600 feet, in others not much more than one hundred.

On board the *Queen Victoria* we are now sailing up the loch, past

"Fairy crowds
Of islands that together lie
As quietly as spots of sky
Among the evening clouds."

The first island we pass is Inchmurrin, the largest island in the lake. It is beautifully wooded, and has been used for a long time as a deer-park by the Duke of Montrose. At the west end, surrounded by oaks, are the ruins of a castle of the great earls of Lennox, and near them stands the shooting lodge of the noble proprietor of the island.

We now approach Balmaha, the first landing-place on the Loch. A short way from this is the far-famed pass referred to in the "Lady of the Lake," through which many a foray descended into the Lennox. Leaving Balmaha, we pass Inchcailleach, a rocky and finely wooded island, still dear to the heart of many a clansman, as it is the burying-place of their bravest chieftains. Sir Walter Scott makes Rob Roy promise Bailie Nicol Jarvie payment of his debt "upon the halidome of him that sleeps beneath the grey stane at Inchcailleach." A most charming view now opens up every way the eye can turn—hill rising over hill, and mountain over mountain, variegated with wood, streamlet, and heath. We next pass Inchmoan, Inchconachan, and Inchtavanach, "where tapers burned and mass was sung."

The steamer now touches at Luss, a village delightfully situated on a headland jutting into the lake, leaving which we pass the island of Inchlonaig, on which grow a considerable number of yews, said to have been planted by Sir Robert Bruce more than five hundred years

ago to supply his army with bows, which were then the principal weapons of warfare.

The weather, which was pleasant in the morning, now turns rather dull, and a slight misty rain begins to fall. We step on the pier at Rowardennan with not quite such a pleasant prospect before us as we looked for on starting, but the captain, who on this occasion at least is a successful weather prophet, tells us that it will soon clear. We walk along to the comfortable little inn, where we have some refreshment for the inner man, and then start on our road.

Ponies may be had at the hotel for ascending the mountain, but these we look upon as fit only for ladies or invalids, and with light hearts begin the ascent. But here a difficulty presents itself. How shall we go? By the road or straight up the mountain? As it is four miles by the road, I am for going straight up, while my companion thinks the road the most practicable way. I propose that we should take different ways, and see who reaches the top first. This is agreed to, and I push on through heather and over rocks in as direct a line as possible. I have not gone far, however, before my old schoolfellow returns, and, as he thinks it will be rather lonely work ascending alone, proposes to accompany me, to which I willingly accede. He thinks that as we have never been up the mountain, there may be some risk in going out of the usual track, but prefers to run the risk rather than make the solitary ascent.

We get on very well for a short while till suddenly we come to a steep defile, with a roaring torrent beneath. This brings us to a stand for a little; however, we descend, cross the stream, and, with the aid of a few friendly branches, reach the top. We pursue our way over grassy slopes, and through clumps of heather. Again are we suddenly taken aback, for we are on the top of a pass where far below a stream dashes madly over its rocky channel. There is nothing for it but to descend and cross to the other side, which we do safely, but with some difficulty, as we have to swing ourselves over by the aid of a tree which overhangs the stream. We have a steep climb up again, and having reached the top, we form ourselves into a council of deliberation. It is evident that if we meet with many more of these miniature glens, we shall never reach the top in the time at our disposal; but having gone so far, we are not inclined to turn back, and resolve to take the risk and push on. We

are more favoured after this, for only another small defile interrupts our ascent.

We have now accomplished a considerable part of our uphill journey, and rest ourselves for a few minutes to view the scene below, and give our lungs a little relief. The mist which hung over the hill as we began the ascent has cleared away, the sun shines out brilliantly, and a fine view from the top promises to reward our trouble. From where we sit, the tranquil waters and green islands of the lake are seen beneath bathed in sunlight. On the opposite shore is the village of Luss, embosomed among trees and nestled at the foot of green hills. In the distance, to the south, are the Vale of Leven, Dumbarton Castle, and the Frith of Clyde. The view even here is lovely, but nothing compared with what it must be from the top: so we eagerly resume the ascent. The climbing is now easier, though some steep hills make our hearts beat faster than their wont, and compel us to take a few minutes' rest. However, we are near the top and presently I reach the summit (3,192 feet), my companion in the struggle resting about a hundred yards below, pretty nearly "done up."

The top of Ben Lomond! How shall I describe the scene which bursts upon the view? Words would fail to express the glorious beauty of the prospect. Eastward are seen Stirling Castle, the hills and valleys of Stirlingshire with the windings of the Forth, Edinburgh Castle, Arthur's Seat, and the Pentland Hills. Southward may be distinguished nearly the whole county of Lanark, the rich vale of the Clyde, the distant peak of Tinto, the Loudoun and Cumnock Hills, the Frith of Clyde, and the islands of Bute, Arran, the Cumbries, and Ailsa Craig. Westward and northward are seen mountains piled on mountains in countless succession—Ben Voirlich, Ben Cruachan, Ben Nevis, Ben Lawers, Benledi, Benmore, and Schiehallion; and far away on the south-west, the Paps of Jura, in Argyshire, and Goatfell, in the island of Arran. And, most fascinating of all, away down below is Loch Lomond, its bright waters studded with islands, widening as it extends to the southward, and to the north narrowing until it is lost among dusky and retreating mountains.

The north-east side of the mountain presents a precipice of about 2,000 feet, down which few tourists will look without some sensation of terror. The descent, however, can be made with safety through a deep ravine

to the farmhouse of Comar, whence there is a good highland road along the shores of Loch Ard to Aberfoyle. As in most Scotch mountains, the more precipitous sides of Ben Lomond are toward the north and west.

After feasting our eyes on the lovely prospect beneath us, we commence the descent of the Ben by the way we came up. This is comparatively easy, and we make rapid progress. We stay here and there to secure a particularly inviting piece of heather, sometimes at considerable risk. When we are a considerable length down, we stop and gaze around us to get a few lingering looks at the lovely scene. But, alas! our pleasure is soon turned to dismay, for rounding the corner of the Loch, a few miles above Rowardennan, comes the steamer, the black smoke curling into the air. And now begins, not a race for life, but a race for the steamboat. Helter-skelter, as hard as we can go, now through heather, at other times through marsh and bog, and now down a rocky slope, sending the stones rattling before us. Nearer and nearer comes the steamer! "We can't catch it; we may as well stop and take it coolly." One more effort! and hot and breathless we rush on to the quay at Rowardennan just as the Queen steams up to the landing-place.

Comfortably seated on board, we have leisure to look up the Loch and see where tradition says Rob Roy's prison is situated, at the base of Ben Lomond, and about thirty feet above the water's edge. Here it is said the outlaw was accustomed to keep those who were un-

willing to pay him "black mail" or protection money. Fastening a rope round their waists, he gave them a few plunges in the lake, which generally had the effect of making the most stubborn comply with his demands. Of Rob Roy many traditions are preserved in the district of Balquhiddar, where he died in the year 1736. He retained his heroism to the last hour. One of the M'Larens, who had been formerly his foeman, chanced to call, and requested to see him. At this time he was rapidly sinking; but after being raised up in his bed, and arraying himself in his warlike accoutrements, he granted the request, saying that it should never be said by a foe-man that he saw Rob Roy unarmed. The interview was very brief. They had just time to give each other the hand of forgiveness when the hero of a hundred raids exclaimed, "All is over! let my piper play *Ha til mi tuledh*" (we return no more); but before the last notes of the pibroch were sounded, the warrior's heart had ceased to beat.

Proceeding down the Loch, "Lomond's breezes deep" blow gently over the waters, and cool our heated brows. Balloch is reached at last, and we bid a lingering farewell to the pride of Scottish lakes. We enter the carriage, and the train swiftly bears us onward to Glasgow. I bid adieu to the companion of my day's enjoyment; and as I go on to Edinburgh, lean back against the cushions, and dreamily think over the lovely scenes through which I have passed, until the stoppage of the train wakes me from my reverie.

T. STEWART ROBERTSON.

A THOUSAND AND ONE STORIES FROM NATURE.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

BY THE REV. F. O. MORRIS, B.A., RECTOR OF NUNBURNHOLME, YORKSHIRE, AND CHAPLAIN TO HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF CLEVELAND, AUTHOR OF A "HISTORY OF BRITISH BIRDS" (DEDICATED BY PERMISSION TO HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN), ETC., ETC.

THE FOWL.

CIII.

A hen belonging to Mrs. Collier, Station Hotel, Brandenburg, taking a fancy for a ulway trip, got herself seated in a truck containing wood, and came on to Elgin, where, after depositing an egg in the truck by way of ure, she took a day or two to look about her. After having seen the wonders of Elgin, she

once more took to the trucks, and again returned to her domicile at Lossie.

THE HORSE.

CIV.

"Many times I have heard my father tell the following story, illustrating in a remarkable manner the instinct of the horse. When my father was about three or four years of age, he

went out one day in spring to play in the fields of my grandfather's farm, situated in the vicinity of Kinross. In his rambles he went down a narrow lane dividing two fields, with a hedge on each side. When about the middle of the road, he met an old horse that had been for many years about the farm, drawing manure in a large cart. There was no room for my father to pass, the pathway was so narrow. After what, as it seemed, a moment's thought, the noble old horse gently lifted my father, catching his dress in his mouth, and as gently pushed him into the hedge. He then moved slowly on with his head turned back towards the child, till he saw the wheels had passed him in safety. Dear old Smiler lived about the farm till death overtook him, after having arrived at the great age of forty-two years."

CV.

The late Mr. J. Lane, of Frescombe, in the parish of Ashelworth, Gloucestershire, on his returning home one day, turned his horse into a field, in which it had been accustomed to graze. A few days before this, the horse had been shod, and had been "pinched" in the shoeing of one foot. The morning following, Mr. Lane missed the horse, and caused an active search to be made in the neighbourhood, when the following circumstance transpired. The animal it is supposed, feeling the foot to be uncomfortable, made his way out of the field, by lifting the *gate* off the *hinges* with his *teeth*, and went straight to the same farrier's shop where he had been shod, a distance of a mile and a half. The farrier had no sooner opened his shed, than the horse (which had evidently been standing there some time), advanced up to the forge, and held up his *ailing foot*. The farrier, immediately began to examine the *hoof*, discovered the injury, took off the shoe, and replaced it more carefully; on which the horse calmly turned about and set off at a merry pace for his well-known pasture. Shortly after, Mr. Lane's servants, who were in search of the horse, happening to pass the farrier's shop, mentioned their supposed loss, when the farrier replied, "Oh, he has been here and got reshod, and is gone home again!" This, when they returned, they found to be actually the case.

THE MAGPIE.

CVI.

I have found that birds have attachment to their masters quite as powerful as that of dogs,

and that they are equally cunning and sagacious. I had a magpie, a clever talking bird, which was loose as often as it was caged. One day my wife was teasing the bird, which happened then to be in its cage—a very large one fixed under my verandah, close to the front door. The bird was dashing from side to side of the cage, wherever its mistress's finger was put. Unknown to the bird it was agreed that I should creep under the cage, with my hand wrapped in my wife's apron, and, showing but the tip of my finger, try if he knew it. He dashed across the cage, and when the point of his beak was all but upon my finger, it pulled up, and gave a short shrill whistle, which the dear bird awarded to me alone. I ought to say that, come home what time at night I might, the bird always hailed me with one and only one note, and for that night all I could do would not get another; neither would the bird ever give the salute to another person, even if at night. By day it would never give it me, save that once, at the discovery of the finger.

CVII.

If, of a morning, I made my appearance in either leather leggings or long leather boots, Mag's feathers were up, and he became mute, in expectation that I was intending a day from home. But not alone for a day, for a whole week that I have been from home, his voice would not be heard, though at other times keeping up a continual chatter and screeching. My wife has remarked after these fits of silence, that for a week of my absence they failed to get a sonnet from him. On my return, when told that I was coming, long before I appeared on the premises, at four hundred yards off, with houses between me and the bird, he would begin screaming with delight, and flying round the cage; on my coming near, he would seem wild with delight.

THE CANARY.

CVIII.

Early in the spring of the year, a hen canary of last year's brood, for whom no companion was found, had, by way of experiment, three blackbird's eggs placed in a nest she had amused herself by building. She adopted her new charge, and sat assiduously until they were hatched, the only assistance she required being to have them occasionally turned for her, being unable from their large size to perform that part of her duty. The young birds she fed with egg and soft bread, but what was very remarkable, she several times carried them

small worms, a food natural to blackbirds, but totally different from that of canaries, who always feed their young from the crop.

CIX.

A friend of mine informs me that by placing a mirror before an old bird in his possession, he could at any time be induced to sing—beginning with a gentle cadence and gradually rising as he became excited; at length he poured forth his notes with rapidity and vehemence, and if not prevented by a timely removal of the mirror, dashed madly forward to the attack of his imaginary rival. That his song was not one of love was proved by introducing a bird of the opposite sex into the cage, for after singing his usual song, he attacked it with fury, and would soon have destroyed it, had it not been removed.

CX.

I had a canary, between the wires of whose cage I was in the habit of placing a piece of lump sugar. One day the sugar fell out, and when picked up, was found to be quite wet on one side. This excited my curiosity; so I looked to see if there was anything to wet it

where it had fallen, and being convinced there was not, I replaced it, but put the dry side inwards, determined to watch the bird's proceedings. To my astonishment, after a few ineffectual attempts to nip some of the sugar (for it never pecked it), it went to the water trough several times, filled his bill, dropped the water on the sugar, and then after it was thus softened began to eat it. This I have seen it do frequently.

THE PARROT.

CXI.

On recently visiting the Zoological Gardens in Regent's Park, I observed a little incident which I thought worthy of record. A very large white cockatoo and a much smaller green parrot inhabited the same cage; on offering them nuts, the parrot took the nut, but instead of endeavouring to crack it, immediately carried it to the cockatoo, and transferred it from his own bill to the more powerful mandibles of his neighbour, who forthwith cracked it and then divided the kernel, swallowing half himself, and honestly returning the remainder to the parrot. I saw these two birds repeat this manœuvre at least a dozen times consecutively.

Songs of the Garden.

BY MRS. ELLIS, AUTHORESS OF THE "WOMEN OF ENGLAND."

IX.

Autumn Flowers.



HAT ails the fair garden, so lately array'd
In the brightest of vesture, the greenest
of shade?

Can frost have been stealing the gay flowers
among,
Withering their petals, and spoiling their
song?

Can Autumn be coming, with footsteps so still,
No rain in the valley, no wind on the hill,
No cloud in the heavens to shadow the earth,
But the hum of the insects still whispering of
mirth?

Can Autumn be coming, when all the day
long

The robin is warbling his musical song?
And brisk is the chirp from the fruit-laden
bough,
While the swallows are wheeling in circles
below?

If Autumn be coming, what cause for regret?
Bright gems of the garden are left to us
yet;

Sweet roses expanding as fair as at first,
When the dew and the sunshine their tender-
ness nursed.

Nay, fairer; for slowly their petals unfold
At morn, and at evening, just touched by the
cold,

Yet trusting the same kindly sun in the sky,
Asleep on the bosom of Nature they lie.

So rest all the flowers in their evening of life,
No work to do now—no labour—no strife;
But a calm more delightful, a glorious decay,
Like the beauty that waits on the close of the
day.

If the garden's gay carpet has paled to the
view,

In its brightest carnations and loveliest blue,
The scarlet geranium has raised her proud
head,

And the gold and the flame-tints have deepened
instead.

If some flowers have departed, the rest seem
more fair;

They are all that the first frost of Autumn
could spare;

• More tender in tone, and more graceful in play,
As they hang their sweet bells on a withering
spray.

So we ring through the garden our soft evening
chime,

Sweet vesper of Nature, her calm fading time;
We bloom to the last, and we sing as we bloom,
And breathe on the night-wind our farewell
perfume.

Smiles and Tears.

LIKE the flowers in bloom so
tender,
Stands a maiden young and
fair;

Hers no crimson robe of splendour,
Gold, nor diamonds in her hair.

Only now a smile of gladness
Lights the beauty of her cheek;
Then a tear-drop tells of sadness,
Ere her trembling lips can speak.

Joy!—such joy as tongue could never
Tell in tones of human speech,—
Hearts that love alone could ever
Down such depths of feeling reach,—

Joy that he, so proud and fearless,
Yielding weakness far above;
He, with eye so bright and tearless,
Yearns at last for woman's love.

"Take," he says, "this folded letter,
Read it where the roses bloom;
You shall understand it better,
Mingled with their sweet perfume.

"Witness, all the flowers that hear me,
How I long to stand again
With thy beating heart so near me,
That my voice may soothe its pain.

"All the proudest hopes that painted
Life's ambitious course to me,
Fade beside the pure—the sainted
Love, when memory turns to thee.

"All I ever felt of greatness—
Real greatness—good and true,
Brings to me the bygone sweetness
Of the life that we two knew.

"So, while musing, sad and lonely,
Late I tore me from the past;
And my mood of melancholy
Quickly to the winds I cast.

"If, I said, I love that maiden,
As a worthy knight should love,
Let no more this sorrow-laden
Heart a coward recreant prove.

"Let my truth be shown in serving
Where my help may welcome be;
Her strong faith my purpose nerving,
While her prayers ascend for me.

"Thus I sought, and thus I found him—
Brother—loved in early years;
Ah, what wretched ties had bound him!
Ah, what penitence! what tears!

"But what need of kindly cheering—
Words of hope for days to come;
He, poor prodigal, so fearing—
Trembling on the verge of doom.

"Sickness bowed him—pain and sorrow
Mingled in his daily lot;
Want was looming in the morrow,
Life had scarce one sunny spot.

"What the end would be, I wondered;
Dark and sad it looked to us.
Many an hour I sate and pondered,
Thinking of the loved-one thus—

"If I lose the prize of honour,
He who led me, nothing loth—
He will put this crown upon her,
That her prayers shall save us both."

The Home Library.

Facts and Fancies. A Book of Sketches and Counsels for Young People. By COUSIN WILLIAM. London: Sunday-school Union.

"Cousin William" walks in the steps of "Old Humphrey." We do not mean that he is an imitator; his "Facts and Fancies" possess the marks of originality. But the genial tone, the cordial sympathy, the cheerful piety, which has given such a measure of popularity to the works of George Mogridge, eminently characterise these papers by "Cousin William," and we doubt not these qualities will go far to secure for them an equally wide circulation. They certainly deserve it. "Nobody in Particular" is a capital paper; we give the anecdote which seems to have suggested it to the writer:—

"NOBODY IN PARTICULAR.

"It is related of the witty Theodore Hook, that, strolling along the Strand one day, in company with a friend, he observed a dandy approaching them, dressed in the first style of fashion, and sailing down the street with the air of an Emperor, passing by the ordinary mortals who surrounded him with immeasurable disdain. Just as he came near, Hook stepped up to the exquisite, and humbly inquired, 'I beg your pardon, sir, but are you anybody in particular?' The disconcerted beau looked at the grave querist in utter amazement, and walked away without a particle of dignity left."

The Christian Sabbath. By SAMUEL, LORD BISHOP OF CARLISLE. London: W. Hunt and Co.

This tract contains much in little compass. It presents a condensed argument which thoughtful readers will appreciate. The practical issue of the argument is thus stated:—

"First: Dismiss, as utterly untenable, the oft-repeated, but sadly deceitful statement, that the keeping of a Sabbath is a Jewish, a Levitical, a Mosaic institution. Truly it was embodied in the code of the Israelitish Church. But it is as much for all men, at all times, as any one other of those principles which, standing by its side, on the right hand and on the left, are also embodied in the Ten Commandments of God.

Secondly: Dismiss, as equally untenable, the phantasy that man, in his present earthly pilgrimage, can ever be elevated above the Sabbatical observance of the Lord's-day. As well may you say that he can be elevated above the holy estate of Matrimony. Both these blessed institutions, the Sabbath and Marriage, were ordained of God, as being even then needful for man's holiness and happiness, in the state of man's innocence. And they cannot, now that man has fallen, be ignored, without grievous harm to the offending member, as well as to the body collective of Christ. Yes truly, I speak it with seriousness, just as the theory that celibacy is a higher estate than wedlock, has ever

resulted, and always will result, in unbridled licence, so will the theory that every week-day should be a Sabbath, inevitably issue in every Sabbath becoming, to all intents and purposes, a week-day.

Thirdly, and lastly: Prize and hallow the Christian Sabbath; sanctify it to Jehovah and Jehovah will bless it to you. (Isaiah lviii. 13, 14.)"

In educated circles this tractate will prove most valuable.

The History of the Church of Christ, from the First Century, to the Completion of the Reformation in Germany. In 6 vols., with Portraits and Maps. London: Religious Tract Society.

We call special attention to these volumes, not because they need our commendation, but because the Religious Tract Society has just made a most liberal offer to supply the whole six volumes to ministers, City missionaries, teachers, and others, at the price of nine shillings. Next to the testimony of the Word, we could desire no better refutation of Romanism than the testimony of impartial Church history. We may add that truth here is stranger than fiction; so that the *interest* of these volumes is only exceeded by their *importance*. We refer to an advertisement for particulars of the offer of the society.

The Old Gateway; or, The Story of Agatha. By EMMA MARSHALL. London: Seeley, Jackson, and Halliday.

One of the most interesting tales we have read for a long time. It cannot fail to add to the reputation of the authoress. We took the volume up intending to give it a superficial glance, but our attention was so absorbed, that we reached the last page before we put it down again.

The New Monthly Magazine, for Church of England Sunday-school Teachers. London: The Church of England Sunday-school Institute.

We strongly recommend this magazine to teachers. It has taken a high stand during the present year, and has published some papers of a very valuable character. We are glad to see the Archbishop of York recognizing the growing importance of Magazine Literature, by sending a contribution to the August number.

Our British Constitution. By the REV. FIELDING OULD, M.A. London: W. Hunt and Co.

We hope "the Members of both Houses of Parliament," to whom this pamphlet is addressed, will ponder the faithful and earnest

appeal of the writer. It would be a happy day for our land, if our legislators, once for all, resolved never to sacrifice principle in religious matters at the shrine of so-called political expediency; but we fear the day is far distant. Mr. Ould points out a painful instance of episcopal inconsistency. The Bishop of Oxford in a recent debate in the House of Lords spoke thus:—

"The movement at present going on is of a gravity which it is impossible to overrate at the present moment. I know how great is the danger arising from the tendency of the young mind of England to turn towards the views and usages of that Church which our forefathers had left with a strange affection. My own attention is being continually called to individual cases in which this strange tendency is to be met with; and a great part of my time is devoted in trying to solve the difficulty of diverting the affections of those who exhibit this tendency from the object to which they are inclined. The present is therefore a grave and serious occasion for those who believe with me that a greater misfortune could not befall this happy land than any faltering in her adhesion to the true doctrines of the Reformation."

Commenting on this passage Mr. Ould proceeds:—

"This is sufficiently startling: but is it not infinitely more so that these words should have been uttered by one who has done more than any other living man (with one exception) to bring about the state of things which he so feelingly deplures? Who more responsible than he for giving the minds of young Oxonians that 'strange tendency' which he affects to lament so pathetically? How is it possible to reconcile a late published statement of this Prelate, that there was no Ritualistic excess in any of the Churches of his Diocese, with the statement in this speech, that a large part of his time was occupied with endeavours to preserve the wavering allegiance of the young clergy to the Church of which they are ministers?"

It is difficult to know what the Bishop of Oxford really means. Episcopal utterances now should not give an "uncertain sound."

Plain Sermons for Plain People. By REV. F. O. MORRIS, B.A. London: W. Hunt and Co.

These sermons deserve their title, which is saying as much as could well be said for any sermons.

Story of a Feast. Manchester: J. Ferguson.

A suitable and simple harvest-home tract.

Suggestive Readings on the Gospels: St. Luke. By a CLERGYMAN'S WIFE. London: W. Hunt and Co.

These Readings, or Notes, sprang out of a necessity often felt by those who conduct teachers' meetings. They have the verdict of experience in their favour, having been in MS. use for years. We consider the writer has thoroughly accomplished her object—"to

give just enough in the notes to suggest fresh views of Scripture to the teachers, and to create in them a desire to study for themselves."

Short Arguments about the Millennium. By the REV. B. C. YOUNG. Second thousand. London: Elliot Stock.

The writer believes that the coming of Christ will not be pre-millennial. We cannot discuss this question; but we commend Mr. Young's book as a very able treatise. Certainly, whatever the future may have in store for the world, it behoves Christians now to do what they can to spread the "good tidings of great joy" to "all people." We agree with Mr. Young that God's Word plainly teaches that "the spectacle by which men are to be attracted is one of suffering, not of splendour." "Christ rejoiced in the power of the cross, not in the efficacy of His regal glory. 'I, if I be lifted up,' He said, 'will draw all men unto Me;' not, 'If I come down, and reign on the earth.' The word 'all' may not be designed to teach that a time will come when every member of the human family will be drawn to the Saviour; but it cannot teach less than that all who should be saved by Christ from the time of His crucifixion, should be drawn to Him by the cross." The best way of showing our interest in Millennium promises seems to us to be to "preach Christ Jesus, and Him crucified" to "every creature."

Questions of the Day. London: Seeley, Jackson, and Halliday.

These "addresses" were given at "the Islington Clerical Meeting" last January. The subjects treated are "The Atonement," "Absolution," "The Lord's Supper," and "Future Punishment." The speakers were Dr. Miller, the Rev. W. Cadman, the Rev. J. Bardsley, and the Rev. E. Bayley. The papers are especially adapted for the clergy, but they are not the less suitable for all readers.

The Man who kept himself in Repair. By the REV. P. B. POWER, M.A. London: W. Macintosh.

We have a strong feeling against the habit of transforming Sermons into Tracts. The special mission of the Tract is to reach those who, as a rule, do not hear Sermons, and for that very reason are not likely to read them. We would almost guarantee a reading for Mr. Power's Tracts wherever they go.

The Christian Life. By EMILIUS BAYLEY, B.D. London: W. Hunt and Co.

We have only space to announce the publication of this practical volume. The topics dealt with are such as render the book specially one for family reading. Plain, earnest, and affectionate words of exhortation, counsel, and encouragement, are addressed to all the members of the Home Circle.



Bedouins Crossing the Desert.



The Christian Home.

WOMAN'S FAITH;

OR,

PRAISE AND BLAME.

BY MRS. ELLIS, AUTHORESS OF "THE WOMEN OF ENGLAND," ETC.

CHAPTER X.

WE often tell ourselves and others that we do not believe a thing, and yet derive unspeakable satisfaction from any stray item of confirmation that may fall in our way tending to prove that the thing is not so. It was thus with Margaret, that she lifted up her head and stepped more lightly after Mrs. Godwin had said plainly that she, for one, did not believe the disagreeable reports about Harry Dunlop. She had her own strong internal convictions that the youth himself was not of a nature to do what was laid to his charge. Impulsive, imprudent he might be, but not deceitful. What Harry did, whether right or wrong, was done openly, fearing no man; and he was, without doubt, a little too much addicted to this defiance of opinion—this tendency to do battle in defence of what he considered noble or right. That a youth of such character and habits should carry on a long course of systematic deception was incredible to the Godwins, who knew him intimately; but while the clergyman, from motives of prudence, abstained from any open defence of his young friend, deeming it best to let the subject die out of itself, as he never doubted but it would, his more outspoken and impulsive wife did not find it quite so easy to remain silent. Indeed, it is to women generally much more difficult than to men to keep silence while a friend is abused; and while Mrs. Godwin showed herself too good a wife to deviate in any

open manner from the rule laid down by her husband, she found consolation in throwing out as many favourable suggestions as could be introduced whenever the matter was openly discussed, and by speaking her mind fully and indignantly when talking with Margaret alone.

And all the while, though stanch and true in her friendship, and never swerving from her confidence in Harry Dunlop, Margaret could really bring forward no precise fact that could have established his innocence in a court of law, unless, indeed, the consistency of an honest and truthful character might have served that purpose; and against this, both judge and jury would have probably brought that other consistent, and to them infallible, argument, that young men will be young men all the world over. More than once Margaret heard this pleaded in excuse for Harry; but it was no excuse to her. It was a plea from which her soul revolted, and she felt at the time as if she absolutely must have clear evidence that her friend did not need this contemptible apology. It seemed imperative upon her, on such occasions, that she herself should sift the matter to the bottom, find out from what source the strange report had arisen, and sweep it away for ever.

It would have been an easy matter to ask the plain question of Harry himself, but who would write and ask it? She was clearly not the right person to do so, for besides not corresponding with him, how

could she make so insulting an inquiry? and of the only friends or connexions who might have inquired with any show of propriety, the Godwins, on the one hand, would not take any steps towards investigation, because they did not believe the story, and the Andersons, on the other hand, would not move in the matter because they *did* believe it. Harry, of course, said nothing in his letters to throw light upon the mystery, and consequently Margaret was compelled to leave it for the present unsolved. She could only wait; and when a friend is wronged, or we believe him to be so, it is one of the hardest things in the world to wait and be still.

Perhaps Margaret would scarcely have been able to carry out this virtue of patient waiting had not other causes of anxiety arisen, turning her feelings to some extent from the case of Harry Dunlop to that of his brother.

Archy was better in health, and as he learned by degrees to adapt himself to the inconvenience of his lameness, it became less apparent, if not less in itself. But the pleasure which this evident amendment would have afforded to Margaret, in as high a degree as to any of his friends, was damped by a change in the youth himself—a something which she would have found it impossible to explain in words, but which she felt not the less to be a real change.

It is always thus with a finely-constituted moral nature, formed upon a high standard of principle, that a large amount of right and wrong is discovered and appreciated according to its worth, as if by a kind of instinct—a shrinking under a consciousness of the presence of the one wherever it exists, and an eager welcome of the other wherever it can be found.

In this manner women often do right themselves and help others to do right, without being aware at the time of the exact grounds or principles on which they are acting. Under such circumstances they are said to act from impulse, and so unquestionably they not unfrequently do; but where they habitually act rightly, there is a deeper foundation for their conduct than the mere impulse of the moment; a foundation in all

probability laid long ago, in an earnest reverence for what is right, and a hatred no less earnest for what is wrong. This foundation may have been laid in early childhood by the influence of parents, perhaps removed by death before the character of the child appeared to have assumed any definite form; or it may have been laid in secret by close spiritual exercises and communion with the Father of spirits. By whatever means this great work may have been accomplished, the apparent results are often so instantaneous, so rightly applied to the moment of time when decision and action are required, that they seem to the superficial observer to be only the accidental stirrings of a momentary impulse, and people wonder that some women can so often act rightly themselves, and give the best advice to others, when they are perhaps not very highly cultivated, nor even endowed with any extraordinary powers of intellect.

Such women *see*, as well as act. Their moral perceptions being quickened by that same process which has made them active agents in what is just and good, they see, sometimes almost instantaneously, what others are dull to perceive, and know in the same way when all is well with those around them, or when moral darkness is overshadowing a spirit which ought to dwell in light.

It is scarcely necessary to say that such women are eminently calculated for filling the position and discharging the duty of mothers. The children of such women will sometimes grow up to be just men and noble women, while the children of the highly accomplished mother, the scholar or the genius, *may* grow up to bring disgrace upon themselves and her. It is not necessary because of the talents or acquirements of the mother that the children should lose the path of moral rectitude; but where they pursue that path from infancy, love it, delight in it, and would rather part with life than leave it, there are strong grounds for believing that the influence which has been brought to bear upon their characters, and which has made them what they are, has been, in its own nature, entirely distinct from intellectual endowment or culti-

vation, however excellent such things may be in themselves.

Margaret Courtenay was gifted in a high degree with this moral sense. Mrs. Godwin had the same, at least to some extent: but with her it was so difficult to think evil of any human being—she was so warm an enthusiast in hoping all things good and favourable, especially of those who had in any way crept into her affections—that her perceptions often came short of the precise mark, and that which she might have clearly perceived by a little impartial investigation she mentally shut her eyes upon and would not see. Thus in the case of Archy Dunlop, if there were times when this faithful friend and nurse did entertain a doubt whether he was the same happy, upright, and confiding boy which she had first known him, her pity for his sufferings was so intense, her yearning over him so tender, that she could not, *would* not, see him as he really was—so far altered that he was sometimes a little sullen, or a little wanting in those warm expressions of affection and trust which used to be habitual with him, and which had made him an almost universal favourite.

Mr. Godwin also might at times suspect that Archy's real character was not improved by his school-life, but he also took kindly into consideration what the poor boy was suffering in his injured limb, and above all the heavy penalty of a life-long lameness. And even if these faithful friends had been morescrutinizing, Archy himself had learned, amongst his other attainments, how to ward off any curious investigations which he did not wish to be pressed too closely. He had learned many things at school besides his lessons, and one especially, of which none of his friends would previously have believed him capable—he had learned to act a part. But, as might be expected, Archy was a bad actor, extremely shallow in his understanding of this art, and very apt to break through appearance into sudden reality. He would have done this many times with his friends at the parsonage, only that his physical wants were so many, that Mrs. Godwin directed almost all the attention she could spare him to these, and to keeping him

pleasantly soothed and moderately cheerful; while Mr. Godwin, with his pupils and his parish, did not find much opportunity for quiet talk with Archy, beyond what he felt to be absolutely demanded by Christian duty.

The case was altered now that the two young ladies had returned, and Margaret was at liberty to read and talk with the lame boy—for a boy Archy was to her, and she could not realize the notion that he would ever be anything else. The mention of Archy as a man only made her laugh. It was well he did not know that she laughed, for he was just now growing very sensitive on this point, and persisted in getting out and showing himself out of doors as much as possible, stretching himself up to his tallest, and really straining his contracted limb; and Margaret fancied he did this more when Agnes was in the way to see than at other times.

But Agnes neither saw, nor cared to see, the efforts which poor Archy made to look like a man, or to appear in any other way to advantage in her eyes. She had repeated to her mother and to Margaret the strange disgraceful story told about him by Charles Hetherington; and though both had been indignant at the treachery of a boy who could thus expose and exaggerate the weakness of his friend, Agnes herself had never lost the impression made upon her mind by this story, nor was she likely to lose it. Archy was an entirely different person to her now. She was not unkind to him: that would have been almost impossible to one of her disposition, any further than as she might be sometimes, and always unconsciously to herself, slightly contemptuous in her manner towards him. She had seen him made ridiculous, she had heard him described as a coward, mean, and false. How was it possible that she could look upon him with interest or regard! It was not her business to search into the matter in order to ascertain whether he had really been as base as he was represented: nor, if such was the case, did she consider it any duty of hers to endeavour to bring him to a better state of mind. Agnes was

no heroine; she was simply disgusted with her old friend and playfellow; and she was not the less so because he had failed to grow an inch taller while at school, or if he had, his lameness made him look shorter, she fancied, than before he went.

But if the story which Agnes repeated was rejected at the moment by Margaret because of the meanness and treachery of him who told it, it made not the less a painful impression upon her mind, especially as it convinced her that Archy's school-friends had been boys of a character from which no sterling good was to be expected. That Archy could have allied himself in close intimacy with such friends was a fact of bad omen. That a boy like Charles Hetherington should betray a companion who had loved him and trusted in him was no surprise to Margaret, who had been early taught to believe that where there is no respect for God, there will be no truth towards man. But that which shocked her most, and awakened the gravest apprehensions, was the consideration that Archy had been living so long in this low moral atmosphere, and yet had never so much as spoken of it with disapprobation or regret.

"He must be changed indeed," thought Margaret, and then she added to this evidence on the dark and melancholy side a kind of estranged look which Archy brought from school with him, a restless expression in those large clear eyes of his that used to look so sweet and calm. And then he had grown so reserved; instead of those natural outbursts of feeling, like his brother Harry's in their sincerity though softer in expression, there was about him now an evident watchfulness, as if afraid that he should disclose too much, and this even in his most familiar conversation. But, above all, Margaret thought she could see that he was not happy. It is true he seldom complained; indeed, he seldom spoke of himself in any way, and, with this subject shut out as it seemed from familiar intercourse, he had become more silent, and, as Margaret said often to herself, and sometimes to her friends, "much more reserved."

Oppressed with these thoughts, Margaret,

who was naturally outspoken and sincere, found it very difficult to conceal what was weighing on her mind; and one day Archy asked her plainly, and with a degree of petulance to which she was not accustomed from him, why she looked at him so earnestly.

"I beg your pardon," Margaret replied, "but I was not conscious that I did so."

"You do so very often," replied Archy. "You seem as if you wanted to look through me."

"Perhaps it is in this way, Archy," she said. "You used to be so easy to see through, so clear, so transparent, that one is scarcely prepared to find you, of all people, crusted over with something not easy to penetrate, still less would any one expect a mystery they could not solve."

"Do you think there is a mystery, Margaret?"

"To me there is."

"Perhaps there is to myself. One must always be perplexed with something, I suppose, as one grows older. Life itself is a mystery."

"Not really. It only looks mysterious when we will not see it truly. I should be very unhappy if I thought it must really be so, for I hate mysteries."

"Why, Margaret, your religion is a mystery. God Himself is a mystery."

"Yes, but not mysterious beyond being trusted. That is what I mean. Not only to be unable to understand, but also to doubt, and fear—that is absolute misery to me."

"Then you doubt and fear about me?"

"A little."

"Why so?"

"Because you are not the same as you used to be, and you do not appear to be happy."

"Happy! How should I be happy, going about a cripple for life?"

"Oh, Archy! Don't speak of your lameness in that way. No doubt it causes you great inconvenience; but in appearance it is so very trifling that no one thinks about it. And it is so easily explained too—only an accident at school, and neglected at the time?"

"Is it easily explained, Margaret?"

"I suppose so: you were jumping, were you not?"

"Margaret, I was stealing. I was robbing an orchard."

"No, Archy, you are talking wildly. I don't believe it of you."

"I was stealing, and I told lies innumerable, or rather acted lies, to prevent any one finding us out."

"And you never told the whole truth about it?"

"No."

"Then, Archy, you are a wicked boy, and you have a great duty to do yet."

"Margaret!"

"I mean what I say. You must tell exactly how it was. You must tell us all; for, unless you do, that character of Dr. Lambert's will still stand in your favour—a written falsehood, and you repeat the lie every day that you suffer it to remain uncontradicted."

"But what can I do? I did not write the letter, nor ask the Doctor to write it. He believed what he wrote."

"But you don't believe it."

"No, certainly."

"Let me ask you one thing, Archy—are you happy? Are you happy as you used to be, when a little child you said your prayers beside your mother's knee at night before you went to sleep? Are you happy, Archy Dunlop, as a Christian ought to be, and may be in spite of lameness, or suffering, or privation of any kind which does not touch the soul? You know what I mean—are you happy in that way?"

"Do not ask me, Margaret."

"I must ask you, Archy. Oh, do not put me off as if I was meddling with what was no business of mine. Do not say it is of no consequence, or that nothing can be done now. It is true we cannot alter the past; but is the present as it should be? Are you right now?"

"No, I am not right, nor happy, nor anything that I ought to be. Oh Margaret, why did they save me from that raging sea? I often think it would have been better if they had let me die then, while I was at peace, and comparatively innocent and good.

I shall never again be as I was then—it is impossible!"

"It is impossible, Archy, to go back and be again what we were years ago; but it is not impossible, when we have done wrong, to find peace—to ask to be forgiven. That is simply what you have to do—to feel sorrow for the past: and that not because you are degraded in your own opinion, and so have lost the satisfaction you once enjoyed in thinking about yourself—I do not believe in this kind of repentance. True repentance is a sorrow far deeper than this—it is sorrow for having turned away from the favourable countenance of your heavenly Father, taken your own course, broken His holy laws, and said in your heart that you did not care to please or to obey Him, so much as you cared to please companions like yourself, and to obey your own selfish inclinations. It seems to me that this is a *condition*, not an act, and that it does not signify so much what may have been actually done while in this condition as whether we remain in it willingly, and allow day after day to pass over us without taking any pains to get out of it."

"I thought you told me that my first duty was to make confession."

"Yes. The first duty you owe to man, but not to God. If, with sincerity of heart, you turn again to Him, you will find it easier to do this duty—nay, you will not rest until it is done. But, dear Archy, we seem to waste time arguing in this way. I am afraid for you. I am in sad trouble about you. Do, Archy, try yourself to come out of this strangely forlorn and wicked state. Be one of us again. Be as you used to be—the best and the dearest amongst us. Why, Archy, I pinned my faith upon you. I used to think there was something like the clear heaven in your eyes. You are so young—so tender—so loving in your nature; how can you set yourself against that blessed Saviour who was so dear to you when you were a little child?"

"Margaret, you speak of the very things which make my condition worse than it would otherwise be. If I had never been so different, so well taught, and carefully guarded—if I had never loved God, and

delighted to do His will—if I had never believed in Jesus Christ as my Saviour and Redeemer, I should not feel myself such a miserable outcast now; for I have done nothing very wicked—indeed I have not, Margaret. You may believe my word.”

“Archy, I tell you again, it is not that—it is not the past which grieves and frightens me so much as the present. It is your condition *now*. Perhaps I should even think less of this, if you were of a different temperament and disposition. But you, of all people, will be wretched indeed if you cast away your early convictions—your better feelings—your love of what is true and right—your faith in the means of salvation. What have you left without these? I believe you have been building upon the favour, the friendship, perhaps the praises, of companions who never could add anything to your worth or to your happiness. And see how they have served you! The friend you loved best, and trusted most, even he could make you the subject of open ridicule, exposing the weak points of your character, and representing you as cowardly, mean, and contemptible. This is a sad lesson to learn of human friendship, but do not let us believe it of all. Never let us believe it of that friendship which is founded in truth and honour, and which has the fear of God for its law, and the love of God for its foundation. No, no, there is a friendship far beyond that which has so cruelly betrayed you. So take heart, dear Archy. But I am tiring you with my long talk. I will say no more just now; but as you love us all, as you love your father and mother, and remember with affection and tenderness their care of your childhood, and their anxiety about you now, I beseech you to think of these things as they really are, not as you have been accustomed to look at them amongst your late companions, but as they stand out before your view when you are alone with God—as they would appear to you if, instead of recovering, and coming out amongst us again, you had been called to linger on a sick bed, or even to die.”

Archy had almost ceased to hear what Margaret was actually saying before she

ceased to speak. His eyes were gazing into the distance with a dreamy sad expression, which made them look as if he was mentally contemplating the scenes of his early life, and perhaps drawing a painful and humiliating comparison between the past and the present. It was better, Margaret felt, that he should be left to his own thoughts, and she stole quietly away, her heart in some degree lightened of its load by the faint hope that he would not—*could* not long remain alienated from those happier influences which had given an almost holy character to the aspirations of his early youth.

It was scarcely possible for Margaret to return immediately to her friends, or to enter at once upon the common topics of conversation in which they might be individually concerned. She wanted a long walk by herself, she wanted the fresh invigorating breeze to blow upon her, she wanted the rush of the sea waves to fall upon her ear. So she took a stroll along the beach: and then she thought herself of old Peggy Rushton in her solitary cottage on the cliff. People said the weird woman had gone quite out of her mind, and many fancied it was unsafe for her to live alone; but no one liked to interfere with her habits of life, and up to this time there had been nothing to excite any decided apprehension that she was not able to take care of herself.

Margaret thought that she would go and make her own observations. At any rate, a little easy and familiar chat might not be unacceptable, and it might even do the lone creature good. A little human fellowship seemed to be what was most wanted in her case. So Margaret climbed a rugged path up the cliff, and soon found herself in the little wind-beaten and neglected garden before the cottage door.

It was twelve months since Margaret had visited this lonely spot, and she saw at a glance how much the general aspect of desolation had increased in that time. Peggy herself looked more infirm, and she received her guest at first with but little appearance of recognition. Margaret, however, knew how to approach gently and warily into the confidence that was not opened to her at once.

and she was not long in drawing the poor woman out upon her favourite topic, now more than ever the mania of her life.

It seemed almost as if the thrilling of this note gave vigour to the woman's whole understanding. Her countenance by degrees assumed an aspect of greater intelligence, and when she had expended herself on the old story of her son's anticipated return, respecting which there was nothing new to say, she turned to some of the familiar topics of the neighbourhood, in which people suspected that old Peggy took more interest than she herself would have been willing to allow. Indeed, there was some ground for charging even this poor enthusiast with a certain love of gossip, carried on in a covert way. It might be only that her visitors, wearied of the old story, were apt to force in subjects of their own—the talk of the village, the news of the day, or anything which might chance to be uppermost in their own thoughts—and they ventured to do this with the less reserve because they regarded Peggy as a kind of monomaniac, who would be too little impressed by anything they might say to be likely to tell it again.

However this might be, the cottage on the cliff was neither destitute of visitors nor of gossip, and, amongst other circumstances reported there, with the usual amount of misrepresentation, was that of Harry Dunlop's departure from the country under an engagement to Nelly Armstrong, and their subsequent correspondence. This latter fact was reported to be well known. James Halliday spoke of it openly, and there were others who were said to have actually seen the letters.

From some cause or other, Peggy Rush-ton had become much interested in this story. She seemed habitually to entertain a kind of lurking spite against persons more favoured in their circumstances than she was herself.

A most unlovely phase of character was this for the poor woman to exhibit, and one which one might venture freely to speak of as entirely opposed to Christian feeling; only that human life does sometimes exhibit this feeling under what is *nominally* a Christian

form. Hence Peggy's amusement in the stories circulated about Harry Dunlop, so far as she thought his friends would be "finely taken in" by his selection of Nelly Armstrong for his bride; and hence too, in corroboration of the story, she would tell how she had seen them more than once walking together on the sea-shore, and that on one occasion they actually took shelter from a thunder-storm in her cottage.

Margaret had not dreamed of plunging into anything so unpleasant as this story when she climbed up the cliff to Peggy's home. Yet, by some strange mischance, the woman had gone fairly into it before she could conveniently make her escape. Once she rose from her seat with flushed indignant face, determined that she would not hear more. But she sat down again as if under some kind of fascination, listening, as we do sometimes, to what children or foolish people may say, when we would not listen to the same things spoken by older or wiser people.

"I may as well hear it all," Margaret said to herself—"hear the very worst, and then I shall be better prepared to defend him. Poor Harry! It seems nothing less than base and mean for me to sit here and listen to these calumnies." And for an instant, now and then, she felt almost impelled to stop the old woman in some startling and violent way. But then she called to mind again how crazy the poor creature was, how incapable of judging for herself what was likely or unlikely, and consequently how utterly destitute of importance or value was all that she could say as evidence, either favourable or otherwise. Only there was this source of bitterness in the woman's words—she was repeating what she had heard from others; and although it was under a distorted and exaggerated form, there could be no doubt but that the substance of what she said was supplied by the general gossip of the place and neighbourhood. There could be nothing gained by reasoning with a person like Peggy. To contradict her assertions would only make her more positive. And besides, if Harry did really call at the cottage with Nelly Armstrong, what could be said or done in the matter?

Margaret felt herself utterly powerless, and infinitely annoyed and vexed that she was so. But still there was no misgiving in her own mind—still her trust in her friend was unshaken. Most painfully and bitterly she felt the folly of his careless conduct, which had exposed him to these injurious suspicions; but to her unshaken belief it was only folly, imprudence, disregard of public opinion, and perhaps also that natural earnestness on one point of consideration which so often carried him off and away in total forgetfulness of others.

When Margaret had at last escaped from the cottage, she took the higher walk home along the cliff. She felt as if she wanted more air—a stronger breeze to blow away the disagreeable effect of what she had just been hearing; and taking off her hat, she almost asked the wind to come and cool her burning brow and beating temples. She was deeply pained, and much more disturbed than she would have been willing to allow by what she still called folly, absurdity, and wicked scandal besides. But still her belief in Harry Dunlop was unshaken; and, by degrees, Margaret stepped more lightly. By degrees she began to enjoy, as she always did, the sense of freedom peculiar to bold scenery on the shore of a heaving restless sea, with the wild impetuous rush of its waves, the crisp white surf on the beach, and the blue of the distance, with the mimic warfare of a playful wind bringing with it the smell of sea-weed, and telling tales of tempest and rain, and strange mysteries far away in the hidden caves and silent places of the deep.

Margaret walked on until the play of the wind, her boisterous companion, seemed to have carried off much that was painful and vexatious in her thoughts; and she might have lost the disagreeable impression altogether, but for the sight of a figure at some little distance, which looked like Nelly Armstrong; and she was almost startled by a sudden sense of annoyance which the sight of this figure occasioned. What was Nelly Armstrong to her? The figure looked actually as if waiting for her in a hollow where the path led down almost to a level

with the beach. "How obtrusive!" thought Margaret; "I scarcely know the young woman, and can have nothing in common with her."

It was true that the figure was that of Nelly Armstrong herself, and that she was waiting for Margaret, without an idea of being obtrusive, because she was wholly intent upon one purpose—that of obtaining information. Nelly wanted some information respecting shipping, fares, and many things pertaining to a journey across land and water, which she found it very difficult to obtain as she was situated; and entertaining the general belief in Margaret's capability for help, as well as her kindness, she made bold, as she said on joining her, to ask a few questions, which in their nature chimed in strangely with the tales to which Margaret had recently been listening.

If Margaret was at first repelled and annoyed by the sight of Nelly waiting for her, she soon lost these feelings in listening to the earnest voice, and looking into the appealing eyes, of the young woman who came to her for help. Margaret had been accustomed to hear the Dunlops talk of the matters in question, and she had, by other means, also acquired a considerable amount of information, which she was glad to communicate, the more so that, believing in the upright and honest intentions of Nelly, so far at least as Harry Dunlop was concerned, she felt vexed with herself that she could have harboured so much as a momentary feeling of vexation in relation to this girl in particular; for, as she now asked herself in a different spirit, what was Nelly Armstrong to her that she should not take pleasure in serving her as much as in serving any other person who was slightly though favourably known to her.

In the conversation which ensued, it soon became evident that Nelly's projected journey was to Canada, and that the subject of her going could not be spoken of freely to her uncle, if, indeed, it was known to him at all. There was an evident consciousness about her, too, as if of something connected with this subject more interesting than the journey itself. While she was speaking,

her colour went and came—sometimes she smiled, and sometimes the tears were in her eyes. Altogether she looked so pretty and so engaging in her many embarrassments and perplexities, that Margaret's kind heart melted, and she listened to her partial explanations and tender allusions with a most womanly interest, longing to help her, and perhaps enjoying a little the touches of romance which made the situation more picturesque and dramatic.

"But you are not going without your uncle's knowledge?" said Margaret.

"Not altogether," replied Nelly; "at least he knows that I shall go some time. But there are circumstances rather difficult to explain, and my uncle is not very easy; he is very kind to me, but we don't always see exactly alike; and I thought if I could lay my own plans, and see all clear before me, and just tell him that my resolution was taken, it might save us both a good deal of unpleasantness; for, you know, I am my own mistress now. I don't want to vex him, but he has no real right to control me; and, what is better than all, I have a little money of my own, so that I shall have no need to trouble him or anybody else to help me in that way."

"And when do you think of going?" asked Margaret.

Before replying to this question, Nelly put her hand into her pocket, and took out a bundle of letters, for the purpose of re-

ferring to some date or some directions respecting her journey. The wind, which had done Margaret good service by bracing her nerves and cooling her brow, was still fitful and boisterous, and in one of its freaks it carried off two or three of Nelly's precious letters, scattering them here and there, so that the two girls ran laughing in different directions to catch them, lest they should be blown into the sea.

Margaret was the most successful in this pursuit, for her companion had the additional duty of securing what remained; and she soon brought back the treasures, adjusting them in her hand as she walked; for they were letters which had done much duty, often unfolded, and now so worn and crumpled as not to be easily kept in their original form. Some of them at least were in this loose and shattered state, but there was one of different aspect, and in placing this with the others Margaret saw, as by a flash of sudden light, that the address to Ellen Armstrong was in the well-known handwriting of her friend Harry Dunlop.

If ever Margaret's faith was in danger of failing her, it was just at that moment; but she held the letters with a steady hand, and presented them to their owner without comment or inquiry, only she did not find it quite so easy or quite so pleasant to carry on the conversation after that as it had been before.

AUTUMNAL SONNETS.

BY BENJAMIN GOUGH, AUTHOR OF "KENTISH LYRICS," ETC.

I.—THROUGH THE STUBBLES.

THE autumn sunshine smiles in radiance still
O'er the broad landscape, but the fields are bare.
Along the valley, to the distant hill,
Around the church, and up to yonder mill,
We see the harvest sickle has been there.
A hundred stacks of varied shape and size,
Emblems of peace and plenty, bless our eyes;
And flocks of sheep, and herds of sturdy swine
Roam, where a month ago the golden grain
In ripening glory waved, a gift divine.

Walk through the stubbles ! sing some buoyant strain :
 Make the woods jubilant with grateful praise :
 God sent the early and the latter rain,
 And food for man and beast, through winter's gloomy days.

II.—BY THE WOOD-SIDE.

'Twas but ere now I heard the rustling sheaves,
 And harvest songs resounded on my ear :
 But soon the Autumn wanes, and falling leaves
 Are driven before the wind, withered and sere,
 And signs and sounds proclaim the winter near.
 The whispering foliage of the affluent wood,
 In undulating motion to and fro,
 Sighs to the breeze, in melancholy mood ;
 And changeful colours daily come and go,
 Fading, but beautiful, and glittering now
 As the sun tips the leaves with burnished gold.
 The crown of Autumn is upon thy brow,
 O kingly wood ! Admiring, I behold
 God's smile out-beaming, and, adoring, bow.

III.—IN AN APPLE ORCHARD.

Here, wandering in the early youth of June,
 With bloom profuse bent down, the pliant trees
 Breathed fragrance on the air, while the sweet tune
 Of joyous song-birds echoed on the breeze,
 A concert of most pleasant harmonies.
 Since then, a hundred genial nights and days
 Have passed, and winds and rains, and summer-rays
 Changed the rich blossom into rosy fruit :
 A thousand bushels on a hundred trees,
 Whose laden branches, bending towards the root,
 Display the clustering crop. Whoever sees
 This bounteous orchard, let not praise be mute.
 Sing to the Lord ! Be joyful thanks exprest !
 Then shall the garnered store be doubly blest.

IV.—A HARVEST HOME SERVICE.

The village bells ring out their mellow chimes,
 And gathering groups of thankful people come,
 With songs of plenty, and the peaceful times
 Of Heaven's good-will to men, and harvest home !
 The house of prayer, bedecked by pious hands,
 Smiles with the trophies of God's gifts of love ;
 The new-made bread each grateful heart receives,
 Type of the bread which cometh from above.
 Full sheaves of corn, and odorous hops, and flowers,
 Wreath in festoons, from fields and woodland bowers :
 While rapturous hymns and anthems swell by turns,
 Commingled with the voice of praise and prayer.
 Sweet incense ! rising heavenward as it burns !
 Sweet harvest-home thanksgiving ! God is there.

THE HOME LIFE OF H.R.H. THE PRINCE CONSORT.

(Continued from page 468.)

BEFORE proceeding to what may be regarded as the second period of the Home Life of the Prince Consort—the period in which he became so closely identified with England's hopes and interests—a few additional extracts from his biography, referring to his earlier years, will be interesting to the reader.

The intellectual and thoughtful turn of the Prince's character, and his love of order, were conspicuous even from childhood. "His studies were a pleasure to him, not a task. His constant love of occupation,—for, in the words of his tutor, 'to do something was with him a necessity,'—his perseverance and application, were only equalled by his facility of comprehension."

This mental development, too, was not only early, but real and progressive. The diary written by the Prince before he was six years old indicates his possession even then of considerable powers of mind. We have already quoted a paragraph or two from this journal, but we cannot abstain from recurring to it again. "The more exalted the position, the more distinguished the career of any man has been in after years, the more we like to know him as a boy, thinking, speaking, and writing, as we have ourselves done."

"23rd January.

"When I awoke this morning, I was ill. My cough was worse. I was so frightened that I cried. Half the day I remained in bed, and only got up at three o'clock in the afternoon. I did a little drawing, then I built a castle, and arranged my arms; after that I did my lessons, and made a little picture, and painted it. Then I played with Noah's Ark; then we dined, and I went to bed and prayed."

"26th January.

"We recited, and I cried, because I could not say my repetition, for I had not paid attention . . . I was not allowed to play after dinner, because I had cried whilst repeating. Then Parthénai came, and we talked French with him. The little boy Mensel came, and brought us some black chalk, with which we drew beautiful pictures. Then we looked over the Picture Academy." (Name of a German book).

"11th February, 1825.

" . . . I was to recite something, but I did

not wish to do so. That was not right—naughty!"

"20th February.

"During our walk, I told the Rath (the tutor) a story. When I came home, I played with my companions; but I had left all my lesson books lying about in the room, and I had to put them away; then I cried, but afterwards I played again."

It is impossible not to be pleased with the artless simplicity of the child's remarks, as well as with the evident truth that marks the expression of his feelings.

A gratifying instance of the Prince's generosity of disposition at this period is thus recorded by Herr Florschütz:—

"Of the many virtues that distinguished the Prince, two deserve especial mention; for they were conspicuous even in his boyhood, winning for him the love and respect of all. One was his eager desire to do good, and to assist others; the other, the grateful feeling which never allowed him to forget an act of kindness, however trifling, to himself.

"He gave an early instance of the former quality when only six years of age, in the eagerness with which he made a collection for a poor man in Wolfsbach (a small village close to the Vevenau), whose cottage he had seen burnt to the ground. He never rested till a sufficient sum had been collected to rebuild the poor man's cottage. How many more substantial proofs has he given of the same virtue since he grew up, particularly in the numerous benevolent institutions founded by him in his native home!"

Advancing a few years, in a journal kept by the Prince in 1830, when he was not yet eleven years old, we have an account of the manner in which he and his brother Ernest were in the habit of amusing themselves with their young companions. The Prince also describes the great Protestant Festival, in celebration of the Confession of Augsburg, which was held at Coburg. But this latter journal is chiefly interesting from one short entry in it, strongly indicative of "that trait in the Prince's character which was, perhaps, the most remarkable, as being certainly the most rare in those born to such high rank—namely, his thoughtful consideration for others." When lamenting the disappointment to himself and his

companions of the pleasure which they had promised themselves, and which a wet day put a stop to, his thoughts seem to turn quite naturally to the still wider disappointment occasioned to the children of the whole town, whose festival was spoilt by the bad weather.

"21st June.

"To-day was my brother Ernest's birthday. We spent this day, in spite of the rain, very happily together.

"We drove into the town after dear papa had given Ernest many beautiful presents. The bad weather not only spoiled our happiness, *but that of the children of the whole town too*, as just on this day a school festival happened to fall.

"In the evening we went to see a menagerie, which consisted chiefly of serpents."

On the 19th July, in this same year, the Prince writes to his father from Coburg, to say that Ernest and himself are quite well; and, after telling him what they have been doing, he adds, "We have plenty of time to work both in the house and in the garden, and employ it well in working hard to become good and useful men, and to give you pleasure."

The letters scattered over the succeeding years till 1836 give unmistakeable proof of the Prince's natural warmth of heart. They are full of the most simple and unaffected expressions of his affection for his father, of love for their home, and of his anxious desire to improve himself, and make the most of his time; and this last desire not expressed, as is too often the case, without much thought, or with only a passing wish to please a father, but "as the ruling impulse of his heart, which never ceased to influence him till the day of his death."

From these letters we select one which is very characteristic:—

"To the Duke of Coburg.

"Brussels, November 29, 1836.

"Dear Papa,—We should be so glad to accept your invitation to go to Coburg for a few days, and to spend Christmas there; but if we are to profit by our stay here, I am afraid we must deny ourselves that pleasure. Such an expedition would require five or six weeks, and our course of study would be quite disturbed by such an interruption. We told dear uncle the purport of your letter, and he said he would write to you on the subject."

We do not often find a young man of seventeen objecting to a holiday because it

would interrupt his studies. Such a disposition amply bears out the following testimony borne by Prince William of Löwenstein, when residing with him, a few months later, at the University of Bonn:—

"Amongst all the young men at the University, Prince Albert was distinguished by his knowledge, his diligence, and his amiable bearing in society. He liked above all things to discuss questions of public law and metaphysics, and constantly, during our many walks, juridical principles or philosophical doctrines were thoroughly discussed. . . . He entered with the greatest eagerness into every study in which he engaged, whether belonging to science or art. He spared no exertion either of mind or body; on the contrary, he rather sought difficulties in order to overcome them. The result was such an harmonious development of his powers and faculties as is very seldom arrived at."

Some insight is given into the nature of his studies at this time, in a letter he wrote to the chief of the gymnasium at Coburg. The subject of his thoughts seems rather a formidable one for a youth of seventeen. He says:—

"I have at length completed the framework of my essay on the mode of thought of the Germans; and I send it with this for your perusal, begging you not to judge too severely the many faults which your critical eye will doubtless discover in it.

"You have my work without head or tail. I have sketched no form of introduction or conclusion, thinking it unnecessary, for my desire is to trace through the course of history the progress of German civilization down to our own times, making use, in its general outlines, of the division which the treatment of the subject itself commands.

"The conclusion will contain a retrospect of the shortcomings of our time, with an appeal to every one to correct those shortcomings in his own case, and thus set a good example to others. If this idea should not please you, pray write and tell me so, and I will then endeavour to find another conclusion."

But the Prince was not simply distinguished for intellectual gifts and energy of character. He eminently possessed a genial and amiable disposition. Nothing was more remarkable, even in their infancy, than the deep and unselfish affection which united the two brothers, Albert and Ernest. "Brought up together," says Herr Florschütz, "they went hand in hand

in all things, whether at work or at play. Engaged in the same pursuits, sharing the same joys and the same sorrows, they were bound to each other by no common feelings of mutual love."

Striking proofs of this warm affection abound throughout the biography. The account given by Prince Albert of their first separation is most touching, and exhibits an example of fraternal affection which may be commended to all brothers. The account was addressed to the Dowager Duchess, his grandmother, and was written immediately after Prince Ernest's departure:—

"Now I am quite alone. Ernest is far off, and I am left behind; still surrounded by so many things which keep up the constant illusion that he is in the next room. To whom could I turn, to whom could I pour out my heart, better than to you, dear grandmamma, who always take such interest in everything that happens to us; who also know and understand us both so well?

"Ernest has now slept through his first night at Dresden. This day will also bring to him the feeling that something is wanting. I wrote to him to-day, and expect a few lines from him to-morrow or the day after, which I will send to you at once if you like it.

"If I have not written to you for some time, it was because during the last days we really had so much to talk and to care about. I am sure you will not be angry with me. I must now give up the custom of saying *we*, and use the *I*, which sounds so egotistical and cold.

In *we** everything sounded much softer, for the *we* expresses the harmony between different souls, the *I* rather the resistance of the individual against outward forces, though also confidence in its own strength."

How complete the harmony between the souls of the two brothers was, is well attested by the letters of congratulation written by Prince Ernest to the Queen, after the public announcement of the approaching marriage. A brief extract from these letters will sufficiently show this:—

"Oh, if you could only know the place you and Albert occupy in my heart! Albert is my second self, and my heart is one with his. Independently of his being my brother, I love

and esteem him more than any one on earth. You will smile, perhaps, at my speaking of him to you in such glowing terms; but I do so that you may feel still more how much you have gained in him.

"From our earliest years we have been surrounded by difficult circumstances, of which we were perfectly conscious, and, perhaps more than most people, we have been accustomed to see men in the most opposite positions that human life can offer. Albert never knew what it was to hesitate. . . . In the greatest difficulties that may meet you in your eventful life, you may repose the most entire confidence in him; and then only will you feel how great a treasure you possess in him.

"He has, besides, all other qualities necessary to make a good husband. Your life cannot fail to be a happy one.

"I shall be very glad when the excitement of the first days is over, and all is again quiet, and when papa shall have left England, to be a distant and unintruding spectator of your new life. But how I shall then feel how much I have lost! Time will, I trust, help me also. Now—I feel very lonely! "ERNEST."

This letter at once brings us to the most important epoch of the Prince's life—the period when, in God's providence, the ardent wish of the Dowager Duchess of Coburg, that "a marriage should one day take place between her beloved grandchild Albert and 'the Flower of May,' as she loved to call the little Princess Victoria, was to be accomplished."

The year 1836 was marked by the Prince's first visit to England. The Duke and his two sons arrived at the end of May, and were lodged in Kensington Palace, the residence of the Duchess of Kent. The Princess and he were each in their seventeenth year, the Princess being the eldest by a few months.

We are not told much of his visit, but an interesting memorandum by the Queen gives us her impression of him at that time:—

"The Prince was at that time much shorter than his brother; already very handsome, but very stout, which he entirely grew out of afterwards. He was most amiable, natural, unaffected, and merry; full of interest in everything; playing on the piano with the Princess, his cousin; drawing; in short, constantly occupied. He always paid the greatest attention to all he saw, and the Queen remembers well how intently he listened to the sermon preached in St. Paul's, when he and his father

* The Queen adds a note here, dated June, 1865: "No one felt the truth and the anguish of this more than the Queen after December 14, 1861; and never can she speak of 'my children,' but always says 'our.'"

and brother accompanied the Duchess of Kent and the Princess there, on the occasion of the service attended by the children of the different charity schools. It is indeed rare to see a prince not yet seventeen years of age bestowing such earnest attention on a sermon."

From London the Princes returned through Paris to Brussels, where they stayed until April of 1837, studying modern languages and history, and accompanying their uncle to reviews and other excursions. While here rumours were already spread of an intended marriage between the Prince and the future Queen of England; but nothing, the Queen tells us, had been decided at that time.

In June King William IV. died, and on hearing of the King's death, the Prince wrote the following characteristic letter to the young Queen:

"Bonn, 26th June, 1837.

"My dearest Cousin,—I must write you a few lines to present you my sincerest felicitations on the great change which has taken place in your life.

"Now you are Queen of the mightiest land of Europe, in your hand lies the happiness of millions. May Heaven assist you and strengthen you with its strength in that high and difficult task!

"I hope that your reign may be long, happy, and glorious, and that your efforts may be rewarded by the thankfulness and love of your subjects.

"May I pray you to think likewise sometimes of your cousins in Bonn, and to continue to them that kindness you favoured them with till now? Be assured that our minds are always with you. I will not be indiscreet and abuse your time.

"Believe me always, your Majesty's most obedient and faithful servant, "ALBERT."

This is the first letter of the Prince's which we have written in English, and "allowing for a somewhat foreign turn and formality of expression, it shows what proficiency he had already made in a language which, from the correctness with which he both spoke and wrote it, he soon made his own." "How much," says one who had deeply studied his character, "of the Prince's great nature is visible in it! Though addressed to a young and powerful Queen, there is not a word of flattery in it! His first thought is of the great responsibility of the position, the happiness of the millions that was at stake. Then comes the anxious hope that the reign may be glorious. And then

how gracefully and naturally the tender regard of an affectionate relation comes in at the last!"

Soon after this, in order, as has been thought, to divert public attention, the Princes went for a long tour in Switzerland and the north of Italy, but returned to their studies at Bonn in October. On his return the Prince sent the Queen a book containing views of almost all the places he visited in Switzerland and Italy.

Referring to these tokens of remembrance, the Queen herself writes:—

"The whole of these were placed in a small album, with the dates at which each place was visited, in the Prince's handwriting, and this album the Queen now considers one of her greatest treasures, and never goes anywhere without it. Nothing had at that time passed between the Queen and the Prince, but this gift shows that the latter, in the midst of his travels, often thought of his young cousin."

In February, however, of 1838, the prospects of the Prince were formally opened to him. He paid a visit to Brussels, where his uncle Leopold talked fully to him on the subject. The Queen, it seems, had not corresponded regularly with him since her accession, but the King told him that she had not altered her mind, but did not wish to marry for some time yet. The Prince and his father seemed very much to object to any unnecessary delay; but for the present the Prince returned to Bonn, to complete his studies, until the autumn of 1838; and still later he started for a tour in Italy.

He spent a considerable time at Florence, Rome, and Naples, and only returned to Coburg in June. Here he was eager to devote himself to the study of English, anticipating, no doubt, the important event that was awaiting him.

In October he visited England again, and this time to be betrothed to Queen Victoria.

The two Princes brought this letter with them to England:—

"Laeken, Oct. 8, 1839.

"My dearest Victoria,—Your cousins will be themselves the bearers of these lines. I recommend them to your 'bienveillance.' They are good and honest creatures, deserving your kindness, and not pedantic, but really sensible and trustworthy. I have told them that your great wish is that they should be quite 'unbefangen' (quite at their ease) with you.

"I am sure that if you have anything to recommend to them, they will be most happy to learn it from you.

"My dear Victoria, your most devoted uncle,
"LEOPOLD R."

Sometimes, at the most momentous junctures, accidents will happen, and when they reached the court, "their clothes not having arrived," the Queen says, "they could not appear at dinner, but came in after it, in spite of their morning dresses." State reasons were not needed to settle the question.

The manner in which the Prince had regarded the proposal himself is described in the following letter from King Leopold to Baron Stockmar, after an interview with him:

"I have had a long conversation with Albert, and have put the whole case honestly and kindly before him. He looks at the question from its most elevated and honourable point of view. He considers that troubles are inseparable from all human positions, and that therefore, if one must be subject to plagues and annoyances, it is better to be so for some great or worthy object than for trifles and miseries. I have told him that his great youth would make it necessary to postpone the marriage for a few years. . . . I found him very sensible on all these points. But one thing he observed with truth. 'I am ready,' he said, 'to submit to this delay, if I have only some certain assurance to go upon. But if, after waiting, perhaps for three years, I should find that the Queen no longer desired the marriage, it would place me in a very ridiculous position, and would, to a certain extent, ruin all the prospects of my future life.'"

It seems to have been feared at this time that there might be some hesitation on the Queen's part. But in reference to this an important memorandum is furnished by the Queen:—

"The Queen says she never entertained any idea of this, and she afterwards repeatedly informed the Prince that she would never have married any one else. She expresses, however, great regret that she had not, after her accession, kept up her correspondence with her cousin, as she had done before it.

"Nor can the Queen, now," she adds, "think without indignation against herself of her wish to keep the Prince waiting for probably three or four years, at the risk of ruining all his prospects for life, until she might feel inclined to marry! And the Prince has since told her that he came over in 1839 with the intention of telling her that if she could not then make up her mind, she must understand that he could not now wait for a decision, as he had

done at a former period when this marriage was first talked about.

"The only excuse the Queen can make for herself is in the fact that the sudden change from the secluded life at Kensington to the independence of her position as Queen Regnant, at the age of eighteen, put all ideas of marriage out of her mind, which she now most bitterly repents.

"A worse school for a young girl, or one more detrimental to all natural feelings and affections, cannot well be imagined than the position of a Queen at eighteen, without experience and without a husband to guide and support her. This the Queen can state from painful experience, and she thanks God that none of her dear daughters are exposed to such danger."

The uncertainty, if any prevailed, was soon decided. The royal cousins found themselves dear to each other. Her Majesty told Lord Melbourne of her mind, and he said, in quite a parental tone, "You will be much more comfortable; for a woman cannot stand alone for any time, in whatever position she may be." "Can we wonder," says the volume before us, "that the Queen, recalling these circumstances, should exclaim, 'Alas! alas! the poor Queen now stands in that painful position!'"

On the 15th of October, by order of the Queen, the Prince was summoned to her room. What then passed we must leave to be described in the following extract:—

"After a few minutes' conversation on other subjects, the Queen told him why she had sent for him; and we can well understand any little hesitation and delicacy she may have felt in doing so; for the Queen's position, making it imperative that any proposal of marriage should come first from her, must necessarily appear a painful one to those who, deriving their ideas on this subject from the practice of private life, are wont to look upon it as the privilege and happiness of a woman to have her hand sought in marriage, instead of having to offer it herself.

"How the Prince received the offer will appear best from the following few lines, which he wrote the next day to the old friend of his family, Baron Stockmar, who was naturally one of the first to be informed of his engagement: 'I write to you,' he says, 'on one of the happiest days of my life, to give you the most welcome news possible;' and having then described what took place, he proceeds,

'Victoria is so good and kind to me that I am often at a loss to believe that such affection should be shown to me. I know the great interest you take in my happiness, and therefore pour out my heart to you;' and he ends by saying, 'More, or more seriously, I cannot write to you; for that, at this moment, I am too bewildered.'

"The Queen herself says that the Prince received her offer without any hesitation, and with the warmest demonstration of kindness and affection; and, after a natural expression of her feeling of happiness, Her Majesty adds, in the fervour and sincerity of her heart, with the straightforward simplicity that marks all the entries in her journal, 'How I will strive to make him feel as little as possible the great sacrifice he has made! I told him it was a great sacrifice on his part, but he would not allow it. I then told him to fetch Ernest, which he did, who congratulated us both, and seemed very happy.'

The Queen thus announced what had occurred, on the same day, to the King of the Belgians:—

"Windsor Castle, Oct. 15, 1839.

"My dearest Uncle,—This letter will, I am sure, give you pleasure, for you have always shown and taken so warm an interest in all that concerns me. My mind is quite made up, and I told Albert this morning of it. The warm affection he showed me on learning this gave me great pleasure. He seems perfection, and I think that I have the prospect of very great happiness before me. I love him more than I can say, and shall do everything in my power to render this sacrifice (for such in my opinion it is) as small as I can. He seems to have great tact, a very necessary thing in his position.

"These last few days have passed like a dream to me, and I am so much bewildered by it all that I hardly know how to write; but I do feel very happy.

"It is absolutely necessary that this determination of mine should be known to no one but yourself and to Uncle Ernest until after the meeting of Parliament, as it would be considered otherwise neglectful on my part not to have assembled Parliament at once to inform them of it.

"Lord Melbourne, whom I have of course consulted about the whole affair, quite approves my choice, and expresses great satisfaction at this event, which he thinks in every way highly desirable.

"Lord Melbourne has acted in this business as he has always done towards me, with the greatest kindness and affection. We also think it better, and Albert quite approves of it, that we should be married very soon after Parliament meets, about the beginning of February.

"Pray, dearest uncle, forward these two letters to Uncle Ernest, to whom I beg you will enjoin strict secrecy, and explain these details, which I have not time to do, and to faithful Stockmar. I think you might tell Louise of it, but none of her family.

"I wish to keep the dear young gentleman here till the end of next month. Ernest's sincere pleasure gives me great delight. He does so adore dearest Albert.

"Ever, dearest uncle, your devoted niece,
"V. R."

The Prince describes his own feelings, and what passed between him and the Queen at their interview, in the following letter to his grandmother:—

"Dear Grandmamma,—I tremble as I take up my pen, for I cannot but fear that what I am about to tell you will at the same time raise a thought which cannot be otherwise than painful to you, and, oh! which is very much so to me also—namely, that of parting. The subject which has occupied us so much of late is at last settled.

"The Queen sent for me alone to her room a few days ago, and declared to me in a genuine outburst of love and affection (*Ergussung von Herlichkeit und Liebe*), that I had gained her whole heart, and would make her intensely happy (*überglücklich*) if I would make her the sacrifice of sharing her life with her; for she said she looked on it as a sacrifice; the only thing which troubled her was that she did not think she was worthy of me. The joyous openness of manner in which she told me this quite enchanted me, and I was quite carried away by it. She is really most good and amiable, and I am quite sure Heaven has not given me into evil hands, and that we shall be happy together.

"Since that moment Victoria does whatever she fancies I should wish or like, and we talk together a great deal about our future life, which she promises me to make as happy as possible. Oh, the future! does it not bring with it the moment when I shall have to take leave of my dear, dear home, and of you?

"I cannot think of that without deep melancholy taking possession of me.

"It was on the 15th of October that Vic-

toria made me this declaration, and I have hitherto shrunk from telling you; but how does delay make it better?

"The period of our marriage is already close at hand. The Queen and the Ministers wish exceedingly that it should take place in the first days of February, in which I acquiesced after hearing their reasons for it,

"We have, therefore, fixed our departure for the 14th inst., so as to have still as much time as possible at home. We shall therefore follow close upon this letter.

"My position here will be very pleasant, inasmuch as I have refused all the offered titles. I keep my own name, and remain what I was. This will make me very independent, and makes it easy for me to run over occasionally (*einen Sprung nach der Heimath zu machen*) to see all my dear relations.

"But it is very painful to know that there will be the sea between us.

"I now take leave of you again. Victoria is writing to you herself to tell you all she wishes.

"I ask you to give me your grandmotherly blessing in this important and decisive step in my life; it will be a talisman to me against all the storms the future may have in store for me.

"Good-bye, dear Grandmamma, and do not take your love from me.

"Heaven will make all things right.

"Always and ever your devoted grandson,

"ALBERT.

"Windsor, Nov. 11, 1839.

"May I beg of you to keep the news a secret till the end of the month, as it will only then be made known here?"

To complete this charming picture of a Royal betrothal, full of simple, every-day, sincere love, we must give one other letter of the Prince, addressed to his friend Baron Stockmar. It contains the programme of his future life, sketching the course of conduct which he thought he should adopt. Not written for show, never intended for the eyes of the world, it forms a noble and fitting introduction to the fresh pages in the volume of his history.

"Dear Baron Stockmar,—A thousand thousand thanks for your dear, kind letter. I thought you would surely take much interest in an event which is so important for me, and which you yourself prepared.

"Your prophecy is fulfilled. The event has come upon us by surprise, sooner than we could

have expected; and I now doubly regret that I have lost the last summer, which I might have employed in many useful preparations, in deference to the wishes of relations, and to the opposition of those who influenced the disposal of my life.

"I have laid to heart your friendly and kind-hearted advice as to the true foundation on which my future happiness must rest, and it agrees entirely with the principles of action which I had already privately framed for myself. An individuality, a character which shall win the respect, the love, and the confidence of the Queen and of the nation, must be the groundwork of my position. This individuality gives security for the disposition which prompts the actions; and even should mistakes occur, they will be more easily pardoned on account of that personal character; while even the most noble and beautiful undertakings fail in procuring support to a man who is not capable of inspiring that confidence.

"If, therefore, I prove a "noble" Prince in the true sense of the word, as you call upon me to be, wise and prudent conduct will become easier to me, and its results more rich in blessings.

"I will not let my courage fail. With firm resolution and true zeal on my part, I cannot fail to continue "noble, manly, and princely" in all things. In what I may do, good advice is the first thing necessary; and that you can give better than any one, if you can only make up your mind to sacrifice your time to me for the first year of my existence here.

"I have still much to say to you, but must conclude, as the courier cannot wait longer. I hope, however, to discuss the subject more fully with you by word of mouth at Wiesbaden. Hoping that I shall then find you well and hearty, I remain yours truly,

"ALBERT."

His biographer makes an important comment on this letter, with which we must close our present paper.

"It was a remarkable feature in the Prince's character, that though no man was more capable of forming sound and dispassionate judgment upon all things, or had a keener sense of what was right and fitting, no man, perhaps, was ever more ready to listen to and even court advice. When he tells the Baron that 'good advice is the first thing needful,' he only expresses the rule on which he invariably acted.

To listen patiently to all that could be said, and then to judge calmly for himself what it was right to do, and having convinced himself what was *right* (not what was merely *pleasant*), to do it

without faltering, was his practice through life. It is perhaps characteristic of a weak mind always to fear being supposed to be guided by the advice or dictation of others."

THE EDITOR.

(To be continued.)

LIGHT ON CHURCH MATTERS.—VII.

RITUALISM AND THE HOLY COMMUNION.

BY THE RIGHT REVEREND THE LORD BISHOP OF CORK.

THE Holy Communion is a Divine ordinance of Christ, to be used and enjoyed by His people, for the strengthening of their souls and the comfort of their minds. It is nowadays in some places so grossly abused, that there is some danger that it may not be used. But what will not corrupt man abuse?

Our Reformers, or the compilers of our liturgy, removed the word *altar altogether* from the services in our Prayer-Book, and substituted or used the word *table* instead. In the Communion Service alone, and in the preface and rubrics connected therewith, the word *table* is used *sixteen times*, the word *altar not once*. The consecrated bread in the sacrament of the Lord's Supper is never called *sacrifice* in our *Prayer-Book* nor in the *New Testament*. In the service and observations and rubrics, reference is made over thirty times to that ordinance under various names. It is called Communion, Holy Communion, Sacrament, Holy Sacrament, Sacrament of the body and blood of Christ, Lord's Supper; but never *once* is it called *sacrifice*. In that service, clergy and people offer a sacrifice to God—not the sacrifice which Christ offered, but they offer "themselves, their souls and bodies, to be a reasonable, holy, and lively sacrifice unto God." They offer their sacrifice, not a sacrifice of *propitiation*, but one of praise and thanksgiving for the all-sufficient sacrifice of Christ, offered once for all by Christ, and by Him alone, on the cross for our redemption, as the only full, perfect, and sufficient sacrifice, oblation, and satisfaction for the sins of the whole world.

The sacrifice of Christ on the cross, and not anything done by us, or for us, or in us, at or in the Holy Communion, is the propitiation for our sins. In the Holy Communion, and at

it, Christ is really present by His own Divine power, in and to the soul of the *true Christian*, or in him and to him who trusts or has faith for salvation in Christ. In that ordinance he feeds by faith, in his heart, on Christ present after a spiritual and heavenly manner in and to his soul. Christ is no more present in the bread and wine after than before consecration; the bread and wine are the same after as before consecration. The use and purpose to which they are put or applied are different; the use and purpose of them before was for the body, for earthly purposes: now, after consecration, their use and purpose is for the soul, for heavenly purposes; they are set apart for the holy ordinance, to be used for a spiritual purpose by the faithful people of Christ, in the service of God. They are not to be elevated for worship, for that would be idolatry "to be abhorred of all faithful Christians," but reverentially taken and used in faith, according to our Lord's appointment. The clergyman is not to hide them from the view of the laity when using the prayer of consecration, as if there was some mystery in them, or in what he was doing. The mystery is in the heart of the faithful, where Christ is present in a heavenly manner to strengthen and refresh the soul of every one who trusts in Him. The word altar cannot be found in the New Testament, as certainly and undoubtedly applied to what we call table or holy table. The word table was used and applied, we know, by our Lord and his apostles, as we use and apply it now. What claims, then, those persons can have to the title of *true ministers*, or *sound members* of our Church, who call the holy table *altar*, and the consecrated bread *sacrifice*, it is not easy for us to say. Their attachment to Protestantism, and their loyalty to the Prayer-Book, seem, to say the least, *doubtful*, and their inclination to

a kind of Romanism and to a kind of Mass, is, I fear, *undoubted*.

The laity greatly value and respect and love faithful and able and accomplished ministers, and devoted and warm-hearted pastors. Many of them can see no good in clergymen at all as such, save in proportion to their love to Christ and love to souls, and their devotedness in their calling to their Master's work. This love is the magnet that draws all hearts, whether in the mansions of the rich or in the cottages of the poor. In the absence of this high and holy and heavenly passion, the true spring of eloquence and usefulness in the Church, we see men in these degenerate days, ministers and pastors of our Church as they are called, perverting, not preaching, the Gospel; subverting, not building up, souls; making very little of Christ and His work, and very much of themselves and their own. They turn away the minds of men immortal, so far as they can, from the fulness and all-sufficiency of Christ, and the gracious work of the Spirit, to beggarly elements of human device unknown to pure and early times, and endeavour to fix them on sights and shows, on dresses of clergy, on colours and forms and figures, on turning now to this side and this thing, and again bending and bowing to that side and that thing. One time they gabble in one part of the service, and again they mutter in another, as if clergymen were showmen or necromancers, and the laity were only babies to be amused, or fools to trifle with, and not teach. Frivolities and fantasies are such things; they act only on the senses, or perhaps at best engage the imagination, but satisfy not in any degree the deep requirements and longings and yearnings of the soul. Such trifling and puerility the people could have, equally well, and with as much benefit, in theatres, or even in heathen temples, with an idolatrous service, and from pagan priests. Such teachers wrong the laity and rob them of their rights. I wonder the laity can submit to it. The laity constitute the largest portion of the Church by many degrees; for *them* are the clergy maintained, and for *them* are the fabric of the Church and its system upheld; and yet they allow a state of things to go on in the service of the Church which pains every pious mind while it starves the soul, and from which the manly mind recoils—a state that is an insult to the understanding, a perversion and misrepresentation of the Christian religion, and a degradation of the Church.

Ritualism, as it is called, is childish. It is not bad enough of itself to do us harm, but, as symbolizing corrupt doctrines, it bodes us no good, but is ominous of evil. It pretends, indeed, religion, and promises peace; but it is an engine of war, a device of the foe. It menaces our safety, and a breach has been made for it in our walls; but draw it not in; allow it not to enter; "*Ego ne credite Teuori*." It is fraught with danger and filled with armed men. This Ritualism is no part of Christianity. No trace of it can be found in the writings of the Evangelists or Apostles, where is presented to us a perfect model for our imitation, yea, perfection itself, in the doctrine and example of the Son of God. Heathenism and Mahometanism can have their ritualism, and have had it, and have it still (and so has another system which I will not name in this connexion, lest some should take offence), and how much the better are *they* or *any* of them for it? But truth, heaven-born truth, unlike human inventions, needs neither colouring, nor embroidery, nor artifice, to commend her; she looks fairest in the purple light of youth and native complexion, arrayed in her simple and modest attire, and she needs none other to charm our minds, conciliate our favour, and fix our regard.

One burning and shining light in the pulpit,—one loving, diligent, faithful pastor in the parish, with sound common sense,—will be of immeasurably more worth than all the music and incense and dresses and candles in Christendom; and one solitary truth of the Gospel, brought home and driven home to the head and heart, will be infinitely more precious, and do immeasurably more good than all the opinions of men, the traditions of the Church, or the ritualism of the earth.

AURICULAR CONFESSION.

"Whereas the adversaries [Roman Catholics] wrest this place [in St. James (James v.)], for to maintain their auricular confession withal, they are greatly deceived themselves, and do shamefully deceive others; for if this text ought to be understood of auricular confession, then the priests are as much bound to confess themselves unto the lay-people, as the lay-people are bound to confess themselves to them. And if to pray is to absolve, then the laity by this place hath as great authority to absolve the priests, as the priests have to absolve the laity.

"And where that they do allege this saying

of our Saviour Jesus Christ unto the leper to prove auricular confession to stand on God's Word, 'Go thy way, and show thyself unto the priest' (Matt. viii.), do they not see that the leper was cleansed from his leprosy *before* he was by Christ sent unto the priest for to show himself unto him? By the same reason we must be cleansed from our spiritual leprosy, I mean our sins must be forgiven us, *before* that we come to confession. What need we then to tell forth our sins into the ear of the priest, sith that they be already taken away? Therefore holy Ambrose, in his second sermon upon the hundred and nineteenth Psalm, doth say full well, 'Go show thyself unto the priest. Who is the true priest, but He which is the Priest for ever, after the order of Melchisedec?' Whereby this holy Father doth understand that, both the priesthood and the law being changed, we ought to acknowledge none other priest for deliverance from our sins but our Saviour Jesus Christ; who, being Sovereign Bishop, doth with the sacrifice of his body and blood, offered once for ever upon the altar of the cross, most effectually cleanse the spiritual leprosy, and wash away the sins of all those that with true confession of the same do flee unto Him.

"It is most evident and plain, that this auricular confession hath not the warrant of God's Word, else it had not been lawful for Nectarius, Bishop of Constantinople, upon a just occasion to have put it down. (*Nectarius, Sosomen. Eccles. Hist. lib. vii. cap. 16.*) For when anything ordained of God is by the

lewdness of men abused, the abuse ought to be taken away, and the thing itself suffered to remain. Moreover, these are St. Augustine's words (*Lib. x. Confessionum, cap. 3*): 'What have I to do with men, that they should hear my confession, as though they were able to heal my diseases? A curious sort of men to know another man's life, and alothful to correct and amend their own. Why do they seek to hear of me what I am, which will not hear of Thee what they are? And how can they tell, when they hear by me of myself, whether I tell the truth or not; sith no mortal man knoweth what is in man, but the spirit of man which is in him?' Augustine would not have written thus, if auricular confession had been used in his time.

"Being, therefore, not led with the conscience thereof, let us with fear and trembling, and with a true contrite heart, use that kind of confession that God doth command in His Word; and then, doubtless, as He is faithful and righteous, He will forgive us our sins, and make us clean from all wickedness. I do not say but that, if any do find themselves troubled in conscience, they may repair to their learned curate or pastor, or to some other godly learned man, and show the trouble and doubt of their conscience to them, that they may receive at their hand *the comfortable salve of God's Word*; but it is against the true Christian liberty, that any man should be bound to the numbering of his sins, as it hath been used heretofore in the time of blindness and ignorance."—*The Homily of Repentance.*

BOOKLESS HOUSES.

Form judgments of men from little things about their houses of which the owner perhaps never thinks.

In earlier years, when travelling where inns were scarce and in some places unknown, and every settler's house was a house of "Entertainment," it was a matter of some importance and some experience to select wisely where you would put up. And we always looked for flowers. If there were no trees for shade, no patch of flowers in the yard, we were suspicious of the place. But, no matter how rude the cabin or rough the surroundings, if we saw that the window held a little trough for flowers, and that some vines

twined about strings let down from the eaves, we were confident that there was some taste and carefulness in the log cabin. In a new country, where people have to tug for a living, no one will take the trouble to rear flowers unless the love of them is pretty strong; and this taste blossoming out of plain and uncultivated people is itself like a clump of harebells growing out of the seams of a rock. We were seldom misled. A patch of flowers came to signify kind people, clean beds, and good bread.

But in other states of society other signs are more significant. Flowers about a rich man's house may signify only that he has a good

gardener, or that he has refined neighbours, and does what he sees them do. But men are not accustomed to buy books unless they want them. If on visiting the dwelling of a man of slender means, we find that he contents himself with cheap carpets and very plain furniture, in order that he may purchase books, he rises at once in our esteem. Books are not made for furniture, but there is nothing else that so beautifully furnishes a house. The plainest row of books that cloth or paper ever covered is more significant of refinement than the most elaborately carved *étagère* or sideboard.

Give us a house furnished with books rather than furniture! Both, if you can, but books at any rate! To spend several days in a friend's house, and hunger for something to read, while you are treading on costly carpets, and sitting upon luxurious chairs, and sleeping upon down, is as if one were bribing your body for the sake of cheating your mind.

Is it not pitiable to see a man growing rich, augmenting the comforts of home, and lavishing money on ostentatious upholstery, upon the table, upon everything but what the soul needs? We know of many and many a rich man's house where it would not be safe to ask for the commonest English classics. A few garish annuals on the table, a few pictorial monstrosities, the latest sensational novel, and that is all! No poets, no essayists, no his-


torians, no travels or biographies, no curious legendary lore. But the wall-paper cost five shillings a yard, and the carpets ten.

Books are the windows through which the soul looks out. A house without books is like a room without windows. No man has a right to bring up his children without surrounding them with books, if he has the means to buy them. It is a wrong to his family. Children learn to read by being in the presence of books. The love of knowledge comes with reading and grows upon it. And the love of knowledge, in a young mind, is almost a warrant against the inferior excitement of passions and vices.

Let us pity these poor rich men who live barrenly in great, bookless houses! Let us congratulate the poor that, in our day, books are so cheap that a man may every year add a hundred volumes to his library for the price of what his tobacco and his beer would cost him. Among the earliest ambitions to be excited in clerks, workmen, journeymen, and, indeed, among all that are struggling up in life from nothing to something, is that of owning, and constantly adding to, a library of good books. A little library growing larger every year is an honourable part of a young man's history.

It is a man's duty to have books. A library is not a luxury, but one of the necessities of life. A.

THOUGHTS ON WOMEN.

E of the female sex ought to be pretty well tired of talking about ourselves, and hearing ourselves discussed. Our talents, whether peculiar to ourselves or common to mankind, the way in which we ought to have been educated, the particular mode in which we may be allowed to move and think and speak, the sphere in which we may act, whether it be limited or unlimited, — these are themes most fruitful in different opinions, and arguments without end. It is often difficult to see how any solid results are to spring from all this talk. Men cannot be in a position to decide such questions impartially; and as for ourselves, we must indeed find our true place and keep it; but if we cannot do this by our actions, words will never help us to it.

There are many who look back upon the

whole page of woman's history as the record of one gigantic mistake and crime, and who believe that we only require to be roused up from the lethargy into which ages of oppression have crushed our spirits, in order to take the place of equality beside our former tyrants. With those views, it is hardly possible for them to repress the shout of indignation for the past and present, and exultation for prospective triumph. But if we do not agree with these; if we believe that the page of the past, though blotted, is not all falsely written; if we feel, that whatever may have been, and whatever is in other lands, still, in our own free country we are as free as any to be what we ought, if we would; and that, if there be a wrong, it is to be sought for, not in our position, but in our characters and conduct; it may seem inconsistent to some that we should join

the wordy war at all. If we are satisfied with the existing order of things, what more is there to be said? If we have no grievance to state, why should we raise our voice? And if we have confidence in actions alone, why not leave talk to others, and busy ourselves only with the simpler concerns that lie nearest to us all?

This is exactly the way in which most of the *contented* order of womankind think and act. Satisfied themselves, they think it not worth while to vindicate their line of conduct to others. They give no reasons, and are, therefore, wrongly supposed to have none, or only such flimsy ones, that they are afraid to examine them, lest they should fall to pieces; and hints are thrown out that they hold fast to the old moorings, only because they dare not cut the cable and go free. Now, it is not fair that the enthusiastic voices of a handful should be mistaken for the united cry of all thinking women. Many of those who keep most quiet, have the very best reasons for the position they have taken up, and we ought to welcome discussion, not dread it, because it will force us to try our ground, and to take our stand more and more on principles, not on prejudices.

It is natural, we must confess, to suspect prejudice in ourselves when dealing with this subject, because it is one which the whole world seems never to have been able to look at without the aid of some strangely distorting lens or other. Indeed, it was only quite lately that the world took the trouble to think steadily upon the matter at all. It was far too easily settled to be worthy of deep consideration. Old use and wont were always at hand to decide the most knotty points, and when they had spoken, no further question could be raised. Even in England, though high-minded women might often ask themselves what was the sphere meant for them, and how they might fill it most worthily, they never thought of an answer which would shock the prejudices of their day. They found their places prepared, and fell naturally into them. They had less choice than we have; their path in life was more simple, more silent, more secret; but oh, shall we say it was less noble, less filled with good influence, if they walked in it rightly? I cannot regret the place which the loving daughters and wives and mothers of three centuries ago occupied. If it did not draw out *all* their faculties, it gave full exercise to the very highest of all; and if we think we have reached a higher ground, we should remember, with gratitude, that it was won, not by noise, by

struggles, by revolutions, but by these modest, patient, thoughtful lives, which, all unconsciously, could not help gaining for their whole sex a tribute of honour.

We generally associate the elevation of women with a period earlier than this, and speak of the days of chivalry with enthusiasm. No doubt the movement had its beginning then, but the great height to which women were raised, was too unnatural to be altogether genuine. Honour was done to ladies, not so much because they were honourable in themselves, as because the romance of the age required some object for its reverence,—its worship, I had almost said. To the knight, his lady-love was scarcely herself. She was the embodiment of his ideal, the representative of all beauty and purity and honour to him. In the hour of victory, her approving smile was to him what the olive-wreath had been to the Greek of old; and in the hour of danger or death, her name was his watchword, linked with the ideal of honour for which he had spent his life. We cannot quite believe with the poets, that all knights were such fervent lovers or such romantic dreamers; probably some of them were quite as incapable of kindling into enthusiasm, either for an idea or for a lady, as some men are now. But, putting romance aside, it is sober fact, that he who did most reverence to woman was accounted the best knight, and that few would have hazarded their fair fame by refusing to fulfil the most perilous undertaking which the caprice of a vain woman might require of them. There was much in all this which was very beautiful, and much calculated to elevate and soften the rugged warriors of the time. But, however good for the men it may have been, it cannot fail to strike us that the objects of such adulation must have suffered from it. In some cases, respect from others might teach self-respect, and women become great and good in reaching up to the lofty ideal held before them. But the majority of them, half-educated and often half-occupied, were far more likely to take the admiration they met with, as a right, than to try to be worthy of it, and thus they would fall more easily into the follies and crimes to which proud, petted, passionate creatures could be tempted. But this is a side of the picture not pleasant to dwell on; we would rather pass from it, and treasure up such royal names as those of Queen Philippa and Queen Eleanor of Castille as memorials of those days of chivalry so long

gone by, that we can hardly even understand them now.

If we go back to ancient days for women worthy of honour, we find them in Greece and Rome. It was such mothers as Cornelia, that were the very source and spring of the glory of the great republic; for what son could flinch from battle and danger when his mother stayed her tears to bid him go and die for his country?

So much for Europe. Ochequered and often stained with tears, as has been the lot of woman there, we shrink from crossing the boundary, and glancing at those Eastern lands where liberty in any form is a thing hardly yet discovered. Ask some poor wandering Pariah what he thinks of his wife, and he will tell you she is but a more intelligent kind of pack-horse. She was made to do all his bidding, to bear all his burdens, to struggle through all the hard, wearing work which he can possibly escape from, by fastening it on her. Ask the polished, high-caste Hindu the same question, and his reply reveals no more cheering lot. His wife does not work, it is true. She enjoys the luxury of perfect idleness of body, and perfect vacuity of mind. She lives in a gilded prison, guarded from all eyes but his own—kept from treading the common ground, or from breathing the common air, if that were possible. She is watched with the jealous care, not of tenderness, but of distrust; for along with the utmost contempt for her powers, her lord has a strong dread of her cunning; and she is valued, like a horse, only for the silkiness of her hair and the slenderness of her shape. There is one blessing the poor captive may possess. Her sons reflect honour on her. In their growing beauty and intelligence she feels herself raised above her own condition, and from their love she gets the respect which is denied her everywhere else. But if a son brings gladness, the birth of a daughter is too often the cause of weeping. She fears she has offended the gods, and to propitiate their anger, it may be that she sacrifices the trembling little life which she is taught to esteem so worthless, and yet so fain would keep.

As far back as we can trace the history of Asia's great empires—Persia or Babylon or Assyria,—the story is the same. These empires had not in them a spark of liberty; and that despotism which pressed on all beneath the highest potentate, crushed the woman, lowest of all, down to the very dust.

One race there was, even in the East, which produced a Deborah, a Hannah, and an Esther. We sometimes, thoughtlessly, feel inclined to wonder at the low state of women represented in the Old Testament; but did we compare their standing with that of women of the surrounding nations, we should rather wonder at the power which lay in their Divine religion, and in the holy hope which every Jewish mother cherished, that *perhaps* her child might be the long-promised One, to raise them above others to honour and nobility.

It would be hardly worth while to look thus back upon the history of past ages, were the effect of such a survey merely to excite our anger against the treatment which our sex has experienced at the hands of men. But in the saddest pages of the story, a far sadder truth lies hid, and one full of lessons for ourselves. We pity the poor enslaved ones, whether now or in other days. But we cannot say that they are worthy of much respect or confidence. We cannot deny that the judgment of their lords regarding them, however harsh, is but what might be expected from men who have never come into contact with a higher race of women. It is not more man's oppression than woman's own degradation which keeps her low. It is useless to try to determine which is cause, which effect; their action and reaction are so mingled. They are two great roots of evil, and it is in vain to cry out against the first, if we are not using all our efforts to remove the one which we have most in our own power.

That man's estimation is a very exact measure of woman's character, holds true now no less than formerly, and is proved in individual cases as well as in the aggregate of public opinion. From a gentleman's bearing to a lady, you can tell almost with certainty the sort of women with whom he is accustomed to associate. If the contemptuous "blue-stocking" rises to his lips whenever he sees or suspects a book in her hands, you may be sure his mother and sisters are not literary. If he dislikes the sight of useful occupation, you may be sure that fancy work was their chief employment. If he stands amazed at seeing her get into a carriage without terror lest the horses should run off, or taking a walk in the country without suffering tortures at the sight or imagination of toads; and if, for these little peculiarities, he sets her down as strong-minded, it is not difficult to guess the timidity, real or affected, of the weak ones whom it has been his lot to defend. If he is one of those ridiculous

beings who fancy the whole female world engaged to coquette with him, and who cannot address a straight-forward sentence to a lady, much less comprehend the possibility of such a sentence proceeding from her lips, then I shall not dwell on the kind of society which is his peculiar element; I only know that he has never yet known the friendship of a true, earnest, pure-hearted woman. It is, no doubt, very foolish for men to set up for themselves one type of woman as if there could be no other; yet it is only the most large-hearted who are not liable to fall into this mistake. And if we do meet a man who knows how to respect our various characters and tastes, who speaks to all women with a truthful manliness which makes the bad feel abashed and the good strengthened, we may be almost sure that he has learned to love and honour and trust all through *one*—that mother who first showed him how noble a woman's life might be.

"Happy he

With such a mother! faith in woman-kind
Beats with his blood, and trust in all things high
Comes easy to him."

What woman would willingly be guilty of keeping such a confidence from taking root, or of withering it up after it had sprung? She who has done so, has not only irreparably injured the man himself; she has sent him forth to be a fountain of debasing influence to all women who may come within his range without possessing an adequate power of resistance.

We have a double charge laid on us; to use our own influence rightly, and to resist being moulded by what is evil in others. We are often required to give up our own inclinations, but never to yield what is a true and right part of our nature for the sake of pleasing the society in which we move. Yet many girls, from whose lips little but unmeaning nonsense ever flows, would talk in a very different strain if they did not fancy that men dislike anything like seriousness in women. Many might enjoy some hearty, healthful employment, but they cast it aside, because they think it more fashionable to do nothing. Others have heard that learned women do not please; and so, although they were fond of several branches of study in their school-days, they neglect all now; or, if now and then they do give a morning hour to reclaiming the mental wilderness, they take care that no one shall discern the traces of their labour, in the childish unreasoning tone of their evening's conversation. Some, again,

imagine that fast girls attract most notice, and therefore they exert themselves to become bold and forward, to hazard opinions on all subjects, known or unknown, and to express them in terms which hardly belong to the English language. Does the *untruth* of such lines of conduct never occur to those who pursue them? To pretend to be something better than oneself is commonly called by an ugly name, yet one which has been defined as the homage which vice pays to virtue. To pretend to be something *lower* than oneself, with the certainty of becoming, day by day, more like the hateful ideal, by what name shall we call that, or what palliation can we offer for it? And is the object for which women are thus wasting their God-given powers, and hardening their better feelings, worthy of the fearful sacrifice? What can they hope to gain by it? Only a few complaisant words, some smiles of amusement, of pleasure, of admiration, if you will, from those of all mankind whose admiration is least worth having; possibly, in the event of complete success, the companionship of one of such for life. Surely, if ever there was slavery in this world, this is the life of a slave!

Ask one of those gentlemen, whose entertainment is of such pressing importance, what he thinks of women; and if he were in the palace of truth, which unhappily he is not, his reply would be something like this: "They are the gayest butterflies, the most charming spoil children of creation; the most gracious receptacles for all sorts of folly and polite lies; as frolicsome and as silly as kittens, who will never tire of playing with a cork at the end of a silken string, though they have found out a dozen times over that it is not a mouse." Ask him what he supposes to be the end of woman's creation. He knows of his own gratification and diversion, but that is all. It is very agreeable to him, no doubt, after the labour of restraining some part of his folly for a whole long day, to find at last a subject on which he may pour out all, with the certainty of animated response and encouragement;—but surely, surely, it is the lowest of all vocations for a woman with an immortal soul!

The picture I have drawn is an extreme one. It is not all at once that frivolity takes possession of the whole nature. There are many steps down the slippery road. The first step is a very easy one. It is the listening with pleasure to words which you feel sure are spoken for effect, not for truth. The second

step is to speak the hollow words yourself. And other steps will lead you, by slow degrees, to love the falsehood and the empty glare.

There are many who indulge in a little occasional flirtation, who are at other times modest and guileless. They get on the first step now and then, but would not for worlds go farther. But even in keeping their stand on that very first step, some pure feeling must be trodden down,—some delicate perception given them to distinguish the true from the false is sure to be blunted. Oh, when will all women learn to

reject at once admiration which is untinged with respect; when will they turn away from words that would never have been spoken had the speaker dreamt that their lives were meant to be true and earnest, that high and holy duties lie around them to be performed, and that they have souls belonging to God and to themselves alone?

"To thine own self be true,—
And it doth follow as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man."

M. L. B.

(To be continued.)

THE BIBLE AND OUR FAITH.

BY THE REV. S. WAINWRIGHT, VICAR OF HOLY TRINITY, YORK; AUTHOR OF
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CHAPTER IX.

INSPIRATION.

"All Scripture is given by inspiration of God."

ST. PAUL.

"It belongs not to man to say where nature ends, and where inspiration begins."

BISHOP WILSON.*

WHAT the Gospel is a message from God, supernaturally revealed, is a truth received without hesitation by every true Christian. But when our inquiries concerning this Revelation descend to particulars, we find room for great diversity of judgment even among orthodox Christians. Are the Holy Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments inspired throughout, or only in their leading portions? in the very words and forms of expressions, or in their substance only? in all parts alike, and with equal fulness, or in different degrees, so as to vary in excellence and Divine Authority? In a word:—Is this Revelation coextensive with the Scriptures, or do they merely contain it? In these questions we have a border territory, on which unbelief and superstition alternately have made their characteristic inroads.

Among those who admit the inspiration of the Scriptures, but yet deny its plenary character, there are three main varieties of opinion.

By the first, the inspiration of Scripture is allowed in terms, but only in the same sense in which it is claimed for Shakspeare's plays, or

the latest patent for an improvement in the steam-engine. Schleiermacher and De Wette, equally with Theodore Parker, reject all supernatural inspiration, and attribute to the sacred writers nothing more than Cicero accorded to the poets—*afflatum spiritus divini*—"a divine action of nature, an interior power resembling the other vital forces of nature."*

According to the second, the Bible is not itself a Divine Revelation, but it is a book which contains and includes a Divine Revelation. Thus, according to Michaelis, for example, inspiration proper belongs not to all the evangelists, but only to two. The Gospels according to Matthew and John are a message from God; but not so the narratives of Mark and Luke. In like manner, Moses, Isaiah, Daniel, have each their portions truly Divine, and their other portions merely human.

The third view extends the notion of Divine inspiration to every part of the Bible, but not to every part equally. Inspiration does, indeed, extend to all, but not to all alike. For there is (say the advocates of this view) the inspiration of *superintendence*, as well as the inspiration of *suggestion*: and these are widely different from each other. By the former, the sacred writers have been constantly preserved from serious error in all that relates to faith and life; while in the latter the operation of the Divine Spirit is so direct and energetic that the very words, not less than the thoughts, have been given by God Himself. Thus "the Theopneustia," or Divine inspira-

* "Lectures on the Evidences of Christianity," p. 506.

* De Wette.

tion, says M. Twisten, "extends unquestionably even to words, but only when the choice or the employment of them is connected with the religious life of the soul; for one ought, in this respect," he adds, "to distinguish between the Old and New Testament, between the Law and the Gospel, between history and prophecy, between narratives and doctrines, between the apostles and their apostolical assistants."

In opposition to these three systems we maintain the existence, the universality, and the plenitude of a special and Divine inspiration of the Bible.

The first of them—that which denies all special authority to the Scriptures—has been thus expounded: "Inspiration is no miracle, but a regular mode of God's action on conscious spirit, as gravitation on unconscious matter. It is not a real condescension of God, but a universal uplifting of men. To obtain a knowledge of duty, man is not sent away to ancient documents, outside of himself, for the only rule of faith and practice; the word is very nigh him, even in his heart; and by this word he is to try all documents whatever. Inspiration, like God's omnipotence, is not limited to the few writers claimed by the Jews, Christians, or Mahometans, but is coextensive with the race. . . . Is inspiration confined to theology alone? Most surely not. Is Newton less inspired than Simon Peter?"* And again, "Minos and Moses were inspired to make laws; David, to pour out his soul in pious strains, sweet as an angel's psaltery; Pindar to celebrate virtuous deeds in high heroic song. Plato and Newton, Milton and Isaiah, Leibnitz and Paul, Mozart, Raphael, Phidias, Praxiteles, and Orpheus, receive into their bosoms the one Spirit. Dorcas is inspired to make coats for the poor, no less than Paul to preach the gospel. . . . This is the only kind of inspiration which is possible, and it is coextensive with the faithful use of men's natural powers. It is linked to no sect, age, or nation. It is wide as the world, and common as God."†

Inspiration, therefore, according to the school of spiritual infidelity, is nothing more than the culture and development of natural human faculties. It is man who, by his own genius, raises himself towards heaven; and not God who condescends to be the leader and the guide of man. The influence of the Divine

Spirit is a kind of raw material, which everyone may appropriate, and weave into the productions of genius; but there is no exercise of will, on the part of a Living Person, in choosing His own instruments; and no direct converse with God, either in dream or vision, or "face to face, as a man speaketh with his friend." So that while St. Paul teaches that "diversities of gifts," and "diversities of operations," are the result of the administration "one and the self-same Spirit dividing to every man severally as He will," Theodore Parker, on the contrary, tells us that all the various works of human genius are wrought by one and the self-same Spirit dividing to every man severally as *they* will. No doctrine of Christianity is clearer than that which teaches that the Spirit of God is the secret inspirer even of natural wisdom, and that the faithful use of natural endowments is followed by their growth and increase. With regard to this kind of inspiration, and its continued accessibility, there is no difference of judgment between the infidel spiritualist and the true Christian. "But when we are boldly assured that no other kind of inspiration is possible, the Christian joins issue with the presumptuous and ignorant dogmatist. It is clearly possible for God to select His own instruments, to whom He may reveal His will, and by whom He may convey it to others; as it is possible for ourselves to select in a crowded assembly the persons to whom we shall limit our conversation. It is equally possible that the same Spirit who works unconsciously by a secret co-operation of Divine power, in all the natural gifts and endowments of men, may work more consciously in special cases upon the spirits of men, so that they may be aware of His presence and powerful action, and yield themselves up to be messengers of His will. To deny these truths, under whatever pretext, is to degrade God below the level of man, to strip our conception of His character of all spontaneity, choice, and sovereignty; and thus in reality to depose Him from the throne of the moral universe. The fact of special inspiration requires to be established by its appropriate evidence. But to deny its possibility, on grounds of abstract reasoning, merely proves that the moment these absolute religionists forsake the authority of Scripture, they plunge themselves into a miry pit of folly, and reproduce the same paradox in varied forms—that things which are possible to man are impossible to God."*

* Parker's "Discourses on Religion," p. 163.

† Ibid. p. 165.

* Rev. T. B. Birks, "Modern Rationalism," p. 22.

The second or eclectic view of the Scriptures—clearly and forcibly stated in the “Confessions of an Inquiring Spirit”—appears, at first sight, much more reasonable. The doctrine it is intended to oppose is stated in these terms: “that all which exists within the sacred volume was dictated by an Infallible Intelligence.” And this doctrine is rejected on the ground that “it petrifies at once the whole body of Holy Writ.” Mere dictation, in which the writers were automatons, appears to those who hold the eclectic view the only consistent form of the orthodox doctrine of inspiration; and in this form they account it superstitious, contradictory, and even absurd. But this is a gross misrepresentation. It is, of course, perfectly possible that some persons may regard the sacred writers as mere automatons, “passionless machines,” who had no more to do with the Divine message conveyed to mankind than the pen with which they wrote; but it is by no means true that this opinion must be that of all those who reject the eclectic view. The very contrary is the case. When it is asserted that the Word of God must cease to be His word the moment that the writers, through whom it was conveyed to the world, cease to be mere automatons, we claim some proof of the assertion. We fully admit the fallibility of the human scribe, while we assert

the infallibility of the Divine Author. But we do not see how the fact of that scribe’s fallibility should make it impossible for God Himself to secure him from actual error in a few pages of written composition. We do not usually infer that a book must be printed from stereotype when we find several pages in succession free from inaccuracy; and it seems a strange paradox to maintain that good, wise, and well-informed men cannot write a treatise, or even a chapter, free from all error, without their own goodness, wisdom, and knowledge being first laid to sleep, and a Divine ventriloquism substituted for the exercise of their own reason and spiritual affections.

On the third view, with its almost countless varieties, it is unnecessary to dwell here. Its erroneousness is shown by its supposition of “innocent errors” in the Word of Truth, and its untenability will sufficiently appear in what follows.

The Bible, it is agreed on all hands, is a collection of human writings. In the judgment of Christians, it has also a just claim to its higher title, the Word of God. The question now to be considered is this: By what means can these two characters be reconciled? In what methods can God employ human agents to convey His messages, while the messages continue to be really His own?

(This chapter will be concluded in our next.)

HEART CHEER FOR HOME SORROW.

THE CAREFUL GARDENER.

Poor, blind, unbelieving creatures that we are! If a man but devote himself to a pursuit—if he rear and nurse a flower for his credit and renown, no less than his pleasure, we never suspect that he will carelessly leave it, in its promise of prime, to be rent by the gale or trampled by the hoof. We trust him, that, for his sake, he will guard the work of his hands. But even this poor measure of confidence we are slow to place in Him who plants trees of righteousness, that in them He may be glorified. Knowing that the Lord “doth not afflict willingly,” we cannot doubt the meaning of His dispensations. If we miss the flower, and behold no vestige thereof in its wonted

place, we conclude that the careful gardener foresaw some coming storm, or the rude intrusion of some defiling tread, and housed the delicate shrub from harm. It is better to contemplate the vacant spot, and to mourn over a temporary separation, with the sweet assurance that such occurred only because the Author of its being would preserve it unharmed and undefiled, to flourish in His presence, far removed from every foe.
—*The Christian Consoler.*

INVISIBLE HARMONIES.

We are apt to “limit the Holy One of Israel,” and say “some things have worked together for our good.” God says, “all things!”—joys, sorrows, crosses, losses,

prosperity, adversity, health, sickness; the gourd bestowed, and the gourd withered; the cup full, and the cup emptied; the lingering sick-bed and the early grave!

Often, indeed, would sight and sense lead us to doubt the reality of the promises; we can see in many things scarce a dim reflection of love. Useful lives taken, blossoms prematurely plucked, spiritual props removed, benevolent schemes frustrated. But the apostle does not say, "*We see*," but "*We know*." It is the province of faith to trust in God in the dark. The uninitiated and undiscerning cannot understand or explain the revolution and dependencies of the varied wheels in a complicated machine; but they have confidence in the wisdom of the artificer, that *all* is designed to "work out" some great and useful end. Be it ours to write over every mysterious dealing, "This also cometh from the Lord of Hosts, who is wonderful in counsel, and excellent in working."

—*The Christian Consoler.*

THE CHRISTIAN'S HOME.

I have a home above,
From sin and sorrow free;
A mansion which eternal love
Designed and formed for me.

My Father's gracious hand
Has built this sure abode;
From everlasting it was planned,
My dwelling-place with God.

My Saviour's precious blood
Has made my title sure;
He passed through death's dark
raging flood,
To make my rest secure.

The Comforter is come,
The earnest has been given;
He leads me onward to the home
Reserved for me in Heaven.

Bright angels guard my way—
His ministers of power,
Encamping round me night and day,
Preserve in danger's hour.

Loved ones are gone before,
Whose pilgrim days are done;
I soon shall greet them on that shore
Where partings are unknown.

But more than all I long
His glories to behold,
Whose smile fills all that radiant throng
With ecstasy untold.

That bright, yet tender smile
(My sweetest welcome there),
Shall cheer me through the little while
I tarry for Him here.

Thy love, Thou precious Lord,
My joy and strength shall be,
Till Thou shalt speak the gladdening
word,
That bids me rise to Thee.

And then through endless days,
Where all Thy glories shine,
In happier, holier strains I'll praise
The grace that made me Thine.

H. B.

LEAN HARD!

Child of my love! lean hard,
And let me feel the pressure of thy care.
I know thy burden, child! I shaped it—
Poised it in mine own hand—made no pro-
portion

Of its weight to thine unaided strength
For even as I laid it on, I said—
"I shall be near, and while she leans on me
This burden shall be mine, not hers;
So shall I keep my child within the circling
arms

Of mine own love." Here lay it down, nor fear
To impose it on a shoulder which upholds
The government of worlds. Yet closer come!
Thou art not near enough: I would embrace
thy care,
So I might feel my child reposing on my
breast.

Thou lovest me! I know it. Doubt not, then;
But—loving me—*lean hard.*

ANON.

Pleasant Readings for our Sons and Daughters.


THE DIARY OF BROTHER BARTHOLOMEW:

A MONK OF THE ABBEY OF MARIENTHAL, IN THE ODENWALD, IN THE TWELFTH CENTURY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TALES AND SKETCHES OF CHRISTIAN LIFE."

(Continued from page 500.)

July 10.

N the eve of the Feast of the Transfiguration, a strange monk begged admittance into our Abbey. He bore letters of recommendation from the venerable Peter, abbot of Clugni, and we received him gladly.

He is a noticeable man, tall, with a complexion that tells of a southern sun; his eyes are very dark and piercing—they seem always still; and yet, whenever you look at him, they are fixed on you. His bearing is more that of a soldier than of a monk—and of a soldier more used to command than to obey; yet is he wonderfully lowly and submissive, and ready to perform the most servile offices if directed by his superiors. He calls himself Conrad. He says little, perhaps because he speaks German with a slight lisp, and with difficulty, nevertheless not as if his throat were sewn up like a Frenchman's, but with a manly force. He also talks Latin, so that I understand him easily, although brother Lupacius avers that his idiom is not that of the ancient Romans; no reproach, I trow, to a Christian man.

In no language, however, does he say much, his thoughts seeming for the most part turned inward, and not happy, although he has a singular way of seeing everything whilst apparently looking at nothing.

Most of us stand rather in awe of him, but the strange, taciturn man attaches me to him; also, he seemeth not to dislike my company.

August 13.

A company of Lombard merchants has been here to-day, with silks from Greece and Asia, and other curious eastern wares.

The Abbot bought some beautiful rare stones, to ornament withal a copy of the missal which brother Theodore, a curious man in all arts and handicrafts, has lately illuminated.

Also some of the brotherhood purchased several ells of fine stuff for their hoods and scapularies. I marvelled to see how curious they were in their choice,* running the cloth through their fingers, holding it up to the light, disposing it around them in cunning folds, and discussing its merits with the dealers and with one another as eagerly as if it had been an article of the faith. Scarce could any lady at the court of my lord of Erbach have been more dainty. Methinks, if this had been our object, we might have found a more gallant costume.

Brother Conrad held himself apart the while, and once or twice I saw a smile pass across his face—but not of mere amusement.

August 24.—*St. Bartholomew. Holy Patron, pray for me!*

Brother Conrad is foot-sore and ill from his journey. It was very long, and he seems unused to foot-travelling. Nevertheless, he will not consent in anywise to relax the severity of his abstinences.

This evening, I went to his cell with a healing decoction of herbs, which hath proved of marvellous virtue amongst the peasantry. As he did not answer my signal, I gently opened the door. He was kneeling on the floor, fervently grasping an iron crucifix to his breast. As I entered, he arose, and hastily threw his mantle around his shoulders; but I could see they were bleeding from the use of the discipline. He asked, rather haughtily, what I wanted. I prayed him to let me bathe his feet. He refused my assistance courteously, yet so that I could not press it. As I left the cell, he took my hand and pressed it to his lips, saying, "Brother, thou hast a good and innocent heart—pray for me."

I fear he has committed some great sin.

* See Neander's "Life of St. Bernard," p. 81. Miss Wrenche's translation.

Thursday.

All the village is in uproar about the foreign monk. Yesterday, as brother Conrad was walking, he saw a stout peasant carle beating one of Manuel Reichardt's boys for laming his mule by hard riding. Without saying a word, Conrad threw back his cowl, girded up his garments, and beat the man.

At this the peasants are enraged, calling him a foreign meddler; but Nannerl takes his part, as also all the children, to whom he is ever gentle. Nannerl's boy was, however, a mischievous and idle rogue (very unlike his mother), and had no right to the mule. Moreover, such interference comporteth not with the dignity of the religious habit.

Our lord the Abbot, taking the matter into his consideration, has condemned our brother to penitence, and the seclusion of his cell. Abstinence beyond what he already practises is scarce possible.

Saturday.

Our lord the Abbot, after matins, enjoined on brother Conrad to ask forgiveness from the peasant carle.

His dark cheek flushed high: "I from a villain!" he murmured between his teeth.

"On the obedience of a monk, I command you!" said the Abbot, rather fierily.

Conrad bowed in acquiescence, went to the village, sought out the peasant, and made the required apology in my presence.

The carle would have made him a present in acknowledgment of the condescension, but he would not accept it.

"The slave deserved the chastisement," he said to me, as we returned.

"The obedience of a monk includes submission in will as well as in act," I suggested.

"I know it," he replied; "I submit."

"The commandment of our Lord Jesus," I rejoined, "reaches the heart as well as the will; He said, 'Love your enemies.'"

He looked down, and spoke no more until we reached the convent; but in the evening he came to my cell, and said,—

"You are no hypocrite. Do you mean that it is possible, from the heart, to love those who have hated, wronged, and meanly slandered us—not only to forbear taking vengeance, but to love?"

"Jesus said of His murderers, 'Father, forgive them;' and thousands of them were forgiven, and are now amongst the blessed company of His redeemed."

"He was God," said Conrad; "I am a man, and a sinner."

"Have you then, yourself, nothing that you need to be forgiven?"

He looked at me earnestly and sadly. "I understand you," he said, bitterly; "we must forgive, that we may be forgiven. It is hard to do it, but not to do it is hell."

"Nay," I replied, "we must forgive, because we are forgiven. We must love, because we have been so loved."

But he seemed to have fallen again into his self-enclosed state, and hastily taking his lamp, he left my cell.

Wednesday.

Brother Conrad seems to have been easier in mind lately, having been actively employed.

He had observed that we had to draw all our water for the household, the cattle, and the garden, from the stream at the bottom of the valley, which is nearly a quarter of a mile off. He asked why we did not dig a well. The Abbot assigned the labour, and the uncertainty of finding water, as the reason.

"If I am permitted," he replied, "I will engage to accomplish it in a week, with one labourer."

Most of us deemed this an idle boast, but Otho the Thunderbolt had confidence in the stranger, and freely offered to assist him.

They accordingly set about it at once. In a few days the water came gushing out of the excavation. Otho wondered at the sagacity with which he had fixed on the spot.

"I have been many years in the East, where water is scarce," he said in explanation. I suppose he was with the crusading army.

He has also shown us some new agricultural implements, used, he says, among the Provençals, and in Languedoc, a people marvelously skilled in all sorts of arts and handicrafts.

Friday.

To-day a horse was brought to the Abbey for sale. The creature was beautiful, but withal so wicked and ill-natured, that several of our best riders (and I grieve to say there are more among us than befits a company of sober and peaceful world-renouncing men who are skilled in the *manège* of chargers) were thrown violently to the ground.

The horse was about to be sent back, when Conrad, who had been watching us apart, offered to mount him.

First whispering in the animal's ear, he sprang on his back, and rode him round the

court and whithersoever he would, guiding him like a lady's palfrey.

When he dismounted, we all crowded round him, marvelling at his skill. But he said carelessly, "I learned it from the Arabs. There are many among them who ride far better." Then, disengaging himself from us, he retired to his cell.

Brother Conrad puzzles us all sorely. Some of the brethren fear he may have been a follower of Mahound, for he spoke in some heathenish jargon to one of the Italian merchants, of which none of us could understand a syllable. And, as brother Lupacius saith, what could he mean by "learning from the Arabs"? how can one learn anything Christian from an Arab?

Yet I feel a strange liking for him; to me he is always gentle and friendly. Only sometimes I fear he may have mistaken his vocation. Natures energetic as his, and accustomed to action, will scarce find scope or employment in the dead calm of our life.

December.

The whole Abbey has been in a tumult for some weeks. The sub-prior is dead, and we have been engaged in electing a successor.

He lay sick for many weeks, being well stricken in years. During his illness, there was much plotting and conferring in the convent; four of the elder monks gathering groups of two or three at a time around them, in corners, at our hours of recreation, and talking earnestly in a low voice.

These monks were very courteous to one another; yet, if one of them saw another thus engaged in converse, he would join the group, which was sure soon afterwards to disperse.

These same monks were very tender in watching the symptoms of the sub-prior's malady.

Also, the office-bearers have been marvelously diligent in their business of late—increasing notably the while in courtesy to all.

At length the sub-prior died and was buried.

For some days, the whole brotherhood stepped more softly, and spoke with subdued voices. I mourned the old man from my heart, for to me he had been as a father, and he had many strange tales of the olden times. Yet were his last years so quiet and noiseless—his voice has so gradually become hushed among us—that it scarcely makes a silence, now that it has ceased. May he rest in peace! many masses will I offer for his soul.

We met in the chapter-house, and after solemnly chanting the *Veni Creator Spiritus*, the lots were cast.

To the surprise of us all, the lot fell on brother Conrad, but he was not to be found.

Whilst some of the younger brethren went in search of him, the rest began to whisper together. At first, the four elder monks, whom I have mentioned, seemed relieved to find that neither of the four besides themselves were chosen; but, as brother Conrad's absence was prolonged, they drew together, and conferred in angry whispers. "An intruder!"—"a foreigner!"—"a foundling of the gallows!"—"an Arabian magician!" and many other rash words, dropped from them.

The good men suffered the heat of argument to carry them away; and, ere long, the whispered murmurs rose into loud debate, and the debate into a tempest of wrathful words; and so eager and passionate was the discussion, that brother Conrad stood five minutes amongst them before they perceived him.

At length our lord the Abbot arose, and after gesticulating some little time in vain, he succeeded in imposing silence.

Still, however, there continued a low grumble of discontent, as the echo of thunder among the hills when a storm is gone and we wonder whether it will return.

"Brethren," said the Abbot, "behold him whom you have chosen to succeed our venerable sub-prior. May the choice be blest!"

But many of the brethren glared angrily on brother Conrad, and the storm was beginning to rise again.

Brother Conrad stood with his arms folded on his breast, calmly awaiting a pause, with that peculiar smile on his lips which I have observed before, until the Abbot was obliged again to interpose.

"Brethren," he said, "are we not a sacred council of priests, guided by the Spirit of the Highest? Behold the man of your choice."

Then there ensued a sullen calm, and Conrad's voice was heard.

"I came not hither," he said, "holy father, to rule monks, but to save my soul; let the holy brotherhood choose some fitter man."

We were accustomed to this formula of humility in the newly-elected; but, to our surprise, brother Conrad persisted in his refusal, and was not by any means to be moved from it.

We accordingly proceeded again to the election, and this time the choice fell on one of the four elder monks.

With this the assembly was obliged to be content. The new sub-prior has been solemnly installed, and brother Conrad is honoured in the convent as a model of humility.

On the next morning, as brother Conrad and I were journeying together to administer the sacrament to a sick man, I said, "I rejoice to see that your heart is not set on seeking great things for yourself."

He laughed, and replied, "I do not understand the monks, nor they me. If I had desired the greatness of this world, I would not have sought it in an obscure monastery of the north. I have commanded thousands of soldiers, and to me it is no point of ambition to rule a few monks. I came hither to fly the world, not to seek it. I came hither to live in quiet, and to save my soul."

Brother Conrad is right, and I love him for his honest words; nevertheless, I marvel that he should speak so slightly of our venerable Abbey—chartered as it is by the Emperor, containing the sacred relics of a supreme Pontiff—our blessed Lady herself having marked out the site in a vision, our founder being in the calendar, and our Abbot ranking next the mitred Abbots and the episcopal throne. He can scarcely be informed of this, or he would never have used words so singularly inappropriate as an "*obscure monastery*," or "*a few monks*." Not that I am proud of these privileges: no! holy Benedict knows that we are nothing but a company of poor and humble priests—the servants of the servants of God.

January 26.—St. Polycarp, Bishop and Martyr.

A post arrived to-day, with messages and letters for our lord the Abbot, and a letter, sealed with a noble escutcheon, for brother Conrad. The messenger brings sad tidings of the apostasy of some of Bishop Otho of Bamberg's new converts in Pomerania, and the sufferings of others. Hearing and reading of such things, how it shames my languid and lukewarm heart! Thou art the same to us as to them; oh, make us the same to Thee!

I took the letter to brother Conrad in his cell. On receiving it his hands trembled, and his face turned livid in its paleness. When he had read it, he tore it passionately in twain, murmuring, "The curse of God!"—then suddenly checking himself, he said to me, "Leave me, brother Bartholomew, you can do me no good now." I had no choice but to leave the cell, for so stern was his countenance, that I deemed it folly to resist his will.

January 30.

For these many days none of us have seen brother Conrad. He refuseth meat, and denieth entry to all.

February 1.—St. Ignatius, Bishop and Martyr.

To-day, I knocked at the door of brother Conrad's cell; receiving no answer, I at length ventured to enter unbidden.

He sat on his bed, with his eyes bent on the ground. His crucifix lay on his knees; his face was pale and drawn, as that of a man who had passed through some great agony of bodily pain; but it was perfectly calm, and so was his voice when he addressed me, saying,

"Wherefore do you come here? you can do me no good."

But I seated myself beside him and said, "Brother, I came to read you some of the words of peace, fearing that you have suffered."

He did not reply, nor did his features relax; but he bowed his head, and receiving no further encouragement, I opened the Psalter at the 32nd Psalm.

"Blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven, whose sin is covered. Blessed is the man unto whom the Lord imputeth not iniquity, and in whose spirit there is no guile."

"Do you come hither to torment me before the time?" he exclaimed, looking sternly and abruptly at me: "in my spirit there is guile. My transgression can never be forgiven, nor my sin covered. The words of peace are very swords to me, for I cannot repent. Those who forgive not shall never be forgiven, and I cannot forgive."

I was silent, and after a few moments he proceeded.

"Listen, if you will, to my wrong. I have told it to none beside. I had broad lands in Arragon, and castles. I loved, and believed myself beloved, and was betrothed. In an evil day, I took the Cross; she decked me with her colours when I went, and I bore them triumphantly through the thick of many battles. I returned. Came with my retainers to my father's castle. There was feasting there: she, my bride, was there, and my younger brother, a scribe, a lawyer, a man of smooth words and a comely face, whom I had cherished as my own son, for we were orphans—she was there, *his wife*! My lands and castles were my own, and the king was my friend; but what were they or he to me? they could not restore her to me, or to the truth and beauty of soul with which I had clothed her. I left my country in disguise, and came hither

a monk, resigning my titles and estates to them. They took advantage of my absence to slander me to my king; he trusted me, and revealed their treachery. There is the letter they have sent me, thanking me for my generosity, and begging me formally to transfer all my hereditary rights—and *she has signed it*. That is all my story. I have done what I can—I have sent them what they asked for. I will not curse either of them—but God, you say, exacts more. I have tried, but I cannot forgive. You can do me no good—I am lost.”

He said these words with the calm of fixed conviction, as one to whom the terrible thought was no strange or doubtful thing, but ascertained and familiar. But I could not withhold my tears.

When I could speak again composedly, I took the crucifix from his knees, and said, “Brother, whose image is this?”

“I know what you would say,” he answered; “but it is in vain. He is God. His heart was tender and compassionate; mine is hard—it has been frozen hard in its own tears. He forgave, but I hate. I sin even as I speak, and cannot repent. I do not murmur against God. He is just. I am lost—and I deserve it!”

There was such intense and fixed anguish in the slow calmness with which he uttered these words, that I felt any words of mine were powerless; and kneeling down, I called, at first in silence, and then aloud, on Him who delighteth in mercy.

What I said I do not exactly remember; I remember only that I poured out my whole heart before God, calling on Him who is so near to the broken-hearted to have pity on my brother—to heal the heart men had broken, and to bind up its wounds. I knew and felt that the Lord was near us—as near as when the sick and fearful touched the hem of His garment, and were healed, and the guilty outcast wept at His feet, and was forgiven—and as gracious. I was sure that He heard, and sure that He would keep His promise, and give what we asked. Before I rose, Conrad had sunk on his knees beside me, and when I rose, he still remained kneeling.

I waited some time: then placing the crucifix in his hands, I said, “It was for no light sin that the Son of God left His glory, and became obedient to a death such as this; nor did He suffer such things in vain. My brother, you are lost; but the Lord Jesus came to seek the lost. You have mistaken the object of His coming altogether. He came not to judge,

but to save. Look on Him your sins have pierced, and live.”

There was no tear in his eyes—no sign of emotion on his face; but as I left the cell, he grasped my hand, and said, in a scarcely audible voice,

“There is hope.”

February 4.

This evening, brother Conrad rejoined us at the reading of the Scriptures. We are reading through the Book of the Prophet Isaiah. The chapters read to-day were from lli. to lvi.

“Surely He hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows: yet we did esteem Him stricken, smitten of God, and afflicted.

“But He was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities: the chastisement of our peace was upon Him; and with His stripes we are healed.

“All we, like sheep, have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way; and the Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all.”

And again—

“Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money: come ye, buy and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money, and without price.”

Methought the living words never brought to my heart such a warm feeling of the unmerited and unutterable love of God before; and as the lantern-bearer went his rounds, casting the light on one after another, I saw that brother Conrad's face was wet with tears, and he did not try to hide them—a strange thing for so proud a man.

February 12.—St. Eulalia, Virgin and Martyr.

I never saw a man so changed as brother Conrad. His heart seems opened; it is as if a hand which knew the secret had touched some hidden spring, and the closed vessel had sprung open in an instant. Instead of his soul being a dark thing folded up in its own gloom, it seems an open house full of peace and light, and warming all who come near him. The old smile of contemptuous pity has given way to one of kindly interest. In place of the dead mechanical submission with which he used to obey the commands of the superiors, it seems now his joy and his “meat” to minister to all as the servant of Him who came to minister.

This evening, as we returned from a visitation in the forest, we passed Nannerl's cottage: the children (she has three now) were standing at the door waiting to catch the first glimpse of

their father as he returned from his day's work at the Abbey. When he came in sight, they all ran out to meet him. The two eldest clung to his coat, the youngest tottered after them until he caught her in his arms and covered her with kisses.

"What it is," said Conrad, when we had passed, "to be able to call God Father!"

"Yes," I replied, "and heaven *home*."

God gives strength by giving peace.

To Conrad as to St. Paul the Son of God has been revealed; and the Spirit of God fills every corner of his ruined and desolate heart with the music of "Abba, Father."

February 14.

The poor people are beginning everywhere to suffer from the scarcity of the late harvest, added to the inclemency of the season. They throng our gates, imploring charity for the love of Christ. Our lord the Abbot has emptied the Abbey granaries of all the superfluous corn; and this week we have sent brother Theodore to Bamberg, with a trusty escort, to sell some of our most richly illuminated manuscripts, with the gems where-with they were studded. Brother Theodore almost wept to see his beloved manuscripts thus stripped; and scarce could all I said about the living epistles being even more precious than the written ones, assuage his grief. "The collections and labours of a century," he says, "scattered in a week, and betrayed perchance into the hands of the ignorant and profane, or of some rival order!"

Also we have sold some of the church plate and decorations, and sundry of the more costly vestments, to buy corn withal. Some murmur at this as a desecration of holy things, but brother Conrad saith, "It is but laying them up in a safe place, until we want them, with a sure Keeper."

He himself hath been very busy of late copying manuscripts of the Holy Scriptures, a new occupation for him until within the last few months, he being more used to handle the sword than the pen. At the first, his letters were very uncouth and unchristian-like, but he laughed at his mistakes until he conquered them, and now scarcely can brother Theodore write more rapidly or in more beautiful and legible characters. He laboureth at it day and night, designing to sell these copies for the famishing peasants. Also the copying of the holy words nourisheth his own soul: so that, in watering, "he is watered also himself."

It is piteous to see the poor starving people thronging the Abbey courts: mothers holding up their crying children, themselves complaining not—old men tottering from feebleness, and stout youths from famine. We are expecting supplies from Bamberg.

March.

Brother Conrad seems daily to grow in grace and in the knowledge of the Scriptures. To-day he said to me, after matins,

"Once, looking on the height from which I had descended, I thought myself a man of marvellous humility, until looking up I saw how low my Saviour had to stoop to reach me. Now I can never wonder enough at my pride and His grace. Some," he added, "paint humility with downcast eyes, looking as if she thought every one was saying, 'See how humble she is!'" but true humility looks freely up to heaven, knowing *what* she is, and *where*; and then forgetting herself in thinking what God is."

He is like one moving softly in the calm of a royal presence. Yet I sometimes tremble at his questions about our Holy Mother Church and her doctrines. His mind is direct and simple as a child's; and having caught the thread of a truth, he follows it on through the Scripture, without ever heeding what nets he may tread through, or what sacred enclosures he may trample down in his path. I fear whither this may lead him.

This evening we had been sitting in the dusk, discoursing of the legends of the saints, and their appearing amongst us—of the warrior St. James—of him who was pierced through with many arrows, yet not slain—of the virgin Margaret, daisy and pearl of Paradise—of the lamb-like Agnes, her woes and her triumphs—and of many others, knights and ladies of the court of heaven.

Afterwards, when we were alone, he asked me,

"Why pray to the saints when we may speak directly to God?"

I was somewhat startled at the abruptness of the question, but I said—

"In our monastery we may all apply directly to our lord the Abbot, yet many choose rather to prefer any suit through me, knowing that the Abbot has a favour unto me."

"That may be," he replied; "but the Abbot is not our father, nor has he expressly commanded us to make known all our requests unto him."

The saints, or He who sanctifieth them, pre-

serve us from all rash speculations! Nevertheless, the growth and fervour of brother Conrad often shame my cold and slothful heart. I seem not to grow, and sometimes in looking back to the early days of my Christian life, I am ready to cry, "Where is the blessedness I spake of then?" It seems to have faded away like a gleam at sunrise on a gray and rainy day. Can it then be with us as with the Church? Are the early days necessarily those of freest love and purest zeal?

This would seem as if eternal life were doomed, like corruptible things, to decrepitude and decay. But no, it is not so. St. Paul speaks of *growth*—Conrad grows; the fault is in me—my heart is so dead, my hope at times so feeble, and my prayers so mechanical: can I have mistaken my *vocation*?

April 23.—St. George the Martyr.

Yesterday a young Frenchman visited us from the University of Paris. We gave him a night's lodging, and he repaid us by proving various theological and other theses.

I marvelled at the readiness and skill with which he tossed the ball of argument, and caught it again more deftly than the expertest *jongleur*; but brother Conrad sat silent and displeased—he affecteth not such juggler's play with truths.

Many curious questions were, however, started by the learned student—as, "Whether angels could strictly be said to fly, seeing spirits have no place, whereas flying is motion, and motion change of place."

"Why the nose was placed above, instead of below the mouth."

"What God would have done if Adam had not listened to the seductions of our mother Eve, and eaten of the forbidden fruit."*

Whilst he was subtly debating this last point, brother Conrad suddenly rose, and confronting the stranger, said—

"When a man is shipwrecked, it is no time to be discussing the conduct of the helmsman, or how the rope was manufactured which is thrown out to save him."

The student was silenced for a moment, then he said—

"That, reverend sir, may admit of argument; permit me to state the matter syllogistically."

"I am no scholar," rejoined Conrad, "but this I know: when our Lord shall come again, there is one question which will place us among the saved or the lost—'Do you know Me as the

Redeemer of your soul?' And if we can say Yes, all the wisdom of angels will be opened to us afterwards in His presence."

The Frenchman was proceeding to debate the point, when our brother laid his hand gently on his arm, and said,—

"Young man, I think you are a disciple of Peter Abelard; he is a great man, but our Lord Jesus Christ is infinitely greater. Read His Word; follow Him; He can save you—Abelard cannot."

The student coloured.

"Master Peter has been foully slandered," he exclaimed; "but all admit his wisdom now. Who disputes his orthodoxy here?"

None of the brotherhood offered to enter the lists with so fierce and skilled a combatant, but Conrad said quietly—

"I slander none. I knew Abelard at Clugni; he was a man of mighty intellectual power, and has, I trow, passed through hard conflicts. To his own Master he standeth or falleth: but I believe his scholars trifle with truth as he would never have dared. There is nothing so far from the childlike heart to which God reveals His secrets, as the childish vanity of those who play with things before which the angels veil their faces. Beware, as you value your salvation, that whilst you are making confects and dainty dishes with the Bread of Life, your own soul do not starve."

"A worthy man," whispered the student to brother Lupacius, when Conrad had left, "but lamentably behind the age."

"You were hard on the stranger," I said to brother Conrad in the evening.

"Was I?" he said. "It makes me shudder to hear sentenced malefactors, such as we are, playing with the message of pardon and deliverance the Sovereign sends them at the cost of such anguish to the Deliverer. That man can never utter truth who has never himself felt it unutterable."

June.

It is long since I have handled the pen, having been laid on my bed by severe sickness. Even now my hand trembleth, yet must I record my thanks to Him who has raised me from the gates of the grave.

"The living, the living, he shall praise Thee, and declare Thy truth." The famine was followed by a grievous plague. Want and hunger, and irregular feeding, have made fearful ravages amongst the peasantry. I, myself, with brother Conrad, closed the eyes of many who had been abandoned of their kindred; not

* See Neander's "St. Bernard."

THE DAY-LILY AND THE OLD MAHOGANY-TREE.

A PARABLE FOR THE LITTLE ONES AT "OUR OWN FIRESIDE."

IN the eastern shore of Yucatan, there is a spot peculiarly noted for the variety and density of its vegetation. At the head of a little cove, which sets in from the Gulf of Mexico, there is a little hill covered with large trees. These slope down almost precipitously on one side, and more gently in other directions, continuing in a deep, impassable morass.

At the foot of this hill, on its steepest side, there once sprang up a little flower. It was a strange flower, which is never found except in certain latitudes. It grows from the ground nearly to perfection in a single day. Its leaves were broad, but thin and delicately woven with tissue of veins and fibre. These leaves lay upon the ground, as if unable to support themselves. A single stem had shot up from among the leaves a foot or more in height, bearing upon its summit the half-opened bud of a large ly-shaped flower. The petals had just begun to show their soft, white velvet—richly chased and delicately pencilled here and there with veins and lines and spots and shades of crimson—and a rich fragrance had begun to breathe from the half-opened cup.

All at once the sun, which had been gradually approaching the horizon, sank beneath it, and darkness came down almost immediately upon the forest. The last rays of light that had struggled through the dense, dark leaves, had rested upon the little flower, revealing its surprising loveliness, but leaving it unfinished, perfect, and alone in the dark night.

The little flower was in despair.

"Alas!" she cried, "why must the light and that have brought me into being, and which are so necessary to my existence, be withdrawn at the very moment when I need them most of all? Of what worth is my life, if I am not to be permitted to arrive at perfection? And now the sun himself is extinguished, and I must perish unappreciated and unknown, without having served one good purpose of my creation, and without knowing of what I am capable!"

All at once she paused; for she heard a voice calling, "Child of the forest!"

By the star-light, and the little of daylight that still lingered, and by straining her young eyes, she saw that it was an old tree upon the

bank just above her that spoke—an old mahogany-tree that she had often seen in the course of her brief life—an old and lofty tree, that lifted his huge, rough body high into the air, and threw his arms far and wide, covered with a great multitude of broad, shining leaves.

Again the voice spoke: "Child of the forest! why weepest thou? Listen, little one. I am a thousand years old!"

"Years!" whispered the lily to herself, "what are years?"

"Was not the sun more beautiful," continued the tree, "when, in the first part of your life, his beams poured forth unobstructed from over yonder bay, than when lately they could hardly peep through this forest behind us?"

"Yes, he certainly was," replied the lily.

"I have stood here a thousand years," said the tree, "and even so he has always seemed to me more beautiful yonder, and so he will be again; for his light is by no means extinguished. But he cannot rise, unless he first set."

The poor little lily pondered long and deeply upon this, but could not understand it.

"Think again," continued the tree. "We are not the only things that he looks upon. A single footstep might crush you" (the lily shuddered and trembled!) "or a single whirlwind might prostrate me, and we should hardly be missed—for, look behind us—how thick the forest grows! And so it is in the world around—and all others need his light and warmth as much as we. Would you be so selfish as to leave them all to perish?"

The lily hung her head in silence.

After a pause, the old tree resumed: "Think again! is it not better for you even as it is? Could you have borne the intensity of his heat much longer?"

The lily bethought herself of a strange weariness and weakness under which, during the latter part of her life, she had almost withered. "Ah," she sighed, "thus then my life must end!"

"Not so," replied the old tree. "You must look forward to a better life. Our sun has indeed gone down, but it is only that he may shine upon other parts of the world. It is only that he may give you opportunity to acquire strength to bear his brighter rays. True, unless he comes again over yonder bay, your

life must end here—and mine too; for it is upon him that our life depends, and he must rise again before we can revive. But courage, little child of the forest! he will certainly, certainly come!”

As the old mahogany-tree spake thus, he flung his arms about in the night-breeze, and all his leaves seemed to whisper, “He will certainly, certainly come!”

But oh! how long the night seemed to the little flower—a whole lifetime! She shrank timidly away from the coarse, unsightly weeds that waved carelessly and fearlessly backwards and forwards, jeering at her weakness and fears. She trembled at the sight of the burning eyes of the beasts of prey that love darkness, as they stared at her through the brakes; and she listened in terror to the sound of their footsteps. She shuddered as she felt the slimy trail of the serpent over one of her leaves, or heard the heavy flapping wing of some foul night-bird over her head, or the buzzing of hideous insects about her face. She shivered in the cold fog, and was half stifled by the dank, foul vapour that crept up from the marsh. The tears gathered fast upon her face. “Old tree!” she sobbed, “I shall never see him again!”

“Courage, little child of the forest! courage! These trials will only serve to make you stronger, and even these tears will add to your beauty. For your sake he delays; but he will certainly, certainly come!”

And again the myriads of shining leaves

lisp'd their echoes, “He will certainly, certainly come!”

At last a little breath of air came dancing over the water; and, as it passed, it seemed to say, “He is coming!”

Once more the leaves of the old mahogany-tree murmured, “He is coming! he is coming!”

And far back in the forest countless little voices seemed whispering to one another, “He is coming, coming, coming!”

The little lily raised her head. How solemn to see those countless leafy dwellers in the forest standing in breathless silence, listening, listening!—waiting, waiting!—for the great life of the world! The lily gently turned her eye towards the water. No soft twilight—no long, slowly-changing dawn—announced the approach of day. But a quick flush spreading over the sky—a fleecy cloud suddenly blushing crimson—a flood of purple on the dancing waters—fierce flashes of golden light streaming far upwards—a burning mass of fire—and the day was come!

Joyfully did the little lily welcome the grateful light, and open wide her face. The tears were standing thick upon it; but the glorious sun looked down, and smiled upon her. He dipped his pencil in fresh and richer dye, and touched her pallid cheek, and turned every tear into a jewel, that sparkled like the rainbow. Her tears were gone for ever.

And “unto you that fear His name shall the Sun of Righteousness arise, with healing in His wings!”
T.

THE IRON BOX.

BY ISAAC TAYLOR.*

PETER SIMONS was the son of a poor fisherman who lived in a solitary cottage, built of rough stone, on the steep side of a rock which faced the sea. Behind the cottage the dark jagged cliff slanted up to a great height: before it you might look straight down upon the sea, two hundred feet below. Steps cut in the solid rock, formed a winding path which led down to the seaside. On one side of the house, there was a stack of furze to serve for fuel; on the other side was a small level space, surrounded with poles, on which the fishermen hung their nets to dry. The front of the cottage was

covered with rows of dried fish, of different sorts, cut open, and all shrivelled and yellow: at the door hung the fisherman's great sea-boots, and his rough blue coat lined with red stuff.

Peter was a lazy boy, and his father and mother used no means to correct his idle habits: but suffered him to spend his time as he pleased. Sometimes he would lie half the day on the ground before the door, just looking over the edge, to watch the curling foam of the waves among the broken rocks below; or throw down stones, to see them jump from ledge to ledge as they fell. When the weather was per-

* We hope to review “The Family Pen: Memorials, Biographical and Literary, of the Taylor Family” (London: Jackson, Walford, and Hodder) next month.

fectly calm, and the sun shone, so that from the top of the hill the sea appeared all in a blaze of light, you might perceive a black speck at some distance, like a lark in the clear sky; this was the fisherman's small boat, in which Peter would spend all the hours from one tide till the next. Having anchored the boat on a sandbank, he would doze, with his hat slouched over his face, or, if he was awake, listen to the tapping of the waves against the side of the boat; and now and then halloo to make the gulls that were swimming about rise into the air. But most often, in fine weather, he would saunter along upon the beach to a neck of sand about a mile from his home. Here there was the old hulk of a ship that had been wrecked at a spring-tide, so that it lay high upon the beach; it was now half sunk in the sand, and the seaweed had gathered round it three or four feet deep. It was Peter's delight to sit upon the deck, lolling against the capstan, while his naked legs dangled down the gangway in the fore-castle.

When the weather was too cold to sit still out of doors, and when his mother drove him from the chimney corner, Peter would take a large knife and an old hat, and gather mussels from the rocks. But almost the only thing of any use which he did in the whole course of the year, was to plait a straw hat for himself, and patch his jacket.

Peter always seemed dismal and discontented; he seldom more than half opened his eyes, except when he was searching the cran- nies of the rocks, and fumbling in the heaps of seaweed after a storm, in hope of finding something that had been thrown up by the waves. Indeed, he lived in expectation that some great good luck would one day befall him in this way; and so in fact it happened.

One morning, after a gale of wind and a very high spring-tide, the sea retired so far that Peter made his way to a reef of rocks, which he had never before been able to reach. There were two hours before the tide would oblige him to return; he determined, therefore, to make the best use of the time in hunting over this new ground. He scrambled up and down, and jumped from rock to rock so nimbly, that at a little distance, no one would have guessed that it was Peter Simons. He dived his arm deep into the weedy basins in the rocks; and groped, with his hands under water, among the pebbles, shells, and oily weed with which they were filled. Nothing, however, was to be found, except now and then

a whitened bone, a piece of green sheet-copper, or some rusty iron.

Peter stayed till the sea had several times washed over the sandbank which joined the reef of rocks to the shore. It was now necessary to make speed back; and he took such long strides in returning, that he sank over his anoles in the loose sand. Just before he reached the solid ground, he set his bare foot upon a staple and ring, to which a small rope was tied; he pulled the rope pretty stoutly, supposing it to be fastened to a piece of timber from a wreck, but in doing so, he dragged from under the sand an iron box, about six inches square. It was very rusty, and he would have thought it a solid block of iron, if it had not been for the appearance of hinges on one side.

"Now," said Peter, "here's my fortune to be sure in this box: what should an *iron* box be for, but to keep gold and diamonds in? Nobody shall know a word of this till I see what's in it." He knocked and banged it about on the rocks for some time, to get it open; but, finding his efforts vain, he determined for the present to carry it to the old sloop, where he spent so much of his time, and lodge it safely in the sand which filled the hold. By the time he had done this, it was nearly dark.

Although he had been kept awake some part of the night, in making various guesses of what might be in the box, and in planning what he should do with his treasure, Peter rose two hours before his usual time the next morning. The rising sun shone upon the highest peak of the rocky headland, just as he climbed upon the deck of the sloop. He had brought a large knife and a hammer with him to force the box open; but he found he could not get the point of the knife in anywhere; and all his blows with the hammer only made the rusty flakes of iron peel off from the sides of the box; no trace of a keyhole could be found; and when the top of the box was cleaned, it appeared that the lid was screwed down on three sides. Peter buried the box again in the same place, and set himself to think what was to be done. He knew that the blacksmith at the village could open the box easily enough; but he would trust his secret to nobody. The only way therefore was to procure tools, and go to work upon it himself. Lazy folks, when they choose to exert themselves, are often very ingenious, and sometimes even very diligent. Peter had not a penny of his own. How was he to get money enough to buy a screwdriver?

Peter Simons, as we have said before, could

plait a straw hat pretty neatly. It was a sort of employment that suited him; because he could do it as he sat lolling in the sunshine, thinking about nothing, with his eyes half shut, and his mouth half open. He thought that if he made two or three hats, he might be able to sell them at the town for as much money as would buy the screwdriver, or what other tools he might want. He procured the straw, therefore, and taking it to the cabin of the old sloop, went to work more heartily than ever he had done in his life before. Peter's father and mother concerned themselves very little with the manner in which he spent his time: and when he took his dinner with him, and was absent the whole day, his mother was glad to get rid of him, and asked him no questions when he came home in the evening.

The first thing that Peter did every morning before he sat down to his straw-hat making, was to take the box out of the sand, and make some violent efforts to force it open without further ado; but after spending some time in turning it about, looking at it, banging it against the rock, and trying to wheedle in the point of the knife, he quietly buried it in its place; having convinced himself afresh that the only way was to go on steadily with the plan he had determined upon. He often wondered that he could not hear the diamonds or the guineas rattle when he shook the box; but he concluded that it was stuffed so full that there was no room for them to wag.

After Peter had been thus diligently employed several days, he began to feel a pleasure in work, which was quite new to him. Although he now rose two or three hours earlier than he used to do, the days seemed to him shorter, instead of longer, than they did when he spent all his time in idleness. He almost lost his habit of yawning; and when he went home in the evening, instead of squatting down sulkily in the chimney corner, he would jump about the house and do little jobs for his mother. "I don't know what's come to our Peter," said his mother; "he's not the same boy that he was."

At length he finished three straw hats, which he reckoned he might sell to the boys on the quay, at the neighbouring seaport town, for a shilling at least. Off he set, therefore, early the next morning, going a roundabout way, to avoid being seen by any one who knew him; the distance was ten miles. He sold his hats in the course of the day—bought a screwdriver and an iron wedge, and got back time

enough to deposit his tools along with the box before he returned home.

Although he was very tired with his walk, he rose the next morning before daybreak, and he felt no doubt that by the time his mother had made the kettle boil for breakfast he should be a rich man; but Peter reckoned rather too hastily. He soon found that he could do nothing with the screwdriver; all his efforts only made the heads of the screws smooth and bright; he perceived he must cut off the heads of the screws by filing deep notches in the edge of the lid; for this purpose he must get two files, to procure which he must sell at least two more hats. This was a sad trial of Peter's patience. It was a whole week before he made his second journey to the town and bought the two files. But he had now a long job before him. Not being used to hard work, it was late in the evening before he had made a notch so deep as completely to cut away the head of the first screw, and there were nine screws in the lid.

His arms ached so much when he went to bed, that he could hardly sleep, and his wrists were so stiff the next morning that he made very little progress in his work during the whole day; but kept filing faintly—a little at one screw, and then a little at another. The third and fourth day, however, he seemed to have gained strength by labour; and after a week's toil, he filed away the head of the last screw. But, even now, the screws were so completely rusted into their holes, that he began to think all the force he could use would never make the lid move; at length a lucky blow drove the iron wedge a full inch under the lid, and after a great deal of twirling and hammering the box came open. And what was in it? Nothing at all! empty! quite empty!

With the hammer in one hand, and the wedge in the other, Peter stood staring into the box a long while, scarcely knowing where he was. At last he scrambled up out of the hold of the vessel, laid himself down upon the deck, and cried and sobbed for an hour or two. But he resolved he would not be laughed at for his disappointment, so he dried up his tears, slunk home when it grew dark, went to bed without taking his supper, and fretted till he fell asleep.

But Peter Simons had now learned to exert himself—his thoughts had been actively engaged for several weeks—he had felt the satisfaction of earning money by his own labour; he had broken the habit of lying in bed till breakfast-time; he had really become stronger by

hard work: in short, he could not bear the thought of living for the future as he had done, in wretched idleness. "Father," said he, "I should like to earn my living like other folks; I wish you'd put me to the blacksmith's to work."

Peter's wish was accomplished before he

had time to repent of it. He was put to work at the blacksmith's; in due time he learned the business well, and got the character of being a clever and industrious workman. When he was in business for himself he used to say, "I found all my good fortune in an empty box."

LIVES THAT SPEAK.

SECOND SERIES.

XI.—PROFESSOR FARADAY.

RACIDLY, and at a ripe old age, the wise and gentle Michael Faraday has passed from this life: and the regret of the scientific world will be shared by all sections of the public.

Faraday was one of the few connecting links between the past and present generations of scientific men. Born in Lord Derby's "pre-scientific age," he was contemporary with most of the men who popularized science both by teaching it to the general public, and by applying it to the uses of civilization. In his own person he represented rather the philosophical than the utilitarian aspects of science, its love of knowledge rather than its search for practical utility. A patient investigator, who pursued science for its own sake, and looked upon the investigation of nature's secrets as an almost sacred office or duty, he was one of the best examples of the truly scientific man.

His distinctions came to him, not by fortune, nor by favour, but in the right good English way of being won; won, too, by hard and constant effort, and with that resolution which is the bone and muscle of genius. Is there a young heart among us full of the eagerness and wonder which the glorious secrets of Nature evoke, burning to spend life in the study of her golden book, and extract therefrom great legacies of wisdom for mankind; yet in the meantime poor, humble, unknown, and without friends or means? Let him learn how Faraday fought his way out of such difficulties till there was no one to walk before him in all the broad road of science.

His father was a Yorkshire blacksmith, and the very schooling that Michael got outside the forge was of the horse-shoe order, rough and ready. It appeared to the smith that his son would make a pretty-fairish bookbinder; so to

bookbinding he was apprenticed. But nature will have her way, and, instead of tooling and lettering, the boy's mind was always running on the whispers of wonderful things which had caught his young ear. He made an electrical jar out of a phisic-bottle, and then a complete electrical machine, which, though it was built up with the poor boy's pence, remained long afterwards the useful companion and assistant of the famous philosopher.

By this time people began to see that book-binding was not exactly the right destiny for the thoughtful lad, and a Mr. Dance gave him tickets to the last four of a course of lectures on chemistry which Sir Humphrey Davy was delivering at the Royal Institution. Besides opening the Royal Institution to young Faraday, the tickets were his passports into the palace of science. He listened, took eager, careful notes, and went away longing to give up trade, and to be a servant and a seeker in these regions of boundless marvel. He wrote to Sir Joseph Banks, and got no answer; for blacksmiths are not the only persons, unhappily, who fail to recognize the children of genius when they see them. Then he wrote timidly to the great lecturer himself, inclosing his voluminous notes, fairly written out, and saying how he earnestly wished to be admitted to the study of philosophy, if there were any way. Sir Humphrey wrote back a stately but kind little epistle, with encouraging expressions of goodwill, signed "your obedient, humble servant;" and the correspondence ended in Faraday's getting a vacant assistantship at the Royal Institution. Ay, and merely conventional as it seems that the learned Davy should thus write himself "obedient, humble servant" to little "Mike Faraday," it came to pass, nevertheless, that the words at their

fullest meaning were not inharmonious with the truth. It was President Gilbert, of the Institution, who himself said to Davy, "The greatest discovery you ever made, Sir Humphrey, was the discovery of Faraday."

For once in his right place, which was the Royal Institution, the blacksmith's son and ex-bookbinder entered earnestly on the work he was made to do. No more hankering after something else beside the thing in hand; a little child that has got back from ugly strangers to his mother's knee, was not more happy and contented than Faraday when he had escaped from trade, and found himself safe among the apparatus, diagrams, experiments, books, and lectures of the Royal Laboratory. In truth, it was his mother's knee; for that bookbinding business was really a great horrid stranger who had wanted to keep him away, when Nature smiled him to her side; and then all his life long she kept on showing him wonderful secrets, which he told to those who cannot come so close to her as did this boy of the Yorkshire blacksmith.

But he had much to learn first himself; and all that while he kept silence. It was in 1813 that he entered the Institution, and not till 1827 that he published his book on "Chemical Manipulation." After this he worked hard at the manufacture of a perfect glass for optical purposes; then he told us new truths about "Acoustical Figures;" and then he made his good old friend, Sir Humphrey Davy, terribly jealous by discovering the mode of liquefying chlorine gas; a striking discovery, which did away with the old erroneous distinction between "gases and vapours." Finally he arrived at his chief and destined ground of action, the almost infinite field of electrical science. His admirable papers in the "Philosophical Transactions" largely extended our knowledge of that force which, under the various name of

electricity, galvanism, and magnetism, Faraday proved to be one and the same wide-spread influence—the life, as it were, of inorganic matter, involved in marvellous complicities with light, heat, and all the cosmic agencies.

It were vain so much as to attempt the merest catalogue of the victories achieved by Faraday's strong thought in this new region. No one can appreciate his work who does not know two things—the ignorance which prevailed on the subject of electrical science when Faraday began to labour, and the splendid, the aspiring generalizations which the lips of science are beginning to murmur, as the result, in a large degree, of what Faraday found out in regard to magnetism, diamagnetism, and the kindred laws that link light, heat, sound, and all the impalpable agencies which impress our nerves with the consciousness of sense.

Nor let anybody think that, as he thus unlocked for us chamber after chamber of the palace of science, he took upon him the airs of a major-domo in the golden entrances. Simple and modest to the last, as when he himself knocked at the outermost door, he was like Chaucer's gentle Olerke of Oxenforde, for "gladly wolde he lerne, and gladly teche." His lectures were chiefly famous for three characteristics: first, that nobody took more supreme pleasure in hearing the new and beautiful things he had discovered than he evidently did in telling them; secondly, that sooner than go one foot beyond the visible footmarks of truth, he would, though a theory were ever so tempting, wait for days, months, years—all his life long, in fact; and, thirdly, that he could talk and experiment together in such a perfect and natural way as to make the subtle elements slaves under his hands; as if they were looking up, like his audience, into his broad, strengthful, veracious British face, and listening and obeying.

CONVERSATIONAL FAULTS.

EVERY child is early admonished of the rudeness of interrupting a person while speaking. But why this caution should be confined to children we cannot imagine. Their rudeness is the least provoking of any. It is the exhibitions that we meet in genteel society that mar our comfort most and excite our surprise. Even

among adults we learn to be patient with impetuous natures, whose strong and ungoverned feelings, touched by some spark in your words, go off like bombs, past all power of restraint.

But the aggravated offenders are those who interject your conversation with comments and hints, or vexatious corrections, or meddling smartness, and so take from you all pleasure

of fluency. Just as you are coming to the nut of a story, they quietly drop a sentence which tells the whole, and leave you with only the mortifying remnants. Is it a jest that is loaded and in your hand? They slyly step behind you and pull the trigger, leaving you empty as an exploded gun-barrel.

Sometimes a single word, like a drop of ink in a tumbler of water, will change the colour of a whole statement. You cannot repel it, nor answer it, for it attacks nothing, says nothing positively, but only fixes in the mind certain suggestions.

There is an infliction of this evil, equally vexatious. It is when a shrewd lip comments in your ear, whisperingly or aside, upon the remarks or address to which you are listening. It may be that you are not of a retentive countenance. A ludicrous word, dropped just right, sets you into a laugh, irresistible just in proportion to its unpoliteness. You seem to mock the person speaking, while the arch-whisperer sits demurely, without blame, as innocent as a dove.

Yet less bearable are the comments of conceited persons upon some performance to which you wish to give your attention. While a symphony is performing, they interpolate it: "Sublime," "Fine, very fine, don't you think so?" "Rather dull, that." During a discourse they are perpetually setting their remarks upon your ears, bringing you back to consciousness, and to contempt. They sing in your ears like mosquitos, they alight upon you as flies in summer-days, only you are debarred the pleasure of aiming a good slap at them. It is seriously to be considered whether this is not a case where a hearty box on the ear

would not be entirely proper, moral, and reformatory?

But there is another rudeness which, if less frequent, is equally annoying. It is the rudeness of the talker, and not of the interrupter. Many will ask you a question and answer it themselves; they will find fault with you, and race forward with remarks so as to prevent any explanation; nay, they will aggravate the matter by putting stupid replies into your mouth, and then answering *them*. "Don't speak,—I know what you are going to say,—but it is not so, for,"—&c., &c.

Many persons have a very cool way of seeing what you think, and insisting upon it;—they saw it in your eyes, or in your face, and will permit no denial. Sometimes you are caught upon a turbulent stream of talk which sweeps you down in the most ludicrous way. You are whirled around, and overwhelmed with the rushing talk, which you cannot answer or get rid of or modify. A man of opposite politics pours at you for a half-hour, misstating your position, charging you with all manner of absurdities, exaggerating facts, and abusing you and your friends and your party, and all the world generally, while you are like a man being played on by a fire-engine,—dishevelled, soused, half-smothered, and rolled up into a ridiculous heap.

Ought not some mark to be put upon such men, to warn every one of their danger? We mark dangerous places on the highway; we put up a sign on a broken bridge; we warn people from a dangerous ford. And yet these are lesser dangers! Why should not men wear some badge significant of their propensities? Why not put signs upon dangerous people?

B.

A GREAT MAN'S MISTAKE;

OR, HINTS ON THE CHOICE OF A WIFE.

EXPERIENCE makes fools wise."

"Yes, aunt, it is said to do so; and therefore I confess that I am exactly the character to profit by it."

"I'm glad you've so much self-knowledge, John; your case is not yet desperate, I see."

"But, I suppose, aunt, it is the fool's own personal experience, and not anybody else's, that is to make him wise? And, it seems to me, that as matrimonial experience ordinarily

comes but once in a lifetime, that I cannot be much benefited by a wisdom that comes too late to mend matters. I must just do as hundreds, aye, thousands, do—take my chance in the lottery of marriage."

In this little conversation with my respected Aunt Debby, I am willing to own that I was inclined to be perverse. I had just attained to the dignity of twenty-one, and was, of course, assertive of my manhood; and I was secretly

annoyed at a check I had received from an old friend of my aunt's, an aged and retired captain in the merchant service, who, hearing that I had walked home once or twice from church with his orphan granddaughter, had sent her away to some of his relations, a hundred miles off, and notified to me, in a blustering style, which savoured more of the quarter-deck than the drawing-room—"That he did not approve of 'calf-love.'" I was so provoked at this tyrannical and insulting mode of procedure, that I determined to let Captain Stiff know that my attentions were not considered calf-love; for my landlady's sister, a young widow, who certainly did not look anything like ten years older than myself, and who had only three children—this lady honoured me by taking my arm on many occasions, until my Aunt Debby, coming somewhat suddenly to London, took lodgings opposite to mine, and made herself rather conspicuously cool, both to my obliging landlady and her really very superior sister.

I know it is a weakness of the female sex always to be suspecting entanglements that are to end in a church and ring; and Aunt Debby, being a maiden lady, was not without that suspicion. She was reputed to be a very sensible woman—as women go; and I certainly liked to hear her talk, for she had read and seen a great deal, and really had generally something at her tongue's end worth the saying. And I must say I had reason to love her; for she had been as a mother to me from the time of her sister's—my own mother's—death. Yes, I have a feeling, that some fellows of my acquaintance would, no doubt, call "a weakness," for Aunt Debby; though I recollect Laura, that's Captain Stiff's granddaughter, always said, in her sweet way, "John, I respect you for your affection to your good aunt."

But to return to the conversation over the tea-table in my room, about experience making fools wise; I was inclined, as I said, to be perverse, and to banter my aunt. I was a man now, and surely past her schooling. But when I talked about "chance," and the "lottery of marriage," I saw that she took it far more seriously than I meant it.

"Such sentiments have been the life-long ruin of multitudes," she said, putting down her cup, and looking me earnestly in the face.

"The fools, I suppose, that you spoke of?"

"No, John, not always fools; for it is very strange what follies in this matter the wise commit."

"Well, you, aunt, have never committed that folly."

I had scarcely said the words, when I was angry with myself; for it came like a flash to my recollection, that Aunt Debby had been engaged in her youth to a young man of great talent and worth, who had lost his life in attempting to save a child from a burning house. I looked down and coughed, to hide my confusion, but my aunt made no comment. After a little pause, I think to steady her voice, she said,—

"I was reading the life of a very great man lately, one as good as he was great; a man whose writings are valued as classics in the English language, and who was both loved and honoured by distinguished men in a learned age; and yet he contrived to bring down ruin on his personal happiness by a foolish marriage."

I saw my aunt was now in the full current of her narrative; and I listened, I own, with interest; for a wise man's folly has ever something of tragic in it.

"Yes," she continued; "I will for the present call him only by his Christian name, Richard. He was born of humble, honest parentage in Exeter; but, being a lad of wonderful talent and application, he was the chief scholar in the grammar-school of his native place; and his diligence and attainments won him patronage, so that he entered Corpus Christi College, Oxford; and, when he was but twenty years of age, he became the tutor of two youths nearly as old as himself; one of them the grand-nephew of Archbishop Cranmer. I mention this to show you the admiration in which he was held for learning; and yet the esteem for his piety was even greater. When Richard was twenty-eight he entered into holy orders. He was at that time fellow of his college, and professor of Hebrew. You have read of the sermons that in ancient times used to be preached at St. Paul's Cross, London. A pulpit outside the cathedral was so placed that a great concourse of people in the open air could gather round and listen, the weather-shelter over the pulpit acting as a sounding-board to concentrate and convey the voice. Some of the greatest preachers, and some of the most memorable sermons, in old and troubled times, are associated with the records of St. Paul's Cross. It seems that, near to St. Paul's, there was a certain house, at which the appointed preachers were received. It was called very appropriately, 'The Shunamite's House.' In passing now through the crowded

streets of the heart of the city, it is strange to think of the quaint edifices of old London, and to recall the tradition of the 'Shunamite's House.' A certain Master John Churchman, a trader who had come to poverty, being a worthy man, was appointed to keep the 'Shunamite's House;' and his wife was to attend on holy men entertained there. She was certainly no Shunamite; for, instead of thinking to promote the welfare of the men of God, she thought only of her own interests. One rainy Saturday Master Richard came to this abode, having made the journey from Oxford, on a wretched horse, through dreadful roads; and so cold, wet, and weary, that never was poor traveller in a worse plight for fulfilling a preaching engagement next day. Mrs. Churchman manifested all attention, but seasoned her nursing with remarks on the great care which so infirm a constitution as Master Richard's needed. Indeed, 'that it was best for him to have a wife, that might prove a nurse to him.' From this—the scholar's abstraction, or his gentleness, not reproving her impertinence—she proceeded to say, 'such a wife she could and would provide for him.' The noble nature that was so above all deceit, that it never understood or feared it in others, was won to gratitude by the apparent motherly kindness of this false woman, and he began to listen."

"Well, but, aunt," I interposed, "to choose a wife as a nurse; that was unworthy!"

"It was indeed a great error. A man should select a companion; one, who if she were not his wife, he would like to have as his friend. However, the guileless scholar was an easy prey. He had hitherto lived in a world of his own, and so became the dupe of a sordid woman and her shrewish daughter; for it was Joan Churchman whom her crafty mother had planned should be the wife of the learned writer."

"Yes, Aunt Debby, but as she had been commended as a nurse, and so accepted, was she one?"

"No. Had she fulfilled the promise of Mrs. Churchman, and had a reasonable care for her husband's comforts, it might have been some compensation; and yet I hold that a wife can never be merely the upper servant of her husband, without, in a certain sense, degrading him. She must, I repeat and abide by it, be his companion, if she is to uphold the dignity and honour of wifehood. Master Richard had to give up his fellowship, on marrying a woman described by one of his friends as

'clownish, silly, and, withal, a shrew.' Soon after, a Rectory in Buckinghamshire was given him, and thither he retired with his wife. He had so many ways of filling up his time, and his temper was so perfectly gentle, that all the misery of his condition was not, for a time, felt. What that condition really was ought to be a caution to all generations. His two former pupils, who remained his dear friends, Sandys and Cranmer, paid him a visit at his parish. They found him with a book in his hand, tending sheep in the field. His joy was great at seeing them, and with all hospitality he begged them to stay the night with him; and, as he entered the house, they promised themselves the refreshment of his company; but this was not to be, for the clownish wife soon broke in on the conversation with the call, 'Richard, come and rock the cradle.' So obvious were his discomforts, that his friends could not but observe them; and, at parting, were constrained to express their sorrow, to which Master Richard replied, 'If saints have usually a double share of the miseries of this life, I, that am none, ought not to repine.' Preferment soon after came. He was made Master of the Temple, a post he accepted with reluctance; for in London his wife would have her unpolished relatives—and though it is true that a man does not marry his wife's family, he can be both so annoyed and degraded by them, that it becomes a prudent man to weigh well the consequences of having new kindred. Soon after, he retired again into the country, preaching and living the Gospel in all earnestness and simplicity, but hindered, necessarily, in his usefulness; for those who could not estimate his merits, could see his mistake plainly enough; and the faults or blunders of superior people are not allowed to pass into oblivion. Great mental and spiritual consolations were granted him. His ecclesiastical writings were the admiration of the age, and a monument of diligence. Even those who differ from him have ever esteemed his talents and worth. But his domestic sorrows embittered his life. He died at the age of forty-seven; and, injudicious as he was, in one particular, he had the epithet bestowed on him of 'Judicious.'"

"Oh, you have been telling me of the 'judicious Hooker,' the author of 'Ecclesiastical Polity,'" said I.

"Yes, I have been trying to make the single but irreparable mistake of a very wise man, of some use to a simple one."

"Thank you. I think I must prove my perversity by showing that I am not so simple as you suppose. I agree with you, a wife should be a companion; and, as really valuable companions are not to be met with very easily, I can wait."

As I said this, I recollected that Laura was only eighteen. My aunt smiled, as if she was reading my thoughts; and, I added hastily, "What became of the widow of the great Richard Hooker?"

"She was not long his widow; she married a clown, who was also a tyrant, and ended her days miserably."

I was going to say, "Serve her right; I am glad of it;" but my aunt added, "It will be very sad, for the best of us, if we get our just recompense." And in that I am sure she was right. I thought so then, and I know it now, as I recall, after an interval of years, the conversation of that night; and look, at the other side of my cosy fire-place, at the face of my sweet bride, Laura—an undeserved blessing—a joy and a crown! All the more dear and precious, that I had to work and wait seven years before I won her.

C. L. B.

Science, Art, and History.

THE BEDOUINS.

(Continued from p. 447: See Frontispiece, p. 509).

THE diet of the Bedouins consists of various kinds of paste, made sometimes of flour and water unleavened, or of flour and sour camels' milk, or of rice and flour boiled with sweet camels' milk, or of bread, butter, and dates. Their bread is of two sorts, both unleavened; it is baked in round cakes upon a plate of iron, or by spreading out in a circle a great number of small stones, over which a brisk fire is kindled. When the stones are sufficiently heated and swept clean, the paste is spread over them and covered with hot ashes until baked. Wheat boiled with leaven and dried, and then, after a year's keeping, boiled with butter and oil, is a common dish throughout Syria. This is called burgoul.

For a common guest, bread is baked, and served up; if the guest is of some consideration, coffee is prepared for him, and *behatta*, or *ftita*, or bread with melted butter. For a man of rank, a kid or lamb is killed. When this occurs, they boil the lamb with burgoul and camels' milk, and serve it up in a large wooden dish, round the edge of which the meat is placed. A

wooden bowl, containing the melted grease of the animal, is put and pressed down in the midst of the burgoul, and every morsel is dipped into the grease before it is swallowed. If a camel should be killed (which rarely happens), it is cut into large pieces; some part is boiled, and its grease mixed with burgoul; part is roasted, and, like the boiled, put upon the dish of burgoul. The whole tribe then partakes of the delicious feast. Camels' flesh is more esteemed in winter than in summer, and the she-camel more than the male. The grease of the camel is kept in goat-skins, and used like butter.

The Arabs are rather slovenly in their manner of eating; they thrust the whole hand into the dish before them, shape the burgoul into balls as large as a hen's egg, and thus swallow it. They wash their hands just before dinner, but seldom after, being content to lick the grease off their fingers, and rub their hands upon the leather scabbards of their swords, or clean them with the *roffe* of the tent. The common hour of breakfast is about ten o'clock; dinner

or supper is served at sunset. If there is plenty of pasture, camels' milk is handed round after dinner. The Arabs eat heartily, and with much eagerness. The boiled dish set before them being always very hot, it requires some practice to avoid burning one's fingers, and yet to keep pace with the voracious company.

The women eat in the *meharrem* what is left of the men's dinner; they seldom are permitted to taste any meat, except the head, feet, and liver of the lambs.

Of the arts but little is known: two or three blacksmiths to shoe the horses, and some saddlers to mend the leather-work, are the only artists found even in the most numerous tribes.

"An Arab's property," says Burckhardt, "consists almost wholly in his horses and camels. The profits arising from his butter enable him to procure the necessary provisions of wheat and barley, and occasionally a new suit of clothes for his wife and daughters. No Arab family can exist without one camel at least; a man who has but ten is reckoned poor; thirty or forty place a man in easy circumstances; and he who possesses sixty is rich. I once inquired of an Arab in easy circumstances what was the amount of his yearly expenditure, and he said that in ordinary years he consumed—

Four camel-loads of wheat, piastres	200
Barley for his mare	100
Clothing for his women and children	200
Luxuries, as coffee, <i>kammerdin</i> , <i>debs</i> , tobacco, and half a dozen lambs .	200
	700

piastres, or £35 or £40 sterling."

Wealth, however, among the Arabs is extremely precarious, and the most rapid changes of fortune are daily experienced. The bold incursions of robbers, and sudden attacks of hostile parties, reduce, in a few days, the richest man to a state of beggary; and we may venture to say that there are not many fathers of families who have escaped such disasters.

The hospitality of the Bedouin is proverbial. To be a Bedouin is to be hospitable; his condition is so intimately connected with hospitality, that no circumstances, however urgent and embarrassing, can ever palliate his neglect of that social virtue.

The influx of foreign manners, however, by which no nation has ever benefited, seems to be pernicious in its effects upon the Bedouins,

for they have lost much of their excellent qualities in those parts where they are exposed to the continual passage of strangers. Thus, on the pilgrim road, both of the Syrian and Egyptian caravan, little mercy is ever shown to *hadjys* in distress. The hospitality or assistance of the Bedouins in those places can only be purchased by foreigners with money; and the stories related by pilgrims, even if not exaggerated, would be sufficient to make the most impartial judge form a very bad opinion of Bedouins in general. This is also the case in Hedjaz, and principally between Mecca and Medina, where the caravan travellers have as little chance of obtaining anything from the hospitality of the Bedouins on the road, as if they were among the treacherous inhabitants of the Nubian desert.

Yet even in those places a helpless solitary traveller is sure of finding relief; and the immense distance of space between Mecca and Damascus is often traversed by a poor single Syrian, who trusts altogether to Bedouin hospitality for the means of subsistence during his journey. Among such poor people as Bedouins generally are, no stronger proof of hospitality can be given than to state that, with very few exceptions, a hungry Bedouin will always divide his scanty meal with a still more hungry stranger, although he may not himself have the means of procuring a supply; nor will he ever let the stranger know how much he has sacrificed to his necessities.

Somewhat inconsistent with this spirit of hospitality is the inordinate love of gain and money which forms a principal feature in the Levantine character. This pervades all classes, from the Pasha to the wandering Arab, and there are few individuals who, to acquire wealth, would not practise the meanest or most illegal act. Thus with the Bedouin, the constant object of his mind is gain; interest appears the motive of all his actions. Lying, cheating, intriguing, and other vices arising from this source, are as prevalent in the desert as in the market-towns of Syria; and on the common occasions of buying and selling (where his *dakheil* is not required), the word of an Arab is not entitled to more credit than the oath of a broker in the bazaar of Aleppo.

The Arab displays his manly character when he defends his guest at the peril of his own life, and submits to the reverses of fortune, to disappointment and distress, with the most patient resignation. He is, besides, distin-

guished from a Turk by the virtues of pity and of gratitude, which the Turk seldom possesses. The Turk is cruel, the Arab of a more kind temper; he pities and supports the wretched, and never forgets the generosity shown to him, even by an enemy.

In his tent, the Arab is most indolent and lazy; his only occupation is feeding the horse, or milking the camels in the evening, and he now and then goes to hunt with his hawk. A man, hired for the purpose, takes care of the herds and flocks, while the wife and daughters perform all the domestic business. They grind wheat in the handmill, or pound it in the mortar; they prepare the breakfast and dinner; knead and bake the bread; make butter, fetch water, work at the loom, mend the tent-covering, and are, it must be owned, indefatigable; while the husband or brother sits before the tent smoking his pipe, or, perceiving that a stranger has arrived in the camp, by the extraordinary volume of smoke issuing from the *meharrem* (or women's apartment) of the tent, where the stranger has been received as a guest, to that tent he goes, salutes the stranger, and expects an invitation to dine and drink coffee with him.

The Arabs salute a stranger with the "*salam aleyk!*" (Peace be with you!) This they address even to Christians; if the stranger is an old acquaintance, they embrace him; if a great man, they kiss his beard. When the stranger has seated himself upon a carpet (which the host always spreads out for him on his arrival), it is reckoned a tribute of politeness due to the whole company that he should ask each individual how he does. The conversation then becomes animated; they ask the stranger

for news of his tribe and his neighbours, and the politics of the desert are discussed.

In matters of religion the Bedouins are lax Mohammedans. That peculiar form of Islamism which was originated in the latter end of the twelfth century by Abd el Wahab, sought to extend its influence over them. This may be described as a Mohammedan puritanism, incorporated with a Bedouin government, in which the great chiefs stand forth as political and religious leaders. This system reckoned among its followers some of the Bedouin tribes, who attached themselves to it with a view to the promotion of their own temporal interests. But when its power was broken by Mohammed Ali Pasha, they forsook it, and lapsed into greater irregularities than before. They are described by Burckhardt as "the most tolerant of Eastern nations;" yet it would be erroneous to suppose that an avowed Christian going among them would be well treated, without some powerful means of commanding their services. They class Christians with the foreign race of Turks, whom they despise most heartily. Both Christians and Turks are treated in a manner equally unkind, because their skins are fair, and their beards long, and because their customs seem extraordinary; they are also reckoned effeminate, and much less hardy than the tawny Bedouin.

Those Bedouin sheikhs who are connected with the government towns in the vicinity of their tribes, keep up the practice of prayer whenever they repair to a town, in order to make themselves respected there. But the inferior Arabs will not even take that trouble, and very seldom pray either in or out of town.

C. A. H. B.

THE HISTORY OF A FLEECE OF WOOL.

BY A PRACTICAL FARMER.



ONE hot day in the month of June a splendid Lincolnshire hogget was observed to be greatly oppressed with heat, and being "as silly as a sheep," was, of course, continually moving from place to place—now under the stately oak, now under the tall chesnut; then to the shady hedge, and again to the spreading trees; but the more he moved the hotter he grew, till he was wellnigh overcome; and well he might be, for he bore upon his back one of the most

valuable fleeces on record. At length the shepherd entered the field, and gently drove the noble fellow to the fold to be shorn, and presently he took off his fleece, which proved to be a large bundle of fine wool weighing full twenty pounds. It is the history of this identical fleece that I am about to give: or rather I intend to permit the fleece, in as concise a form as possible, to give its own history.

"I was grown" (said the fleece) "upon the

back of a splendid Lincolnshire hogget sheep, and was taken off and wound into a fleece on or about the 15th of June, 1863. The shepherd who took me from the sheep, spread me out to my greatest length and breadth; he then tore me into two parts, and, laying one half upon the other, rolled me up compactly. He next drew from my midst a sufficient length of my wool, which, being twisted, he put round me, and tied and tucked me into proper form, pronouncing me to be one of the finest fleeces, and weighing full twenty pounds. He proudly placed me in the 'pile.' I was there visited and admired by several 'wool buyers;' and the pile of wool was at length sold by my owner for the sum of sixty-three shillings per tod—my own value being taken to be about forty-eight shillings upon the day of weighing, i.e., allowing a trifle for my extra size and quality.

"I was speedily taken up to what are termed the manufacturing districts, and consigned to an intermediate man of business, called a wool-stapler, who 'assorts' wool, and thus prepares it for the manufacturer. He soon opened me out, and with his quick eye and delicate touch separated me into no less than ten different parcels, which he thus designated: the picklock, the prime, the choice, the super, the head, the downrights, the seconds, the abb, the livery, and the breech wool. For all these 'sorts' he had separate baskets into which they were thrown. To my credit be it known, I was subsequently found, with but trifling deduction, in the first four named baskets; so that, with the exception of small portions of me, that came from the head, legs, breech, &c., of the hogget, I was taken for sound good wool, and thus offered to the manufacturers.

"I was first bought by a spinner of woollen yarn, and sold as yarn to a manufacturer of alpaca cloths. According to my varied quality I was appropriated—the picklock for the finest qualities, and so in degree for the other qualities of alpaca cloths. Before, however, I was put under process of manufacture, an examination of my qualities took place. It was found that it would take above 500 of my fibres to cover the diameter of an inch; and the number of serrations or saw-like teeth of an inch in length of my fibres, would reach fully 1,860, or nearly 2,000 serrations per inch in length. This, I learned, made me so valuable in the manufacture to which I was now to be appropriated. The cotton admixture in these fabrics will not hold well together

except by the aid of the teeth of my fibres, which take hold of the cotton fibre in the process of weaving, and hold both together, thus making a sound and serviceable cloth.

"In the process of manufacture which I was compelled to undergo, I was first submitted to the process of dyeing, i.e., made to assume the colour I was intended subsequently to wear. I was then most unceremoniously subjected to what might in some circumstances be called a cruel operation; I was torn bit from bit, till I became separated into very minute portions. This was done by a machine known as '*the scribbler*,' which consists of a number of large wooden cylinders, placed horizontally on a frame, and almost touching each other, with smaller cylinders placed above them, and also nearly touching. To these a rotatory motion is given by steam power. These cylinders are covered with iron teeth, very minute and closely set, and slightly bent. They revolve in opposite directions, in close contact, so that the teeth work against or within each other. I was put into this machine, and was so tormented and torn to pieces, and transferred from one cylinder to another, that at last I came forth like a thin flake, of most gauze-like texture, having by this process lost my woolly appearance altogether. I was then taken to another tormentor called a 'carder,' having numerous cylinders, with wires, or teeth, of finer texture. I was again subjected to a similar process, but more definitely; for I now came forth in small rolls, about thirty inches long, and was immediately taken up by children, and dexterously put-to, and was joined upon the 'billy,' a sort of preparatory spinning for the spinning machine, technically called 'slubbing.'

"In this rough state I was next subjected to the spinning machine, where I underwent all the turnings and twistings and gradations, from that wondrously ingenious machine, necessary to draw me out into the finest and longest yarn, or thread, imaginable. I cannot state, or attempt to calculate, the enormous length to which my fibres were drawn out or extended. I, however, can give some reliable estimate, from what is authentically recorded in the books, of other spinnings, and from fibres much like my own. At Norwich, many years since, 39,200 yards, or 22½ miles, were spun from a pound of wool; and Miss Ives, of Spalding, Lincolnshire, spun 168,000 yards, or about 95½ miles, of woollen thread from a pound of wool, from a sheep the

produce of a Lincoln ewe. This was fifty or sixty years ago. What can be accomplished now? The quantity of yarn, or thread, spun from my fleece was, I would say, almost incredible.

"I was next handed over to the weaver, who, being determined to make the most of me, made me work up an unusual quantity of cotton, so that I was again spread out to a very broad extent; and the quantity of cloth made by my fibre, or yarn, and the yarns of my colleague, cotton, was also incredible. The fabric we jointly made, called 'fine alpaca,' was three feet wide, and was extended to the extraordinary length of at least six hundred and fifty yards. Nor was this the whole of my fleece; for though but little was found in the 'bad baskets,' yet that little sufficed for a few socks for the children who so dexterously manipulated me on the 'billy.'

"Well, I was now embodied into a fine alpaca cloth; and as such, it was my lot to be sold to a retail shopkeeper, resident in an old-fashioned country town, who introduced me to his customers as 'the newest thing out; both cheap and good, a substitute for silk as a dress, and not exceeding three shillings per yard.' This shopkeeper's beautiful fabric was considered fashionable. It took; and presently every lady in the town, together with most of their grown daughters, were clothed from my fleece, and that without exhausting his stock. The sum received by this shopkeeper for me, would be something like this (for I don't estimate my colleague very highly): The price of six hundred and fifty yards, at three

shillings per yard, would amount to ninety-seven pounds ten shillings; taking off one-third for my cotton colleague, just leaves for my manufactured fleece the sum of sixty-five pounds, which sum has been paid by those who wear me. Of course, it is understood that I was manufactured into one of the finest varieties of alpaca cloth, or I should not have attained such a high price in the original produce market, nor retained it in the retail trade.

"I was delighted, in the first instance, with the favour I received, and the price paid for me by the 'wool-buyer'—i. e., forty-eight shillings; but I never could have conceived that, by one means or other—call it transmigration, transformation, or transfiguration,—I could ever become of the value of sixty-five pounds, or, combined with my cotton colleague, ninety-seven pounds ten shillings. Little did I think of such a change of state, when I was quietly reposing on and adorning the back of the Lincolnshire hogget; nor could any of the eighty or ninety ladies in the quiet old country town, who at length wore me in all the broad expanse of crinoline, suppose that they were indebted to one single fleece for all their comeliness and beauty of dress. The thing, incredible as it appears, is, however, founded on fact, and I need only refer you to my manufacturer, to testify to the truth of it. If it had not been for skilled labour and perfected machinery, I should have been confined to the meanest sphere of usefulness; but by such aids I was enabled to diffuse my native warmth and beauty to almost every family in the old-fashioned town."

TREATMENT AND CONDITION OF WOMEN IN FORMER TIMES.

FROM the subversion of the Roman Empire to the fourteenth or fifteenth century, women spent most of their time alone, almost entire strangers to the joys of social life; they seldom went abroad, but to be spectators of such public diversions and amusements as the fashions of the times countenanced. Francis I. was the first who introduced women on public days to Court. In the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, the use of linen was not known; and the most delicate of the fair sex wore woollen shifts. In Paris they had meat only three times a week; and one hundred livres (about five pounds sterling) was a large portion for a

young lady. The better sort of citizens used splinters of wood and rags dipped in oil, instead of candles, which, in those days, were a rarity hardly to be met with. To ride in a two-wheeled cart, along the dirty rugged streets, was reckoned a grandeur of so enviable a nature, that Philip the Fair prohibited the wives of citizens from enjoying it. In the time of Henry VIII. of England, the peers of the realm carried their wives behind them on horseback, when they went to London; and in the same manner took them back to their country seats, with hoods of waxed linen over their heads, and wrapped in mantles of cloth to secure them from the cold.

Leaves from the Book of Nature: Descriptive Narrative, &c.

A THOUSAND AND ONE STORIES FROM NATURE.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

BY THE REV. F. O. MORRIS, B.A., RECTOR OF NUNBURNHOLME, YORKSHIRE, AND CHAPLAIN TO HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF CLEVELAND, AUTHOR OF A "HISTORY OF BRITISH BIRDS" (DEDICATED BY PERMISSION TO HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN), ETC., ETC.

THE PARTRIDGE.

CXII.

In the spring of this year (1867), my son brought from India a tame (?) red-legged hill partridge, which now runs about our garden, and is in very deed lord of the domain, for it drives all four-legged intruders out of its adopted territory. The moment our pet terrier runs down the lawn, out rushes "Tetah" (Hindustani for partridge), and attacks her with such persistent pugnacity that, although the dog sometimes attempts to assert an equal right to the turf by knocking the bird over with her paws, still "Tetah," nothing daunted, quickly returns to the charge, and, in the end, invariably comes off the conqueror—a feat proclaimed by a loud "chuck-a-chuck," repeated continuously till the enemy is out of sight, frequently pursuing "Motè,"* the dog, upstairs to the very top of the house. Some large Persian kittens, too, share the same fate, having hastily to decamp whenever "Tetah" catches a glimpse of them.

My son tells me that on the voyage home this courageous bird asserted a similar right to supremacy on deck, his especial object of attack being a large gander, which was always compelled to beat a retreat, and, ostrich-like, push his head into a place of safety, regardless of his tail, which was left exposed to the *pec-cant* propensities of his red-legged enemy.—*W. T. H., Hoddessdon.*

THE HONEY BUZZARD.

CXIII.

Of all the birds of prey with which I am acquainted the honey buzzard is apparently the gentlest, the kindest, and the most capable of attachment; it seems to possess little of the fierceness of that tribe. It will follow me round the garden, cowering and shaking its

* Hindustani for Jewel.

wings, though not soliciting food, uttering at the same time a plaintive sound, something like the whistle of the golden plover, but softer and much more prolonged. Though shy with strangers, it is very fond of being noticed and caressed by those to whose presence it has been accustomed. In the same garden there are three lapwings, a blue-backed gull, and a curlew. The plovers are often seen with the buzzard sitting in the midst of them showing no signs of caution or apprehension, but seem as if they were listening to a lecture delivered by him. The gull frequently retires into the garden house, probably to enjoy the society of the buzzard. The garden is not the garden of Eden, and yet these birds, of different natures, habits, and dispositions, appear to live in perfect harmony, peace, and good fellowship with each other.

THE ASS.

CXIV.

At Ostend, when the market women, who are there particularly kind and lenient to their donkeys, come from the country with vegetables and other articles for sale on a market day, these donkeys are put altogether into a barn or large stable; and when the door is opened, after the market is over, they all scamper away, and never stop till they reach each its proper owner in the market place, ready and willing to carry their mistresses home, and whatever else they may choose to lay on their backs.

THE BLACKBIRD.

CXV.

Mr. Shand, merchant, Dufftown, has a blackbird, got last season, from a nest in his garden, which whistles several tunes with extraordinary clearness and accuracy. In particular, he whistles "The Quaker's Wife" in a style that attracts the attention of the passers-by. The bird is as sensible as he is gifted; for the other

Songs of the Garden.

BY MRS. ELLIS, AUTHORESS OF THE "WOMEN OF ENGLAND."

X.

The First to Die.

BELOVED and lovely are the flowers that fall,
At once struck down by autumn's early chill;
Of the fair garden sisters, first of all
To feel the hand whose icy fingers kill.
Beloved and lovely are the first who die
While noonday sunshine lingers soft and warm,
While darkening clouds rest in the distant sky,
Nor wakes the anger of the sleeping storm.
We deem them lovelier, that no eye may see
The wasting of their petals, one by one.
In the lone darkness, and the mystery
Of midnight silence, death's cold work is done.
Perchance with them the evening sun went down
In cloudless splendour, smiling to his rest,
Tinging with glory many a flowery crown,
And scattering gold o'er many a starry crest.
So passed the heliotrope, unseen in death:
Twilight had left her blooming on her bed;
So her last sigh of almond-scented breath
Floated away, and morning found her dead.
So the tall dahlia bowed her head and died;
And we who had not praised her charms before,
When the first frost of autumn smote her pride,
Told of her beauty, though she bloomed no more.
Thus, when the light of human life and love
Fades in a moment, ah, how bright it seems!
In memory's pictures beautiful, above
All that the minstrel sings, or poet dreams.
Gone from the flowery paths—for ever gone!
And yet we never knew them less than fair!
We never saw the dismal grey steal on,
To scatter ashes o'er their sunny hair.
Call not such partings sad. The first to die
May be the meekest for the marriage-feast;
Wakeful, and ready for the midnight cry,
May pass unquestioned in, a welcome guest.

Sad Tidings.

WHENCE more, my garden friends, I come
to bring
My heart's sad burden and distress to you.
Cease, little birds, I would not hear you sing;
I only want to sit beneath the yew,
And see, far off among the walks and bowers,
The graceful wreathing of my favourite flowers.
I want to breathe my sorrow, all unheard,
Save by those silent listeners—friends of old:
I cannot bear the warble of the bird,
Who never knew a joy or grief untold:
But the still flowers, their songs are soft and low,
In tones of beauty answering to my woe.
My brother—he of radiant look and mien,
Who played beside you when a laughing boy,
Who loved the garden walks, the woods of green,
And echoed back their summer songs of joy—
My brother sleeps far off, where palm trees wave
In fitful shadows o'er his lonely grave.
His foot, that lightly trod the shining ways
Of life, too little caring where it strayed,
Will never more, as in those early days,
Seek the home garden,—rest beneath its shade,—
Or spring elastic o'er some flowery bed,
Eager to follow where the sunshine led.
My brother died alone. The friend who kept
Untiring watch within his humble cot,
O'er wearied, for a few brief moments slept,
Then woke, and called him, but he answered not:
Yet sure he thinks those blessed words had come,
"Enter, poor prodigal, thy Father's home."
My brother's grave is on a far-off coast;
But, since I know at evening there was light,
I cannot call our loved one dead or lost,—
Only gone from us in the silent night;
Gone in his beauty, like the flowers that lie
Struck down by early frost—the first to die.

The Home Library.

Sermons preached at King's Lynn. By the late
REV. E. L. HULL, B.A. Third Edition.
London: James Nisbet and Co.

Refinement of style, freshness of thought, beauty of expression, and force of reasoning, will make these sermons attractive to all readers. But the spirit of sanctified experience which pervades them, and the power with which the writer grasps and grapples with those metaphysical difficulties which serve so largely to make up some men's discipline of probation, give them a special value. The author, it appears, died at the early age of one-and-thirty. His manuscripts were not revised by himself, and the sermons are partly reported from notes only. These disadvantages, however, have not deprived the sermons of a distinct and unbroken line of thought, and have rather added to that reality and closeness of appeal which more scholarly preparation might have hindered. The closing sermon is a very remarkable one, and the retired—we might almost say unknown—career of the gifted preacher affords a striking illustration of the truth which it enforces.

An extract from this sermon will show that our high opinion of the volume has not been too strongly expressed. The text is, "*Then shall the righteous shine forth as the sun in the kingdom of their Father.*" The argument, turning on the word "*then*," is thus stated:—

"Our Saviour seems to imply that *until then* the glory of the righteous must be, in a measure, concealed. He appears to teach us that in this world righteous men are seen imperfectly—clouded by their frailties, and veiled in the garment of the flesh; and that it is only *then*, when the story of the world has ended, that the light which is in them shall break forth in all its splendour."

After pointing out how truly this concealment of the glory of the righteous is a reality, the author proceeds to inquire into the *reasons* of the concealment. Two reasons are advanced, the one rising from the nature of righteousness in man; the other from the discipline by which it is perfected. We give the treatment of these two reasons:—

"(1.) We find the first reason in the nature of the only true righteousness in man.

"To perceive this, start the question, What is the righteous man? In the absolute sense of the word, to be righteous is to have so strong a sympathy with that which is everlastingly right and true, that no temptation to the wrong could make the man swerve aside, though it were backed by all the allurements of the world and all the forces of hell; it is indeed to

choose what the righteous God has chosen, and crush down the hesitation of self-will, and do what He has willed, although the whole universe stood as His foe; it is to have the whole body, soul, and spirit controlled by the love, and baptized in the purity, of the Eternal.

"But in that absolute and literal sense there never has been, nor can be, a righteous man upon earth, and hence the question returns, In what sense is man the sinner made righteous? In what way does he become so? The answer brings in that great paradox of Christianity which contains in itself one great secret of the present concealment of the glory of the godly. Man becomes righteous by denying his own righteousness, and accepting that of another. So long as a man claims any fragment of righteousness in himself, as his own, he will find his trusted virtues fade into the withered rags of self-glory, and his fancied power melt before the first great temptation that flashes on his way. It is when he feels that he *is* nothing, *has* nothing, and can *do* nothing; it is when, under that crushing sense of shameful impotence, he catches sight of Christ crucified, and commits himself utterly to Him, that he begins to be righteous and holy. The old mystery, 'I am crucified with Christ: nevertheless I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me'—in its intense utterance of self-renunciation and trust in another, expresses the secret of all the righteousness that can ever live in a human soul. For it is by that act of self-renouncing faith that the heavenly power of Christ enters a man's spirit. 'He lives in me,' such a man may say, 'and, therefore, by renouncing my own might, I have a might that can dash every temptation from my career. I own myself dead, and then, looking on Him, His living Spirit streams into my nature, and the holy, tender, victorious life of Jesus becomes manifest in my mortal flesh. By feeling that I have *nothing*, I begin to have *all things*; and God, whose far-seeing eye reads in that new life of faith the germ of a perfect and eternal purity, declares me to-day a righteous man.'

"Taking that as the Christian idea of the nature of righteousness, you will perceive at once why the glory of the righteous is so greatly hidden now. Our faith is, as yet, only the germ of a new creation, and often it is cradled in tears, and made strong by storms. The very cares and duties attending our existence on this earth will tend sometimes to lessen our believing surrender to Christ; and we maintain it only by resisting their power. It is hard to maintain that upward look at the Saviour by which we grow righteous; we are tempted to look into our own experiences, and, trusting *them*, our purity ceases to grow. We fancy, in our hours of excited emotion, that we are strong enough to meet temptation; we try, and we fall, and learn, through bitter tears, how hard it is to keep that constant self-renunciation by which alone we become right and true. Slowly, very slowly, through struggle and through storm, are we changed by faith into righteous men; and who, then, can marvel if, amid that life-long conflict, our glory is but dimly seen? The germ of the golden grain is within the believer

already, though the hour of its brilliant maturity has not yet come. The morning dawn of the light that shall 'shine forth in the kingdom of the Father,' is rising in his spirit even now, but the clouds and storms of the early life yet veil it, and only the stray beams of its glory break upon our view.

"(2.) We find a second reason for this concealment in the discipline by which the righteous are perfected.

"We have seen that by faith we become righteous. Start, now, the question, how that faith is to become deepened?—and in the everlasting law of our nature, that faith grows strong only by trial, you have at once another source of the concealment of the glory of the righteous soul. For the man whose inward life is one upward glance at Christ must learn to look on Him with intenser steadfastness, by passing now and then through the valley in which the 'horror of great darkness' besets him behind and before, and voices of doubt whisper in the gloom. The heart that is to be kept surrendered to the Saviour must reach its full surrender by the shattering of its hopes and loves, and learn, through tears wept over vanished idols, that nothing but the Eternal Love can satisfy its passionate desires. The spirit that, walking by faith, follows the path of the Redeemer, must be trained by sharp unrest, and the sad sense of homelessness, to that pilgrim life that finds a home nowhere but in the mansions of eternity.

"Here, in that law—faith grows by trial—we find the solution of the mystery that has perplexed the thinkers in all ages—viz., the peculiar trials of the righteous. Unspiritual, worldly men, beholding the sorrows of the Christian Saint, imagine they are judgments for secret sin. No! a thousand times no! They form the discipline by which the faith of the righteous soul is purged from earthly mists and gifted with heavenly vision.

"But this necessary discipline of their faith inevitably conceals their glory. The world's eye sees little beauty in the crown of thorns, and is unable to perceive the grandeur of the faith that accepts the sorrow of the heaviest cross for the sake of the Christ it cannot see. There are, indeed, flashes of spiritual glory, beaming now and then from the Christian spirit in its agony, that are too bright to be concealed; but, usually, the mass of men are unable to hear the undertone of heavenly music that thrills through the cry of Christian sorrow, or detect the robes of the heavenly palace beneath the garments of great tribulation.

"We cannot see this ourselves when we are the subjects of trial. When by some gigantic sorrow a whole world of hope and affection is suddenly swept away—when our highest and noblest efforts are broken into failures,—in those hours we are merely stunned and overwhelmed by grief, and it is not easy—nay, it is almost impossible—to see the glory brightening in the inner man, that at last shall 'shine forth as the sun in the kingdom of the Father.'"

A True Briton. The Story of a Life. London: Jarrold and Sons.

Christian patriots should take a note of this tract. By circulating it they will promote true

reform. Whatever the result of the recent extension of the franchise may be—whether "the leap in the dark" will bring us to firmer ground or not—there can be no doubt whatever, that our national prosperity would be promoted by the general adoption of such counsel as this:—

"The inborn love of home and country should make us feel that the welfare of the nation depends upon the way in which our homes are conducted; so that every man in his capacity as husband and father, to say nothing of more public duties, should feel that he is, in a measure, responsible for the well-being of the country."

The following words are quoted as having been addressed by "one of the highest-minded teachers of our age" to a company of working men. We wish every voter would get them by heart, and resolve to act upon them:—

"The possession of a vote gives to the working-man a solemn responsibility. Let us not be told that the injury done by a wrong vote is small; it is not so that we measure responsibility. If there be a million voters, and a man votes corruptly, it is true it is but the millionth part of the injury which may arise from a bad law that is attributable to him; but responsibility is measured not by the amount of injury which results, but by the measure of distinctness with which the conscience has the opportunity of distinguishing between right and wrong. That man is not worthy of a vote in this country who gives his vote to the temptation of a bribe; neither is he worthy who bribes a man to vote against his conscience. That man is not worthy of a vote who intimidates another; nor is he worthy who suffers himself to be intimidated. That man misuses his privilege who corrupts by exclusive dealing; so does he who votes solely from self or class interest."

The Parish Tune Book. A selection of useful psalm and hymn tunes for various metres. Compiled by G. F. CHAMBERS, F.R.A.S., of the Inner Temple. The harmonies revised by R. REDHEAD. London: Warne and Co.

The title of this Tune Book best describes it. The selection is excellent, and will supply the lack of peculiar-metre tunes which has so long been felt. The amount of labour the work has entailed may be judged from the fact that the compiler states he has sifted no less than two thousand tunes to get two hundred!

Hymns. By H. B. London: Crocker and Cooper.

One of these hymns will be found in our present number. The others are quite equal to it in excellence.



A Forest Scene in Madagascar

The Christian Home.

WOMAN'S FAITH;

OR,

PRAISE AND BLAME.

BY MRS. ELLIS, AUTHORESS OF "THE WOMEN OF ENGLAND," ETC.

CHAPTER XI.

MARGARET COURTENAY had said truly that she hated mysteries, especially such as created a feeling of doubt towards those whom it was necessary to her happiness that she should implicitly believe, and entirely trust. Yet it seemed, just at this period of her life, as if her appointed and peculiar trial was to be surrounded by mysteries. Archy Dunlop had been a mystery to her. The reports which she was continually hearing about his brother were a still greater mystery. She was beginning to understand the former case—the latter remained inexplicable. Again and again Margaret had turned a deaf ear to these reports, and when compelled to hear, had cast them from her, and mentally trampled them under foot. But they rose again; and now the letter with the well-known handwriting which she had seen with her own eyes—that also must be got rid of as evidence against her friend; for why should he *not* write to the young woman with directions for her journey, without culpability on his part, or shame on hers?

In this state of mind, and without the least ray of light having been thrown upon the subject, Margaret was obliged again to leave the place where alone she could expect to obtain any explanation of this, the grand mystery of all. But although she did so with feelings much disturbed, her faith was still unshaken. It was not possible that it

should be shaken except by evidence which had not yet been manifest to her, that Harry Dunlop was capable of base and deliberate deception.

Thus, then, there lay before her all the long months of another autumn, winter, and spring, to be spent not in the most congenial companionship, and during which she knew that she would be continually subjected to the annoyance of hearing what she did not want to hear—of listening to injurious and unfounded surmises which she had no sufficient means of disproving.

Perhaps there is no human condition more trying to the temper or more injurious to the disposition than this; and Margaret, if not really irritable, was naturally impetuous and indignant whenever she was placed in contact with injustice and wrong. How, then, through all the long months—the winter months which lay before her, was she to keep up the sunshine of her life under these circumstances?

Happily Margaret found something to do. Not long after leaving Eastwick, at the end of the summer, she received a long confidential letter from Archy Dunlop. It was discontented and querulous in its tone, as if the writer considered himself the most unfortunate of human beings—as if all things were against him—as if nothing in his case was or could be of any use. But all this, uncomfortable as it was in the reading, did not deter Margaret from answering the letter freely and fully; for so long as Archy would

pour out his heart in his letters to her, she felt it her bounden duty to keep up the correspondence in the same frank and earnest manner. Indeed, each succeeding letter, sad as it was, afforded her hope; and that hope by degrees assumed the character of faith—faith that he who had been so cared for in early life, so prayed for in the simplicity and tenderness of parental love, would not be left in his hour of darkness to sink lower and lower until past recovery.

Here, also, Margaret had faith; and all through the time of separation she made this her chief duty, to deal as kindly as she could, and yet firmly and faithfully, with this poor troubled heart and broken spirit, in order to bring about again a cheerful appreciation of the wise and merciful government of God in His dealings with His rebellious children. Here indeed faith was especially needed, as all can testify who have made the experiment of labouring to bring about this desired result with a diseased mind, and perverted understanding.

Inexperienced as Margaret was in dealing with any great variety of mental disorder, it was both a surprise and a disappointment to her to find that Archy—the gentle, tender-spirited Archy—should be so difficult to persuade; in the first place, that he had himself been seriously culpable, and in the second, that there must be no excuses and no half-measures in his return to uprightness and peace. Yet all who have had much to do with characters like Archy's must have found that, the influence of praise and blame having once led them wrong, they seem to enter into a perfect labyrinth of false reasoning, and mixed motives, every attempt at disentanglement from which appears only to plunge them deeper into hopeless confusion.

Such, however, is the result of mere human effort—of reasoning—of persuasion—even of plain dealing as with a rational being. Happily, there is other and more powerful help always at hand. And in treating this most perplexing case, Margaret was brought more earnestly than ever in her life before to seek that higher help without which she did not venture to expect success.

We are seldom long unhappy when trying

to do good; and with this subject occupying many of her graver moments, Margaret did not find the winter pass so wearily as she at first anticipated. Indeed, such is the effect of all earnest endeavours to serve our fellow-beings, especially to serve them where their highest interests are concerned, that a certain cheerfulness attends our labours, and even a peace of mind beyond what any outward circumstances could produce.

Thus months and weeks passed on; and when at last the actual time seemed approaching very near for the Andersons again to make their summer visit to the seacoast, Margaret began secretly both to hope and to fear what this visit might bring to light. Mr. and Mrs. Anderson liked the place so well, that subsequently to their last visit they had purchased a small house situated very near the rectory; and consequently it was no longer a matter of doubtful consultation as to where they should spend their summer months. Hitherto the weather had almost always been favourable during their stay at Eastwick. Had they known what storms were sometimes experienced there, long before the time when visitors generally begin to think of winter, they would probably have been more cautious in laying out their money upon a tenement so exposed to the north and east. This year they were destined to understand the climate and the situation better. The summer throughout was ungenial, and Mr. Anderson, having early caught a rheumatic cold, became a confirmed invalid, unable to leave the house.

All things externally looked dreary in the extreme; and not only was there but little sunshine on the landscape and the sea, but no light had yet dawned upon Margaret's mystery. Rather the contrary, for fresh clouds had gathered, and even the Godwin scarcely spoke of Harry Dunlop now.

"You see, my dear," said Mrs. Godwin, when talking confidentially one day with Margaret, "I could have withstood anything but this. But one day when Mr. Godwin called to see James Halliday, who has been ailing a good deal lately, and certainly is not the man he was, he showed him part of a letter from his niece, which

stated that on her arrival at New York, Harry Dunlop met her on board the vessel, and took, as she said, the kindest care of her and her things."

"And why should he not?" exclaimed Margaret.

"Why *should* he, my dear? Why should the girl go to New York at all, only by his directions, as her uncle says she did. And why should James Halliday smile and chuckle, and look significantly when he showed the letter, if there was nothing in it?"

"Because," said Margaret, "he is a story-telling, mischief-making, and altogether horrid man!"

"My dear girl," said Mrs. Godwin, laying her hand reprovingly upon Margaret's arm, "you must not be so hasty. Remember that Mr. Godwin saw the letter himself."

"Saw *part* of a letter," replied Margaret.

"The other part," said Mrs. Godwin, "he was told related only to family matters. Besides, was not what he did see quite enough?"

"I do not pretend to understand the exact facts," Margaret said, after considering a little while; "but I feel as sure as I ever did that Harry stands clear of all treachery and meanness. Indeed, if he were guilty, do you believe the girl would have betrayed even so much as that part of the letter disclosed?"

"If it was all so arranged as that they should be married immediately on Nelly's arrival, it would not matter," observed Mrs. Godwin, not appearing to notice the sudden start which Margaret gave when she said this. "You see, there might be nothing really bad, as the world judges of people's actions, in the transaction. Tom Lawson might have given the girl up; and if she is now the wife of Harry Dunlop, the less we say, and the less we think about it, the better."

"Decidedly," said Margaret, very promptly, and then she became silent, for she at least had no wish to hear more. It was of no use saying, "If they were married," or, "Tom Lawson might have given the girl up." It was bad to Margaret, and she could not see

it otherwise. It was even bad that Harry Dunlop, her hero, should choose a wife from a social position so much beneath his own; only, whenever she turned this over in her thoughts, she recollected that in Canada such a wife might possibly be more suitable to a farmer than a lady would be; and let us not judge her hardly if, when this thought presented itself, she sometimes said to herself, with a slight touch of bitterness—"But why not have both? There are hands that would have worked for him amongst those whose companionship he could not have despised." Not that her faith was giving way. As tenaciously as ever she held by the belief that Harry Dunlop was honourable, just, and true. Yet still, when alone, the question would come again and again—"But why did he go on board that ship to meet the girl himself? Why not send the man to meet her who was to be her husband?"

Such thoughts, though womanly, were certainly not wise, and Margaret struggled hard to drive them away, often rousing herself by a determined effort to do some present duty, which is always the sure defence against troublesome and useless thoughts. And in a high degree Margaret possessed the happy art of finding many duties. She could associate herself closely, and with a real interest, with all human beings whose companionship was neither repulsive nor degrading. Thus she became the confidant of many, and in this close intercourse found the way to help them.

Mrs. Godwin was always glad of help in her parish duties amongst the ignorant and the poor, and Margaret found a wide sphere of usefulness here. Agnes was especially thankful for help, and Margaret's stronger and more decided character afforded her the kind of encouragement and support which she most needed. But especially poor Archy wanted help, and Margaret's cheerful, healthy tone of conversation had the happy effect of rousing him out of that despondency which seemed to have been settling upon him during the time which had elapsed since she saw him last.

But beyond the hope of help which

Margaret's companionship always afforded, there was something about her which drew out the close secrets connected with the inner life of those with whom she lived on familiar terms; and she had not been long at Eastwick before Archy laid before her, in the deepest confidence, a little romance of his own life which had been the cause of a tender melancholy still brooding over his spirit, and, as he believed, destined to brood there for ever.

Deprived, as he had been for many months, of the accustomed exercises necessary to healthy youth, confined in great measure to the house, and to the society of gentle-spirited and amiable women, he had very naturally nursed his old partiality for Agnes Godwin into a warmer attachment; and in an unguarded moment, when her manner towards him appeared more tender than usual, he had told her of his love.

But this disclosure had not been received even with compassion. Agnes was surprised at his folly, and she showed that she was so. Nay, there was something bordering on contempt in her manner, which poor Archy, attributing it entirely to his lameness and to the crippled appearance he must always make, laid afresh to his sad heart, until he was thrown back into a state of despondency from which it seemed impossible to rouse him.

In telling his tale to Margaret, which he did with a simplicity which almost betrayed her into smiling, while Archy looked as if he expected her to weep, he added, in tones of the deepest melancholy, "I might have known, if I had not been the greatest simpleton alive, that no woman would ever marry a poor disfigured object like me; only I fancied in my folly that some women were heroic enough even for that."

"Oh, Archy," Margaret exclaimed, "it was not that at all! I don't believe Agnes even thought of your lameness. Besides, it really is nothing, or next to nothing, in the way of disfigurement. If you would exert yourself a little more, and try to walk, and not lie brooding over your miseries as you do, I believe you would almost forget it yourself, and I am sure I should."

"Do you think Agnes would?"

"Certainly she would. But, Archy, you must not misunderstand me. Shall I tell you a very plain truth?"

"Tell me anything. You cannot make me more unhappy than I am."

"Well, then, I must speak out fully what I have often hinted before. Agnes knew of that sad fall of yours, by hearing it described in the worst and most ungenerous manner. I do not mean the mere bodily fall which caused your lameness, but your moral fall—all the degrading circumstances by which it was attended when you lost your hold of what was true and just and noble, and associated yourself with unprincipled companions, and tried to win their favour, and delighted in their praise. I call this your fall; but, thank God, it is not a fall beyond recovery. Agnes knew of all this, and you are aware how she had been brought up to love and reverence all that is pure and good. No wonder if she saw you in a light even more unfavourable than you deserved—no wonder if she cannot see you again as you used to be."

"Ah, that is what I am continually grieving over—if I could only be again as I used to be!"

"Don't distress yourself about that, Archy. It is impossible. But I can tell you of something better than that—something better, and yet quite attainable."

"I wonder what. But you are an enthusiast, Margaret, and talk of things possible to others, yet impossible to me."

"No; I mean what is quite possible to you. I mean that you shall gather, as it were, your better self up again—that you shall be all the stronger and the wiser for what has passed."

"But not the same."

"No, certainly, not the same; nor is it altogether desirable that you should be the same, for now we know how much vanity and weakness there was in your character."

"And yet how many friends I had then, whose good opinion was the joy of my life."

"Still, Archy, we did not thoroughly know you. You did not know yourself. The facts of your school-life, however pain-

ful and humiliating—nay, however wrong in themselves—have done this good,—they have brought the truth to light; they have proved how weak you are—I may say how weak we all are, when we take our affairs into our own hands—when we put away the thought of Him who is the only safe Guide, and submit our actions only to the praise and blame of those who are as weak, and perhaps more wicked, than we are ourselves. Perhaps, Archy, you only *seemed* a good boy before this happened. You must have been a weak, vain boy, or you would scarcely have been overcome by temptation as you were. Suppose you rise up now, and, with the strength that God will give you, become stronger from the knowledge of yourself and of the world which you have obtained by this sad experience—strong for duty and help and Christian service; and the more strong, because you will be humble now. Yes, Archy, we are never really strong until we have learned to walk humbly before God; and perhaps this is what you were not doing before your fall. But come, we have talked long enough for this morning. What do you say to a walk with me on the seashore?"

"I walk so slowly, nobody likes to walk with me."

"Yes, I do, Archy. I like it very much. I like it for your own sake; and I like to think that those good parents and relatives of yours, who cannot help you themselves, would like that you should have a sister in me. For you know I have neither parents nor brothers nor sisters myself. You must, therefore, believe me, dear Archy, that I am happy walking ever so slowly with you, for I know the fresh air does you good; and if you do feel a little tired sometimes, it is better than this idle brooding over past miseries, which brings no good either to yourself or to any one else."

Margaret was so intent upon drawing her companion out into the fresh air, and at the same time making the walk easy and pleasant to him, that she paid little attention to the direction which their steps were taking. It was enough for her that they led down to the beach, where a fresh, healthy breeze was

blowing, and dashing up the waves in a long line of rolling billows and snowy foam. Archy managed extremely well. He could walk a great deal better than he thought he could; and Margaret was more than ever convinced that a little bodily as well as mental rousing would be the thing to do him good.

Occupied with these thoughts, and with a pleasant kind of chat, by which she endeavoured to beguile the time, so as to lead her companion on, she became at length aware that they were approaching a little sheltered hollow lying under the cliff, where James Halliday's cottage was situated, and where other boats beside his own were drawn up on the beach, this being a favourite spot with the fishermen, who were now beginning to look anxiously at the weather, and the more so as the summer months seemed to be passing without much hope of their accustomed harvest of the sea.

"I did not observe where we were going," said Margaret, suddenly recollecting that of all men James Halliday was the one least agreeable for her to meet. "Perhaps we had better turn back before you are too tired, Archy."

"I am too tired already," replied her companion. "I must ask James Halliday to let me rest in his cottage. I have often rested there, or in his old boat, where I used to sit watching him at his nets."

"I don't think I should like to do either," said Margaret.

"Why not?" Archy asked, with perfect simplicity. "Harry used to come here. James Halliday and he were great friends; and Nelly Armstrong and he were great friends too. I want to ask after Nelly; it is so long since I heard about her."

Margaret, turning away her face to hide the expression which she could not otherwise conceal, was on the point of saying that she, at any rate, must return. But while thinking of the means of escape, James Halliday himself overtook them, and with a cordial recognition of Archy, asked him to go into the house and rest awhile, for "to sit in the boat," he said, "with such a wind blowing, might not be so pleasant as it used to be

when his old friend Harry was in the neighbourhood."

"His old friend!" said Margaret to herself, while a rush of indignation deepened the colour which the brisk wind had brought into her cheeks. "I suppose I must bear it," she added, mentally, as Archy followed the man into his cottage. Here a scene of confusion and discomfort presented itself, which reminded the visitor forcibly, by contrast, of the time when the neat-handed Nelly presided there; and he asked the fisherman with lively interest about his niece—when she left him, how long she had been married, and many other questions, from the nature of which it was easy to discover that he, at least, remained in total ignorance of what was reported to be the real state of the case.

This ignorance was accounted for by Archy's illness and long confinement to the house. "But *she* knows better," thought the fisherman, and, with a knowing wink to Margaret every now and then, he carried on the conversation, not certainly saying in so many words that Nelly was married to Harry Dunlop; yet, by winks and smiles and many expressive gestures, he so managed as to make this piece of information reach the ear which he most wanted it to reach, and that in a very intelligible manner.

Margaret understood the man's meaning perfectly; but a spirit of resistance made her keep saying to herself, "I don't believe a word of it;" at the same time that she maintained a guarded silence. Perhaps it was a little haughtily maintained, for the man seemed piqued into saying more than was necessary; and what he did say was accompanied by an air of triumph which rendered the interview altogether more irritating to Margaret than she knew how to bear. To act on the defensive, however, is less difficult when we see that an ill-natured attack is intended: and Margaret being assured of this, maintained a calm demeanour to the end. What the man said, and his triumph in saying it, was intended for her. All his winks and nods and disgusting smiles were behind Archy's back; while he who had never heard the story, nor enter-

tained the most remote suspicion that such a story could be told of his brother, remained unconscious of the meaning of the words which reached his ear in a dull and confused manner.

Archy was thinking of other things—dreaming his own life over again into the past. It seemed to him that the miserable interior of the cottage, which he had once known so neat and cosy, was not more changed than his own life was changed. He called back the image of his brother; he heard again his joyous laugh; and as he dwelt again upon bygone scenes of boyish enterprise and harmless gaiety, tears of actual weakness, as well as sorrow, gathered in his eyes: for it seemed to him as little likely that he, in his own feelings and character, should be restored to what he had been, as for the revolting aspect of the fisherman's home to be exchanged for the look of rest and comfort which he and his brother had so often found there.

"And the man himself," Archy said to Margaret—when at length they had turned away from his door, and were walking home—"I don't think the man is what he used to be."

"He was always disagreeable," observed Margaret, "except just at the moment when he helped you up the cliff."

"And yet Harry used to like him, I think," said Archy. "At least he often came to his cottage, and went out with him in his boat. I used to tell him sometimes that I thought it must be the pretty niece that made the place so attractive. Certainly it looks very different now that she is gone."

Margaret had been many times that morning on the point of uttering an impatient exclamation, as one does under the infliction of sudden and unexpected pain. This time she was so nearly thrown off her guard as to turn sharply to Archy with the very words of indignation on her lips. But she had not schooled herself in vain. Again she was silent, and still she kept her faith.

The summer months passed on with the quiet people at Eastwick, outwardly marked by nothing so much as an unusual absence of sunshine and calm weather, but with now

and then a day of remarkable brilliance and beauty; while in Margaret's inner life there was something like the same alternation, with the same proportion of shadow and gloom, against which she bore up with a bravery peculiar perhaps to healthy and vigorous natures such as hers. Not to believe anything on the evidence of a bad man, was the defence she continually made against such reports as reached her to the disadvantage of her friend Harry Dunlop; and if she could only ward off this trouble, others might the more easily be endured. Besides which, some of her other troubles were now beginning to diminish. Archy was improving in health, and with renewed strength of body there came a healthier tone of mind—healthier and happier too—with occasional gleams of hope which lighted up his sweet countenance, as the landscape and the sea were lighted up by fitful gleams of sunshine passing over the scene.

The fishing season at the little town of Eastwick was always a time of lively interest, especially this year, when the season was ushered in by winds and storms which threatened danger as well as loss to many poor families in the place and neighbourhood. James Halliday boasted that he was better off than the others, for he had nobody to care for him, so it mattered little whether he weathered the storms or not. His old craft, he said, would not stand much more beating about. And whether he meant himself or his boat, every one who knew him was aware that old age and long exposure to hardships of the severest kind, were telling upon his once sturdy frame, perhaps more than he would have been willing to allow, had the same things been said of him by others which he often said himself.

It happened on one of these cloudy and tempestuous days towards the end of September, that Margaret, in one of her long walks by the sea, was overtaken by a sudden downfall of sharp heavy rain, which made her look eagerly around for shelter. In doing so, she perceived by the blackness of the clouds which came sweeping on, that it was not merely a shower, but a tempest, which was bursting upon her; and, as the

wind lay directly against the coast, there could be no shelter from the cliff. Suddenly she recollected that Peggy Rushton's cottage was situated on a height almost immediately above her, and she knew that by vigorous effort that might be reached in a scramble up a rugged path of only a few minutes. She instantly decided to seek shelter there; and it was well that she did so, for the rain fell in torrents, while the wind increased to a perfect hurricane, such as seldom had been known, even on that stormy coast.

Storms of every kind were occasions of great excitement to the occupant of that solitary cottage; and Margaret found the old woman rushing wildly backwards and forwards, with her hair streaming in the wind; now shivering by her own fire; and then climbing up to her point of observation, in the vain attempt to see what vessels were on the sea, or, as she often fancied, to catch the first glimpse of her son cast upon the shore. Often and often had her dim eyes perceived something which she construed into the figure of a man lying half-drowned among the rocks and seaweed; and there were times when she had actually gone down to the beach herself, after a storm, believing that she should find the body of her son, perhaps half covered by the drift which the tide had left.

Few people had so much patience as Margaret with this poor demented creature. But on this occasion even Margaret could scarcely speak otherwise than sharply when remonstrating with her against the absurdity of standing out in the splashing rain, while the violence of the tempest was such as to prevent any object being distinctly seen.

Margaret herself was engaged in drying her wet clothes by the fire, and before this was entirely completed, she had the satisfaction of seeing a sudden break in the blackness overhead, which, although but momentary, and followed immediately by darkness deeper than before, afforded hope that the rain might be abating, even though the wind was, if possible, more furious than before. Another gleam of light soon followed the first, and then the rain fell more gently, until it almost entirely ceased. Margaret,

who always felt a kind of invigoration in watching a rough sea, went out to the point of observation herself. It was not a recent disturbance which raised the billows mountains high. The storm which came on suddenly had been raging all night, and, as the wind had changed at the same instant to the quarter from whence it was now blowing, there was but too much reason to fear that it might have caught some vessel lying near the coast, and especially some of the fishing boats as they were returning home.

Anxieties of this kind spread rapidly amongst those who are eyewitnesses of a common danger, and are shared by many who have nothing of their own at stake. Margaret had been a feeling participator in this pervading interest. She knew personally many of the wives and children of the fishermen, and it was not without a large share in their anxieties that she now strained her sight across the heaving mass of waters, and along the narrow strip of shore, to see if any trace or symptom of human life or human death was mingled with the awful scene.

Near to the point of cliff which formed the northern boundary of the curve of shore which they overlooked, Margaret half fancied she could distinguish some object like a boat struggling with the breakers; but she uttered no exclamation, nor in any way communicated her apprehensions to her companion, fearing to add to the excitement by which she was agitated. Soon, however, the woman's eye was caught by the same object, and with a wild shriek, she began to wave her signal in the wind.

Margaret felt sure that at one time she had seen a man in the boat, but now when it appeared again, after having been apparently swallowed up by the waves, the boat was empty, and it soon became evident that it was tossing on the billows without any human hand to guide its movements. But she still looked on in silence, while the woman gesticulated with strange cries and movements, all which added to the terrible wildness of the scene. At length after a sudden pause, almost awful in its silence, during which the woman stared with fixed

intentness at one particular spot below, she clasped her hands together, and shrieking,—"He is there at last!" rushed past her astonished companion, and flew to the spot where a rugged and now perilous path led down to the shore.

For some minutes Margaret remained looking earnestly down upon the sands to ascertain whether there was really anything to occasion this commotion in poor Peggy's wandering mind. The tide was now receding, and each wave, as it went back, left bare a long stretch of sand, while the next brought with it occasionally some scattered fragments of what looked like a recent wreck. Amongst these, and lying a considerable way up amongst the weeds and fragments left by the tide at its height, there was something so much like the figure of a man, either dead, or it might be dying, that Margaret determined to go herself down to the beach, and if this shipwrecked sailor, as she supposed him to be, was past help, she might at least render some assistance to the poor woman whose descent by the only available path must be dangerous in the extreme. Margaret had no fear for herself: she was young and agile; but how the now aged and enfeebled woman was to find footing in her wild unsettled state of mind, it was difficult to imagine.

The rain had now entirely ceased, but the wind was scarcely less violent, and dark angry-looking clouds were flying across the sky, filling the whole space at times with portentous gloom, at other times parting for a moment so as to allow a gleam of sunshine to light up the troubled scene, making the deep hollow of the dark curving billows more visible, and their foamy crests almost luminously white.

But Margaret was not now in circumstances to stop and contemplate the scene. The rocky path was so slippery with the rain, and the wind so fitful and violent, that she began to apprehend some serious danger to Peggy Rushton, as well as to the sailor who might have been struggling in that lonely boat against the storm. While these apprehensions filled her mind, and urged her onward, she was at length relieved by

seeing the old woman far below her on the sands, running at her wildest speed in the direction of the object which had awakened this more than wonted excitement.

When Margaret approached the spot, she became still more sure that the figure of a man was lying amongst the black weeds on the sand; and with a sensation of horror, such as she had never experienced before, she stooped to examine the features, and to ascertain if any spark of life remained, so as to render any effort on his behalf availing. Her first impulse was always to render help; and occupied with these thoughts, she did not at first observe the terrible reaction which had taken place with poor Peggy Rushton, who had been the first to recognize the features of the man as those of James Halliday.

It was evident that this last disappointment was too much for the exhausted powers of the poor woman, and when Margaret called to her, with a hasty cry, that the man was not dead, she neither rose from the ground where she had sunk in an attitude of complete despair, nor evinced the slightest interest in what Margaret said. She had thought the shipwrecked man was her son, and to find him even dead on his native shore would have satisfied the long craving of her soul.

In vain did Margaret call to her for help. She could make no impression; the woman remained heedless, and apparently insensible either to entreaties or commands. One of them must run to the nearest house. Margaret looked eagerly along the shore, and then up the long ridge of cliff, but could see no living form. The tide was ebbing, and for some hours the man would be safe from

the sweeping waves. She must go herself—there was no alternative, and when she was once gone, the woman perhaps would rouse herself.

Acting promptly on the conviction that the best thing she could do was to obtain assistance from those who were more adapted for such service than herself, Margaret hastened along the shore towards the nearest opening where James Halliday's own cottage stood; and here she was fortunate enough to meet with some fishermen, and others connected with their calling—some having come to look after their own craft—some to inquire about James Halliday, who had been known to put out to sea the day before, and might, as they justly supposed, have been caught by the sudden squall which had caused other disasters along the coast.

Feeling that the occasion was not one in which she could be of much farther use—not at any rate of so much as the agency she might put in action, Margaret told these men her story; and seeing them set out in considerable force towards the spot which she described, she returned home, but not without some serious questionings in her own mind by the way as to whether, if the man had been any other than James Halliday, she should have left him there.

The answer of her conscience was satisfactory, even admitting a strong feeling of repulsion from this quarter; for it told her that the efforts of a girl like herself would be more likely to hinder than to help under such circumstances, and that if anything could be done by her in the way of real service, it must be in the after-hours of the man's life, if he should survive this accident.



HOMES OF OLD WRITERS.

BY THE REV. S. W. CHRISTOPHERS, AUTHOR OF "HYMN WRITERS AND THEIR HYMNS."

III.—DR. DONNE'S FAMILY APARTMENT IN LONDON.



HO wants to see how the world can change its face? Let him wander for an hour around Covent Garden, through Russell Street, down Drury Lane and Wych Street to St. Clement Danes; and try as he saunters to verify descriptions of that neighbourhood written by those who knew it as it was a little more than two centuries ago.

One can never forget his first pilgrimage through those streets and lanes. Deeply reverent towards hallowed memories, ready to pay homage to any lingering relic of those leafy shades where genius, learning, and devotion once found a retreat, willing to catch inspiration from the faintest trace of a sacred footprint, the pilgrim's soul found itself bewildered and nauseated by turns, as the fact was realized that the scene of verdant freshness, comfortable ease, and calm retirement, which he had always imagined as belonging to Drury House, had passed away just as some happy dream melts before the breath of a foul spirit, leaving the vacancy to be quickly filled with murky, squalid, and unwholesome creations. What a change had come over that Drury Lane which was once the approach to Drury House! Now, on both sides of the dingy, greasy, noisy street, above and below the dark-looking old theatre, there were the strangest associations and the most grotesque groupings. Here, was a butcher's shop, with indescribable arrangements of stale bits and scraps, and next door an exhibition of equally digestible varieties of old iron. There, was a shaving shop, with its old songs and questionable pictures. Now, a grocer's; now, a shoe-shop; and now, a druggist's or quack-medicine stall. Then came groups of filthy women, and grimy children regaling themselves in the gutter; while costermongers are bawling, and cat's meat and old clothes and dry fish are mingling their fumes. One queer old bookstall there was, and beyond, around the corner, a tobacco shop stood next door to a coffin maker's, as if to account for those likenesses to death's heads which haunt the streets with stenchy pipes between their jaws. Near the coffin maker's was the "Royal Olympic Theatre," pent between the dim storehouse of

an "ecclesiastical metal-worker" in front, and a darkling gin-shop in the rear.

What an advance in civilization from the time when Drury House stood on this very spot, and afforded repose to the gentle contemplative poet and divine! Is this what people call progress? and must this human process of wilderness-making go on? Then the mischief must work out its own correction. So it has been, and so it will be again. By overdoing, men undo; and overgrown cities, like other monster sins, have the sentence of death within themselves. In due time the soil is rid of oppression, nature again recovers her balance, and the land enjoys her Sabbath.

There I stood with my eyes fixed on that Olympic Theatre, trying my fancy at the work of restoration, till I fairly fell into a condition approaching somewhat to that of an ancient Buddhist in the *Samādhi* state of meditation or abstraction; a mist and confusion came over the objects of the outer sense; and out of that mist, by and by, the scenes of a former time became apparent to the mind's eye, showing themselves in mysterious light-like visions in a magic mirror.

There was the green lane which came from St. Giles's-in-the-Fields down to the Strand on the river bank; and still farther to the left was the enclosure of Covent Garden, the remains of the old Convent pleasure-ground, with its mingling cottages and trees: and St. Martin's Lane, offering an embowered way up towards the hills of Hampstead and Highgate, and bordered by open fields, with pleasant pathways, enticing rambles to open-air pleasures. Then, the nearer garden beauties of Bedford House; and nearer still, the pleasant sheltering wood around Drury House, whose picturesque gables are seen peeping from their leafy cover. Peace to thy memory, kind Sir Robert Drury! Thy house was thrown open to the poor afflicted scholar and his wife, when they escaped at last from their "hospital at Mitcham;" and in thee the suffering John and Anne found "such a friend as sympathized with him and her in all their joys and sorrows."

John and Anne Donne at this period began to rise above the clouds of trial; and now Anne's stern father melted, and added his

smile to the smile of Providence, as men of his class will sometimes do when they see the victims of their hardness really escaping from dependence on their aid. Donne's prospects brightened at Drury House. At Drury House, and in his rent-free apartment, he had those home feelings of peace and rest which give so sweet a tone to some of his distinctive pages. The delicious quietness and friendly security of his retreat seem to be immortalized in a few of his best passages; and his fondly-cherished recollections of domestic life under Sir Robert's roof now and then find happy expression in sentences which, like plainly-set gems, sparkle here and there in his least excellent sermons. He had peaceful memories in his soul, when he said from the pulpit at Whitehall, perhaps in the hearing of his royal friend, James I.:—

"Let the whole world be in thy consideration as one house; and then consider in that, in the peaceful harmony of creatures, in the peaceful succession and connexion of causes and effects, the peace of nature. Let this kingdom, where God hath blessed thee with a being, be the gallery, the best room of that house, and consider in the two walls of that gallery, the Church and the State, the peace of a royal and religious wisdom. Let thine own family be a cabinet in this gallery, and find, in all the boxes thereof, in the several duties of wife and children and servants, the peace of virtue, and of the father and mother of all virtues, active discretion, passive obedience; and then, lastly, let thine own bosom be the secret box and reserve in this cabinet; and then the gallery of the best house that can be had, peace with the creature, peace in the Church, peace in the State, peace in thy house, peace in thy heart, is a fair model and a lovely design even of the heavenly Jerusalem, which is *visio pacis*, where there is no object but peace."

It was while Drury House was the home of Donne and his Anne, that there occurred one of those remarkable incidents which at times give a moment's deep insight into that mysterious oneness between loving spirits, which even apparent separation for a time fails to break. Sir Robert Drury had resolved on a journey to Paris. He pressed Donne to go with him; but the poet's wife was unwilling to part with him. She was in a delicate condition, and "her divining soul boded her some ill in his absence." She gave at last, however, "a faint consent," and the travellers started.

Twelve days afterwards they were safe in Paris. On the second day after their arrival, Sir Robert and his friends had left Donne alone for a while in the dining-room. On returning, there was a change in Donne's appearance, which led his friend to exclaim:—

"What is the matter? do tell me what has befallen you."

"I have seen a dreadful vision since I saw you," was the reply, after a long struggle for power to speak. "I have seen my dear wife pass twice by me through this room, with her hair hanging about her shoulders, and a dead child in her arms; this I have seen since I saw you."

"Sure, sir," said Sir Robert, "you have slept since I saw you, and this is the result of some melancholy dream, which I desire you to forget, for you are now awake."

"Melancholy dream! no, I cannot be surer that I now live, than that I have not slept since I saw you; and I am as sure that at her second appearance she stopped and looked me in the face and vanished."

A night's rest did not shake Donne's conviction; so that a messenger was despatched to England. In twelve days he returned with the news that he found Mrs. Donne confined to her bed; that, after a painful illness, she had been delivered of a dead child; and that the distressing event had occurred at the very hour in which her husband had seen her pass through his room in Paris. Who can explain? He who has most carefully tried to sound the mysteries of his own nature, will, perhaps, love the memory of Donne's biographer, dear old Walton, all the more for his hint at the conclusion of the story, that as "it is most certain that two lutes being both strung and tuned to an equal pitch, and then one played upon, the other, that which is not touched, being laid upon a table at a fit distance, will (like an echo to a trumpet) warble a faint audible harmony in answer to the same tune;" so there may be "such a thing as a sympathy of souls."

Anne Donne lived a few years longer, long enough to see her gifted husband consecrate his rare powers and rich learning to the Christian ministry, at the request and under the favour of the king; whose affection for him Donne alludes to in the dedication of his volume of "Devotions," a book which may remind one of the interwoven gold and purple and fine linen and various coloured gems in the garments of Aaron, all perfumed

with the holy anointing oil; so rare a combination is it of profound reflections, quaint fancies, acute observation, grave humour, fine imagination, Scriptural wisdom, reverent piety, warm devotion, happy turns of thought, and pure and forceful expression, all blending and harmonizing under the influence of spiritual and heavenly feeling. In accordance with the royal pleasure, Donne took the honour of a Doctor in Divinity at Cambridge, and returned just time enough to rejoice at the birth of his twelfth child, and then to see his wife pass into the skies.

He was left now, as his plaintive friend says, "like a pelican in the wilderness, whose only joy it was to be alone, that he might bemoan himself without witness or restraint, and pour forth his passion like Job in the days of his affliction,—

"Oh that I might have the desire of my heart! Oh that God would grant me the thing that I long for! for then, *as the grave is become her house*, so I would hasten to make it mine also, *that we two might then make our beds together in the dark.*"

Was his sorrow unduly bitter? Those who knew him best said, No. All his former afflictions had been bearable and even gracious in companionship with his Anne; but to lose her was the trial of his life; and the darkness of that trial none but his own desolated heart could know, not even such friends as knew of "that abundant affection which once was betwixt him and her, who had long been the delight of his eyes and the companion of his youth; her with whom he had divided so many pleasant sorrows and contented fears, such as common people are not capable of." Every "heart knoweth his own bitterness, and a stranger doth not intermeddle with his joy."

No sorrow, however, can silence the voice of a soul whom God has taught to preach to itself about the highest calling of its life. The voice within Donne's soul now moved him: "Woe is me if I preach not the Gospel." And he "stood up from before his dead," and preached to the living within the hallowed walls which contained the dust of his sainted wife. It must have been touching to those who knew him to hear that widower preaching over the newly-covered grave from the prophet's lamentation: "I am the man that hath seen affliction by the rod of His wrath." The spot on which the preacher stood will always be sacred to those who revere his memory and enjoy his works.

The course of my pilgrimage led me from Drury Lane, where I had been dreaming of freshness amidst scenes of moral decay, down to St. Clement Danes, in the Strand. Not that I expected to see the very same church as the Doctor once preached in; but perchance I might light on the place of his feet, or stand over the vault in which his wife's mortal remains are sleeping.

I found the home of the vergers—an elderly man, of good looks and agreeable bearing, intelligent and communicative. I am afraid I interrupted his dinner, or his after-dinner nap; nevertheless, he cheerfully responded to my desire for a sight of the church. He was not to have his temper ruffled, or his manners marred, or his ecclesiastical stores of information deranged, by my untimely call; he was too good at heart for that.

The interior of the church, like some others of the same age in London, at once calls up blessing from one's soul on the memory of Wren. Under his hand, in some instances, Pagan forms seem to arrange themselves into beautiful adaptation to the purposes of Christian worship; and with all one's feeling in favour of what is more properly the Christian style, we instinctively rejoice in the freedom, grandeur, and rich harmony of sanctuaries like this. I was pleasantly introduced to the "gold" anchors, which, as the parish arms, seem to tell that the old "sea-kings" once came up the Thames as far as this, but were obliged, it may be, to cut their cables and leave their anchors in the mud, to betoken their failure, or to furnish an ecclesiastical symbol for the church of St. Clement Danes. At all events, my guide could give no other solution of the anchor mystery. He called my attention by turns to Gibbon's carving, to the noble walnut-wood pillars, and to the magnificent slab of porphyritic marble which served as a communion table—the only relic, perhaps, from the older church.

"But," I inquired, as I arose from the seat which Dr. Johnson used to occupy, "have you none of the monuments from the old church preserved here?"

"Ah, sir," was the reply, "nobody can tell the number of Americans we get here wanting to sit in Dr. Johnson's old seat; as if they were sure of getting the secret of sitting still, or wanted to gather weight to keep their balance for the time to come. But I beg pardon, sir—you were asking about the old monuments. Well, I never saw one. They have all disappeared; how, I cannot tell. The old

church was taken down in Queen Anne's time; but what they did with the monuments, who knows? Perhaps they dealt with them somewhat in the same style as they did with the dead themselves."

"What was that? I hoped to find some lingering memorial of Mrs. Donne, the wife of Dr. Donne, Dean of St. Paul's in the reign of James I. She was buried here, and her monument was in the old church."

"I never knew Mrs. Donne, sir; before my time, you know. Nor did I ever before hear of the Doctor, though, as you say, he was Dean of St. Paul's. But, as to the bodies, I can tell you that when I came into office, some years ago, I had to go down into the vaults, and there I found coffins all tied up in bundles of six or seven together, with a chain around each bundle, fastened with a padlock, and these bundles were piled one upon another on shelves. 'Look here!' says a man to me, as I was looking around, and thinking that those who built the new church had a wholesale way of dealing with human dust—'look here!' says he; and when I turned there were two bodies standing side by side; they seemed like mummies asking me to cover them. Ah, sir! I thought of Job's words—'Naked came I out of my mother's womb, and naked shall I return thither.' And that was the style in which the living sometimes dispose of the dead; and so you need not wonder that all the monuments disappeared."

"Have the bodies been left, then, in the condition in which you saw them?"

"No, no; we gathered them tenderly, and laid them side by side in a large space, then built them in, covered them with earth, and roofed their common house with cement; so their resting-place is now sacred."

"And so," thought I, as we stood in solemn silence over that buried multitude, "the body of the lovely and loving Anne Donne must have been chained up in one of those bundles, and is now no longer distinguishable among the mingled remains that await the quickening voice of Him who gives 'to every seed his own body,' and who will as certainly, at the last, fulfil His promise: 'This is the Father's will which hath sent Me, that of all which He hath given Me I should lose nothing, but should raise it up again at the last day.'" Neither the rude action of church builders at St. Clement's, nor the rage of the great fire at St. Paul's, where Donne's mortal remains were laid, can shake the ground of Christian hope, nor mar the work

of Him who "shall change our vile body, that it may be fashioned like unto His glorious body, according to the working whereby He is able even to subdue all things unto Himself."

"I can show you something pleasant outside," said the kind guide, leading me out to the west end of the church, and showing me some trees which, as he said, he had "at last persuaded the churchwardens to plant."

"Will they grow here?"

"Oh, yes;" was the cheerful reply. "Come, and see my pet garden, how fresh the trees look here. Is not that a nice creeper running up the church wall, as if it loved the church? and there are my flower-beds among the graves. My bed of mignonette last year was beautiful. One of our bishops was passing one day, and he stopped and smiled; went as far as Temple Bar, and came back again to have another look and to give another smile. Perhaps he thought it was like a promise of life from the dead. It was early in the morning, and it may be there was dew upon the sweet mignonette. What is that verse in Isaiah?—you remember it: 'Awake and sing, ye that dwell in the dust: for thy dew is as the dew of herbs, and the earth shall cast out the dead.'"

This quotation was happy, and it reminded me of Donne himself, and how he used to interweave the beauties of inspired truth with his own interpretations of nature. And as I parted with my interesting guide, and turned my steps from St. Clement's with its under-world of sleeping generations, one's hope became more comfortable, and one's spirits were refreshed by the recollection of a passage from the favourite Doctor's sermon at the funeral of Sir William Cockayne:—

"The Gentiles and their poets describe the sad state of death as '*one everlasting night*;' to them, a night; but to a Christian it is *the day of death and the day of resurrection*; we die in the light, in the sight of God's presence; and we rise in the light, in the sight of His very essence. Nay, God's corrections and judgments upon us in this life are still expressed so—*dies visitationis*; still it is a day, though a day of visitation; and still we may discern God to be in the action. The Lord of life was the first that named death; *morte morieris*, says God—thou shalt die the death. I do the less fear, or abhor death, because I find it in His mouth; even a malediction hath a sweetness in His mouth, for there is a blessing wrapped up in it; a mercy in every correction; a resurrection in every death."

THE HOME LIFE OF H.R.H. THE PRINCE CONSORT.

(Continued from page 528.)

T was decided that the public announcement of the approaching marriage should be made in the first instance to the Privy Council. This was done on the 23rd of November, in the presence of eighty-three Privy Councillors. No less than sixty-one of these, including the illustrious names of the Duke of Wellington, Lord Lansdowne, and Sir Robert Peel, are now dead—an affecting comment on the solemn truth, *Sic transit gloria mundi*.

The Queen herself, in her journal, gives an interesting account of the brief scene before the Council:—

“Precisely at two I went in. The room was full, but I hardly knew who was there. Lord Melbourne I saw looking kindly at me with tears in his eyes, but he was not near me. I then read my short declaration. I felt my hands shook, but I did not make one mistake. I felt most happy and thankful when it was over. Lord Lansdowne then rose, and, in the name of the Privy Council, asked that ‘this most gracious and most welcome communication might be printed.’ I then left the room, the whole thing not lasting above two or three minutes. The Duke of Cambridge came into the small library where I was standing and wished me joy.

General Grey states, “The Queen always wore a bracelet with the Prince’s picture,” and, referring to this bracelet, Her Majesty adds in her journal, “It seemed to give me courage at the council.”

The marriage took place at the Chapel Royal, on the 10th of February, 1840, and the ceremony passed in the most auspicious manner. The morning was, indeed, somewhat dismal with rain and fog, “but before the departure for Windsor the sun shone forth with all the splendour which distinguishes what is now proverbially called ‘Queen’s weather.’” At four o’clock in the afternoon, the Queen and the Prince left for Windsor, being enthusiastically received on all points of their route; and, of course, the Eton boys were as conspicuous as usual in their display of boisterous loyalty.

The Royal honeymoon was very short, for on the 19th the Queen held a levée, and on the 28th the Duke of Coburg left England. The

Prince’s brother, the hereditary Prince Ernest, alone remained to remind him of his old home.

An extract from the Queen’s journal describes the pain which the Prince felt at being thus separated from all his connexions, and his own generous sense that he was making a real sacrifice for her:—

“He said to me,” the Queen records in her journal, “that I had never known a father, and could not therefore feel what he did. His childhood had been very happy.” “Ernest” (the hereditary Prince remained for some time in England after his brother’s marriage)—“Ernest, he said, was now the only one remaining here of all his earliest ties and recollections; but that if I continued to love him as I did now, I could make up for all. He never cried, he said, in general, but Alvensleben and Kolowrath (they had accompanied the Duke to England and now left with him) had cried so much that he was quite overcome. Oh, how I did feel for my dearest, precious husband at this moment! Father, brother, friends, country—all has he left, and all for me. God grant that I may be the happy person, the ^{new} happy person, to make this dearest, blessed being happy and contented! What is in my power to make him happy I will do.”

The Queen was now married to the husband of her choice amid the sincere and general rejoicing of her subjects. The Prince, on the other hand, was established in his new and difficult position. The first point of any delicacy which he had to arrange related to the formation of his household. His own ideas are given in a letter to the Queen before his marriage, which furnishes another striking proof of his good sense.

He thus writes to the Queen on the 10th of December, 1839:—

“Now I come to a second point which ^{you} touch upon in your letter, and which I have also much at heart; I mean the choice of the persons who are to belong to my household. The maxim, ‘Tell me whom he associates with, and I will tell you who he is,’ must here especially not be lost sight of. I should wish particularly that the selection should be made without regard to politics; for if I am really to keep myself free from all parties, my people must not belong exclusively to one side. . . . And

above all do I wish that they should be well-educated men, and of high character, who shall have already distinguished themselves in their several positions, whether it be in the army or navy, or in the scientific world. I know you will agree in my views."

On the whole, his household was formed to his satisfaction.

Nothing could be more admirable than the wisdom with which the Prince guided his relations towards general society. From the first he laid down strict, not to say severe rules, for his own guidance. The principle on which he resolved to act (to use his own noble words) was this: "To sink his own individual existence in that of his wife; to aim at no power by himself or for himself; to shun all ostentation; to assume no separate responsibility before the public," but, making his position entirely a part of the Queen's, "continually and anxiously to watch every part of the public business in order to be able to advise and assist her at any moment in any of the multifarious and difficult questions brought before her—sometimes political, or social, or personal, as the natural head of her family, superintendent of her household, manager of her private affairs; her sole confidential adviser in politics, and only assistant in her communications with the officers of the Government."*

"He imposed a degree of restraint and self-denial upon his own movements, which could not but have been irksome, had he not been sustained by a sense of the advantage which the throne would derive from it. He denied himself the pleasure—which to one so fond as he was of personally watching and inspecting every improvement that was in progress would have been very great—of walking at will about the town. Wherever he went, whether in a carriage or on horseback, he was accompanied by his equerry. He paid no visits in general society. His visits were to the studio of the artist, to museums of art or science, to institutions for good and benevolent purposes. Wherever a visit from him, or his presence, could tend to advance the real good of the people, there his horses might be seen waiting; never at the door of mere fashion. Scandal itself could take no liberty with his name. He loved to ride through all the districts of London where building and improvements were in progress, more especially when they were such

as would conduce to the health or recreation of the working classes; and few, if any, knew so well, or took such interest as he did, in all that was being done, at any distance east, west, north, or south of the great city—from Victoria Park to Battersea—from the Regent's Park to the Crystal Palace, and far beyond. 'He would frequently return,' the Queen says, 'to luncheon at a great pace, and would always come through the Queen's dressing-room, where she generally was at that time, with that bright, loving smile with which he ever greeted her, telling her where he had been, what new buildings he had seen, what studios, &c., he had visited. Riding for mere riding sake he disliked, and said, "*Es ennuyt mich so*" (It bores me so)."

"There were some, undoubtedly, who would gladly have seen his conduct the reverse of all this, with whom he would have been more popular had he shared habitually and indiscriminately in the gaieties of the fashionable world—had he been a regular attendant at the racecourse; had he, in short, imitated the free lives, and even, it must be said, the vices, of former generations of the royal family. But the country generally knew how to estimate and admire the beauty of domestic life, beyond reproach, or the possibility of reproach, of which the Queen and he set so noble an example.

"It is this which has been the glory and the strength of the throne in our day, and which has won for the English Court the love and veneration of the British people, and the respect of the world. Above all, he has set an example for his children, from which they may be sure they can never deviate without falling in public estimation, and running the risk of undoing the work which he has been so instrumental in accomplishing."

His own personal position in the Queen's household presented not the least of the difficulties which he had to surmount. In a letter to Prince Loewenstein he says:—

"In my home life I am very happy and contented, but the difficulty in filling my place with the proper dignity is, that I am only the husband, not the master in the house."

But the following interesting passage tells us how this delicate point was settled:—

"Thanks to the firmness, but at the same time gentleness, with which the Prince insisted on filling his proper position as head of the family—thanks also to the clear judgment and right feeling of the Queen as well as to her singularly honest and straightforward nature—

* Letter to the Duke of Wellington, in answer to offer of command of the Army.—*Speeches, &c., of the Prince Consort*, p. 76.

but thanks, more than all, to the mutual love and perfect confidence which bound the Queen and Prince to each other—it was impossible to keep up any separation or difference of interests or duties between them. To those who would urge upon the Queen that, as Sovereign, she must be the head of the house and the family as well as of the State, and that her husband was, after all, but one of her subjects, Her Majesty would reply, that she had solemnly engaged at the altar to 'obey' as well as to 'love and honour;' and this sacred obligation she could consent neither to limit nor refine away."

The picture is indeed a beautiful one, over which we might fitly place the apostolic legend—"In honour preferring one another."

Most interesting details are given of the life of the Queen and Prince during the first year of their marriage.

At first early rising does not appear to have been a royal habit. The Prince writes to his grandmother thus:—

"We are very happy, and in good spirits, but I find it very difficult to acclimatize myself completely, though I hope soon to find myself more at home. The late hours are what I find it most difficult to bear."

Late hours at night led naturally to late hours in the morning, and the Queen mentions that "in these days they were very late of a morning (which was the Queen's fault), breakfasting at ten, and getting out very little, which was very unwholesome."

These late hours in the morning were gradually improved "under the influence of the Prince"—an influence which was further evident in the judicious and well-regulated division of the hours and occupations of the day.

The Queen, in the following memorandum, gives this account of their ordinary habits:—

"At this time the Prince and Queen spent their day much as follows: They breakfasted at nine, and took a walk every morning soon afterwards. Then came the usual amount of business (far less heavy, however, than now); besides which they drew and etched a great deal together, which was a source of great amusement, having the plates 'bit' in the house. Luncheon followed at the usual hour of two o'clock. Lord Melbourne, who was generally staying in the house, came to the Queen in the afternoon, and between five and six the Prince usually drove her out in a pony phaeton. If the Prince did not drive the Queen, he rode, in which case she took a drive with the Duchess

of Kent or the ladies. The Prince also read aloud most days to the Queen. The dinner was at eight o'clock, and always with the company. In the evening the Prince frequently played at double chess, a game of which he was very fond, and which he played extremely well.

"At first 'the Queen tried to get rid of the bad custom, prevailing only in this country, of the gentlemen remaining after the ladies had left, in the dining room. But Lord Melbourne advised against it, and the Prince himself thought it better not to make any change.' The hours, however, were never late of an evening, and it was very seldom that the party had not broken up by eleven o'clock. Comparatively early, too, as the breakfast hour now was, the Prince had often, particularly in later years, as work got heavier, done much business before it; written letters or prepared the draughts of memoranda on the many important subjects in which he took an interest, or which had to be considered by the Queen.

"The Prince was also at this time 'much taken up with painting'—an occupation of which he was very fond, but for which, in after years, he had no time—and began a picture of the death of Posa, from Schiller's *Don Carlos*, making first a small sketch of it, which he did beautifully."

The Prince, it seems, never took kindly to great dinners, or the common evening amusements of the fashionable world. On such occasions he loved to get hold of some man eminent as a statesman, or man of science, and to pass the hours he was thus compelled to give to the world in political or instructive conversation.

The Prince, we learn, entirely altered the Queen's feelings about town and country. Before her marriage she rejoiced in coming to London, and disliked nothing so much as leaving it. But she soon began to share the Prince's preference for the country, until at length residence in London became absolutely distasteful to her; and she adds in a note, "It was also injurious to her health, as she suffered much from the extreme weight and thickness of the atmosphere, which gave her the headache;" and in connexion with this we must quote a note at another part of the volume:—

"Note by the Queen.—'This the Prince constantly expressed on arriving at Osborne and Balmoral, and on leaving London: "How sweet it smells! How delicious the air is! One begins to breathe again!" And how he delighted in the song of birds, and especially

of nightingales!—listening for them in the happy peaceful walks he used to take with the Queen in the woods at Osborne, and whistling to them in their own peculiar long note, which they invariably answer. The Queen cannot hear this note now without fancying she hears him, and without the deepest, saddest emotion. At night he would stand on the balcony at Osborne, in May, listening to the nightingales."

The Prince, however, we are told, always sacrificed his feelings about this, partly for the sake of the easier communication with ministers, and "still more from the conviction of the influence for good which the presence of a Court so looked up to as that of England under the Queen and himself could not fail to exercise far and wide—far, indeed, beyond the world of its immediate neighbourhood."

On Easter Monday, April 20th, 1840, the Prince met with what might have been a fatal accident. His horse suddenly ran away in the Home Park at the top of his speed, and the Prince, after turning him several times, in a vain endeavour to stop him, was at last knocked off by a tree, against which he brushed in passing, and fell, most providentially, considering the rapid pace, without being seriously hurt. The Queen, who witnessed the accident, writes in her journal:—

"Oh, how thankful I felt that it was no worse! His anxiety was all for me, not for himself."

In June of the same year, the Prince presided at a meeting to promote the abolition of the slave trade. Referring to this occasion, the Queen says, "He was very nervous before he went, and had repeated his speech to her in the morning by heart." The Prince himself writes, "I learnt my speech by heart, for it is always difficult to have to speak in a foreign language before five or six thousand eager listeners." The speech proved eminently successful, and forms the first of that remarkable series of public utterances since published under the title of the "Principal Speeches and Addresses of H.R.H. the Prince Consort."

A few days later, Edward Oxford made his despicable attempt on the Queen's life; and we have a full and interesting account of this occurrence in a letter from the Prince to the Dowager Duchess of Gotha:—

"Buckingham Palace, June 11, 1840.

"Dear Grandmamma,—I hasten to give you an account of an event which might otherwise be misrepresented to you, which endangered my life and that of Victoria, but from which

we escaped, under the protection of the watchful hand of Providence. We drove out yesterday afternoon, about six o'clock, to pay Aunt Kent a visit, and to take a turn round Hyde Park. We drove in a small phaeton. I sat on the right, Victoria on the left. We had hardly proceeded a hundred yards from the palace, when I noticed on the footpath on my side a little mean-looking man holding something towards us; and before I could distinguish what it was, a shot was fired, which almost stunned us both, it was so loud, and fired barely six paces from us. Victoria had just turned to look at a horse, and could not, therefore, understand why her ears were ringing, as, from it being so very near, she could hardly distinguish that it proceeded from a shot having been fired. The horses started, and the carriage stopped. I seized Victoria's hands, and asked if the fright had not shaken her, but she laughed at the thing.

"I then looked again at the man, who was still standing in the same place, his arms crossed, and a pistol in each hand. His attitude was so affected and theatrical, it quite amused me. Suddenly he again pointed his pistol and fired a second time. This time Victoria also saw the shot, and stooped quickly, drawn down by me. The ball must have passed just above her head, to judge from the place where it was found sticking in an opposite wall. The many people who stood round us and the man, and were at first petrified with fright on seeing what happened, now rushed upon him. I called to the postilion to go on, and we arrived safely at Aunt Kent's. Thence we took a short drive through the Park, partly to give Victoria a little fresh air, partly also to show the public that we had not, on account of what had happened, lost all confidence in them.

"To-day I am very tired and knocked up by the quantity of visitors, the questions, and descriptions I have had to give. You must, therefore, excuse my ending now, only thanking you for your letter, which I have just received, but have not yet been able to read.

"My chief anxiety was lest the fright should have been injurious to Victoria in her present state; but she is quite well, as I am myself. I thank Almighty God for His protection.

"Your faithful grandson,

"ALBERT.

"The name of the culprit is Edward Oxford. He is seventeen years old, a waiter at a low inn, not mad, but quite quiet and composed."

U U

General Grey's volume carries us only to the close of the first year of Her Majesty's married life, the last most important home event recorded being the birth of the Princess Royal.

With the noble spirit of womanly confidence which pervades the entire volume, Her Majesty shrinks not from allowing her subjects to glance within the holiest shrine of home affections and sympathies, and gives the most touching testimony to the devotion of her Royal husband at this interesting period.

"For a moment only," the Queen says, "was he disappointed at its being a daughter, and not a son." His first care was for the safety of the Queen;* and "we cannot be thankful enough to God," he writes to the Duchess of Gotha on the 14th, "that everything has passed so very prosperously."

"During the time the Queen was laid up, his care and devotion," the Queen records, "were quite beyond expression." He was always at hand to do anything in his power for her comfort. He was content to sit by her in a darkened room, to read to her or write for her.

"No one but himself ever lifted her from her bed to her sofa, and he always helped to wheel her on her bed or sofa into the next room. For this purpose he would come instantly, when sent for, from any part of the house. As years went on, and he became overwhelmed with work (for his attentions were the same in all the Queen's subsequent confinements), this was often done at much inconvenience to himself, but he ever came with a sweet smile on his face. In short," the Queen adds, "his care of her was like that of a mother, nor could there be a kinder, wiser, or more judicious nurse."

In connexion with this event, a pleasing anecdote is introduced, which places the Prince before us as a father and a scholar. From the moment of his first establishment in England, he had resolutely applied himself to the task of making himself thoroughly acquainted with the laws and institutions of the land of his adoption. To this end he began regular readings in the English laws and constitution with Mr. Selwyn, a highly distinguished barrister. Two days after the birth of the Princess Royal, Mr. Selwyn came, according to appointment. The Prince said to him, "I fear I cannot read any law to-day, there are so many constantly coming to congratulate; but you will like to see the little Princess." Then finding that

* Memorandum by the Queen,

Her Royal Highness was asleep, he took Mr. Selwyn into the nursery, and, taking the little hand of the infant, he said, "The next time we read, it must be on the rights and duties of a Princess Royal."

In bringing to a close our sketch of the Home Life of the Prince Consort, we cannot refrain from a brief reference to the important national benefits which resulted from his more public walk and example.

From the day on which he first trod our English soil, to that on which his death so suddenly desolated the Royal Home, the responsibilities of his exalted relationship were most faithfully discharged. He marked out at once, with sagacious precision, his own sphere, and filled it with the utmost propriety and consistency. In doing so he surmounted no ordinary difficulties. From the domain of politics his activities and influence were jealously excluded. In the work of Government, political etiquette and tradition prohibited him from taking any part. With vigorous health, ample means, abundant leisure, and opportunity, but lacking any prescribed sphere of public duty, he resisted no ordinary temptations to a career of self-indulgence. He desisted a wide realm of usefulness, in which he might become leader without exposing himself to party suspicion, and without trespassing beyond constitutional limits. He became the patron of social reform; he gave himself to philanthropy; he applied the stimulus of his favour and his example to scientific research, and aimed to raise the educational tone of the people.

The schools at Windsor afforded proof how greatly he valued popular culture. His erection of a model cottage at his own expense, and the formation of a society to teach the people how to construct their own houses, indicated the sincerity of the convictions which he expressed in one of his speeches in the year 1848:

"To show how man can help man, notwithstanding the complicated state of civilized society, ought to be the aim of every philanthropic person; but it is more peculiarly the duty of those who, under the blessing of Divine Providence, enjoy station, wealth, and education."

One anecdote, which we have every reason to believe is authentic, deserves to be recorded in connexion with this topic. A young man, then known only, if known at all, in the district, for his extreme political opinions, commenced a mission with week-day lectures and

schools and savings-banks, in an extremely debased corner, some forty or fifty miles from one of the Royal residences. All things went on well except the financial department. The young missionary could not obtain money for his building purposes in sufficient quantities; he sought none for his own work. What could he do? Boldly he applied to the Queen. The regular inquiries followed. No aid could ever be procured from that family without inquiries. Two or five pounds were never sent to an applicant for the purpose of quieting conscience and getting rid of him. The plans were approved. From that time the Prince and the Queen took a warm interest in their working. The scheme was singularly successful. It was never forgotten amid the cares or the pleasures of the Court, because the pleasures were not calculated to drive the mission out of mind, and the cares were formed of kindred objects. That mission not only received pecuniary support, but was a matter of continued personal inquiry and interest. The missionary was once a working man, who struggled onwards and upwards through many difficulties. He became ultimately one of the leading home missionaries of the land. And yet we cannot tell how much of his perseverance in this work was due to the kindly interest and the warm encouragement afforded on this application for aid to his first mission. Kind words and deeds are noble incentives to work.

Especially will the name of the Prince ever be identified in the recollection of the nation with the Great International Exhibition of 1851. Whether the original conception of that magnificent enterprise was due to his genius, or whether he adopted it, matters little; he made it his own by the enthusiasm with which he welcomed it, the zeal and perseverance with which he laboured to realise it, the interest with which he watched over its growth, and helped it on to maturity. If by that competitive display of manufacturing art a new spirit of emulation and enterprise was kindled in the country—if the homes of England have in consequence become more familiar with artistic examples of graceful form and combinations of colour, substituting elegance for uncouthness in their internal arrangements and decorations—if an art spirit has been born amongst us and is being cultivated, the change is mainly due to the exertion and influence of the Prince Consort.

But here we must pause. Our aim has not been to speak of the Prince in his public but

in his private life, where real greatness finds its noblest sphere as well as its most searching test. Full proof has already been given that in lifting the veil which generally screens the humblest home from public observation, the Queen has taken a step most gratefully appreciated by a nation, of which it has been truly said, it "seeks its own happiness at its own fireside;" and we have felt it no ordinary privilege to make our readers familiar with the main features of the attractive picture which the Queen has invited us to contemplate and study. The touching narrative of domestic life in the royal home cannot fail to "fix for ever the loyal sympathy of all who have faith in what is good, and hold true Christian allegiance to their God and to their country;" it cannot fail to give added fervour to the national petition that our Sovereign may "evermore have affiance in Him" who alone can fill the void created in her heart; and at the same time, looking into the dim future of our country's weal, it is no slight cause of thankfulness to feel that in the standard of princely excellence set before them by their royal father, "his children will ever find"—in the words of his biographer—"the strongest incentive to do nothing unworthy of their great sire."

"Oh, how should England, dreaming of his sons,
Hope more for these than *some* inheritance
Of such a life!—a heart—a mind as thine,
Thou noble father of her kings to be!"

We notice that the closing paragraph in the Prince's biography describes the Christmas celebrations at Windsor. We read,—*"It was the favourite festival of the Prince—a day, he thought, for the interchange of presents, as marks of mutual affection and good will."* The words seem to give wings to thought. Involuntarily we travel over the lapse of time: and now that Christmas is coming again, we realise afresh that night of mourning which made a nation mingle its tears with Christmas joy. Years have since come and gone; but may it not still be well to recognize the meetness of commingling Christmas anticipations with the remembrances of loved ones gone before? The first Christmas song was "a song in the night." May not that song be regarded as no untrue parable of the mission of our Holy Faith in a sin-and-sorrow-stricken world? Is not Christianity the religion which brings "tidings of great joy" both to sinners and to sorrowers? May we not still have our "Christmas songs in the night?"

It is a reminiscence we love to cherish in our recollections of Albert the Good, that in the night of his mortality he found comfort in this song:—

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy riven side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure;
Save me from its guilt and power."


There is comfort for the dying in such a song; and there is comfort for the living—the living mourner. May that comfort be richly ministered to our beloved Sovereign this Christmas-tide; and then Christmas recollections of bereavement may serve to intensify Christmas anticipations of expectant hope—hope, looking forward to a reunion in that home where holiness shall be perfected, and all tears wiped away.

THE EDITOR.

THE BIBLE AND OUR FAITH.

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CHAPTER IX. (*continued.*)

N the consideration of this question (I.) there are two main varieties which at once suggest themselves—dictation and co-operation. There may be a Divine message dictated for oral delivery, and afterwards recorded, by a simple act of memory, in the very words in which it was previously spoken. Or there may be a message in which the writer is permitted to co-operate more largely, and the Spirit of God uses the powers of his mind, more or less controlled by His own influence, to be the channel through which facts or doctrines are transmitted to mankind.

In this latter case we have further to distinguish between the knowledge itself and the means by which it is conveyed. These means may be twofold: (1) Immediate, supernatural revelation; or (2), The quickening and enlargement of the natural powers of the writer; his memory, judgment, religious affections, and spiritual reason. These may be distinguished as (1) Revelation, and (2) Illumination. The first is peculiar to inspired prophets, and is distinctively supernatural; the second is shared, though it may be in lower degrees, by all true Christians.

Then, again, with respect to the clothing of the message—its arrangement, its phraseology—there may be a twofold operation. There may be an impulsive and guiding process within the mind of the prophet; or there may be an external restraint, so that the sacred penman, retaining liberty of choice within certain limits, is checked at the first moment

when human weakness or ignorance might lead him into error, or divert him from the practical and moral purport of his message. In the former case, the message will bear most conspicuously the impress of Divine agency; in the latter, human freedom; but in both there will be real immunity from error.

Thus, then, dictation, revelation, illumination,* spiritual impulsion, and external supervision, are five elements, which, singly or conjointly, may enter into the composition of a Divine message. The first alone is sufficient; and as to the rest, whether any or all of them have been employed is a question of evidence alone. It is sometimes said that Christians would do well to refrain from all inquiry as to the mode of inspiration, and concern themselves with the fact alone. And it must be admitted, that to pry curiously into particulars which are not revealed would be equally rash and sinful. But when objections are urged against the doctrine of inspiration, not only on the ground of its (supposed) unreasonableness, but also of its opposition to clear features of the sacred writings; the light which the Scriptures really supply, as to the manner in which they were communicated, must evidently be a most important help in removing misconceptions, and in establishing a full harmony between the doctrine and the facts which it professes to explain. A false hypo-

* "In point of duration, illumination is continuous; whereas inspiration [revelation] is intermittent. In point of measure, illumination admits of degrees; whereas inspiration [revelation] does not admit of them."—Ganzen's "Theopneustia," ch. iii. sect. 1., quest. ii.

thesis of inspiration may be loaded with insurmountable difficulties, and bring the truth itself into discredit with thoughtful men; while a view drawn from Scripture itself by inductive evidence, may find strength and confirmation in all those various features of style, of form, and mutual relation, which enrich and diversify the Word of God.

II. (1.) In the sketch of such a view, which is all that can be attempted within our present limits, we observe, first of all, that there are clear cases of express dictation. Thus, in the New Testament, the epistles to the seven Churches (in the Apocalypse) were dictated by our Lord Himself; while one of the sweetest messages in the whole Bible—a note of comfort to thousands of Christian mourners—is afterwards dictated in the same way by the Spirit of God (Rev. xiv. 13).^{*} Of the same kind is the later message (Rev. xix. 9).[†] In the Old Testament we have some of the clearest examples of this dictation, in the first chapters of Hosea, Amos, Haggai, and Zechariah, and it abounds in the prophecies of Isaiah, Ezekiel, and Jeremiah.

(2.) Among the numerous examples of direct revelation, where the substance of the message is supernaturally given, but without any trace of dictation in the words by which it is conveyed—we have the history of the temptation; the visions to St. Peter and Cornelius; the appearance of our Lord to Saul on the way to Damascus, with the message then addressed to him; the later vision on his return to Jerusalem; the prophecy of Agabus; the words of comfort to the apostle at Corinth, at Jerusalem, and again before the shipwreck; the statements concerning the rapture of the saints, in the epistles to Corinth and Thessalonica; the preaching to the spirits in prison affirmed by St. Peter; and the contest of Michael with Satan, respecting the body of Moses, asserted by St. Jude. The last book of the Canon derives its name from this characteristic feature. The substance of the whole is supernaturally revealed in a series of visions, while dictation is confined almost entirely to the seven epistles to the Churches. In the Old Testament the instances of direct revelation are more frequent. As examples, we may

specify the account of the creation; the pattern of the tabernacle; the future lot of Israel and of the tribes; the message to Samuel on the fortunes of the house of Eli; the visions in the sixth of Isaiah, in the first chapters of Zechariah, and the beginning and close of Ezekiel's prophecies, and all the visions of the beloved Daniel.

(3.) Of illumination, or truth conveyed by the faculties of memory and reason, purified and elevated by the Holy Spirit, we have examples throughout the epistles, and in the historical books of both Testaments. Thus, we are expressly told that St. Paul wrote his epistles "according to the wisdom given to him;" and wisdom is an inherent quality, more deeply inwrought into the texture of the mind than simple knowledge, being the ripest and highest result of a man's spiritual faculties in their active exercise. Thus, too, the Holy Spirit was promised to the apostles, to bring to their remembrance the teaching of their Lord—a promise which has a most important bearing on the composition of the first and fourth Gospels. In the writings of St. Luke we are expressly taught that a diligent search into all the facts was a principal part of the evangelist's preparation for his office; and it is thus implied that illumination, or the enlightened use of memory, judgment, and reason, employed on copious materials derived from the testimony of others, and not direct revelation, was the principal means by which the necessary knowledge was imparted to him.

(4.) With regard to the form of expression, or the manner in which the substance of the message is clothed in words, and thus given to the world, the direct evidence is less ample. The two most explicit passages refer it, generally, to a spiritual impulsion within the mind. of the prophet. Thus, St. Paul tells us that "all Scripture is God-inspired" (*θεόπνευτος*); and St. Peter, that "the holy men of God spake as borne along [*ῥηόμενοι*] by the Holy Ghost." And yet, as there was evidently—on some occasions at least—some latitude given to the prophet as to the time and mode^{*} of his utterance, it may be quite possible, and equally consistent with the Divine authority of the message, that the same principle (of some lati-

^{*} "I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, Write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours; and their works do follow them."

[†] "Write, Blessed are they which are called unto the marriage supper of the Lamb. And he saith unto me, These are the true sayings of God."

^{*} For an example of this limited control, compare the words of St. Paul, "The spirits of the prophets are subject to the prophets," with those of Jeremiah: "Then I said, I will not make mention of Him, nor speak any more in His name. But His word was in mine heart as a burning fire shut up in my bones, and I was weary with forbearing, and I could not stay."

tude, at least occasional) should apply to the choice of the terms by which it was conveyed.

(5.) Of external restraint or supervision, we could hardly expect to find many clear traces, since its usual result would be merely to hinder the insertion of what was either erroneous or unsuitable. The Old Testament furnishes an example, however, in the case of Daniel, who, when desiring to append a fuller interpretation to his prophecy, receives for answer, "Go thy way: for the words are closed up and sealed till the time of the end." And in the New Testament, when, like "the man greatly beloved," the "beloved disciple" is on the point of recording the voice of the seven thunders, which has just sounded in his ears, he receives the injunction, "Seal up those things which the seven thunders uttered, and write them not." So that restraint from without, as well as a strong spiritual impulse within, has concurred in the actual formation of the sacred canon, though the exact share of each may be impossible to be determined.

III. What we have written, then, amounts to this:—

While the sacred writers were allowed to pursue their own method, and use their own powers, the Holy Spirit directed and controlled all that was written, so as to make the writings infallible.

We pronounce this the true theory of the inspiration of Holy Scripture, on the ground that it alone is consistent with all the facts of the case. The objections to it may be summed up in these three:—

First,—That it is not supported by Scripture itself; that the book contains nothing which can warrant this imputation of infallibility and consequent authority to the writers.

We reply: The objection is untrue in point of fact. It consists of a false allegation. The Bible abounds with passages which flatly contradict it.* The Scriptures are the depository of truth; and ignorance of Scripture is the source of error—for "ye do err, not knowing the Scriptures:" and a declaration more authoritative than this it is impossible for man to receive.

Second,—It is alleged that Scripture and science are at variance, and thence it is inferred that Scripture is wrong. We answer that with

true science the Scripture is not at variance,^o and that the dogmatic assertions to the contrary are assertions without proof.

Third,—It is alleged that in Scripture we have conflicting and contradictory accounts of the same transaction. They cannot both be true; and if one of them is false, why may not both be so?

Answer: It is the allegation, and that alone, that is false. When the accounts are really contradictory (a rare occurrence), they have never been shown to refer to the same transaction; and when they do refer to the same transaction, they are never contradictory.†

Holy Scripture, then, "is given by inspiration of God;" and that, too, "not in the words which man's wisdom teacheth, but which the Holy Ghost teacheth."‡ "ALL Scripture"—for it is incapable of disintegration; "The Scripture cannot be broken;"§ and "Not one jot or tittle shall pass away till all be fulfilled."

IV. With two parting remarks on the Scriptural aspects and practical uses of this important truth, we conclude.

(1.) And first, we may observe the wisdom of God in the variety of methods by which He has revealed His will to men. We have the very words of Divine dictation; we have simple records of supernatural revelation; we have evidences of supervision and restraint from without, and a perpetual assertion of spiritual guidance and impulsion from within. We have histories and prophecies, psalms, proverbs, and doctrinal reasonings, dramatic, pastoral, and lyric poetry. We have penmen, like Moses and Daniel, trained in the courts of princes, and others, like Amos, taken from the herds of Galilee. We have fishermen from the lake of Gennesareth, a physician from Antioch, the Queen of the East, and a disciple from the schools of Tarsus brought up at the feet of Gamaliel and versed in all the learning of the Gentiles.

Thus, as was emphatically noted by the great Apostle in the first sentence of his letter to the Hebrew Christians, it was "in sundry parts" (πολυμερως), and in "diverse ways" (πολυτροπως), that God had spoken in time past to their fathers by the prophets. The Source was one, but the streams were many, and in their diversity might be seen what he calls elsewhere "the many-varied wisdom of

* This has often been shown, but nowhere more elaborately and conclusively than in the excellent lecture of the Rev. T. R. Birks ("Modern Rationalism and Inspiration," London: Seeleys), to which the writer is largely indebted.

^o For a demonstration of this important fact, I may perhaps be allowed to refer to "Christian Certainty," pp. 128—314.

† Ibid, pp. 128 et seq. (for proofs and illustrations).

‡ 1 Cor. ii. 13.

§ John x. 35.

God." What a contrast, for instance, between the book of Genesis, the simplest and plainest form of history, and the Apocalypse, where symbols meet us in almost every verse, and we seem to lose ourselves among the deep things of God, as if we had entered on enchanted and fairy land—between the Proverbs of Solomon, like so many separate pearls on the same string, and the Epistle to the Ephesians, where the thoughts of the Apostle are like a deep and rapid river, hurrying, wave on wave, to lose itself in the vast ocean of the Divine love—between the sorrowful reflections of the Preacher, "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity!" and the calm heavenly joy of the beloved John, who, gazing from the Pisgah of contemplation on the glories of eternity, sums up his message in that twofold declaration, "God is light, and in Him is no darkness at all;" "God is love, and he that loveth dwelleth in God, and God in Him." We need not, then, be surprised that the most opposite objections have been brought against different portions, according to the various tastes of eclectic and immature believers; that some books are suspected, because they abound in the supernatural; and the book of Esther, because it does not so much as mention the name of God; the histories, because they are too simple, and needed no inspiration to write them; the prophetic visions, because they are too obscure, and cannot be understood. In all such objections, and the diversity of Scripture from which they spring, we have a remarkable analogy between God's works of creation, so rich, various, and infinite, and that Word which He has magnified above all His works.

(2.) Most important of all, however, is the practical aspect of this doctrine of inspiration. The Bible has been given to mankind, not to gratify a vain curiosity, to nurse idle speculations, to settle all doubts, or solve all mysteries:

it has been given "that the man of God may be perfect, thoroughly furnished unto all good works." It is to fit it for the accomplishment of this great end—to make it "*profitable* for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness"—that the Spirit of God so fills and moulds every part of it as to make it literally true that "All Scripture is God-inspired."

This practical efficacy of the Bible, as a whole, has been eloquently expounded by Coleridge—while St. Paul sets aside the exceptions for which he pleads—and extends the same character to "every Scripture":—

"The hungry have found food, the thirsty a living spring, the feeble a staff, and the victorious warrior songs of welcome and strains of music; and as long as each man asks on account of his wants, and asks what he wants, no man will find aught amiss or deficient in the vast and many-chambered storehouse. . . . For more than a thousand years the Bible has gone hand in hand with civilization, science, law, with the moral and intellectual cultivation of the species, always supporting, and often leading, the way. Its very presence as a believed book has rendered the nation emphatically a chosen race; and this, too, in exact proportion as it is known and studied. Good and holy men, the best and wisest of mankind, the kingly spirits of history, enthroned in the heart of mighty nations, have borne witness to its influences, have declared it to be beyond compare the most perfect instrument, the only adequate organ of humanity; the organ and instrument of all the gifts and powers by which the individual is privileged to rise above himself, and to find his true self in the everlasting I AM, the one ever-living Word, of whom all the elect, from the archangel before the throne to the poor wrestler with the Spirit until the breaking of day, are but the fainter and still fainter echoes."

THOUGHTS ON WOMEN.

(Continued from p. 533.)

BELIEVING a woman's life to be a noble thing, and that it must in many cases be utterly independent of man's opinion, yet it does not by any means follow that her line of life ought to be the same as man's. We sometimes hear our powers spoken of, as if there were masculine

talents sleeping in us, which only wanted development, in order to fit us to fill every situation which men occupy. Those who speak thus would be the last to profess agreement with Pope's scornful sentiment, that woman is only the softer man; yet they are, in reality, saying the same thing. If such were the case, it

would be only rational to endeavour to rise out of this uncomfortable, imperfect state of half-manhood. But we cannot subscribe to any such sentiment as that. Physically, it is untrue. Inferior or superior strength is not the chief distinction between the frames of man and woman. Why should we suppose, in the face of strong evidence to the contrary, that it is the chief mental and moral distinction?

There is a strange connection between the body and the mind, close enough in many cases, though in others capriciously broken and indistinct, to justify us in concluding that in a perfect human nature the form would be a complete counterpart to the soul. We have no such perfect specimen; the links on both sides are all disjointed and distorted; and the wonder only is, that so much truth is discoverable from such imperfect means. I am not going to enter on any one of the *ologies*, which my readers may be dreading. I shall only just ask the most unbelieving, whether they do not often, unintentionally, use the same general terms to describe a man's character as in describing his form. A very striking example of this occurs in the life of Dr. Chalmers. Mr. Joseph Gurney, speaking of a forenoon spent in the company of Chalmers and Wilberforce, says,—

"Our morning passed delightfully; Chalmers was indeed comparatively silent, as he often is when many persons are collected, and the stream of conversation flowed between ourselves and the ever-lively Wilberforce. I have seldom observed a more amusing and pleasing contrast between two great men, than between Wilberforce and Chalmers. Chalmers is stout and erect, with a broad countenance; Wilberforce minute and singularly twisted. Chalmers, both in body and mind, moves with a deliberate step; Wilberforce, infirm as he is in his advanced years, flies about with astonishing activity, and while, with nimble finger, he seizes on everything that adorns or diversifies his path, his mind flits from object to object with unceasing versatility. I often think that particular men bear about with them an analogy to particular animals. Chalmers is like a good-tempered lion; Wilberforce is like a bee. Chalmers can say a pleasant thing now and then, and laugh when he has said it, and he has a strong touch of humour in his countenance, but in general he is *grave*, his thoughts grow to a great size before they are uttered; Wilberforce sparkles with life and wit, and the characteristic of his mind is rapid productiveness."

Even had we not seen this fact illustrated, we might *à priori* have supposed it to be the case, that as man makes his machines to suit the power that wields them, as God makes His plants to agree with the soil in which they spring, so He would mould the body to give free play to the faculties that are meant to work through it. And if we find woman's physical frame peculiarly suited to one set of duties for which that of man is unsuited, shall we not infer that her mind is specially fitted for the same set of duties? Were it not so, she would be the most unhappy and most inconsistent of creatures. The very mother-bird, sitting day after day on her quiet nest, has a stock of patience and love which belong not to her mate, and without which her task would be one dreary period of captivity. Shall it be said that a human mother has the suffering and the self-denial a thousand-fold, with no patience and no love specially provided to strengthen her? And if, in this peculiar case, we see the physical and moral qualities so strongly corresponding, we may expect to trace the resemblance also in other cases not quite so obvious. We find her nervous system more finely strung, her frame more elastic, her fingers more quick and ready for delicate offices; may we not then conclude that her mind is equally agile, and lightly turned from one task to another, especially when we see how greatly most women have need of all this in their daily life? For whatever the claimants of equal rights may say, as long as there are children in the world, as long as those children have need of aunts and nurses as well as mothers, and as long as we cannot bring ourselves to imagine men taking our place in any of these capacities, so long our work must be various and perpetually changing. Were it not for the greater versatility of our natures, we could not find ourselves at home amid the constant interruptions of such work.

On the contrary, we find our bodies less strong to bear a heavy load or resist a long strain than those of men. Is it any alander to suppose that our intellects are also less hard, and give way more easily under severe pressure? And I think that in this lies the true explanation of the peculiar constitution of our reasoning powers, which has been for so long a time a broad mark for all the random shots which men choose to fire at us. They will admit that we are very sharp in detecting the fallacies of others; and that we frequently jump at right conclusions by accident or intuitive perception.

they are pleased to affirm! Now, most right conclusions are reached, not simply by perceiving facts, but by comparing the relations existing between one fact and another. And this is reasoning.

We have, then, reasoning powers, as accurate as those of men, and commonly more alert. They move lightly, as our fingers do, but, like our limbs, they cannot bear too long a strain. We must sit down and rest, and unfortunately an argument cannot always be resumed at the point where we stopped, as easily as an interrupted walk can be pursued when energy comes back again. In a certain degree, this is a weakness resulting from our education and circumstances, and as such we are bound to make vigorous efforts to overcome it. We may go on improving indefinitely. There is no fixed limit; yet, however fully developed, our reason will never be fashioned precisely after the model of man's. It could not attain the persevering strength of his, and yet keep the easy rapidity in little things which is far more necessary to us. It is not a disgrace to us that no female Newton has ever arisen, nor is likely to arise; but it is a disgrace when, in matters that we reason about quickly and without effort, we reason wrongly for want of a little painstaking with ourselves.

The face and form of a beautiful woman affect our perceptions of beauty in a very different way from those of a finely moulded man. Yet we cannot decide which have power to satisfy our ideal in the highest degree. Both are complete in themselves. Must we then charge our mental constitution with defect, because it obstinately refuses to be cast after the model of man?

But the analogy which we have been pursuing between body and mind deserts us at a certain point. It will not carry us into every corner of our nature. There is no physical quality which resembles modesty, or love of retirement, or quick, easily touched sympathy; yet, after having proved that we possess some qualities in a peculiar degree, we may safely accept the evidence of experience, and class these among them.

I would not be supposed to have any desire of unduly glorifying our sex, by representing only the brighter side of a woman's character. Yet I cannot help dwelling most on that, for the sake of argument. Were I to communicate all the faults to which we are peculiarly exposed, I should be met with a cry of scorn from many sides. But I do not think the

most ambitious woman in the world would wish to disown the modesty, the patience, the helpful sympathy which we may charitably hope she possesses in a peculiar degree, in common with all her sex. She will, at least, be sure to assert that women far excel men in quickness and readiness.

Now, if she uphold the woman's superiority in such things as these, she cannot deny to man the possession of another set of qualities, in which he, in his turn, is superior, without claiming, not equality, but a most undue and unreasonable share of all the virtues for one-half of the human family.

There are few who do not feel the distinction between the male and female characters, —and yet no one has ever yet given, or can give, a complete description of wherein the difference consists. To attempt even a very general account of it, is specially difficult, because there is no neuter gender in the human race. Each one must be either man or woman, and consequently none can reach a standpoint from which to review both sexes with equal fairness. Another great source of difficulty lies in the circumstance that the two characters touch and intersect one another at every point. You cannot separate them by any fixed boundary line, so as to say, this property belongs exclusively to the male, that to the female. If we could say any such thing, the ground of mutual help and sympathy, which is mutual understanding, would be sapped under our feet.

We cannot forbid a man to weep when some great sorrow shakes his whole soul: no more dare we repress the indomitable courage which rises in a woman's heart when some difficulty stops up her way, or some danger threatens one she loves. The tears and the courage are both native to woman, and both native to man: the utmost that we can say of them is, that with her the tears rise more easily; with him the boldness is in the ascendant.

Man and woman were made one flesh, yet that flesh is differently moulded. They are of one nature, only it is differently proportioned. But to tell how it is so, to detect all the subtle varieties which make the two

"Not like in like, but like in difference,"

is a task which defies the nicest discrimination. A child can feel that the melody of a flute is not like that of a violincello, but the most experienced musician cannot explain accurately how it is that their tones affect us differently.

Still, so sure are we of the reality of our sensations, that were any one to tell us that the one instrument was merely louder and stronger than the other, we should have a poor opinion of his ear for music; while none but a deaf man could affirm that there is no difference except in outward shape. Just so we believe in the distinctive natures of man and woman. We feel the difference, even though we have only untuned instruments to judge from, and can only faintly guess what would be the full harmony, the glorious concord in contrast, which would flow from the perfection of both.

But, though a full definition is beyond our power, and though it is true that no two women are alike, still there are certain features, more or less marked in every woman's character, from which we may gather what the general purpose of her life is meant to be.

We may say that a life of *self-seeking* is more intolerable in a woman than in a man, for she is less capable of solitary, self-contained enjoyment, but much more free to make another's joy her own, as she is more ready to enter into another's sorrow.

If it is not good for a man to be alone, utter loneliness is all but impossible for a woman. I do not mean to say that she must always be dependent on something stronger than herself. If she has no one to cling to, she will seek some one to lean on her, and the interchange of sympathy, were it even with a little child, the feeling of being helpful to some poor creature, struggling, as perhaps she herself is, in deep waters, is sufficient to keep her from withering up. A man is bound to stretch out his hand *when* he sees his fellow in trouble, but it is a womanly office to see *always*. There are sorrows which cry out openly, and which any man with a kind heart, be his hand ever so clumsy, can relieve. But there are other burdens which men seldom notice, griefs that will not speak—there are little fretting cares which seem not worth speaking about, and yet which form no small portion of life's load, and which, but for the readier and more delicate sympathy of woman, would, we fear, go on unobserved and unsoothed to the end. Thus our life may be more retired than man's, but not less actively useful. Our work attracts less observation, but is not less important. Our powers are not so much drawn out in one fixed direction; indeed, to confine them in the groove of a profession would, generally speaking, be only to cramp them. For if, in one aspect, it is the little things of life that chiefly

claim our care, in another, we have far more opportunity than most men have for attending to the greatest. The man who has to spend his day in a round of manual labour, in casting up accounts, or even in perfecting some great mechanical discovery, has his opportunities of usefulness more fettered than the woman who lives to watch over the interests, bodily and spiritual, of the inmates of her house; who finds, every hour, some new point of contact with her fellow-creatures, some joy which she may double by sharing, some vexation which she can remove, some perplexity out of which her good sense can point a way. If self-control and an equal balance of mind are needed anywhere, it is in those delicate relations which we have with other minds. Affection, and a certain tact to please, may come naturally; but the clear judgment, which will quickly find, not the nearest turning, but the right one: the love which is too wise to flatter or spoil those dearest: are not the results of unreflecting impulsiveness. The most cultivated woman need never feel her talents wasted in such a sphere as this, for all that makes her more complete in herself, increases her ability to discharge her varied duties well, and adds immeasurably to her influence. Therefore, we do not ask timidly, "What talents may a woman safely be allowed to cultivate?" We ask rather, "Is there any right tendency of her nature which she may not follow out?" There is no such thing, provided only the tendency be a genuine part of her own nature, and not the artificial product of self-willed ambition, and provided the work into which it leads her be not pursued at the expense of some better feeling or some higher duty.

I have only spoken of the individuality of the two characters; whether, as a whole, the one is superior to the other, is a question which we are hardly in a position to determine. But, even if we are, in some things, obliged to take the lowest place, it ought not much to hurt us, while we know that, in the highest things, we may all run the same race, and win the same prize. And I cannot help thinking that, though the possibilities of our nature may be as great as those of man's, yet, as a consequence of the Fall, our place now is one of comparative lowliness. To man the word was spoken: "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread;" and the burden of hard toil still presses on him; labour, not for the high ends which might be worthy of the glad energies of a sinless being, but for the mere means of

animal existence, which in Eden were scattered freely as the dew. The sentence would appear a very humbling one if we were not so used to it, and yet it acts as a guard against that self-indulgent idleness which is far more terrible. To the woman, *another* word of punishment was spoken: "Thy desire shall be to thy husband, and he shall rule over thee." Her original clinging love had a drop of wormwood mingled in it; suffering and unsatisfied desire were henceforth to be its accompaniments, more or less, because there is nothing earthly worthy of the perfect reliance which alone it could satisfy her heart to bestow.

But if, instead of vainly struggling against all that would remind us of our position, we quietly take our place, as assigned us by God, not man, we may perhaps find even in the core of the curse the sweetest of earthly joys, or, missing these, we may be led by it to the best of heavenly blessings. Perhaps we shall one day discover that our primeval sentence is as mercifully suited to the present needs of our nature as man's is to his. But we must never forget that, though our subjection dates from the Fall, our individual nature is no part of its results. Eve was not Adam, she was not like Adam even in Eden; she was a more genuine woman than any of her daughters, and perhaps on that account only more thoroughly distinct from man. And in recalling the names of those who have done most honour to our sex by their abilities, their courage, or their true-hearted fidelity—Olympia Morata, Lady Jane Grey, Margaret Roper, or Lady Rachel Russell,—we cannot find anything but what was truly womanly. And did ever woman's heart beat like that of the poetess of our century, Elizabeth Barrett Browning? Her images are bathed in the light of old Greece; her grand thoughts are struck out with force, as the sparks fly off from the anvil; but her learning never interferes with her womanhood: her strength is the strength of love, the strength of longing, and, alas! for her, the strength of sorrow. Ah! do any of us expect to inherit a nobler genius, or reach a higher point of culture than she did? and, if that were possible, do we imagine that our gifts would be of any service to ourselves or to the world if they made us other than more perfect women? Let us fight against our sins, but never against our womanhood; against our little-mindedness, but never against our vocation of *minding little things*; against the weakness that cannot stand alone when duty calls, but never against the desire of clinging

to that which is worthy of our trust; against the idolatry that would lead us to forget God for a fellow-creature, but never against the love that prompts us to forget self for others.

The relations between the sexes are in some respects changed from what they were in the days when an unwedded woman was so rare a phenomenon as to be a creature without an acknowledged place in the world at all. Now the difficulty is to discover how the world did without its maiden sisters. They have no need, certainly, to live for themselves or pine away for lack of occupation. Women have greatly gained in independence and vigour, but these qualities do not grow more rapidly than does the necessity for exerting them. With many the question is not how to spend life, but how to find the means of maintaining it. The lonely winning of bread for herself is not a woman's natural element; still it is infinitely less unnatural and unhappy than the sort of marriages often forced upon women formerly, and accepted by too many now, merely for the sake of a settlement. And, while we cannot regard the necessity for a woman to maintain herself as a thing to glory in, we rejoice that, as it is so often a necessity, so many new fields are being opened up in directions unthought of before, in which her efforts may prosper. There are some callings only now beginning to be taken up by women, which seem so suited to them that we wonder they have ever been followed by any others. There are other callings not so obviously appropriate, which some have ventured on, and glory in, as the means of giving scope to many buried talents, and perhaps of raising women up to a higher platform of existence. Others tremble at every innovation, and fear lest public and independent spheres of action should, by and by, encroach so much upon home virtue and duty as to wither up every germ of true feminine character. We believe that that character is too deeply seated to be either transformed or obliterated so easily. There are, doubtless, such anomalies in the world as masculine women, but we have no reason to think they are more common now than they used to be. Semiramis and Agrippina were more than a match for the hardest of our day. And in all ages these have been but exceptions. Many of those who are called masculine are not really so. They are only a little too bracing for our weak nerves. Their energetic usefulness puts our lassitude to shame, and we find it easier to reproach them than to blame ourselves. We

ought to be very careful how we prepare a Procrustian bed for our sisters according to our own measure, cutting down every one who is too tall for us, lest their stature should prove to be the very beauty of their womanhood.

Though it be hard, very hard, for a woman to become unsexed, there is one passion by which I can conceive of the thing being accomplished, and that one, allowed to sway, has slain its thousands. It has various forms; the love of power, the desire to excel, the straining after éclat or notoriety; but its one name is *ambition*. It so often nearly resembles what is good, that it is difficult to detect its evil. It is the excelsior cry, only sounded to exalt self. It is the ardent pressing onward; but not because of any light of duty beckoning, and not because of any irrepressible fountain of energy that will find an outlet. The light that leads astray, is the prospect of being something that we are not, and never were intended to be; something which, to attain, will cost us the most precious treasures of our nature. When a woman sets out on the career of ambition, her mind is not cultivated but strained; her hand grasps all the harder, because the effort is unnatural; self-love asserts its own most jealously, because it is a usurper. And yet, even in the most extreme cases, no woman is truly unsexed. She has, indeed, missed her aim most thoroughly. She has lost her woman's virtues. She has retained her woman's faults. An Elizabeth may have strength to inspire a whole people with courage to repel the invader from their shores; she may have ability enough to rule the greatest men of a great age; but unless she strive with other weapons than those of boldness and love of power, she will never be able to cope with her own miserable vanity and coquetry. On the other hand, many a humble gentle woman, never dreaming of greatness, but only conscientiously anxious to do what is right, has, in the hour of trial and danger, found courage and power which she knew not she possessed, springing up out of the depths of her womanly nature.

It is not so much what a woman does, as the *spirit* in which she does it, that does her honour. If the most tender might plunge her hand in blood to save her child, and yet not be defiled,—much more may the most retiring come forward on the most prominent scene of action at the call of duty. But to most it would be a terrible sacrifice to be obliged to come thus forward; and those who feel it easy for themselves to do so, should think twice

before they attempt to drag along with them thousands of their sisters into public places, where they would be utterly out of their element.

There is no injustice in thus limiting woman's work chiefly to the quieter walks of life. Even supposing she might be able to shine in other regions, she is not the only being whose orbit is circumscribed. No man's sphere can be exactly commensurate with his capacity. A clever man has perhaps ten times the amount of ability that he will ever be able to call into exercise. He might be a physician, a school-master, an author, or a man of business; he might be able to learn printing, or weaving, or gardening, or a thousand other trades. One or more of these may allure him with the fullest prospect of success; in others he could only excel by a painful effort. But it is certain he cannot follow them all at once, and if he be a wise man, he will not mourn long over that hardship, but devote himself to that which he will be sure to do best. If that is open to him, it would be a waste of talent to apply himself to any other. This is the true principle of division of labour, and ought to be applied in the case before us. We do not doubt that some women could fill public offices with more ability than some men. But it is not less true that there are men who fill them better than the best of us could do, and that, as women, we have work to do which no man can do for us. A woman may, at some future day, for aught I know, win fame as a barrister; but if she does, it will not be the best way in which she could have used her talents: unless, like Portia, some sudden impulse drive her to fulfil some special errand of mercy. If her intellect be clear and vigorous enough to make her an able speaker or politician, what a wife and mother she might have been, what a wise counsellor, what a considerate helper, what a powerful centre of good influence to the large circle which must naturally rally round her!

I can imagine a woman feeling herself called on by duty to adopt a particular profession—that of medicine, for instance. If the preliminary ordeal were less terrible, there need be nothing of unfeminine publicity in the practice afterwards. The result would be simply to change a tender nurse into a highly wise and intelligent one, as we ought all, in our measure, to be.

If those who desire to come forward in public, do so because they believe they have a work to do which they could not do so well in

any other way, we have no right to hold them back. But, if they are urged on only by a longing after personal advancement, or by the mistaken belief that they will thus promote the elevation of their sisters—I cannot help feeling that the greater their success, the greater will be the injury inflicted on themselves, and on their whole sex.

I can hardly conclude my essay without mentioning the subject of education; but it is far too wide to be more than touched on just now. I believe that girls are more influenced by the kind of life they expect to lead when they leave school, than by any amount of work exacted from them there. Thousands of mistakes are possible on this score. Those who trifle through their childhood, with the sole desire of growing up and entering into society as soon as possible, might almost as well have no education at all. Those who imagine that accomplishments are to be their chief ornaments through life, will hardly succeed in anything else. One who values more solid acquirements is apt to fall into the error of imagining the attainment of knowledge to be the chief end of life, instead of valuing it only as a means to higher ends. For years nothing occurs to shake that belief; she enters with full zest into every branch of study, fully persuaded that the intellectual culture which constitutes one of her greatest enjoyments is also her highest duty, and expecting to find life only a greater schoolroom, where she may carry on her favourite pursuits with more

freedom. She does find life truly a schoolroom, but its lessons are not all received from books; and many of them, which ought to have been familiar as A B C, have to be learnt at length at much unnecessary expense of time, thought, and temper.

Perhaps experience alone could have entirely undeceived such. It may be vain to try to convince the child who "hates sewing," how important it is that she should learn to mend her gloves, and keep her drawers tidy; but it is quite possible to make her do the things themselves. The learning of household concerns will not fret her spirit half so much in childhood as if deferred till later years; and the habit of attending to little duties, with the still more valuable habits of general observation and helpfulness, will soon become a second nature. These essential matters ought to be classed with the very foundations of learning, and taught at the same age as the reading, writing, and arithmetic, which we never imagine would present fewer difficulties if omitted till a later period.

I dare not launch out upon the ocean of further pursuits. They depend so much on individual tastes, abilities, and prospects.

To a thoughtful girl, whose helpful kindness and efforts after moral goodness keep pace with her intellectual advancement, no acquirement can be valueless; for each will furnish a new point of contact with her fellow-creatures, and will, through life, widen immeasurably the range of her sympathies. M. L. B.

LIGHT ON CHURCH MATTERS.—VIII.

THE RULE OF FAITH.

BY THE VERY REVEREND THE DEAN OF RIPON.

THE appeal of the Church of England is directly to Holy Scripture, not to the early Church as the authoritative interpreter of Scripture. She receives the three Creeds only because, in her judgment, "they may be proved by most certain warrants of Holy Scripture." (Article VIII.) And so Bishop Jewel, in his *Apology*, says: "We refer all our controversies unto the Holy Scriptures, and report us to the self-same words which we know were sealed by God Himself, and in comparison of them set

little by all other things whatsoever may be devised by men." "We profess that these . . . be the very sure and infallible rule whereby may be tried whether the Church do swerve or err, and whereunto all ecclesiastical doctrine ought to be called to account." "By that Word only we do condemn all sorts of the old heretics." "We have searched out of the Holy Bible, which we are sure cannot deceive us, one sure form of religion, and have returned again unto the primitive Church of the antient Fathers and Apostles; that is to

say, to the ground and beginning of things, unto the very foundations and headsprings of Christ's Church."

So in Nowell's Catechism (a work having public authority in our Church for many years, like Jewel's *Apology*) we are told that "the Christian religion is to be learnt from no other source than from the Heavenly Word of God Himself, which He hath delivered to us in the Holy Scriptures."

The testimony of the work drawn up by Archbishop Cranmer and his fellow-commissioners, entitled *Reformatio Leg. Eccles.*, and which certainly shows the mind of our early Reformers, is remarkably clear and explicit on the point. To the question, "What is the authority of the holy Fathers?" the reply is—"We consider that the authority of the orthodox Fathers is by no means to be despised; for they have many excellent and useful observations. But that the Holy Scriptures should be interpreted by their decisions, we do not allow. For the Holy Scriptures ought to be to us both the rules and judges of all Christian doctrine."

And such is the view clearly expressed by Archbishop Parker in his speech to the Convocation of 1572. (Wilk. Conc.)

Even as to the first four General Councils, our Church attributes no authority to their decrees. Both Bishop Burnett and Bishop Tomline, in their Expositions of the Articles, assert this, and that our Church receives their decrees only from the conviction that they are Scriptural. As Dr. Claggett says in his treatise on the authority of Councils, published by Bishop Gibson—"If it be demanded why we approve of them, and not of all the rest, we answer, Because their determinations in matters of faith are manifestly warranted by the Holy Scriptures."

And the reference to them in the Act 1 Eliz. c. 1, xxxvi. is given simply as a limitation to the power of the High Commissioners, prohibiting them from "adjudging any matter or cause to be heresy but only such as heretofore have been determined, ordered or adjudged to be heresy by the authority of the Canonical Scriptures, or by [not by the authority of, but by] the first four General Councils or any of them," &c.

The utmost that this amounts to is a recognition of the orthodoxy of their decrees, and a permission of the High Commissioners to adjudge that to be heresy which those Councils had adjudged to be so. And of course the Act

which put an end to the High Commission Court made this clause a mere matter of history.

And the able Roman Catholic writer, Abraham Woodhead, than whom no one was better acquainted with the works of our divines, points out that all the references of our Formularies and great divines to the records of the early Church are made only in this view. He says—"The Church of England, indeed, professeth her assent to the definitions of the first four General Councils; . . . but you may observe that this assent is not yielded to those Councils because lawfully general, and so presumed to be assisted by our Lord in the right defining and delivery of all necessary faith; . . . but because the matter defined by them—the Church being for herself judge hereof—ought to be assented to as being agreeable to the Scripture. . . . To this purpose see the 21st Art. of the Church of England, 'General Councils may err,' &c. See the Acts of Parliament 1 Eliz. c. 1 [and then adding quotations from Dr. Fern, Archbishop Laud, Dr. Field, Dr. Hammond, Mr. Ohillingworth, Dr. Whitby, and Bishop Stillingfleet, he adds]—From these quotations I think it appears that whatever fair professions are made, yet no assent is given by them to the first four Councils on this account, that they could not err in their definitions, nor yet because they are their sovereign judge, from whose sentence they may not dissent, if they be persuaded that it is repugnant to the Scriptures." (Rat. Acc. of Doctr. of Rom. Cath. conc. Guide in Contror. of Religion. 1673. pp. 174—9.)

The vital principle of the Reformation was the recognition of Holy Scripture as the source from which our faith should be derived, and on the sole authority of which it should be grounded. And the question, what are the doctrines maintained in the writings we have of the early Fathers, was a secondary consideration. The course of the Reformers is well described by Archdeacon Waterland, when he says: "The Protestants having well studied the Fathers, were now willing to rest their cause not upon Scripture only, but Fathers too; so far at least as the three first centuries." (See Vind. of Christ's Div., Pref. p. xvii.) And in his remarks on "the use and value of ecclesiastical antiquity in controversies of faith," in his treatise on "the importance of the doctrine of the Holy Trinity," he has pointed out its proper use as affording a good "argument" for a certain interpretation of Scripture while we are not to

"rest an article of faith" "upon anything besides Scripture."

THE CROSS AND THE DOCTRINE OF THE CROSS.

BY THE REV. DR. M'NEILE.

In Holy Scripture, the cross is used literally and metaphorically. Literally, it means the instrument for capital punishment used by the Romans. Metaphorically, it means the doctrine of atonement for sin made by the death upon it of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Literally, it signifies the most ignominious of gibbets. Metaphorically, it signifies the most glorious of truths.

It is no wonder that some confusion should have arisen from the use of the same word in such very different meanings. On the one side, unbelieving Jews, identifying the metaphorical with the literal, the doctrine with the gibbet, have enlarged on the disgrace and degradation of the CRUCIFIED, and thrown it contemptuously in the teeth of His disciples. On the other side, superstitious Christians (so called), identifying the literal with the metaphorical, the gibbet with the doctrine, have elevated the material figure into the place of the spiritual truth, and enlarged on the glorious cross, the holy cross.

Thus Judaism and Romanism are as the poles on this great subject. Christianity is in the middle, distinguishing between the gibbet and the doctrine; degrading the gibbet as low as any Jew can desire, for it was indeed vile, even the accursed tree; and elevating the doctrine as high as any Christian can desire, for it is the saving truth of God. The doctrine is seen to be more and more glorious, as the gibbet is seen to be more and more ignominious. Behold what manner of love is this in Him who first loved us, that, "being found in fashion as a man, He humbled Himself, and became obedient unto death;" and not only so, but *even*—"even to the death of the cross," that most barbarous, cruel, and disgraceful of all deaths.

When St. Paul wrote about the cross, this distinction was clear. His language about the gibbet was what we have just heard, worse than ordinary death, even the death of the cross, that vilest of vile things. Humiliation could go no lower. His language about the doctrine was, "God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom the world is crucified unto me, and I unto the world." Christian faith and love can go no higher.

Had the cross continued in use as the instrument for the capital punishment of the vilest criminals, it is difficult to conceive how it could ever have become an idolized Christian ornament. Had it continued in use as the Roman gibbet, all its associations would have been with the enemies and murderers of Christ, and not with Christ Himself. All allusions to it would have been similar to that of St. Paul, "even the death of the cross." And thus the unspeakable condescension of HIM who consented to be nailed on it, would have been magnified by the contrast with the vile thing itself.

But when its use as a gibbet was abolished, and criminals were executed in some other way, then all its horrors gradually faded from men's memories, and the hateful thing itself would have been utterly forgotten, and become as completely an unknown thing as any other special custom of Imperial Rome, but for the fact that Jesus of Nazareth had suffered on it. This rescued it from oblivion. And thus, losing its original associations of horror and degradation, it became associated with the memory of HIM, and the affection felt for HIM, and the veneration paid to HIM, until the original distinction between the cross and the doctrine of the Cross was lost sight of; and the instrument itself, instead of being, as at first, contrasted in its ignominy with the condescending love of Christ who died upon it, was magnified in remembrance of Him; and in process of time, and through the idolatrous cravings of human nature, the figure of it was reproduced, of all sizes and of all materials, and set up as an object of worship.

As the doctrine of the Cross was more and more corrupted, the figure of the cross was more and more idolized; until the language of Scripture, which connects a curse with it, was utterly rejected and contradicted, and the "accursed tree" was addressed as the "holy cross." And now, so egregious is the confusion, that the language of St. Paul glorying in the doctrine is quoted in defence of the worship of the image.

Observe these distinctions and be not confused or disturbed in your minds. The cross, understood literally, the image, the figure, is a monument of the barbarity of Roman law, and to be associated with Pontius Pilate, the time-serving Roman governor. The cross, understood metaphorically, is a symbol of redemption, and to be associated with our blessed Lord and only Redeemer, Jesus Christ. We preach the cross metaphorically, glorying in THE CRUCI-


FIED. We use the sign of the cross metaphorically, in token that we are not ashamed to confess the faith of THE CRUCIFIED. Thus to glory in *the faith* of the Crucified, and to worship HIM, is Christianity; but to glory in the material image, and to worship it, is senseless idolatry. It is idolatry, for as our Church

Homily declares, "these two words, idol and image, differ only in sound and language, but in meaning be indeed all one, specially in the Scriptures and matters of religion." And it is senseless, because the cross is not an image of Christ, nor of anything Christian, but, as aforesaid, an image of a Roman gibbet.

DOMESTIC HAPPINESS.

Domestic Happiness, thou only bliss
Of Paradise, that hast survived the fall!
Though few now taste thee unimpaired and pure,
Or, tasting, long enjoy thee! Too infirm,
Or too incautious, to preserve thy sweets
Unmixed with drops of bitter, which neglect
Or temper sheds into thy crystal cup.
Thou art the nurse of virtue; in thine arms
She smiles, appearing, as in truth she is,
Heaven-born, and destined to the skies again.
Thou art not known where pleasure is adored,—
That reeling goddess, with the zoneless waist
And wandering eyes, still leaning on the arm
Of novelty, her fickle, frail support—
For thou art meek and constant, hating change,
And finding in the calm of truth-tried love,
Joys that her stormy raptures never yield!

COWPER.

N no single principle does the precious gift of a happy home so entirely depend as on the prevalence of a self-denying spirit of patient forbearance.

It was by such a spirit that the good Philip Henry made the domestic circle at Broad Oak one of the fairest exhibitions of family peace and mutual forbearance which English biography records. His biographer remarks:—

"The scene of domestic happiness and piety which the Broad Oak family presented, was one of the loveliest examples of virtuous contentment and kindly affections that was probably ever exhibited among the happy 'homes of England.' Everything moved in well-ordered harmony and peace; no discords jarring its sweet melody. Of the genial domestic piety and the sweet interchange of Christian sympathy which bound him and his wife so closely together, some idea may be formed from the following remarks of his son. After referring to the following reflection of his father as to secret prayer—"There are two doors to be shut when we go to prayer; the door of our closet, that we may be secret; the door of our hearts, that we may be serious,"—Matthew Henry adds,

'Besides this, he and his wife constantly prayed together morning and evening; and never, if they were together, at home or abroad, was it intermitted; and from his own experience of the benefit of this practice, he would take all opportunities to recommend it to those in that relation, as conducing very much to the comfort of it, and to their furtherance in that which, he would often say, is the great duty of yokefellow; and that is, to do all they can to help one another to Heaven. He would say that this duty of husbands and wives praying together, is intimated in that of the apostle, where they are exhorted to "live as heirs together of the grace of life, that their prayers"—especially their prayers together—"be not hindered;" that nothing may be done to hinder them from praying together, nor to hinder them in it, nor to spoil the success of those prayers. This sanctifies the relation, and fetcheth in a blessing upon it, makes the comforts of it the more sweet, and the cares and crosses of it the more easy, and is an excellent means of preserving and increasing love in the relation.'

The origin and sustaining source of this domestic happiness, affords striking testimony to the maxim, "Love never fails." Mr. Matthews, whose daughter Philip Henry loved and sought for his wife, would not, for a long time, yield his consent to the match. By patient and consistent perseverance he at length so far overcame the opposition, that he obtained the wife of his choice, and on the 26th of April, 1680, their marriage was accomplished.

In his own quaint way, the old divine tells, that after living many years with her, he was never reconciled to her,—because there never happened between them the slightest jar that needed reconciliation.

The spirit of patient love by which Philip Henry thus triumphed, helped him also to counsel others, and extend the same happi-

ness through a wide sphere. He was indeed as a sun in the centre of the district where he resided, diffusing a vivifying sunshine that made all around him smile. To him—as to Job—“men gave ear and waited, and kept silence at his counsel; after his words they spake not again;” and many of the neighbours who did not value him as a minister, yet loved and honoured him as a knowing, prudent, and humble neighbour. In the concerns of private families, he was very far from busying himself; but he was very frequently applied to to advise many about their affairs, and the disposal of themselves and their children, and in arbitrating and composing differences among relations and neighbours, in which he had an excellent faculty, and often good success, inheriting the blessing entailed upon the peace-makers. References were sometimes made to him by rule of court, at the assizes, with consent of parties. He was very affable and easy of access, and admirably patient in hearing every one's complaint, which he would answer with so much prudence and mildness and give such apt advice, that many a time to consult with him was “to ask counsel at Abel,” and so to end the matter. He observed, in almost all quarrels that happened, that there was fault on both sides; and that generally they were most in the fault that were most forward and clamorous in their complaints. One making her moan to him of a bad husband, that in this and the other instance was unkind; “Sir,” saith she, after a long complaint, which he patiently heard, “what would you have me to do now?” “Why truly,” saith he, “I would have you to go home and be a better wife to him, and then you will find that he will be a better husband to you.” Labouring to persuade one to forgive an injury that was done him, he urged thus, “Are you not a Christian?” and followed the argument so close that at last he prevailed.

He was very industrious, and oft successful, in persuading people to recede from their right for peace' sake; and he would for that purpose tell them Luther's story of the two goats that

met upon a narrow bridge over a deep water; they could not go back, they durst not fight; after a short parley, one of them lay down, and let the other go over him, and no harm was done. He would likewise relate sometimes a rather remarkable story concerning a good friend of his, Mr. T. Yates, of Whitchurch, who in his youth was greatly wronged by an unjust uncle. Being an orphan, his portion, which was £200, was put into the hands of that uncle; who, when he grew up, shuffled with him, and would give him but £40 instead of his £200, and he had no way of recovering his right but by law; but before he would engage in that he was willing to advise with his minister, who was the famous Dr. Twiss, of Newbury. The counsel he gave him, all things considered, was, for peace' sake and for the prevention of sin and snares and trouble, to take the £40 rather than contend. “And, Thomas,” said the Doctor, “if thou dost so, assure thyself that God will make it up to thee and thine some other way, and they that defraud thee will be the losers by it at last.” He did so, and it pleased God so to bless that little which he began the world with, that when he died, in a good old age, he left his son possessed of some hundreds a year; and he that wronged him fell into decay.

How much wisdom and truth is there in the homely advice of the good English divine to the complaining wife! How many a scene of domestic dissension and strife would be converted into a happy home, by the very simple process of the member of it that conceived himself most wronged striving to be still kinder, more faithful, more affectionate and self-denying than ever! An old Arabian proverb says, “It is the second blow which begins the quarrel.” Herein lies deep wisdom. It is, indeed, only another version of the noble Christian maxim, “A soft answer turneth away wrath;” while even in return for a blow, a word of kindness and forgiving forbearance will often not only put an end to the quarrel, but make him who begun it more grieved and ashamed that any triumph of force over him could have done.

Pleasant Readings for our Sons and Daughters.

THE DIARY OF BROTHER BARTHOLOMEW:

A MONK OF THE ABBEY OF MARIENTHAL, IN THE ODENWALD, IN THE TWELFTH CENTURY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TALES AND SKETCHES OF CHRISTIAN LIFE."

(Concluded from page 544.)

July 11.

BROTHER Conrad's first attendance at the offering of the adorable sacrifice since his illness.

It was a high festival, being the day of the commemoration of the holy Benedict.

The silver and golden vessels of the altar were all uncovered; the church glittered and glowed with rich decorations and stained light. The choristers sang with voices like nightingales or angels.

But in the afternoon, Conrad said,

"How much of what we call church-music must be mere noise to heavenly beings!—the melody in the heart failing."

Again he thinks that the sacrifice of the cross being complete, it is mockery to profess to repeat it; and being Divine, none but God can offer it.

Also, he deduces from the writings of St. Peter and St. Paul, that there are only two priesthoods in the Christian Church—the unchangeable priesthood of Him who hath entered into the holy place by His own blood, there to make intercession for us; and the priesthood of the whole living Church, by virtue of her union with Him, set apart to offer spiritual sacrifices.

July 20.

Brother Conrad seems to become confirmed in his new convictions. He hath a perilous way of tracing things out to their consequences, which I fear may lead him to consequences I shudder to think of.

I never have felt tempted to this.

I also believe in the perfect pardon obtained by the perfect atonement; but, nevertheless, I thankfully receive the absolution of the ambassadors of Heaven.

I also believe in the sufficiency of the one Mediator; but, nevertheless, I am glad to avail myself of the intercession of the saints.

I also believe in the high priesthood of the Son of God; yet I dare not question the existence of a Levitical order in the Church.

I conjure him not to speak openly of these things. He promises to do nothing rashly, but saith he, "I dare not teach the smallest lie, since the truth is my life."

Also, he saith, "Every truth taught me is a talent entrusted me, therewith to trade for the glory of my Lord. In hiding, I waste them."

He says he believes some may cling so close to Christ, that all their errors lie dead and nugatory outside; but, nevertheless, he asserts that all which is not truth is falsehood, and all falsehood is pernicious—tending to lull the slumbering, and to harass the earnest; that all which is not armour is a weight burdening us and hindering our course; that if Jesus Himself neutralizes the poison for us, it is still poison when we present it to others.

August 10.—*St. Lawrence.*

Otho the robber is dead, having caught the fever from us.

"Thou receivest sinners."

August 20.

Woe is me! to what is my brother fallen!

A few weeks since, he went to visit a sick man. The man had led a very abandoned life; his heart seemed closed to all brother Conrad's appeals; but as he was leaving, the dying man called out to him, "Father, you are a holy man; when you come to see me again, bring me the last sacraments of the Church, and I will give you all the money I have left to offer up masses for my soul."

Conrad was shocked at the request and going back to the bed, he said,

"The pardons of God are free. They are to be had by those who want them, for asking, but not for gold."

And he refused to receive any money to pay

his soul out of purgatory, even telling him that God offered us no choice besides heaven and hell, conjuring him with tears to accept the pardon so dearly bought and so freely given.

But the man persisted, asking, with oaths, what priests were for, if not to save the souls of their flocks.

And so, unshriven and unanointed, he died.

At his death, the relations came to the Abbey and complained to our lord the Abbot of Conrad's conduct.

At first the Abbot, being a man of an easy temper (although fiery withal), would not believe the report; but on our brother being called and questioned, he deliberately and unhesitatingly confirmed the conversation in every point.

They threatened, exhorted, and disputed with him, but in vain.

The discussion seemed only to confirm brother Conrad, whilst it made our lord the Abbot very angry: so that at last he swore if Conrad did not abjure his errors within three days, he would excommunicate him, and hand him over to the secular arm.

He made no reply, and was sentenced to be imprisoned in his cell.

The three days elapsed swiftly.

At length, on the eve of the appointed day, I obtained leave to repair to his cell, and make one more effort to save him. But verily, when I entered therein and saw with what marvellous sweetness and composure he sat awaiting the morrow, all the skilful exhortations I had framed wellnigh died away on my lips.

Yet I believe I spoke to him faithfully of the Holy Mother Church, reminding him that she who had born and nourished countless hosts of saints and martyrs was worthy of all reverence, and conjuring him not to suffer himself to be cut off from her communion; but he said with a smile,

"My brother, it is God, and not the Church, who hath begotten and nourished the saints and martyrs; 'begotten by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead,' and 'nourished and cherished by the Lord Himself.' This outward framework of ordinances and institutions is not the Church. It has cost me much to learn it; but truth is worth everything."

Then I entreated him to remember the holy words with which she had sustained him, and her divine offices, gently leading him from infancy to manhood. Where martyrs died, he might surely be saved; in leaving her, what

security could he have? "This," he replied; "'My sheep know My voice, and they follow Me, and none shall pluck them from My hand.' His voice is in the Bible; anything which seeks to silence that cannot be from Him. The Church can neither give life nor take it."

I forbore to argue further, seeing that it was vain, but we knelt once more together and prayed.

Can the devil give such heavenly composure? Can any but God inspire such prayers? Can he be right?

Holy Benedict, and Bartholomew, and Mary, mother of God, forgive me, and pray for us both!

I cannot hate the heretic, but a heretic myself I will never be.

* * * * *

It was midnight; the altar lamps were lighted, the solemn service commenced; the incense, the lights, the awful music—they float before me like a dream—only, in the midst, one form stands out real, as if I could touch it now—one brought there to be degraded and cursed, and yet with a countenance as calm and radiant as that of the martyr Stephen, when, looking up, he saw the glory of God, and Jesus at the right hand of God.

The service ceased; the lights were extinguished one by one, and in the silence of the awe-stricken assembly, and through the arches of the lofty roof, echoed only from time to time the terrific words, "Anathema! anathema! anathema!"

And the excommunicated heretic was led back to his cell.

My brother—my brother Conrad—thou who wast my companion, mine equal, and mine own familiar friend; we took sweet counsel together, and walked in the house of God as friends!

What if, whilst they were pealing anathemas, the Lord Jesus was whispering, "Come, thou blessed of My Father!" What if—

[Here occur an erasure and a blank in the manuscript.]

August 15.

Brother Conrad's cell was this morning found empty.

We have searched for him everywhere, but in vain; we can discover no traces of him.

In my heart I cannot help half rejoicing; and our lord the Abbot is, I trow, not sorry; yet to have lost thee, my brother, my son!

Fragments of Letters found amongst the Secret Papers of the Abbey of Marienthal, at its destruction, during the Thirty Years' War. [Supposed never to have reached their destination.]

FRAGMENT OF LETTER THE FIRST.

In the name of Him who has called us from idols to serve Him, the living and true God—and to wait for His Son from heaven—grace and peace!

I, Conrad, write these words unto thee, Bartholomew, my friend, and my brother, knowing that thou wilt often have wondered at my sudden disappearing—to tell thee of my safety, and of the love and gratitude with which I constantly remember thee; giving thanks for thee in all my prayers.

I send this packet to the house of our friend Magdalis, there to be left for thee by a trusty hand. If thou desirest to hold further communication with me, outcast as I am, the same hand will be ready to receive thy missive; if not, these lines cannot endanger thee.

I made my escape by wrenching out the bars of my prison windows. I believe I do not dread death, having met it often, and having now learned to see through it—yet life is precious when we can lay it out for our Saviour; and I was glad to deliver the Abbot from blood-guiltiness, and thy tender heart from much sorrow.

I reached the top of the hill which bounds our valley, at the morning twilight. The village lay dim in the mist, the Abbey tower rose up through it, and the voice of the river came to me like the farewell of a friend; of thee I could take none! My heart misgave me: I was about to cut the last cable which bound me to the shore of happy days—the birthplace of a new life; but I turned away. The boat was launched—the little creek, apart from the tides and currents of the main, was left behind, and with it my regrets.

There are but two calms, the calm of the grave and of Heaven—the rest of death and of perfected life. To rest before the voyage is over is to miss the haven.

I passed through valley after valley, keeping on the skirts of the forest; and at evening, when the long shadows crept down over the meadows, and the herds of goats crept on before them in the sunshine, I stole out to beg a morsel of bread of the goatherd, and to drink of the stream. With one of these poor herdsmen I changed clothes, and in this disguise entered Heidelberg.

It was a solemn joy to lie awake at night, with nothing between me and the infinite starry heavens—nothing between my soul and God.

It was a feast to awake in the morning, in the free forest, with the open sky above me—to feel that I might go whithersoever I would; and yet to know that all my goings had a purpose—the purpose of Him who guideth us with His eye.

I felt I had issued from the dull and smoky lamplight into the daylight; from a narrow monk's world into the unbounded God's world; and the world was a household, and I His child!

I prayed earnestly, that if there were yet any in the world who lived simply by the eternal life He had manifested, and the rule He had given, I might find them—that we might not be travelling the same road in the same service, and yet walk as strangers to one another.

For many weeks it seemed as if I were not heard.

The life of the cities was as a strange discord to my ears; they seemed like cities of Cain—music was there, and workers with all manner of tools, in all manner of metals; but God was not there. All the noise was but to drown the voice of the River of Life, which, meanwhile, flowed on beside them, bearing them swiftly to eternity.

Priests were there, and cathedrals, and they sang truths which might have saved the souls of all who heard them; but they sang them in a language the people could not understand. Was not this also mere din to drown eternal voices?

They made the church windows opaque at noon with beautiful colours, that men might see the altar tapers.

And there were processions, and preachers, preaching pilgrimages to Jerusalem, and recounting the merits of sacred images and dead bones; but of the journey each man is going, whether he will or no—of the living God, His love and His light—of His defaced image in man, and its restoration through the Second Man, the Lord from Heaven—of the mystery, now a mystery no more, which changes us from homeless and aimless *vagabonds* into *pilgrims* journeying home, with hands and hearts full of blessings—I heard in the high places not a word.

Oh, if men did but know what Voice they are rejecting—what are its words, and its tones!

Some, indeed, were toiling earnestly to reach the heavens, making themselves wretched to please God, as if He had never given His Son to make them happy—toiling, as if the Light of the heaven of heavens had never come down to men, saying, "Come [not to Heaven—that you cannot—but] to Me: I am the Resurrection and the Life; in Me you shall live and rise."

It was all the old heathendom—with a Christian name.

And again I prayed earnestly, that, if any still adhered to the simplicity of the faith once delivered to the saints, I might discover them. So I journeyed on, speaking from time to time to those I met of the blessed message, if by any means its music might strike on a string that could echo it. Some were careless, and some mocked, and some received the good tidings eagerly, yet as a new thing. None seemed to recognize in them a familiar voice.

At length, one day when I was about three leagues from one of the free cities, I fell in with a pedlar, walking beside his mule. He did not look like a son of the north; there was something in the grave cheerfulness of his countenance and bearing which interested me, and I accosted him.

He displayed to me his wares; some few of them were costly silks and stones, for the castle, but the greater part were woollen and cheap ornaments, for the peasantry.

Then he asked me my calling, for by this time I had changed my herdsman's dress for that of a burgher, earning the price by copying manuscripts.

"I, too, am a merchant," I replied; "but all my property is invested in one jewel. Your goods perish in the using, mine multiply."

He looked at me with peculiar earnestness. "Incorruptible things are not bought and sold," he said significantly.

"No!" I rejoined, "'Freely ye have received, freely give.'"

He paused, and fixing his eyes on me with a gaze of eager inquiry, he said, in Provençal French—

"Blessed are ye when men shall revile you, and shall separate you from their company, and shall reproach you, and cast out your name as evil, for the Son of Man's sake."

My father's castle was near the Pyrenees, and I knew the Provençal dialect well, and replied by continuing the quotation—

"Rejoice ye in that day, and leap for joy; for behold your reward is great in Heaven; for

in the like manner did their fathers unto the prophets."

He held out his hand, and we embraced each other as brethren. When He shall come with clouds, there will be many rapturous recognitions; but few will surpass the pure joy of that day to me.

"I thought," he observed, "when first you spoke to me, that you were one of us—and yet I scarcely knew why."

"Are there, then, many of you?" I asked, eagerly.

For a moment he glanced at me half suspiciously.

"You must know as well as I do," he replied, laconically: "the birds of the air have their nests!"

Then I related to him my history, at least as much as was needful, and when I had finished he grasped my hand again, more cordially than before, saying—

"Blessed are those who have never been within the walls of Babylon!—more blessed they who have burst her bonds and come out of her!"*

And he briefly sketched to me the story of his own life.

His name was Peter Waldo; his native place Lyons. The sudden death of a friend, at a feast, had first turned his heart to God and His Word. In reading, like myself, he became convinced that the Church of the Pope was not a Divine institution—not the true Church, but the dead image of a Church, moved not by the breath of life, but by machinery. Because he believed, he spoke, and then he found that many had believed and spoken the same things before. It had not been left for him to disinter the pearl—thousands possessed it already. The truth, in making him free, had not isolated him, but had, for the first time, brought him into a brotherhood of Christian people. Henceforth, having received the promise of an eternal inheritance, he joyfully confessed himself a stranger on the earth, living not to himself, but to Him who died for us. He caused two translations of the Bible to be made into the vulgar dialects of France and Piedmont, spending his whole wealth in multiplying copies of these, and in assisting the poor of the flock. The priests and magistrates cast him

* It is not to be wondered at, if the Vaudois, and other Christian sects of the Middle Ages, like the early Reformers, concluded the form of Antichristian power predominant in their days to have been the final one. They are constantly spoken of as having done so.

out of Lyons, and now they persecute him from city to city; but everywhere he scatters precious seed, selling perishable goods, that he may be enabled freely to give the imperishable; preaching the Gospel of the kingdom, and gathering together the children of God that are scattered abroad.*

The multitudes which follow this way in all places, but more especially in Bohemia, the south of France, and amongst the Alps of northern Italy, are incredible—but I withhold details, from reasons which thou mayest well surmise.

There are also some wild and fanatical people, led away by their own fleshly minds, or by false teachers, who suffer themselves to be misled by an unchastened zeal, to resist the authorities and pull down the churches; and these the persecutors take pains to confound with the simple Christians, massing them altogether as Manichean heretics; but they are no more allied than art thou, my brother, to those that burn them.

Before I close, I will give thee a brief account of their manner of assembling and worshipping, and my admission amongst them, refraining from indicating the place otherwise than as a city in Swabia.

It was at the house of a poor weaver. Peter Waldo led me to the door at the dusk of the evening. We were admitted in silence, and the door barred after us. Then passing singly through a dark narrow passage, the master of the house pressed the floor at the end of it with his foot, and immediately a trap-door sprang open, revealing a stone staircase. We descended into a low, damp cellar, where twenty or thirty people, men and women, were already gathered around one whom they seemed to recognize as their teacher and president. He approached us, and embracing my companion, welcomed me amongst them. When it was stated that I wished to join them, he said—

"Then you have learned the meaning of the peace of God?—for in the world we have nothing to offer you but tribulation."

"I have," I replied; "to me all things are dross compared with the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord."

"It is well, my brother," he said; "for if we be dead, we believe that we also live with Him—if we *suffer*, we shall also *reign* with Him. The kingdom of God shall yet be set on high amongst men, and the high places of the proud

shall be cast down. For the day of the Lord shall be to us a day of redemption."

Then the whole assembly joined in a circle round me,* whilst I knelt before the president, and he laid the book of the Gospels on my head, repeating, in a low impressive voice, the Lord's Prayer, and the first verses of the Gospel of St. John.

"Blessed," he said, in addition, to me, "art thou! for flesh and blood hath not revealed it unto thee, but our Father which is in Heaven."

And as I rose, the brethren greeted me with the holy kiss of brotherhood.

I thought, brother Bartholomew, of another midnight service—of the extinguished lights, the degradation and the curses—and I felt that even here I had been repaid an hundred-fold.

"For I am persuaded," as thou knowest, "that none of these things can separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord."

The president then read some chapters from the Bible; and after a short explanation and a prayer—in which they prayed also for the persecutors, and for all in authority—and the singing of a hymn, we separated, drawn close to one another, and to our Lord, by the Spirit of adoption, and the presence of Him whom no splendid offerings nor gorgeous ceremonial can charm amongst us, but who is ever with the two or three gathered in His name.

Every one who attended that meeting was there on pain of death if discovered, so that no mere "smooth words" would have been sufficient to sustain us. The Word was preached with manifestation of the Spirit and power—for, brother Bartholomew, it is a certain truth that the Spirit of God is sent forth from on high, and abideth perpetually in the living temple of the living God, as with every quickened soul.

The Church is not orphaned.

There is a Vicar of Christ on earth, and an Infallible Teacher, *the other Comforter*.

But it is not the Pope.

FRAGMENT OF LETTER THE SECOND.

Not receiving any answer from thee, I yet venture to write thee again, believing that thy letter may have miscarried, and that mine can bring thee into no trouble.

I have travelled through many places since last I wrote thee, and everywhere found fragments of this blessed brotherhood, bound to-

* For this account of Waldo and the Christian sects of the Middle Ages, see Mosheim, Milner, Bost's "Histoire de l'Eglise des Freres," &c.

* This account of the form of admission is historical.

gether by no secret vows or concerted signals, distinguished by no peculiar garb, yet fitting together as exactly as the fragments of a torn letter; recognizing one another as the children of one family by the mysterious tie of *kindred*—loving one another with the natural affection of new-created hearts.

I have found them among the industrious craftsmen of the trading cities; in Languedoc, amongst the noble and learned of the land, but chiefly amongst the recesses of the mountains—God's citadels of old for His oppressed people. Especially amongst the Alps of northern Italy, on the old Roman high-road from Italy to Gaul, they are gathered in great numbers. Elsewhere, they meet and part in secret, or are scattered in families, or one by one; but there they are gathered together in villages, and meet, in the summer, in the open air, pealing their thankgivings, as loud as they will, to heaven.

There are no churches so grand as theirs, brother Bartholomew—cathedrals of God's own building; gigantic rocks, mountains clothed like saints in white, girding them around: for their organ and instruments of music, the voices of many waters; for their sacrifices, the offering of redeemed and thankful hearts.

An "old, bad race of men," their enemies call them; and some of themselves say, that the apostle Paul himself first planted their Church, and that it has been watered by the constant influx of Christian exiles, persecuted first by Imperial, and since by Ecclesiastical Rome, men who counted the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures of Egypt. There is an apostolic succession, my brother, but it is not continued by the laying on of men's hands.

They speak much and reverently of one Claude, Bishop of Turin, who died about three hundred years ago, as a pillar of their Church. They are a brave and industrious people, hardened by toil and danger—for though some of their valleys are fertile, it tasks their strength to the utmost to eke out a subsistence from their mountain fields and pastures; and though, as yet, no persecution has wasted their valleys, they live in constant perils, and, as it were, with their lives in their hands—or rather, in God's hands.

In winter, many of the men will travel fifteen or twenty miles on the Sunday, swimming through rivers, and scaling mountains, to hear the Word of God, and meet their brethren and

pastors; and this, not because they deem such meetings necessary to save their souls, but because of the joy it gives, and the burning of the heart, when a few disciples meet together in the name of Jesus—and He in the midst. Many noblemen and women of rank join them; some relinquishing wealth, and country, and kindred, to serve their God in peace; and others residing in the castles which crown the heights of their valleys. There is a religious order—God's clergy, the lot of His inheritance—set apart from the world, not by distinctive vows or habit, but simply by holding forth the truth which the world hates, and living the life of holiness, which the world despises—separated from the wanderers by going straight forward—marked out from the darkness by shining—cast out by men, and set on high by God.

There is a holy war, but its weapons are not carnal; and a taking of the cross, but it is not a sign of glory amongst men.

I am living now with Henri, a poor weaver of Lyons, the native city of my friend, Peter Waldo. Indeed, so many of the simple Christians here follow this craft, that they are commonly called the *tisserands*, or poor men of Lyons. But long, I believe, I shall not be able to remain here, the Abbot Bernard, of Clairvaux, having excited the city, of late, against us. I remember thy speaking of him as a Christian man—alas! how many, even of such, know not what they do!

Our life is very quiet and simple. I maintain myself, and assist the family of my host, by copying and translating manuscripts of the Scriptures; thus also sowing, whilst I reap. At leisure hours, I take rounds amongst the neighbouring villages and towns, sometimes with a pedlar's wares, sometimes without. The common people for the most part hear us gladly, and not a few believe. Of these, some remain attached outwardly to the old ecclesiastical system, and some openly forsake it; this we leave to every man's conscience, our chief aim being to unite souls to Christ, and then to leave them with Him.

We have had trouble in our family lately, Henri having been laid on his pallet by fever and prostration of strength for many weeks.

His lying there, so uncomplaining, often even triumphing amidst his pain, seems to hallow the cottage into a temple for all of us. As I sit at my desk in the other corner of the room, I hear him repeating whole psalms and books of the Bible to himself—for thus it is our wont

to make up for the scarcity of the copies of the Sacred Scriptures.

At times, he calls us all to praise the Lord with him; and then, the children joining us, we sing a hymn around his bed.

Before meals, it is customary with us either to kneel in silence for the space of twenty or thirty Pater Nosters, giving thanks in the depths of our hearts, or our brother Henri will offer up some simple grace, such as—"Thou who didst feed the five thousand, feed us"—"Thou who givest us this bodily nourishment, deign also to feed our souls."

Henri's poor wife is generally almost as patient as he is, although it is so much bitterer to see those we love languish and suffer, than to suffer ourselves. But enduring as she usually is, the other day her faith seemed to fail;—her husband's recovery so long hoped for and so long deferred, and my manuscripts having failed to sell; one little sickly child crying fretfully on her knee—the others clinging, hungry and half clad, around her: she hid her face, and sobbed aloud.

"Oh, Henri!" she murmured, "what have we done, that our prayers cannot reach the Lord?"

He took her hands in his, and said, "Alette, they have reached Him. He is only keeping back the help until the best moment comes."

"Our need can scarcely be sorer, Henri!" she said. "Can He love us, and know it all, and not help?"

"He is helping us, Alette; He is teaching us now one of His best lessons—the lesson all have had to learn in turn. He is teaching us to trust and wait. He is watching us, to see how we are learning it. Let us look up to Him, Alette, that we may hear His voice in the storm. Let us ask Him to bless us in the trial, and I am sure He will bless us after it."

And we knelt together, and prayed, and were heard.

Ah, brother Bartholomew, there is no discipline like God's. We seek to discipline the heart by hardening it—*He* by melting it. And there is no comfort like God's. Our medicines weaken the constitution in relieving the disease; His strengthen the heart, while they heal the wound.

It is a grievous mistake to abstract ourselves from all the bracing air of every-day life, and the softening training of home, to the mechanical routine, and the dull close atmosphere of a convent—to substitute our dead machinery

of rules and abstinences for the living school of God.

It is a blessed thing to be *immediately* under the guidance of His hand, cost what it may.

I have taken my revenge on my younger brother, and on her. I have left them a New Testament, copied by my own hand, with the promise that they will read it.

LETTER THE THIRD.—THE PRISON AT COLOGNE.

The Abbot Bernard has succeeded in scattering our flock at Lyons, aided by the excesses which some, in their untempered zeal, committed. Some of us have fled to the Alps, some to Hungary, Bohemia, Austria, and Swabia. I myself went northward once more; but they have captured me at last, with many others. This must be my last farewell to thee, my brother, for to-morrow we die!

This evening, we made of the portion of bread and water which they gave us a holy supper, trusting that He whose word made the water wine would not regard the imperfectness of the symbol. His presence made the prison-fare a heavenly feast.

It was the last meal we shall eat on earth; it seemed more like the first in Heaven. To-day, we have once more shown forth His death; to-morrow, we shall be with Him for ever, and then the long to-morrow of the day of the resurrection! For to-morrow we are to die at the stake!

This has the Abbot Bernard effected (not that I believe he himself wished to compass our death). If we meet one another, by and by, redeemed and cleansed by the same precious blood, how he will wonder at his own work!

But, for us, how is it possible to resent, when so soon we shall stand before Him with whom we have none of us anything to plead but *Himself*!

"Thou hast redeemed us by Thine own blood."

We have a sure anchor, reaching to that within the veil, even Christ *in us*, and "*is heaven*"—"the hope of glory."

The last storm is coming on me—the vessel tosses—the flesh trembles: but, my brother, *the Anchor is firm!*

[For many years a blank occurs in brother Bartholomew's chronicle; then it recommences in a feeble and tremulous hand, and after noting one day, closes abruptly.]

Marienthal, November 1.—All Saints.

It is long since I have written anything. Things have changed since brother Conrad left. The whole convent seems to look suspiciously on me, as his friend, and perhaps the accomplice of his flight. In clearing myself from this latter imputation, I have sometimes been led to say more than I meant against him, and afterwards my heart has reproached me bitterly. He was ever with me, as a son with his father; and sometimes I tremble, thinking that I misled him, and that I myself have been rash and presumptuous in my belief, taking too much, and too boldly, from the Bible, and looking with too little reverence to the fathers and rulers of the Church.

And then the seducing thought comes—"What, after all, if he be right and thou wrong?" And in the tumult and confusion of the many voices in my old brain, I cannot always tell which are the devils and which the angels.

Mother Magdalis died a few weeks after brother Conrad disappeared, and a stranger, whom I dislike and mistrust, occupies her cottage. It is singular I should never have heard from brother Conrad; sometimes I think he may have written, and his letters miscarried, or *been withheld*, for why else do they watch me so suspiciously, and never suffer me to visit and preach to the poor peasants around, as I used to do?

Once, Nannerl told me (she always loved him since he rescued her boy), that amongst other heretics, Cathari, Paulicians, Vaudois, and

Picards, whom they burnt at Cologne, a few years since, was one of a lofty and commanding presence, said to be a Spanish nobleman—that he touched the people so by his calm and heavenly words, that many wept; and then he prayed them not to weep for him, for he was only going home by a rough way, but for themselves, that Jesus might have pity on them, and forgive them their sins. It might have been him. It may be only Nannerl's fancy. It was certainly like him. However it be, God rest his soul! and yet, why do I pray thus? Surely, if he died so, he must have been at rest these many years. Yet the decrees of the Holy Catholic and Apostolic Church, and the Vicar of Christ on earth! God help me! I am a poor old man, and my brain is sorely confused at times. Many of the monks point pityingly at me, as at one half-crazed; but I am not that—only tried, and very tired.

Also, the new Abbot is a jovial man, who loveth hunting and wine, and pleasure, so that the convent echoeth oftener with the voice of mirth than with that of prayer; and for such things my old ears are out of tune.

My flesh faileth—my heart faileth; I am very lonely and desolate; I seem to be as a wrecked vessel, rotting, useless, on the shore. And yet, at times, I have gleams of a better hope. Have I not clung to the cross of my Lord? and is He not living—and His promise very sure?

O blessed Lord Jesus, I am a weary old man, sorely tired with this burden of life; wilt Thou not soon say, "Come to Me"? for Thou knowest I need rest.

DR. CHALMERS AND HIS VISITOR.

WHILE very busily engaged one forenoon in his study, a man entered, who at once propitiated him under the provocation of an unexpected interruption by telling him that he called under great distress of mind.

"Sit down, sir; be good enough to be seated," said Dr. Chalmers, turning eagerly and full of interest from his writing table.

The visitor explained to him that he was troubled with doubts about the Divine origin of the Christian religion; and being kindly questioned as to what these were, he gave among others what is said in the Bible about Melchizedek being without father and without mother, &c. Patiently and anxiously Dr.

Chalmers sought to clear away each successive difficulty as it was stated. Expressing himself as if greatly relieved in mind, and imagining that he had gained his end,

"Doctor," said the visitor, "I am in great want of a little money at present, and perhaps you could help me in that way."

At once the object of his visit was seen. A perfect tornado of indignation burst upon the deceiver, driving him in very quick retreat from the study to the street door, these words escaping among others,—

"Not a penny, sir, not a penny. It is too bad, it is too bad; and to haul in your hypocrisy upon the shoulders of Melchizedek!"

Science, Art, and History.

THE OCEAN AND ITS WONDERS.

"Great Ocean, with its everlasting voice,
As in perpetual jubilee, proclaims
The wonders of the Almighty."—*Southey*.



HE area covered by the waters of the ocean is very great. In the present state of our knowledge, it is not possible precisely to determine its extent; but, according to the nearest estimate that can be formed of the surface occupied by continents and islands, it is supposed that not less than three-fourths of the globe are covered by the waters of the ocean. This difference in the relative amount of land and water is remarkable. But "who will venture to assert," observes Dr. Prout, "that the distribution of land and sea, as they now exist, though apparently so disproportionate, is not actually necessary, as the world is at present constituted? Let us conceive what would happen from the simple inversion of the quantities of dry land and sea, as they now exist. In such a case there would not be enough of water to preserve the surface of the land in a moist state, and the greater part would be in the situation of the deserts of Africa, and totally unfitted for the habitation of human beings."

The depth of the ocean is a subject on which very little has hitherto been satisfactorily determined. That it varies greatly there can be no question; for, wherever its bed has been reached by the sounding line, it has presented inequalities similar to those occurring on the surface of the dry land. Its mean or average depth is supposed not to exceed the mean height of the continents and islands above its level. The mean depth of the sea round the coasts of England has been supposed not to exceed 120 feet, and on those of Scotland to be about 360 feet; whilst on the western coasts of Ireland it is considered to be about 2,000 feet. In the South Atlantic, Captain Denham, of Her Majesty's ship, *Herald*, reported bottom at the depth of 46,000 feet. Lieutenant J. P. Parkes, of the United States frigate, *Congress*, afterward, in attempting to sound near the same region, let go his plummet, and saw it

run out in a line 50,000 feet long, although the bottom had not been reached. M. F. Maury states that "from the top of Chimborazo to the bottom of the Atlantic, at the deepest place yet reached by the plummet in the North Atlantic, the distance, in a vertical line, is nine miles. There appears, therefore, reason to conclude that "if the sea were dried up, its bed would," to use the words of M. Arago, "present vast regions, mighty valleys, immense abysses, as much depressed below the general surface of the continents, as the principal summits of the Alps are elevated above its level."

The surface of the ocean being generally level, its waters are not subject to the same variations of temperature observable on land, where the temperature usually diminishes with the elevation above the sea level. They appear, however, to be in some measure influenced in this respect by the irregularities of the bed on which they rest; for, generally speaking, the waters of the ocean are found to be colder where the water is shallow, than where it is of great depth.

The quantity of saline ingredients contained in sea water is found to vary in different localities. Thus, according to Lenz, who accompanied Kotzebue in his voyage round the world, the Atlantic Ocean is saltier than the Southern Ocean. In the Atlantic Ocean, again, the western portion has been found to be more salt than the eastern; whilst no variation in the saltiness of the water has been observed in any part of the Pacific Ocean. It appears, however, a general rule that in high northern and southern latitudes the quantity of saline ingredients is less than in warmer latitudes, probably owing to the greater amount of evaporation in the latter localities. Dr. Marcet came to the conclusion that the sea is not saltier at greater depths than near the surface, but that it generally contains more saline matter where the water is deepest and most remote from land.

The saline contents of the ocean are of very

great importance in the economy of nature. The purer water is, the more rapidly does it pass off in vapour; and it may be questioned whether, if the ocean were composed of fresh water, the mass of waters could be maintained in its present condition, owing to the greater rapidity with which the process of evaporation would be carried on. And thus, as has been well observed by Dr. Prout, "there is reason to believe that the saline matter contained in the ocean contributes in no small degree to the stability of the water; and that an ocean of fresh water would undergo changes which would probably render it incompatible with animal life. The waters of such an ocean might even be decomposed, so as seriously to interfere with the other arrangements of nature."

The freezing point of water is also affected by its saline contents. The freezing point of fresh water is, as is well known, 32° Fahrenheit; that of sea water is 28° or 29°. The waters of the ocean, therefore, require a greater degree of cold than those of a fresh-water lake to convert them into ice. From this circumstance, and from the great depth and extent of the ocean, its waters resist freezing more effectually than even running water, and are therefore rarely covered with ice, except in latitudes where the cold is exceedingly intense and of very long duration. The beneficial results accruing from this natural arrangement are that the surface of the ocean, that important "highway of nations," is less liable to be encumbered with ice, and the traffic on its waters to be impeded, than would have occurred had other conditions prevailed.

Icebergs, or ice mountains, are sometimes formed in the sea itself by the accumulations of ice and snow, but more frequently, perhaps, consist of glaciers which have been formed on the shores, and which, being undermined by the sea, or intersected by the melting snow flowing through their crevices, become detached, and, falling into the water, are floated out to sea. Icebergs are particularly abundant in north latitude, 69° or 70°; and they are very numerous in Baffin's Bay, where they are sometimes met with two miles in length, and nearly half that width. They are also of frequent occurrence in Hudson's Bay.

An ice field, when in motion, coming in contact with another moving in a contrary direction, produces a dreadful shock. Let the reader picture to himself a body of more than ten thousand million of tons in weight meeting

with a similar body in motion! "No description," says Sir John Ross, "can convey an idea of a scene of this nature; and as to the pencil, it cannot represent motion or noise. And to those who have not seen a northern ocean in winter—who have not seen it, I should say, in a winter's storm—the term ice, exciting but the recollection of what they know only at rest in an inland lake or canal, conveys no idea of what it is the fate of an Arctic navigator to witness and to feel. But let them remember that ice is a stone—a floating rock when in the stream, a promontory or an island when aground—not less solid than if it were a land of granite. Then let them imagine, if they can, these mountains of crystal hurled through a narrow strait by a rapid tide, meeting, as mountains in motion would meet, with the noise of thunder; breaking from each other's precipices huge fragments; or rending each other asunder till, losing their former equilibrium, they fall over headlong, lifting the sea around in breakers, and whirling it in eddies; whilst the flatter fields of ice, forced against these masses or against the rocks by the wind and the stream, rise out of the sea till they fall back on themselves, adding to the indescribable commotion and noise which attend these occurrences." So violent indeed are these concussions, that, as Captain Scoresby says, "the strongest ship can no more withstand the contact of two ice-fields than a sheet of paper can stop a musket-ball."

"On the frozen deep's repose,
'Tis a dark and dreadful hour,
When round the ship the ice-fields close
To chain her with their power!"

Such is the ice: and yet, as Sir John Ross further has observed, "it is far from being an unmixed evil; and estimating all our adventures with and among it, I might not be wrong in saying, that it had been much oftener our friend than our enemy. We could not, indeed, command the icebergs to tow us along, to arrange themselves about us, so as to give us smooth water in the midst of a raging sea; nor, when we were in want of a harbour, to come to our assistance, and surround us with piers of crystal, executing in a few minutes works as effectual as the breakwaters of Plymouth or Cherbourg; but they were commanded by Him who commands all things, and they obeyed."

The almost perpetually varying hues displayed at the surface of the ocean, owe their

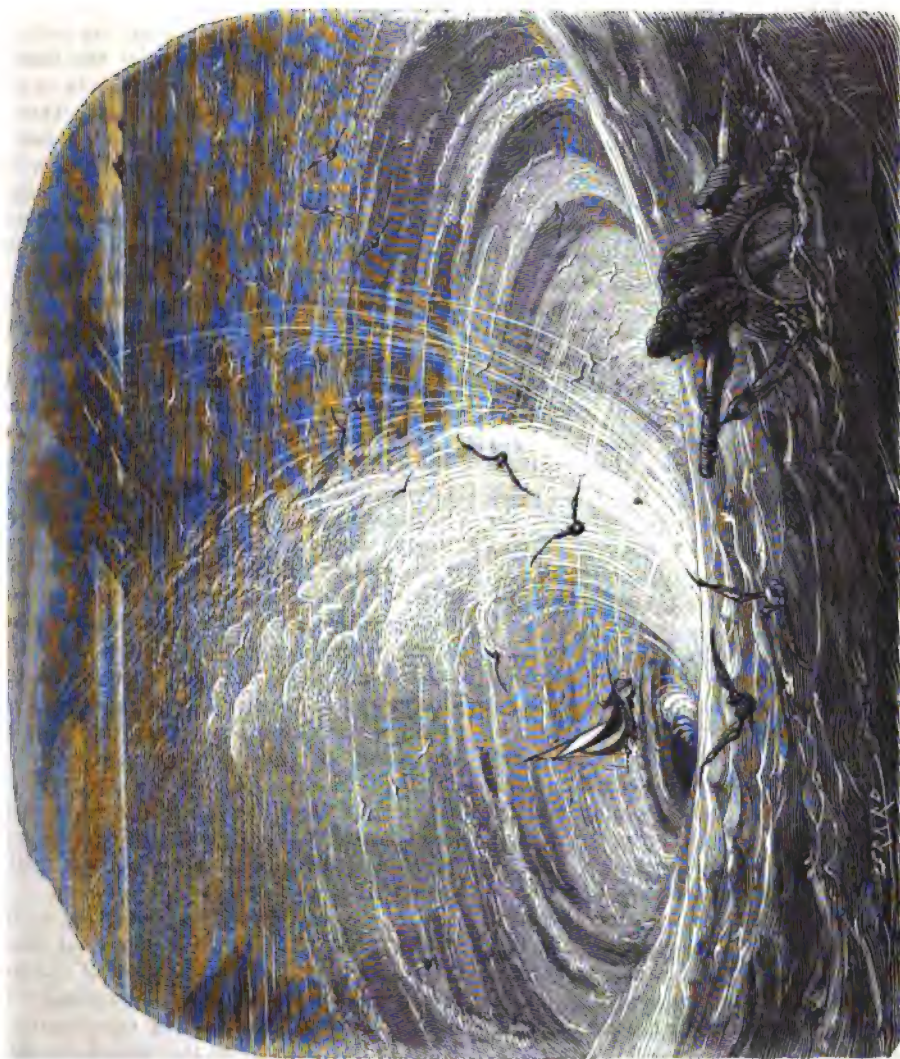
existence in great measure to the mere reflection of the changing skies in the water. Thus, for instance, an apparently dark inky-coloured sea is usually indicative of an approaching storm; not, however, because the water is really blacker than usual, but because it reflects the general hue of the atmosphere near the horizon. In some cases, however, these hues are attributable to local causes; for the greenish tint which usually occurs in shallow water, appears to be owing to the yellowish sand in the bed of the ocean, which, mingling its hues with the blue tints of the latter, imparts this hue to the whole mass. But what, then, it may be asked, is the real colour of the ocean? The various particulars connected with this subject, which have been collated by M. Arago, will form the best reply to this inquiry. "Mr. Scoresby (he observes) compares the general tint of the Polar Seas to the blue of *ultramarine*. M. Cortez considers the waters of the Mediterranean to resemble a perfectly clear solution of the finest *indigo*; he also describes them as of a *bright sky blue*. Captain Tuckey characterizes the waters of the Atlantic Ocean by the term *bright azure*. It would, therefore, appear that the colour of the ocean, when its waters are unmixed with foreign matter, may be considered as sky-blue, of greater or less intensity, according to the proportions of reflected light."

The reflection of different hues from the bottom of the sea, is not, however, the sole cause of the various colours observed in some parts of the ocean; for it appears that, in many instances, this arises from the presence of innumerable living creatures of minute size. Thus, in the Polar Seas, strongly marked bands, or stripes, of green-coloured water occur, the tint of which is due to the presence of myriads of semi-transparent medusæ of a yellowish colour, and which, when blended with the blue colour of the ocean, produce this green tint. In other parts, the ocean is of a brown colour, which also appears to be due to the presence of innumerable minute animals; and to a similar cause is attributable the milky-white hue which prevails in some localities. The latter was observed in a remarkable degree by Captain Tuckey, off Cape Palmas, on the coast of Guinea, where the vessel appeared to float in milk. On examining the water, this white appearance was found to proceed from multitudes of minute animals floating on the surface, which concealed the natural hue of the water. Off the coast of

Brazil, the waters of the sea have been observed to present a deep red hue, which is supposed to arise from the occurrence of minute molluscous animals, which float in countless myriads in that part of the ocean; and it is more than probable that the Vermilion Sea, near California, has derived its name from a similar cause.

The waters of the ocean are in perpetual movement,—from the effects of the tides, as well as of winds and currents. It appears from the researches of Mr. Russell, that the attraction of the heavenly bodies raises the vast mass of the waters of the ocean to a certain elevation, thus forming one mighty wave, designated as the *great primary wave*. The waters, being thus raised above their ordinary level, are immediately impelled by their natural gravity again to return to their wonted level, and the velocity with which this is effected will be dependent on the height to which the mass of waters has been raised. This moving mass of water, in obedience to the laws of hydrostatic equilibrium, spreads in every possible direction, extending round from the spot of its original elevation, without oscillating or retrograding, and not only moving onwards itself, but imparting motion to every particle of the water through which it passes. It is to the arrival on our shores of this grand primary wave, that the phenomenon of *high water*, or *flood tide*, is due; and, on the other hand, when the vast mass of waters is drawn to its elevation in the open ocean, the water recedes from the shores, and it is then *low water*, or what is called *ebb tide*. This mighty tidal wave does not, however, reach our shores until fifty or sixty hours after its formation, having in the interval moved in every possible direction, and with a velocity varying from ten to one hundred miles an hour.

The absolute height of the tides at particular places, is dependent on local causes, and mainly on the configuration of the land. Thus, in deep bays or inlets, especially when contracted like a funnel, the convergence of the water causes a great increase of the range between high and low water. Thus, at Chepstow, the tide rises from 45 to 60 feet; and in the Bristol Channel, the tide has been known to rise 70 feet; but its ordinary rise is 33 feet. In the Thames, at the London Docks, the average range is about 22 feet; at Portsmouth and Plymouth 12 feet 6 inches. The waves of the sea which are caused by the action of the wind are of a totally different character from



THE MARLSTROM.

the great tidal wave, and have been denominated *secondary waves*.

One of the results of the researches connected with the laying of the Atlantic Telegraph, has been the bringing up specimens of the sea-bottom by means of a simple contrivance known as "Brooke's deep-sea sounding apparatus." The first specimen was described as "a fine chalky clay." All the specimens obtained were forwarded to Professor Bailey, and when examined under his microscope they were found not to have "*a particle of sand or gravel mixed with them*," but to be mites of sea-shells, perfect in form; and as unworn and untritured as they were when alive. It is also now an established fact that there is no running water at the bottom of the *deep* sea. The agents which disturb the equilibrium of the sea, giving violence to its waves and force to its currents, all reside near or above its surface: none of them have their home in its depths. These agents are, its inhabitants, the moon, the winds, evaporation, and precipitation, with changes of temperature—such as heating here, and cooling there. The waves, even in their most angry moods, are incapable of reaching far down in the sea. In short, there is reason to believe that the bottom of the *deep* sea is everywhere protected from the violence of its waves, the abrading action of its currents, and the rage of the forces which are ever at play on its surface, by a cushion of soft water.

"The water is calm and still below,
For the winds and waves are absent there;
And the shells are as bright as the stars that glow,
In the motionless fields of the upper air."

The ocean phenomenon of whirlpools appears to be caused by currents encountering submarine obstacles, which cause them to whirl round with considerable velocity. When the movement is rapid, the centre forms the most depressed-portion of the whirlpool, and objects which are drawn within its reach, are engulfed or sucked in at that point. Several small whirlpools, but of sufficient power to whirl round boats of moderate size, occur among the Orkney Islands. Among the Western Islands also, a whirlpool of some size occurs, which is called the Whirlpool of Coryvrechan; it is situated in the narrow channel between Scarba and Jura, and is caused by opposing currents encountering a submarine rock of conical form, which rises abruptly from the bottom of the ocean (which here has a bottom of 600 feet) to within 90 feet of the surface.

The long-celebrated whirlpool in the Straits of Messina—

"Deep Charybdis, gulping in and out"—

appears to have owed much of the terror with which it has been invested, to the ignorance and inexperience of the mariners by whom those seas were navigated in ancient times.

One of the most remarkable whirlpools in the European seas, is the Maelstrom, of which we give an illustration. It is situated near the island of Moskoe, on the coast of Norway. This whirlpool is caused by the flood-tide setting from the south west among the Laffoden Isles, which, especially when it meets with a strong gale from the north west, produces a great agitation of the waves, forming a whirlpool, the roaring of which is heard at the distance of many miles. The Maelstrom is dangerous to vessels which may approach too near its disturbed waters; and it is said that whales and seals when caught within its eddies, are unable to extricate themselves from destruction.

"When the dire Maelstrom in his craggy jaws
Engulfs the Norway waves with hideous sound,
In vain the black sea monster plies his paws
Against the eddy that impels him round;
Racked and convulsed, the ingorging surges rear,
And fret their frothy wrath, and reel from shore to shore."

The waters, like the face of the earth, teem with living creatures: and the bed of the ocean in many parts is scarcely less beautifully clothed with submarine vegetation, than the surface of the dry land is with verdant herbs and stately trees. Some of the algae, or marine plants, are adapted to flourish only in situations where they are within the range of the tides, and consequently are alternately covered by the waters, and subjected to the action of the atmosphere; whilst others inhabit the oceanic valleys, thriving at the remarkable depth of 1,000 feet below the surface. The extraordinary size attained by some marine plants, in a great degree, however, accounts for this; as an instance of which we may mention the *Macrocrystis pyrifera*, said to vary in length from 500 to 800 feet, or more. Marine plants, not being subjected to the same vicissitudes of the seasons as land plants, are not liable to similar interruptions in their growth; which accordingly continues in winter as well as in summer, and in some species proceeds with great rapidity.

Such is a brief recapitulation of some of the leading features of the world of waters. Well may we say with the Psalmist: "They that go down to the sea in ships, and occupy their business in great waters; these men see the works of the Lord, and His wonders in the deep." Not that it is requisite for us to "occupy our business in great waters" in order to become acquainted with the wonders of creation as displayed in this department of the natural world: a simple drop of dew on a blade of grass, a flake of snow, a shower of rain falling to the earth, a small portion of water poured from one vessel to another, the process of evaporation perpetually carried on about and around us,—each and all of these, though less striking on account of their familiarity, equally bear the impress of Divine wisdom, power, and goodness. Let us not only

acknowledge this, but let us also feel it; and then shall we reverentially exclaim with Bishop Hall, "O God, the heart of man is too strait to admire enough, even that which he treads upon: what shall we say to Thee, the Maker of all these?" Or, in the words of the Russian poet, Derzhavin:—

"In its sublime research, philosophy

May measure out the ocean deep—may count
The sands, or the sun's rays—but, God! for Thee
There is no weight nor measure—none can mount
Up to Thy mysteries. . . .

Thou art, and wert, and shalt be! glorious! great!
Life-giving, life-sustaining Potentate!
Thy chains the unmeasured universe surround;
Upheld by Thee! by Thee inspired with breath!
Thou the beginning with the end hast bound,
And beautifully mingled life with death.

Z.

MADAGASCAR.



HE veteran missionary, the Rev. William Ellis, has just published another remarkably interesting volume, entitled "Madagascar Revisited."* It would be superfluous to commend the volume to our readers; but we may introduce it to their notice by quoting an extract or two.

Mr. Ellis thus expresses his judgment of the present state and prospects of the people:—

"The changes in the government of Madagascar have been great, and, with the exception of the increase of the army, to which it is reported that 17,000 men were added last year, and for which the Government may have good reasons, these changes appear to have been beneficial. The continued prohibition of the ordeal of the Tangena, which was abolished by the late king, is a decision favourable to the interests of justice and humanity. Persons accused or suspected of crimes were often required to drink this poison, as a means of showing their guilt or innocence. If the sign of innocence did not appear, they were put to death on the spot with great barbarity. If they died under the poison—no unfrequent occurrence—that was considered a proof of their guilt. Nothing could be more fallacious as a means of proving innocence or guilt, nor afford a more convenient mode of destroying life by poisoning

an enemy. Yet it was part of their system of belief, as well as their machinery of government: and, when heathenism was supreme, this trial was sometimes demanded by accused or suspected persons, as a means of demonstrating innocence. As part of the system which the heathens now endeavour to maintain, it is still desired, and I have heard the Government publicly asked to re-establish it in the land.

"How darkening to the mind, and destructive to all humane feeling, the native superstitions were, which underlaid and perverted the public and individual life of the nation, may be inferred from the opinions and feelings still cherished in reference to the Tangena, as above described. The heathenism of Madagascar is antagonistic to all that is foreign, and consequently incapable of enlightenment from commerce. It has opposed all ideas except such as germinated within its own obscure and confined circle of thought—a dreary region of night which admitted of no dawn. Education is co-extensive with Christianity, but is excluded from heathenism. To be able to read is regarded as a mark of sincerity in the Christian, but of incipient apostacy in the heathen.

"This idolatry existed at the time of my arrival, unaltered in itself; but, unable any longer to persecute, its high prestige was lowered; its power was a thing of the past, and it stood alone in its own weakness, unable

* "Madagascar Revisited." London: John Murray.

to inspire reverence or trust. In reference to idolatry, I witnessed a great change. It had been again obtruded upon public notice; its symbols carried forth to places of public resort; and its servants encouraged and patronized in high places. Restored in some respects outwardly to its high position, it had been admitted to the palace, and publicly honoured by the Sovereign. But even that change I did not, and do not, deem unfavourable to the highest interests of this infant nation, so long as heathenism can only repeat voices heard from the spirit world, and is not allowed to enforce its claims by the secular arm, and can employ no other force than its own influence over the minds of its votaries. It appeared to me better for both Christian and heathen that heathenism should have perfect freedom of action, and continue to be recognized as the religious system of a portion of the people, so long as it was able to maintain its hold upon their minds, than that it should have been suppressed by royal edict, or even discontinued by public kabary.

"The Christianity of Madagascar will be of a higher order, and a sounder quality, from its adherents having to win their way, and hold every inch they gain in contact, or even in conflict, with all the objections which idolatry can urge against its claims, than if it had been received in obedience to a sovereign's word, or established by government orders. I never desired for the Malagasy Church conversions that did not spring from convictions, nor professions of Christianity that were not based on experience of the truth. Among a people circumstanced as the Malagasy are, where all have equal liberty and protection, I do not fear any injury which heathenism can inflict on Christianity so long as no other means are employed than the zeal and devotedness which its own principles inspire and sustain in the hearts of its votaries.

"This opinion is justified by the state of things in Madagascar at the present time, where, notwithstanding the public recognition and encouragement which heathenism receives, there is no reason to believe that its adherents have increased, or that it has gained any firmer hold on the attachment and confidence of the people, than before the revolution. To me it appears rather that the restlessness of the votaries of the idols, the spasmodic attempts which they make ever and anon to attract notice, and the rumours of projects in favour of heathenism, are indications of a consciousness

on the part of its adherents that its power is departing, and that it has no influence over those who constitute the hope of the country. The manifest intelligence, character, and energy of the Christians, as well as the teaching of the Gospel, are drawing into union with them the youth of the middle and upper classes, at least in the central and ruling provinces. Christianity is doing this by the knowledge it conveys, the convictions which it lodges in the understanding, and the truth and directness with which it speaks to the conscience and the inner life. There is also a neutral party in Madagascar—men on whose minds heathenism has lost its hold, but who have not accepted Christianity. These, as well as many of the heathen, admit that Christians are better members of society and more trustworthy than the heathen; hence so many of the former are selected in spite of their creed, but in virtue of their character, to fill important offices of trust.

"It is doubtless trying to the Christians to be confronted by heathenism at every turn; to meet and mingle with it in every walk of life, as well as to have to maintain a ceaseless strife against the evil of their own hearts; but I believe that the Christianity of Madagascar will be more intelligent, pure, and strong, better developed, and more prolific in all that is good and true, by having to test and try, in contact with idolatry, the strength of its principles, and the vitality of its faith, than it would have been had there been what is called a national conversion, and a general acceptance of Christianity.

"The missionaries feel that on the issue of this conflict the future of Madagascar depends. Hence their aim to make the grand lineaments of Christianity as presented in the Holy Scriptures the one chief subject of their teaching, employing education, with all other auxiliaries, in furtherance of this, and allowing nothing to diminish or weaken the influence of this teaching on the minds of the people. The present is perhaps the most critical period that has ever occurred in the existence of this people; and grateful as the missionaries feel for the liberty and privileges which the present government affords, they cannot forget that changes are not unknown in Madagascar. Though Christians are now included in the families of all the members of the Government, but few of those in whose hands the ruling power actually rests are Christians; and even in relation to the population of the capital, but especially to that of the provinces, the

Christians are only a small minority, and could not physically maintain their position should persecution again arise.

"Should Christianity still extend, and ultimately bring under its influence the leading classes in the country, the Malagasy race may yet be preserved, and obtain a name and a place among the nations; but should the religion of the Bible be again proscribed, and driven to the caverns or the desert, and the Malagasy become subject to the influences for evil, which, in their present condition, would then be brought to bear upon them; and should ignorance, and vice, and the folly and weakness which are their natural fruits, prevail, the people will gradually and surely melt away, and their final subjection and extinction will become only a question of time. My own opinion is, that nothing, humanly speaking, but the moral energy and vital stamina of Christianity can, in their present contact with more advanced races, preserve them from destruction. The Supreme Ruler appears, by sending His Gospel among them, to be giving them another trial, a fresh opportunity of entering upon that course of intelligence, activity, and virtue, which is the path of natural life to communities, as the way of holiness, love, and faith is the path of spiritual life to individuals. To point out that blessed way, to induce them to enter it, to lead them along step by step in it until they become strong in that faith which, working by love, purifies the heart, overcomes the world, and saves the soul, is the great aim of all rightly directed missionary effort.

"But while seeking, and with God's blessing accomplishing, this, the Gospel which the missionary teaches enhances the enjoyment of every earthly blessing, and saves for the present life, as well as for that which is to come.

No one who has felt the least interest in the deeply affecting changes among the Malagasy can feel unconcerned about the prospects of that interesting people. No event in their past existence has been so remarkable as the recent progress of Christianity amongst them. The number of adherents at the time of my arrival amounted to about 7,000 in the capital and the villages, with 400 communicants. The latest statistics show their total number to be about 18,000, with 4,374 communicants, more than half of whom are connected with the churches in the capital. These numbers represent the Christians united in seventy-nine churches, within a radius of about twenty

miles from the capital, and they are under the spiritual care of seven English missionaries, and ninety-five native pastors and teachers.

"Thus, it appears, that in four years the number of Christians has been more than *doubled*, and that the proportion of communicants has increased more than *tenfold*. Only a small proportion of those united to the Christians in the capital are either aged or very young persons. Most of them are verging towards manhood or middle age. These remarkable and gratifying results are some of the answers to the many fervent prayers that have been offered for the people, the fruits of Christian philanthropy, and constitute the best foundation of hope for Madagascar.

"Besides the efforts above specified, others have been put forth; and although we have yet only twenty schools in Madagascar, this department of our work is about to be ably reinforced. Additional books in the native language have been prepared, and printed at the mission press, whence we expect a supply for the increasing demands which extended education will create. Already the ten thousand copies of the New Testament, and a generous supply of Malagasy Bibles, together with separate portions of the Scriptures, from the British and Foreign Bible Society, have proved an incalculable benefit to the Christians in that country.

"Such are some of the means by which this interesting people have, with God's blessing, attained their present position; and it is on the vigorous and persevering use of these and other instrumentalities employed without interruption on their behalf, that we build our hopes of their preservation, and their happiness in this life, and in that which is to come."

Our Frontispiece Illustration (page 565), "A FOREST SCENE IN MADAGASCAR," will give additional interest to a second brief extract, in which Mr. Ellis describes a portion of his journey:—

"The pleasure of my journey was increased by the exhilarating effect of the charming scenery through which I occasionally passed. The season was pleasant. It was spring-time in Madagascar; the days were fine, and the tropical breeze fresh and cool. Many of the splendid flowers were just coming into bloom, and all vegetation looked fresh and green, as yet uninjured by drought or sun. Many of the trees and shrubs, gay with their own blossoms, were wreathed together by creeping plants also

in flower; while the palms, and the ferns, and other tropical plants, gave the whole scene a splendid and luxuriant aspect.

"The country, after leaving Maromby, was singularly delightful. Of all the beautiful forms which the vegetation of tropical regions presents, the bamboo often combines the most perfect symmetry and grace; and a species of this plant was so abundant in this neighbourhood as to give a peculiar character to the whole scenery. Each plant growing like an elastic cane, an inch or more in diameter at the root, and tapering to a point at a height of forty feet or more, with feathery branches three or four feet in length at the base, also diminishing gradually to a point at the end, bending with a graceful curve before the gentlest wind, its myriad leaflets quivering with every breath of air, was of itself an object of unspeakable interest and pleasure. But the bamboo growing singly or in clusters often appeared covering the entire valley with its bright yellowish-green leaves, or rising in a tuft, and soaring like a plume on the summit of a hill. Occasionally a few rofia palms, or a clump of traveller's trees might be seen rising among the ferns near the water. Altogether, I do not recollect ever having beheld more charming scenery.

"The road to the forest, over which I was

now travelling, was one continuous and difficult ascent, varied only by slight hollows. Each of my former journeys through this region had been made in rainy weather, but the fineness of the day enabled me now to observe the peculiarities of this part of the route much better than I had done before. I had not previously noticed the great height, and the smallness of the trunks of most of the trees, of which but few are deciduous. In the less crowded parts I occasionally saw truly gigantic and venerable patriarchs of the forest; sometimes I also met with a few bamboos shorter, thicker, and less flexible than those which I had seen in the lower districts, and I could not fail to observe the number of plants of the palm, the *Pandanus*, the *Aralia*, and the *Dracena* species—the two former generally most abounding near the shore, but the latter most frequent near the interior. There were also a number of rattan-like canes, and sometimes creepers covered with blossom, as well as others of an amazing size, and apparently of interminable length, twining like cables up the trunks of the largest trees, and stretching away until lost in the interlacing canopy of leaves and branches high above."

Our readers will be able to judge from these extracts how great a treat is in store for them in the perusal of "*Madagascar Revisited*."

THE choosing a name by sound belongs to civilization. It was not so with nations in their infancy. They went by sense. They fixed on a name that described a child, that referred to its personal characteristics, that was an outlet for their piety and thanksgiving, that was owned already by something that they were grateful for and loved.

The Jewish mother (as long ago as the days chronicled in the Bible) rocked her baby on her breast, and as she sat among the flocks and birds and flowers, called it Susanna, lily; or Hadasseh, myrtle; or Zophar, her little bird; or Deborah, the bee that buzzed so closely, it made her little one open its eyes and smile. Or, joyous and poetic in her luxuriant land, the timid sheep were bleating by, and she called her babe Rachel, in their memory; or the rich fruit of the pomegranate overhung her, and gave her food, and she called her baby Tabrimon; or the palm-tree rose straight and tall, and so her child should, and be named Tamar; or the sparrows twittered in her ear, and her child was Zippor; or the dove cooed softly, and he is called Jonah; or the crow showed its sable

plumage, and its name was Caleb; or the light seed sown was wafted by her, and her babe was Julia, the tender, delicate, nestling little thing. Carmi, my vineyard, the Israelites' child became, when they were grateful for that source of happiness and wealth; or Eschol, the full cluster of ripe purple grapes, or Lot, sweet-scented myrrh; or Peninnah and Pinon, pearl; or Thahash, the tender tint of hyacinth, fragrant and pale; or Ulla, a young child, or Saph, the moss growing plentifully at their feet on the bright seashore. And then Hebrew parents mourned over a sickly child, and called it Abel, because they saw it was like breath or vapour, and would soon pass away; or they named it Delilah, weak; or Hagar, timorous stranger; or Jabez, sorrow; or Job, a weeper; or Leah, weary; or Necha, lame. And the robust child, the sturdy, strong young fellow was rejoiced in as Elah, the tall, spreading oak; or Amos, weighty; or Asher, bliss; or Ruth, contentment; or Rebekah, fat; or, more poetically still, Abigail, the father's joy; Eve, the gladdener; Isaac, laughter; Nahum, comforter; and David—sweet and tender utterance—beloved.

Leaves from the Book of Nature: Descriptive Narrative, &c.

A THOUSAND AND ONE STORIES FROM NATURE.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

BY THE REV. F. O. MORRIS, B.A., RECTOR OF NUNBURNHOLME, YORKSHIRE, AND CHAPLAIN TO HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF CLEVELAND, AUTHOR OF A "HISTORY OF BRITISH BIRDS" (DEDICATED BY PERMISSION TO HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN), ETC., ETC.

THE DOG.

CXVII.

A dog belonging to Mr. John Gale, of Sise Lane, in London, may frequently be seen carrying a penny to a neighbouring baker's and bringing therefrom a biscuit. The animal's love of "Abernethy's" is well known in the locality, and he is enabled to indulge it pretty freely. Several well-authenticated stories of his sagacity are told. One is that he keeps a strict watch over his owner's hat when out at a public place, and has removed it from the head of another person who put it on to see whether he would really interfere. He was once far away in the country, on the sick list, for a couple of months. When he returned he heard the rattling of keys when the safe was being locked up for the night, on which he immediately went to the safe and demanded, in his way, to carry the keys to his master, as was his wont before his sickness. He is of the Irish retriever breed, and has been a very handsome dog, but is now falling into the "sere."

CXVIII.

A traveller was passing in a carriage along the Avenue de Neuilly, in Paris. The night was dark; all at once the horse stopped, and the traveller saw that the animal had met an obstacle. At the same moment a man raised himself from before the horse, uttering a cry. "Why don't you take care?" said the traveller. "Ah," cried the man, "you would do better, instead of halloing, to lend me your lantern." "What for?" "I had 300 francs in gold on my person: my pocket is broken, and all is fallen in the street. It is a commission with which my master has entrusted me. If I do not find the money I am a ruined man." "It is not easy to find the pieces on such a night; have you none left?" "Yes, I have one." "Give it to me." The man hesitated. "Give

it to me; it is as a means of recovering the others." The poor man gave him his last coin. The traveller whistled; a magnificent Danish dog began to leap around him. "Here," said the traveller, putting the coin to the nose of the dog—"look." The intelligent creature sniffed a moment at the money, and then began to run about the road. Every minute he returned leaping, and deposited in the hand of his master a napoleon. In about twenty minutes the whole sum was recovered. The poor fellow who had got his money back, turned, full of thanks, towards the traveller, who had now got into his carriage. "Ah, you are my preserver," said he, "tell me at least your name." "I have done nothing," said the traveller. "Your preserver is my dog; his name is Rabet-Joie." And then bidding him farewell, he disappeared in the darkness.

THE BUTTERFLY.

CXIX.

Among the many pets that I have loved and lost, few have endeared themselves more to me than my butterflies, two of which I once kept for the space of a year and a half.

They came to me in their chrysalis state, and I, not knowing anything of entomology, shut them up for safety in a cabinet having glass doors. The cabinet stood near a small window in my bedroom. I was very unwell that winter, and therefore a fire was kept in my room night and day. The room was therefore very warm, and I suppose the little butterflies were deceived thereby, and thought or dreamed that summer smiled upon the earth; for a few days after Christmas, to my astonishment and delight, a little yellow butterfly was seen fluttering freely within the cabinet.

My attention was first directed to the cabinet by the playful gambols of a pet pussy, who had mounted on a chair, and stood upon its hind legs, pawing at the little creature through

the glass. I soon sent pussy away, opened the cabinet, and tried to induce the butterfly to alight upon my hand. But it was either dazzled and bewildered at finding itself in its new and extended sphere of existence, or had already learned the fear of man, for, at the approach of my hand, it flew wildly about, and finally settled down, as if exhausted.

I now became most anxious to feed the little thing; but how this was to be achieved I had not the slightest idea, nor could any one in the house advise or help me in this important matter. Moreover, I was loudly ridiculed for the bare idea of trying to tame and feed butterflies. However, I remembered that the poets all agreed in saying that butterflies sipped nectar from the opening flowers, and therefore turned my attention to manufacture a substitute for nectar. Obtaining some honey, which I diluted with rosewater, I put one drop into the centre of the open blossoms of a fairy rose, and placed the little plant in the cabinet. I soon had the joy of seeing the little thing flutter round the rose, and finally settle upon it. Whether it really drank or not I cannot say. I thought that it must have done so, as it appeared to grow stronger, and more lively every day. I fed it in this manner every day for a fortnight, and by the end of that time it became so tame that it would step off the flowers, or anything else on which it might be standing, and appear quiet and at rest upon my hand. It also appeared to understand that I wished it to come to me when I called it by the name of "Psyche," that being the name which I had given to the insect.

About three weeks after the advent of Psyche, we were gladdened by the addition of another butterfly to our establishment—a peacock. He was strong and vigorous from the first, and flitted swiftly about like a gleam of prismatic light. I used to fancy they talked to each other, as he at once fell into the ways and habits of the other; and when I called Psyche, he too would come. I gave him another name, but he never seemed to understand that it belonged to him.

They lived in this way until the earth had donned her glowing summer robe of lilies and roses, when I was told that their life-power could only extend over a month or two, and that it was cruel to keep them, even as happy

prisoners. I was, therefore, induced to give them their liberty. The cabinet was placed with open doors before the window. It was many days before the butterflies ventured to leave the window-sill, and this much to my joy, for I thought it might be affection for me that held them back. However, one day, with many bitter tears I saw them depart, and join some wild companions; but at night we found them again in the cabinet. On the following morning they left us, and came not back until the cold and stormy September weather set in. Yet, when in the garden, they would come if I called them, and rest for a short time on my hair or hands. At length, on a cold windy day in September, we saw them on the window-sill; and on our opening the window, they came in and resumed possession of their old quarters, and abode there for the winter. It is true they were but poor-looking objects to what they were when they went forth. The world seemed to have used them somewhat roughly, for the sheen had gone from the rich wings of the peacock butterfly, and the soft yellow bloom from Psyche's plumage. Nevertheless, they were welcomed guests; and though ragged and wayworn, were not less loved. We observed that during this winter they slept more than they did formerly. They also manifested pleasure when sung or talked to, and were very fond of being waved about and danced up and down in the air, while they would sit upon the hand quite calmly. I think that the movement must have reminded them of the nodding flowers and fresh breezes of their summer life.

The sun and earth ran their appointed course until they brought us another bright June, and again I bestowed the boon of freedom on our fairy pets, who went forth gaily; but, alas, never to return. One day, after a heavy thunderstorm, we found the inanimate form of a yellow butterfly upon the window-sill. I took it up lovingly, and did my best to revive it, for I believed it to be the material form of my own beautiful Psyche, who had sought refuge from the storm, but had found the window closed. Of this I cannot be sure.

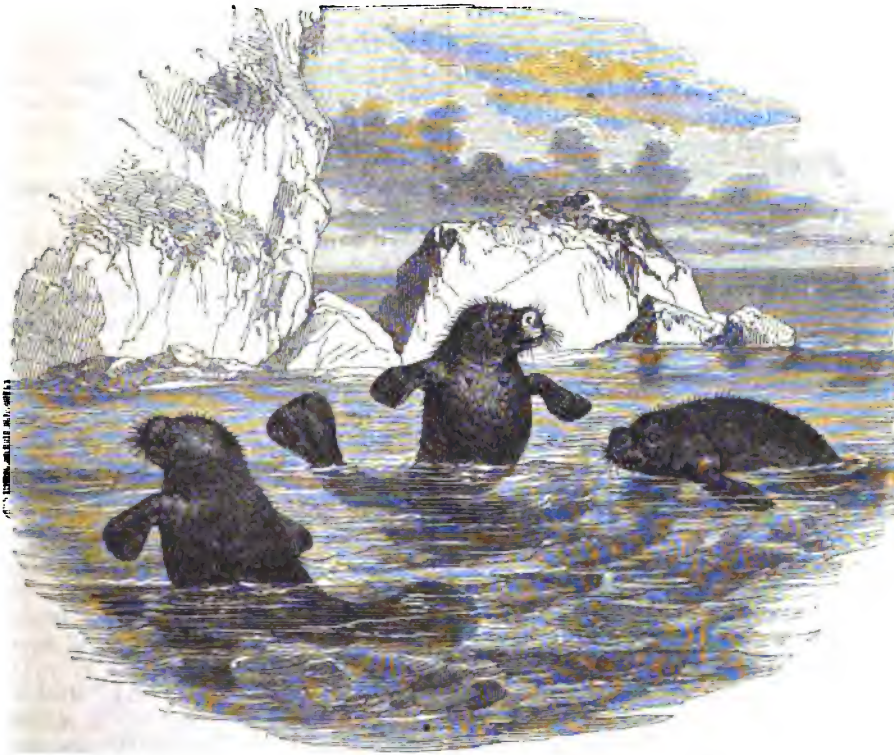
I have since tried to tame other butterflies, but never again was so successful, although I have taught three or four to know me, and to come at my call.—*Rev. J. G. Wood.*

THE MANATEE, OR LAMANTIN.

THIS animal inhabits the mouths of the Amazon, Orinoco, and other South American rivers. Its name has reference to the peculiar form of its swimming paws. These, as in the other genera, are composed of soft parts, and a membrane which enfolds the bones of the hand and fingers; but in the Manatee four flat nails are seen attached to the edge of the paw. The tail, also, is peculiar, being about one-fourth the length of the body, and oval-

when seen at a distance with the anterior part of the body out of the water, to be taken for some creatures approaching to human shape. The effect has been deepened by the thick-set hairs of the muzzle, giving somewhat the appearance of human hair, or a beard. Thus the Spanish and the Portuguese give the Manatee a name which signifies Woman Fish; and the Dutch call it the Dugong Baardmannetze, or Little Bearded Man.

In this way, doubtless, some of our stories



THE MANATEE.

shaped, not unlike that of the otter. The head is round, attached to the body without a neck: the muzzle, in which the nostrils are placed, is large and fleshy: the upper lip cleft, and bristled at the sides; the lower lip much shorter; and the mouth small. The teeth, which are all molars, bear a resemblance to those of some cloven-footed quadrupeds.

The mammae of the Manatees are pectoral, and this structure, joined to the adroit use of their finger-like flippers, have caused them,

of mermaids have arisen; and "It is not at all improbable," says Scoresby, "that the Walrus has afforded foundation for others. I have myself seen a sea-horse in such a position, that it required little stretch of imagination to mistake it for a human being; so like, indeed, was it, that the surgeon of the ship actually reported to me that he had seen a man with his head just appearing above the surface of the water!" *

* Cassell's "Natural History, Vol. II., pp. 365-6."

Songs of the Garden.

BY MRS. ELLIS, AUTHORESS OF THE "WOMEN OF ENGLAND."

XI.

Let us Sing of the Dead.

LET us sing of the dead so kindly,
That if they still could hear,
They would know how well we loved
them,

How true was every tear.

Let us sing of the flowers of summer,
Of the cool and pleasant shade,
Of the spots, all green and golden,
By light and shadow made.

Let us sing of our garden sisters,
In loving tones, and true ;
With their wreaths of shining silver,
Their bells of tender blue ;

With their cups of pearl and ruby,
And many a queenly crown,
And many a star of glory,
That beauty blushed to own ;

And the scented breath they sent us
From bower and border gay ;
With the smiles of early morning,
The sighs of closing day.

And this wealth of joy and gladness
Returning year by year,
With a faithfulness unchanging,
Which made them more than dear :
For it told us—oh, how sweetly !—

A tale for ever true :
That He who made the world so fair,
Its bloom will still renew :—

That to fade is not to perish,
Where He His pledge has given
Of a blessed reawakening
In the garden bowers of Heaven.

Glad Tidings.

IF nature grieves not when our hearts are
sad,
But blooms afresh, and blossoms while
we sigh :

So we regard her not when tidings glad
Come floating o'er the garden sere and dry.

So glanced the maiden o'er a golden page—
Golden to her, with wealth in every word ;
Unseen by her was blight of youth, or age,
And the sharp rustling of the leaves unheard.

There is no winter in her young life now,
No autumn chill, no withering in the blast ;
Spring scatters sunshine o'er her smiling brow,
And flowers of summer round her feet are
cast.

He comes ! and not with lingering steps, and
slow ;
But swift to prove the truth his words have
told,

That, taught by sorrow, he has learned to know
Life's richest blessings are not bought with
gold.

His proud heart yields at last—his dream is
o'er—

The sordid promise of his worldly gain.
He stands in thought upon his native shore,
And sees the idol of his life—how vain !

He comes ; but yet returning is not all,
He brings that blessed wisdom taught by
tears—

By patient watching,—listening for the call
Of death, beneath the shade of wasted years.

'Tis thus he comes, to share a lowlier home
Than fancy painted in his early dreams.
Thus her fond heart has yearned that he might
come,

And now too full her cup of gladness seems.
Too full for only one. The flowers should hear
Her happy tidings ; and the flowers are gone.
He too is gone, that brother still so dear,
And she must drink her cup of joy alone.

Such is our life. No blessed draught is given,
But comes some bitter drop—some grief—
some sore.

Such is our life ; if not it would be Heaven,
And we should trust, and pray, and hope no
more.

The Home Library.

Lectures preached in Portman Chapel during Lent 1866 and 1867. By J. W. REEVE, M.A.
London: J. Nisbet and Co.

The topic of the First Series of lectures in this volume is "The Name which is above every name;" that of the Second is "The Shepherd and His Flock." They are model pastoral discourses. We give an extract:—

SPIRITUAL WEAKNESS.

"Be assured that one cause of spiritual weakness is the constant dwelling upon self instead of upon Christ. Such persons study self more than they study Christ, and then they are weak in courage—they have none; weak in power—they can do nothing; weak in love—it centres all in self. There is no expansiveness; there is no going forth to others. Why, how constantly we see it, my brethren,—persons that are in affliction, perhaps unable to get out much, to have much intercourse with others. A great many persons visit them, but it is always in the way of sympathy, giving out to them, compassionating them, pitying them, making them think still more and more of self. But when those persons recover a little, let them make an effort, and go to see other people, and give out to others, instead of always craving to take in, and how wonderfully they are improved then. What a change it makes when once we are occupied with the sorrows of others, instead of always circling just round our own.

"Oh, it is not good for some minds always to be taking in human sympathy, but it is a good thing to be giving out. The happiest people are those that have large sympathies for the sorrows of others; who endeavour to cast their own cares upon the Lord, and who receive from Him that help and support by which they are comforted themselves, and are enabled to comfort others. As I have said, then, these persons are weak because they look in, and not out—down, and not up; so they forget what Christ is, and dwell only on what they themselves are—poor and wretched and miserable. They forget all the promises of God, and that His Word is like Himself—'The same yesterday, to-day, and for ever.'"

The Family: Its Duties, Joys, and Sorrows.
By COUNT A. DE GASPARIN. Translated from the French. London: Jackson, Walford, and Hodder.

We shall best introduce this volume (which is emphatically a Book for the Home Library, rich in the counsels of the ripest experience) by two or three extracts:—

THE FAMILY AND THE SCHOOL.

"The laxity of family ties is one of the ominous signs of our times. Not only has it been made infinitely easy for parents to desert their task, even to giving out their children to nurse, but we have gone further; we have neglected the employment of those means of action which public virtue has left to us. Hours out of school have not been turned to account; parents and children alike have learnt to do without each other,

and evil independence has arisen. School has quieted us. Is it not there? Does it not give lessons? Does it not exercise a moral oversight? Does it not provide against everything?

"Schools providing everything, and families concerning themselves about nothing; this is, in two words, the crime and the peril of the present day. How many holy affections it extinguishes, how much delightful intimacy, how much strength and joy, no tongue can tell. Deprived of the family, we are losing, little by little, that certain something, distinctive and personal, which home alone can give: turned out of the same wholesale manufactory, we are naturally pretty much like one another: a decent mediocrity prevails everywhere, accredited sentiments, recognized opinions. Men are becoming more and more rare.

"Far be it from me to advocate the suppression of schools. Let us have schools, but by all means families. It is a grievous mistake to imagine that school supplies what is lacking in the family; it may often do what the family cannot, but it does not do what the family alone can. Domestic education must ever go hand in hand with public education; or rather, I should say, there is no public education; children can be brought up only at home. This is a task that cannot be deputed; if neglected by the family it is undone.

"God has not created the family for it to be dispensed with. We may give ourselves many dispensations, but our duties devolve upon us unalterably. We shall never invent a mechanism capable of, in any degree, superseding the action of parents. So that it is not everything to send children to school; they must be brought up at home.

"Solemn and noble work, the sweetness of which cannot be imagined by those who seek to escape from it! The children of true families may go to school, or college, like others; but they will feel themselves followed by an affection which never loses sight of them; they will feel themselves to be under the eye of God, and under their mother's eye."

THE FIRST LESSON OF THE FAMILY.

"The first and chief thing is, to love our children. The first lesson of the family is love. Their best friends must be those at home. Without lowering ourselves, without assuming the tone of comrades, without practising a false equality, and compromising our dignity and the respect due to us, we shall attach our children to us closely.

"You have doubtless known that special affection which grows up between parent and child, an affection always increasing, and sometimes confidential. It comes of genuine education. It is one of the best gifts we can bestow upon our sons and daughters, and it is one of the best joys we can receive from them.

"We should not forget that one of our first duties is to make home happy. Our children must feel happy there; for if otherwise, if their best moments were not spent with us, if they did not look forward to the family gathering at the close of the day, as to its joy and crown, something essential would be wanting in

the development of their hearts. We owe them cheerfulness; youth requires it. This may cost us an effort; we may often feel tempted to multiply and protract domestic squalls: we must beware; if prolonged they will produce a storm."

WEARING VELVET INDOORS.

"We should wear our velvet indoors," i. e., give those nearest to us the chief benefit of gentleness.

"How many, alas! put on their velvet to go out into the world, and consider that anything will do to wear at home. Politeness is their court dress, and they will exchange it for a dressing-gown when they return home. But how beautifully consideration and respect harmonize with family affection. How they dignify all the intercourse of old and young, masters and servants, relations and friends, and how infallibly they remind us of all that is due to woman! How thoroughly politeness may claim the title of 'good fellow!' and 'good fellows,' in my creed, are rare now-a-days; and, whatever may be said, they are not of the class who put themselves at their ease at the expense of all around them, especially of their own household; who come home as they would enter an inn, throw themselves into an arm-chair, attend to their own concerns, or smoke, without troubling themselves to notice father or mother, wife or child; who will attend to nothing but their appetite at table (which would be disturbed by conversation); and who, finding at last that there is really more freedom in their club than at home, end by deserting the latter; and yet they are thoroughly content with themselves, and, considering their life irreproachable, boastfully style themselves 'good fellows.'"

"Let us only be so; and this cannot be without goodness, as the very word implies. Do you deserve the name when you begin the day without a tender greeting to every member of your family, without informing or concerning yourself as to their health, or interesting yourself in what interests them—without encouraging, consoling, guiding, or helping them, just as though you saw them not, or as though they were not there; when you end the day, in which you have had as little as possible of their society, without addressing them more than an absent 'Good night,' while nevertheless you pretend to love them?"

THE HUSBAND'S AUTHORITY AND THE WIFE'S EQUALITY.

"The importance of a real authority is manifest from the first day. It is one of the fundamental conditions of tenderness, happiness, progress. There is a hierarchy in marriage, though at the same time a hierarchy of equals. The man sees in his wife a helpmeet unto him; thus the harmony of duties is maintained, authority is penetrated with affection, obedience and dignity are united.

"Such an obedience has its grandeur. The wife who would look upon it as a yoke would compromise both her own happiness and the happiness of those belonging to her. How noble, on the other hand, is the position of the woman who is subject, who loves her position, who obeys joyously and lovingly! One whom I will not name has said: 'Love subdues our moral liberty without annihilating it.'"

"The Family owns no slaves; those who would incline to regard the submission of woman as slavery must have forgotten their mothers. I know few things more lovely or more sweet upon earth than domestic government, when it is what it ought to be. The husband has the final decision, but nothing is decided upon by him which has not been tenderly and seriously debated by them both; the authority he exercises is far more recognized by his wife than contended for by himself.

"Such are the wonders of the Divine Institution; it has harmonized submission with liberty. Weaken one or the other, and you fall into a miserable state; dissensions, contending claims, complaints, recriminations, and it may be, absolute failure. No more unity, no more respect, I need not say no more love. Whether the wife carries the day (to her cost), or whether the husband realizes (to his cost also) his ideas of despotism, both are degraded; marriage has given place to a far different association, for marriage has been undermined at its foundation, its constituent elements have been tampered with; it cannot exist without *authority and equality*."

"And I must not be misunderstood on this point. I insist that these two principles be maintained openly, loyally, in the very light of day. An equality established in an under-hand manner, an influence manœuvred for, is unworthy of the name. Counsels of a contrary kind have been too often given to women; they have been too often informed that a position difficult to maintain avowedly may be secured by tactics; they have had recommended to them a compliance, very far from honourable to my mind, inasmuch as it savours of stratagem. There is a spurious morality in this, against which it would be impossible to protest too strongly. Let us above all things be true. I can understand certain weaknesses. I can understand certain minds, in difficult positions, the result of their own ambitions, ending by falling into deceit. I can understand Madame de Maintenon suggesting to women proceedings to which she had such frequent recourse herself, and enjoining upon them that in their dependent position 'gentleness is the best way to carry their point.' But *our* model is a different one, and we draw our inspiration from higher sources. We consider duty. Now duty does not accommodate itself—it does not yield in order to be accepted. The duty of the wife is to recognize fully, simply, and joyously, the authority of her husband; the duty of the husband is to recognize fully, simply, and joyously, the equality of his wife. Thus, and thus only, will be established that dependence in equality of which the pagan world had never dreamed, and which forms the very key-stone of marriage according to the Gospel."

"*I will Help Thee.*" By the Author of "Homely Readings," &c. London: W. Macintosh. An excellent Tract for the New Year.

Turning to the East at the Creed. By THOMAS C. PRICE, M.A., Vicar of St. Augustine-the-less, Bristol. London: W. Macintosh.

The author proves that this is a superstitious custom, unscriptural and unauthorized by the Church of England. On one page we notice the following statistics of directions given in the service books of the Church of Rome for a single mass:—

"	"	Directions for folding and unfolding the hands	65
"	"	crossing of books, persons, &c.	58
"	"	kneeling, slight bows, and profound bows	90
"	"	incensing of persons, altars, host, books	53
"	"	kissings of books, persons, altar, and holy vessels	29
"	"	right use of eyes, and washing of hands and fingers	23
"	"	beatings of the heart, ringing of bells, and lighting and extinguishing candles	12"

Such is Ritualism developed!



The Havana: Mouth of the Harbour

The Christian Home.

WOMAN'S FAITH;

OR,

PRAISE AND BLAME.

BY MRS. ELLIS, AUTHORESS OF "THE WOMEN OF ENGLAND," ETC.

CHAPTER XII.

FOR some days after the storm Margaret satisfied herself with occasional inquiries respecting the fisherman, remaining well content to be excused from any farther responsibility concerning him. It was but too true that he was seriously injured, some said fatally; for in contending with the waves, he had been struck on the head and chest by some floating plank or fragment belonging to a vessel wrecked on the previous night. It was even whispered amongst the gossips of the place that this was only a just retribution, for it was generally suspected that James Halliday sometimes risked his life in pursuit of such questionable gains as might be secured by being first upon the scene where a shipwreck had taken place.

Mr. Godwin was not regardless of his duty towards the injured man, but his account was not such as to encourage a visit from Margaret, even had there been no personal objection on her part. The man "appeared stupified," Mr. Godwin said, perhaps unable to say much, for he could make nothing of him, and his hurt might have affected him beyond what the doctor was able to discover. His age and his previous state of health were such as to leave little probability of his recovery.

"I should like to know a few things which he could tell me," said Margaret to herself; and she said this with rather less

tenderness than she was accustomed to feel for the sick and suffering. "I should like to know before he dies whether he did really set afloat a wicked story, knowing it to be false."

But still Margaret saw no possible opening or means by which she could arrive at a solution of her mystery; until one afternoon, about a week after the accident, when walking alone by the seashore, she was startled by being accosted by a woman who was evidently looking out for her, and who told her, in rather a hurried manner, that James Halliday wished to see her.

"To see me?" exclaimed Margaret, "you must surely be mistaken."

"No," said the woman, whom Margaret now recognized as the wife of one of the fishermen. "You'll excuse me, I hope, for stopping you, but I was charged by James Halliday, that if so be as I could see you at any time alone, I was to tell you that he wished to speak to you on rather particular business."

"When does he want to see me?" asked Margaret.

"Almost any time," replied the woman, "and if it's anything of consequence, I should say the sooner the better, for it's my opinion—and we all think the same—that it won't be long before there is some change."

"Is he so very ill?" said Margaret.

"That I can hardly tell you," the woman replied. "You see James is not like other

folks. He keeps things to himself. It would, may be, have been better for him if he had spoken out more. However, that's past and gone now. He'll never speak much again, it's my belief."

"And he wants to see me?" Margaret asked again, for, except for one especial reason of her own, she felt no drawing towards the man. "Would it do for me to go now, should you think?"

The woman repeated her words—"The sooner the better." But still Margaret hesitated, for it was already late in the afternoon, and who could tell what the man might want, or how long he might detain her?

Margaret looked at her watch, and the woman, guessing her difficulty, offered to take any message she might like to send to her friends, as she was going on an errand to the town. She was at present, she said, in attendance upon James, and must be quick back again, when, if night had closed in, she could either see Margaret safely home herself, or find some one to take charge of her.

So the two parted, and Margaret pursued her way to the fisherman's cottage, wondering as she went what he could possibly have to say to her. Before arriving at the place the day was so far spent that long shadows had begun to stretch far along the shore from every point of cliff or projecting headland, while the little hollow, with the boats and nets and baskets and the two lonely cottages, appeared enveloped in a kind of twilight gloom.

Within the cottage where James Halliday was now lying in helpless and hopeless endurance, there reigned a darker, deeper gloom than that which prevailed without, for no kind hand was near to light his dim candle or to stir the smouldering fire.

Margaret said, mentally, as she stood for a few minutes just within the door of this miserable abode in order that her eyes might accommodate themselves to the absence of light, "Did no one ever love this man, I wonder. Harry Dunlop felt kindly towards him, why should not I?" Suddenly she bethought herself of that reason

which people said Harry had for his kindness, and her cheek flushed in the darkness until she felt it burn. Then, as suddenly thrusting the thought from her, she went forward. It was Margaret's habit to go forward, not backward, when goaded by a painful thought; and to some of us it would make a world of difference now if we had always done this.

"Who's there?" said a voice from the inner room, for the man had heard a step approaching, and knew that it stopped at the outer door.

"It is Margaret Courtenay," was the simple reply.

"All right," said the man, with an attempt at animation which passed in a moment, subsiding into a low moan.

"I am afraid you are very ill," said Margaret approaching nearer, and at the same time a little touched by this evidence of weakness and suffering in one whom she had never seen otherwise than independent, strong, and sometimes rude.

He did not reply, and with a true woman's instinct Margaret set about to improve the circumstances of both by groping for a candle, which she lighted at the expiring fire.

What to do next was rather a perplexing thought, for the dim light only served to make manifest the awful spectacle of what seemed to be a dead or dying man. But Margaret, placing the candle on a deal table in the outer room, and still keeping a considerable distance from the person she addressed, said quietly,—"I received a message from the woman who nurses you saying that you wished to see me. Have you anything particular to say, or do you want anything that I can bring you?"

"I don't want anything," was the abrupt reply. "At any rate, I don't want any of their physic, nor their preaching neither. They are not the things to do me any good."

"And yet both are good in their way."

"I don't know what their way is, unless it be to make a poor man like me more ill and more miserable than he was before."

"Perhaps that is the very best of ways, in a case like yours."

"I don't know that. My case is bad enough, heaven knows. It wouldn't be an easy thing to make it worse."

"Perhaps it might be made better."

"How so?"

"I should like to tell you, so far as I know myself. Will you let me tell you, just in my own way? I am only a simple girl, you know, and you are a strong, brave man—have been, at least. Suppose an end should be coming to all your strength and your bravery—suppose you should soon have a dark sea to cross, over which no boat made by men's hands could carry you, and dangers to meet against which no bravery of your own would be of the least use?"

"Why, that's just it. You've laid the case before me just as it is."

Whether it was Margaret's youth and singleness of character, or perhaps something in her voice with its clearness and earnestness, which had the effect of soothing the temper of the man, the way seemed to be opening for her to say what was nearest to her heart. But the way was no less open for her to say what she felt was infinitely more important to him who lay before her on the verge of an eternity such as well might make the strong man shudder to contemplate.

Inexperienced as Margaret was in dealing with such cases, unacquainted even with the near symptoms of death, she would have been reasonably appalled by the awfulness of the circumstances in which she had become so suddenly and unexpectedly involved, except for that intense earnestness which formed so prominent a part of her character, and which, even in this trying moment, made her forget herself and everything around her, except that sinful man who seemed to her like one who is sweeping on with a swift sure current to the verge of a cataract, down which the plunge must be one of inevitable and eternal death.

How little we, any of us, know before-hand what we can say or do in such moments of sudden emergency—God helping us! Margaret spoke to the man almost as a child

would speak; but it was like a child who had been taken in the Saviour's arms, and, having heard His gracious words, and felt and known His love, could not choose but speak of it to others, and especially to him whose peril was now so great. And while telling the old story of Christ's mission to the sinful and the lost, her own heart was so melted, her own prejudices and repulsions so entirely swept away, that unconsciously she grasped the hard, rough worn hand of the sailor, upon which her tears at length began to fall, and her voice became broken by the emotion which she could not restrain.

This was only at short intervals, for Margaret returned again to the all-important theme. There was no time to lose. By the dim light of the candle, from which his face was shaded, she could yet see that an awful change was stamped upon those strongly-marked features. But she saw also, and she felt by the grasping of his hand, that her presence was not unwelcome, nor her words altogether unacceptable.

During one of the silent intervals which marked this strange interview, and which gave it more solemnity, the nurse returned with the medicine which had been ordered. It was time, too, that some restorative should be administered, and as the patient appeared almost too feeble for any farther effort, Margaret would have withdrawn and returned home, but that he beckoned to her not to leave the room. She then recollected what had escaped her thoughts, that it had been in consequence of his especial wish she had come. When the nurse had discharged her duty, James Halliday told her he wanted to be alone with his visitor; and when the woman suggested that it was already late for a young lady to be returning to the town, he answered, impatiently,—*"Better than too late!"* so that, both of them finding it best to submit to his wishes, Margaret remained; and the nurse took the opportunity of resting herself in the adjoining cottage: not, however, without assuring Margaret that she had given a full account of her absence to her friends at home, as well as to Mrs. Godwin, on whom she called for a fresh supply of those comfortable provisions.

for the sick which that generous-hearted woman appeared to have always ready for the use of her neighbours, whether rich or poor.

Margaret had by this time begun to care very little whether she remained all night in the fisherman's cottage or not, so much had her sympathy been excited by the spectacle of his helpless and suffering condition, as well as by the few words he had spoken—the first she had ever heard from him expressive of weakness or distress. With her hand still grasped in his, she sat down by the bed; and as soon as she assured him that the woman was gone, and that they were quite alone, he roused himself with a strong effort to say something which evidently cost him a struggle too severe for his exhausted frame, for, sinking back again on the pillow, he uttered an agonizing groan, as if compelled by necessity to give the matter up.

"Now just let me make your pillows more comfortable," said Margaret, "and then you shall be quite still for awhile, after which you will be able to talk to me with less effort. I am not in haste to go. I will be very quiet until you breathe more easily. Or, if you like, I will sit beside you while you sleep."

"Sleep?" said the man, "No, I will never sleep again until I have eased my conscience of a wicked lie. You know Harry Dunlop?"

"Yes, I did know him very well."

"And liked him?"

"Yes; and liked him very much, and believed in him, as I do now."

The man grasped her hand until she flinched under the strong pressure. "That's a brave girl," he said. "You are right; he deserves that you should believe in him."

"Thank God!" was the scarcely audible response, more breathed than spoken; and then Margaret begged he would go on, and tell her all.

"I am bound to tell you all," said the man, "and mind this—what I say to you now is on the truth of a dying man. Not that I thought much of a lie in my better days. But, bless you, it all looks different

now, and that particular lie that I've been telling and holding by, looks ugliest of all."

"It was a lie, then—altogether false?"

"Altogether! I made it up myself, because I was vexed, and out of revenge I wanted to vex other people."

"And Harry Dunlop stands clear of all that has been laid to his charge to injure him?"

"Clear as the sun at noonday! Why, if I had only strength to say what I know about the lad, I could tell what ought to bring down blessings on his head. What a thing it is, that when we have health and strength, and lungs to breathe and voice to speak with, we spend all in speaking evil; and when these fail us, and when we have neither strength nor breath left, we want to say what is right and true, and we can't."

"You can say something: I shall easily understand. Try what you can do. Perhaps even yet God will give you strength to undo the mischief you have done."

"Well, you see it was in this way. I was proud of that girl: I always wanted her to marry a gentleman; I set my heart upon it, and I boasted openly that she would make a good match. Secretly, I own to you I thought it would be Harry. I wished it might, but somehow I had a jealousy of you, that you stood in the way. Well, I found out that Harry, the lad I was so fond of, had helped the girl to plan and scheme so as she should get over to America, and marry Tom Lawson. Harry wrote to her himself about ships and other matters, and when all was over he wrote to me telling me about it—how he had been in New York about the time, and looked out for her on board the ship, and took care of her that she might not feel strange. That was the letter I showed the parson; but I had torn off more than half, and took care only to let him read that bit. I meant that for a grand stroke of cleverness on my part; and it is what vexes me most I think, for he's a good soul, is Mr. Godwin, though he is a parson."

"Suppose we let that pass, and go at once to what you knew of Harry yourself; for one of the strong charges against him is that he was so much with you."

"Yes; I knew that went against him, and I believe I gloried in it for that reason. But I'll tell you how it was. You see he always liked the sea—liked it as they say a horse likes to rush to battle. I used to call him my sea-horse. A braver fellow never faced the wind. And yet, it doesn't seem likely, but it was so, as truly as I lie here, that lad was always trying to persuade me to be a better man. He didn't preach as they preach in pulpits—not that I've heard 'em much myself; but he used to take me unawares like. I suppose we all—the hardest of us—have times when we're a kind of womanish—soft and silly and not up to the mark. He used to catch me then, and say things, may be a word or two, that went through me, and cut me clean up. I suppose the boldest of us have times when we feel a little queer, and would be glad to know that we stood upon firm ground. Not that I was ever much given to this myself. But as to that, it's my opinion the lad was braver than the old fisherman, when it came to a point of danger. Why, I've seen him bare-headed in the storm, when the waves came on like mountains, and the splash and the roar was such that we could not hear one another speak—I've seen him as calm and fearless as if he had been a babe upon his mother's knee. And then, when there came a lull, he would talk to me about the great God above—how kind He had been to us, sparing our lives, and how kind He always is, and patient, even with wicked men like me. He would talk in this way at times, just simply as a child might talk, until I grew ashamed and confounded, and could not find a word to say, although I made believe that I didn't care; and indeed I would not let him make me care.

"I never saw Harry Dunlop the least bit touched with fear but once, and then it was not fear exactly, for he was calm and steady as a rock; but he thought, and I thought too, we should neither of us ever set foot on dry land again. I declare to you I believed it was all over with us both, and my greatest trouble, as you may well believe, was that I had taken the poor lad out with me. It was a night a good deal like the night that finished

me. The squall came on suddenly just as it did then. Breaking through the pitchy blackness we saw the moon sometimes, and then we saw yon point, that I didn't believe we should ever be able to clear. There seemed no use in anything we could do, and we neither of us spoke a word, until once, when a bigger wave than all had struck the boat, and she rose after it clear and right again, I looked in the lad's face and laughed, for just then the moon shone out, and I declare to you he was praying! I could hear his very words as if an angel had spoken—I can hear them yet. He was praying for me I think more than for himself. And yet I don't think his words took hold on me at that time so much as they have done in the last few days and nights. Well, we got out of that trouble, as it seemed then almost by miracle. It might be because of the lad's prayers."

"Or it might be," said Margaret, "because of the goodness of God that He spared you to repent, and to know and love Him better than you did then."

"I don't know that," said the man, now completely exhausted, and scarcely able to utter another word. But, although so weak and wearied out with his long effort, he did not appear inclined to sleep—but restless and excited, and, as Margaret feared, a little rambling and incoherent in what he said. After the earnestness and gravity with which he had been speaking, she was scarcely prepared, as a more experienced nurse would have been, for the light and merry tone in which, after a little silence, he began to talk, as eager now to tell of Harry Dunlop's boyish tricks and drollery, as he had been to testify to the truth and seriousness and sterling worth of his character.

Unaccustomed to this phase of illness, Margaret very naturally grew alarmed, and during an interval of apparent unconsciousness, she stole into the next cottage to call the nurse. The woman understood the case better. The change which to Margaret appeared so unaccountable had been anticipated by the doctor, who left full directions as to what was to be done.

After administering the soothing draught with which she was provided, and waiting

until it began to take effect, the woman agreed with Margaret that it would be well for her to return home. She could not herself be her companion, but she had provided an escort in her son, who, though small in stature, was, as she described him, a sturdy little fellow, and knew what he was about.

Margaret could not leave the place without looking again towards the bed where the poor sufferer lay, now breathing heavily in a kind of restless sleep, which, however, served to dull his perception of present things, so that she was able to steal away unobserved.

"I shall ask Mr. Godwin to come early in the morning," Margaret whispered to the nurse at the door. "There are some things very important for Mr. Godwin to hear from James Halliday himself, and I should be sorry if a single chance of hearing them was lost."

The woman shook her head. "Whoever wants to hear anything from James Halliday," she said, "must make haste."

"Do you think he will die so soon?" asked Margaret.

"He may not *die* just yet," replied the woman. "You see, he has been a strong man, and the struggle may be strong; but if you were to ask me whether he would ever say another sensible word, I should answer it was my belief he never would."

Margaret stood still, pondering in her own mind what, under these circumstances, it was best to do—whether to go back into the cottage, or to hasten home and perhaps describe the case to Mr. Godwin that night. It was not so very late. She had only two miles to walk. A full moon was shining, and the night was clear and still. She decided to hasten home, and trust to what Mr. Godwin might think best.

It was, as already said, a clear, calm, moonlight night, and Margaret, with the little boy beside her, walked on with a brisk step, her heart relieved and lightened, almost lifted up, by the noble testimony borne by the dying man, notwithstanding that her interview with him had been under circumstances of an appalling character. And Margaret felt this—she could not do otherwise

than feel it deeply and solemnly. Yet over the surface of these deep and solemn feelings there flitted, as the silvery moonbeams were flitting over the deep and solemn sea, the light and gladness of a thought inexpressibly welcome to herself, that the character she had so long admired and defended would now stand clear before the eyes of all, without one spot or one shade on its integrity.

Occupied with these thoughts Margaret hastened on, scarcely observing any object by the way; until, stopping a moment to consider whether she should take the nearest way home, she perceived the tall figure of a man beside a little gate which opened upon a footpath leading across the fields. The man very civilly held the gate open for her to pass, and she was about to thank him, when she saw to her astonishment that it was Harry Dunlop himself—himself, or a ghost wearing his look and form. Altogether, the apparition was so sudden and unexpected, coming also after scenes so exciting, that Margaret might well have been excused had she shrunk back in terror, or at least uttered some exclamation of alarm.

Instead of which, she fearlessly held out her hand, and the strong warm grasp by which it was met was sufficient evidence, had any been wanting, to assure her it was no ghostly presence in which she found herself, but that of the man whom she most wished to see.

Harry's explanation was as abrupt as his mode of introduction. He had come over to England, he said, on business of his father's, as well as on some of his own. He saw no use in announcing himself, except to his brother George, who had met him in Liverpool, where they had agreed together to come direct to Eastwick to see poor Archy, and their other friends, before proceeding to London.

"But, Margaret," Harry said, in his old familiar way, "there seems to me something different among the good people here. I don't think they are quite so kind as they used to be—at least to me, for they seem pleased enough to see George. As for your uncle and aunt, they almost ordered me out of their house. We had only just arrived and

I ran over to ask for you, and they sent me the strangest message by the servant, never asking me so much as to walk in. It was from her I learned where you were gone, and I set out immediately to meet you. You know I am not over solicitous about the Andersons' good opinion, but that which really does trouble me is that I fancied the Godwins were a little strange. I should almost think there was some mystery on the way, only that no mystery ever could attach to me."

It was only an instinctive movement, but Margaret could not help pressing more firmly upon the strong arm which she held by, as if in assurance that with her there was no mystery—nothing but faith and trust, now happily become assurance.

As she did so she lifted up her face, on which the moon was shining, and with her peculiar smile said,—“There has been something—the most foolish story in the world——”

“Did you believe it?” asked Harry, suddenly interrupting her.

“No, never.”

“Did the others?”

“Not all. I do not think the Godwins ever believed it entirely; but my relations did.”

“And Agnes?”

“Oh, yes. All throughout the neighbourhood it was believed.”

Harry expressed the utmost curiosity as to what this belief alluded to; and in his impulsive way, he insisted upon Margaret telling all then and there. In vain she pleaded the urgency of the business on which she was hastening; Harry would not hear of anything being urgent except that he should know the nature of this incomprehensible mystery. He even sent home the little boy, astonished at the liberality of his reward for escorting a lady not further than half a mile; and then, placing himself against a stile which crossed the path, he declared that Margaret should not proceed one step further until she had told him all.

“It is a long story,” said Margaret, “but the sooner told the better.” So she plunged at once into the very heart of the matter,

and was proceeding in grave, sad tones, full of the painful associations with which the story was to her accompanied, when all at once her companion burst into one of his loud, hearty laughs, which it seemed impossible to restrain.

“Hush!” said Margaret, although herself almost catching the infection. “We must not be heard laughing in this way to-night, for, do you know, your old friend James Halliday is lying almost at the point of death.”

“Poor James!” said Harry, growing instantly serious. “They told me he had had an accident, but I had no idea the end was so near.”

“He has done you ample justice,” said Margaret, “to me, but I want Mr. Godwin also to hear the truth from his lips. It was with James Halliday that the story originated.”

“What, the old fisherman? I did not think he would do anything to injure me.”

“Ah, he is sorry enough now!”

“Still it is very unaccountable,” said Harry, reflecting for a moment—“most unaccountable, that even if he were wicked enough to tell so absurd a story, there should be others to believe it.”

“I have often thought on this subject,” said Margaret. “Nothing has perplexed me more. We are many of us too much influenced by praise and blame, as in the case of poor Archy, for example; but, on the other hand, may we not also be too indifferent—too careless—about the aspect which our actions wear before the world?”

“Margaret,” said Harry, with that air of towering indignation which was so natural to him, “I would sooner shackle my limbs with the actual chains of a slave, than I would live under this contemptible restraint. Why, to me it is of no more consequence what people in general think and say of me, than it is just now which way this gentle wind is blowing.”

“Oh, Harry! you are thinking only of yourself—you don’t know,” said Margaret, and she stopped suddenly to hide the tears which she could not altogether restrain; for it seemed to her at that moment as if a whole

flood of painful memories swelled up; and as if, in her friend's isolation and exemption from all that she had suffered for his sake, there was a kind of cruelty to herself which she could not bear.

As to these feelings Harry was profoundly ignorant, perhaps indifferent; but he was not indifferent to tears: and when he saw that he had been the cause of real sorrow to one whose happiness was more to him than he had ever yet confessed, he felt both grieved and humbled, as if convicted of some crime for which he knew not how to make any adequate atonement.

Here indeed was greater mystery than ever. Harry seemed to have been living utterly in the dark. There was more to be explained than he had dreamed of. But in the meantime he had something on his own part to explain; and the moonlight, the calm sea, the uninterrupted quiet of the moment, and the inexpressible tenderness of his heart towards her who was again his companion in these well-remembered scenes, —all these influences combined to give eloquence to the story which Harry had come across the sea to tell—the story of his love for Margaret. And she on her part listened with a kind of peaceful joy which made the way clear for her to explain how and why she had suffered so much from that habitual carelessness about praise and blame on which she had intended to give Harry a serious lecture that very night.

Owing to some cause or other the lecture was deferred. The trouble itself was put aside. Many lighter and some heavier things were forgotten for the time. But neither of the friends, now so entirely reunited, forgot the poor fisherman. On reaching home Margaret charged her companion to describe the case to Mr. Godwin that night without delay, and to request him to go early in the morning to see the man.

Harry gave this message, and then he went himself to spend the remainder of the night at the cottage. He did not want to sleep. The night air, the peaceful rise and fall of the waves as they broke on the sands beside his feet, the memories and associa-

tions connected with that once-familiar path, and above all his heartfelt compassion for the dying man, all combined to make this manner of spending the night more congenial to him than any other; and, although he would not have allowed such a motive to appear, had any one questioned him as to where or why he was going, there was in his heart a deep-lying sense of duty towards that man, which he felt that he must discharge before he could enjoy either sleep or rest.

How Harry spent that night he never described fully to any one. He was not apt at such descriptions. But early on the following morning he bore a message to Mr. Godwin that the dying man would like to see him soon. "And it must be soon," said Harry, "for his rational intervals are very short, and his strength is failing fast."

It was not necessary to say more. Mr. Godwin found the poor man sinking rapidly, and scarcely sensible at the time of his arrival. But, as is not unfrequently the case, there came almost a sudden flash of intelligence at the last moment, and then the record of James Halliday's malicious falsehood was made at his request, and, as he said himself, to his eternal shame.

Mr. Godwin was the right man to discharge this duty. He did it heartily and thoroughly; so much so, that his young friend Harry Dunlop came out clear of blame before the eyes of all, unless it was that the Andersons refused to see as clearly as they might have done. There are eyes that will not see, or rather *unsee*; for, having once received a particular image, they cannot alter or get rid of it, even upon the strongest evidence that their impression was false.

Thus when Harry Dunlop in due form made his proposal to the uncle and aunt that he should take back their niece with him to Canada as his lawful and wedded wife, they exchanged glances with each other very expressive of a lurking suspicion that he was not free from incumbrances on the other side of the Atlantic.

The Godwins were of all people best fitted, both by character and position, to

overcome these prejudices; and even with the Andersons they succeeded at last.

Even the Andersons caught that pleasant infection of good will which a double marriage is remarkable for diffusing. The union of Harry Dunlop with their niece they might have resisted; but when it came to their knowledge that the older brother, George, was anticipating a similar union with Agnes Godwin, and that the same time had been fixed for both, they could hold out no longer, but consented to remain at Eastwick, notwithstanding cold and rheumatism, until early in the winter, when it was necessary that Harry Dunlop should make a short tour on the Continent before his return to his native country.

After the clearing away of the clouds which had been gathering about his good name, and the restoration to well-known faces of smiles instead of suspicious or averted looks, Harry Dunlop felt, as he was apt to feel, almost too happy. "At any rate," he said, when talking with Margaret, "I should feel too happy, only that there is always some drawback, intended, I suppose, as a wholesome corrective. And now it is poor Archy. What that dear fellow must have passed through to make him so altered as he is!"

"Altered no doubt," said Margaret, "but to me he seems improved. He was but a child—a sweet child—when you left him. He could never have been a man, especially a Christian man, without more of trial and discipline than he had known at that time. Truly, he has suffered in the ordeal in no common manner; but if he has come out strengthened, purified, exalted, as it seems to me that he has, there is no cause for sorrow or regret. Rather let us thank God for him, and with him; for even he himself has no murmuring thoughts now, only regret on account of his own weakness. He says, what is true, that there was need for an entire awakening from the pleasant dream which lulled him into the belief that he must be right while everybody loved him and thought him good. I have heard him say he was at that time like a man sailing softly over a waveless sea. The winds arose,

and sadly dashed and shattered his little bark; but they showed him also the hidden rocks and shallow channels which he will now, by God's help, be better able to avoid through the remainder of his life."

All that Margaret said on this subject was true and just, but still the stronger brother yearned over the weaker, and thoughts and plans for Archy's future were constantly stirring in his mind. One thing was certain—Archy must return with them to Canada. He would be in good hands there, and the total change of scene, and altered circumstances of daily life, would be highly favourable to the commencement of that stronger life of Christian manhood to which those who best loved him most desired that he should attain.

The two friends, or lovers as we must call them now, were talking in this manner one day on their way to Peggy Rushton's cottage, which they went to see for the last time. The poor woman had never recovered from the shock of her last disappointment. She had been failing before that. Her death made no great sensation in the neighbourhood. She was carefully tended during her last illness, and her mortal remains were quietly laid near the grave of James Halliday, whom she survived little more than a week. The cottage had since then been untenanted, and it now presented a scene of desolation which would have looked melancholy in the extreme to any common observer. But those who stood upon the point of observation now, looking out over the wide and troubled sea, were happy in themselves, and in each other—most happy when tracing out the chain of events through which they could recognize the care of their Heavenly Father in leading them by a way which at the time they could not understand, but which they now knew and felt to have been always a right way.

Interesting as such events are always found to be to the immediate spectators, especially in little country places like Eastwick and its neighbourhood, we refrain from giving the details of that marriage day, when the two brides, Margaret and


Agnes, stood at the altar of the old wind-worn church upon the cliff, with a gathering of true friends around them who wished them the best of good wishes, and felt something more than common faith in their wishes being fulfilled. Neither will we speak of the homes that were left when the carriages with the two parties rolled away. To Agnes the separation from her parents

was not so formidable, for she left them under a promise that if possible a portion of every summer should be spent at Eastwick; with the others it was a more lasting and serious separation; but they left behind them warm affections and fervent prayers, which they had faith to believe would not fail them, even if they should never meet again on this side the grave.

THE END.

OUR MAGAZINE.

BY THE EDITOR.

OSTER, of Haarlem, cut letters on the bark of a tree with his pen-knife, and then transferred them to paper to please his children. Guttenburg, of Mentz, in conjunction with Faust, invented the moveable type, and first employed it in printing the Bible. Thus sprang the germ of a power that reformed the Church and ruled the destinies of the world.

The Press awoke men's minds from their slumbers, and made darkness everywhere visible. It furnished lungs for sentiments, ingendered in solitude and nourished in silence, to breathe through. Thoughts hitherto chained, burst the limits of their prison house, and shot forth on their mission like rays of light, to expose the deeds of tyranny and priestcraft.

At first the efforts of this giant power were but feeble, yet it gradually rose in majesty, and marched forward in the greatness of its might, till at length prejudice and superstition everywhere fled at its approach. Luther used it as a blazing torch—in what we call the dark ages—to dispel the gloom of the nations. Fox, the martyr-logist, says, "Hereby knowledge groweth, books are dispersed, the Scriptures are read, truth is discerned, falsehood is detected and with the finger pointed at." While Bacon, who tells us, "Knowledge is power," quaintly adds, "Books are the ships of time

that traffic between the coasts of remote ages and our own."

To adopt the philosopher's metaphor in closing the fourth volume of OUR OWN FIRESIDE, we trust we are launching another ship on the sea of time, laden with household treasures gathered from many sources; and, with grateful hearts to the God of Knowledge, we would venture to ask our readers to unite with us in the expression of the earnest prayer that our vessel may have a prosperous voyage.

Looking forward to the future, we again request and rely upon the generous and cordial co-operation of all who have helped us hitherto. We do this not merely on the ground of commercial considerations—although these present a strong plea, since the character of the magazine, eachewing as it does all "sensational fiction," necessarily renders it the more difficult to secure the circulation which can alone meet the great expenditure incurred—but on the higher ground of *Christian interest* in a most important work.

There can be no doubt that, in the present day, the power of the Press is rapidly increasing, and it depends on the quality of the works which it issues whether the extension of its power is to be a source of weal or woe. It is equally certain that a larger quantity of poisonous trash emanates from the Press at the present time than at any previous epoch.

It is notorious that the sensational literature of the day is superseding those graphic, wholesome, and instructive works which inform the mind and strengthen its reflective powers. History is voted a bore, and travels even are considered dull, unless they refer to some new country and are full of exciting adventures. Philosophy and science are uncared for, and books on art are looked upon with about the same favour as a treatise on abstruse mathematics.

But what we want our readers to notice is, that these demoralizing publications are perhaps the most baneful of all insidious evils. It is true the writers of these polluting works sometimes defend themselves from censure by alleging that at last vice meets with its recompense, and that virtue is fitly praised; but a few remedial sentences at the conclusion of a novel are wholly insufficient to efface the impression produced by the nauseous stuff which pervades the remainder of the book. No one can touch pitch without defilement, and the natural impurity of our fallen nature is stimulated and inflamed by those gross descriptions which so many of our popular authors and authoresses seem to delight in. They are, moreover, as libellous as they are offensive and wicked. Society, bad as it is, is not so vicious as these venomous scribes represent it. Our homes, thank God, are still abodes of chastity and honour. We are not chargeable with open and flagrant disregard of the second table of the moral law. Tales in which the "generality of people are represented as having two wives or two husbands, and living in dread of the extra partner turning up at unseasonable times," are miserable and odious caricatures, and should be scouted as insulting myths.

It is high time that a stand should be made against this invasion of impure fiction, and no doubt if, as some have advised, parents and those who have authority would instantly return such books unread, and express their firm resolution to allow nothing of the kind to enter their houses, a check would be immediately administered to this growing mischief. The lending libraries would not crowd their shelves with

works for which there was no demand, and publishers would not print them.

But this *negative* resistance of the evil is not enough. We do well to banish what is evil, but we shall do this most effectively by supplying what is *good*. Books the Home *must* have, and what we want in these Home books is, "purity without dulness, morality without moroseness, and seriousness without sadness."

We present OUR OWN FIRESIDE as our contribution to such a HOME LIBRARY: and since the merit of the Magazine is due to those literary friends who, for the most part, have willingly and gratuitously engaged with ourselves in "a labour of love," we venture to quote from the Reviews with which the magazine has been favoured, a few specimens of the judgment passed upon it.

"OUR OWN FIRESIDE is the best of our Church of England cheap periodicals."—*Christian Observer*.

"The existence of OUR OWN FIRESIDE is a national good."—*Shrewsbury Chronicle*.

"The English representative of pure literature."—*Oxford University Herald*.

"Calculated to add to the comfort and cheerfulness of every fireside."—*Morning Advertiser*.

"This interesting and valuable periodical."—*Record*.

"Just the very thing for Christian homes. Not too deep, yet very instructive; descending to no alluring clap-trap, but yet perfectly alive to the necessity of attractiveness."—*Atlas*.

"Brimful of home literature."—*Belfast News*.

"Always cheerful."—*St. James's Chronicle*.

"The motto of the editor is evidently 'Excelsior;' neither pains nor expense being spared to make it good, attractive, and cheap."—*Stockport Advertiser*.

"To those who have once read it, we are sure we need not say anything to increase their appreciation of its value."—*Bradford Observer*.

"One of the best and cheapest magazines of the age."—*Bath Chronicle*.

"A capital family book, teeming with instruction and amusement."—*Cambridge Press*.

"No literary taste can fail to be gratified."—*Morning Advertiser*.

"For general family perusal, OUR OWN FIRESIDE has no superior."—*Wiltshire County Mirror*.

"OUR OWN FIRESIDE is immensely popular. Tact and discrimination have made this periodical."—*Dorset County Chronicle*.

"OUR OWN FIRESIDE is quite as edifying in the summer as in the winter months, and may be read with equal pleasure and profit in the garden as by the domestic hearth."—*Cheltenham Journal*.

"In variety and literary excellence, OUR OWN FIRESIDE is unsurpassed by any of the cheap periodicals. It is a magazine for the million."—*Liverpool Mail*.

"In OUR OWN FIRESIDE we have the whole man cared for—man religious, man social, man intellectual, scientific, and imaginative. The young and the old will find interesting matter; the family in sorrow, words of sympathy; and in prosperity, aids for enjoyment. We know of no magazine which possesses a stronger claim to be 'a magazine for Christian families.'"—*South Bucks Free Press*.

"OUR OWN FIRESIDE is full of good things; amusing, instructive, and useful. We cannot recommend a better companion for either old or young."—*Wilt's Independent*.

"We have more than once spoken in the highest terms we could possibly command of OUR OWN FIRESIDE. To say that its character is sustained, is not sufficient. Could we have our wish, we would send it to every home in the land, so admirably calculated is it to elevate, to purify, and cheer our home life."—*Staffordshire Sentinel*.

"OUR OWN FIRESIDE holds on its way with all the indications of increasing necessity and growing usefulness. It contains a marvellous variety of interesting and instructive articles."—*Glasgow Courier*.

"One of the very best periodicals for the homes of our land."—*Morning Star*.

We confess that we attach a very high value to these unbiassed expressions of journalistic opinion, and we think they will be regarded as justifying our appeal to the friends of Pure Literature for continued, hearty, and active co-operation. The influence and interest of the *Clergy* we especially invite. What is read in the *Home* is only second in importance to what is heard from the *pulpit*; and it should be remembered that whilst our aim is mainly to supply an interesting *week-day* magazine, dealing with topics of general interest, in a Christian tone, OUR OWN FIRESIDE is the only magazine of its class which is avowedly attached to the *Evangelical and Protestant principles of the Church of England*.

But we look to *all* our readers. Let none desert the "old friend" for a new one, but let each ask *another* friend to join our Fire-

side Circle next year. Our circulation may so advance indefinitely; and we think we may pledge ourselves that, so far as literary merit can be secured by us, the future of the magazine shall not be unworthy of the past.

Our avowed mission is to the Family. Our prayerful and anxious desire, in dependence upon the Divine blessing, is to promote Domestic happiness:—

"Domestic happiness, thou only bliss
Of Paradise that hast survived the Fall!"

We believe the value of the family constitution, founded by Divine authority, presided over by affection, regulated by the precepts of Divine law, can scarcely be over-estimated. And, regarding the domestic circle as the centre of a mighty influence for good, and the printing-press as "the pen of the ready writer"—the telegraph of "thoughts that breathe and words that burn,"—we desire to enter that circle, and stimulate that influence. Thankful shall we be if, as the result of our labours, we are privileged to augment in any degree the pure and sacred joys of Home—to quicken the high and holy impulses of loving hearts, within

"That mystic circle which surrounds
Comforts and virtues never known
Beyond the hallowed limit."

We close the literary labours of the year with the hearty and sincere wish that all our readers may enjoy a cheerful Christmas, both in the ordinary and in the higher sense of the words—a Christmas with Christ at the festal board—a Christmas with looks of love and smiles of peace, a heart of charity, and a hand of brotherly warmth, and which shall be remembered gratefully when it is gone, like all its predecessors, with the years that are so rapidly numbering the milestones on life's swift journey.



CAROLS FOR CHRISTMAS.

CHRISTMAS EVE.



HE weary world lies hushed in peace sublime,
Waiting the coming of some vast event
In grandeur worthy the Omnipotent:
The promise made in infancy of Time,
But now to be fulfilled. The Jew and Greek
Are watching omens in the earth and sky,
And, breathless, listening until God shall speak
And come into His temple suddenly.
Men look for angels—angels publish God,—
And, lo! He comes in lowliest guise forlorn.
One royal star shines o'er His poor abode—
The Prince of peace is in a manger born!
The babe enshrines the God! O wondrous plan!
Earth saved, Heaven opened, and our God made Man!

CHRISTMAS MORN.

THE joyful morn is breaking,
The brightest seen on earth
Since Eden's natal waking—
The morn of Jesu's birth.
Sweet Bethlehem's star shines glistening
Where Jesus cradled lies,
And earth and Heaven are listening
To angel melodies.
The songs of peace are swelling
From heavenly hosts on high,
And angel tongues are telling
Good news through earth and sky.
The news of free salvation,
Good will from God to man,
And every land and nation
May hear the welcome strain.
Come, see the Royal Stranger,
Behold the Babe Divine;
In yonder lowly manger,
Is Jesu's humble shrine.
Sages and shepherds, meeting,
Their offerings gladly bring,
And bow, in worship greeting,
The new-born Saviour, King.
And, lo! we join them, kneeling,
With glowing hearts and tongues,
Our gratitude revealing
In gifts and grateful songs.
O day of coming glory,
We hail thy brightening morn,
And sing the wondrous story,
Of Christ the Saviour born.

BENJAMIN GOUGH,
Author of "Kentish Lyrics," &c.

HOMES OF OLD WRITERS.

BY THE REV. S. W. CHRISTOPHERS, AUTHOR OF "HYMN WRITERS AND THEIR HYMNS."

IV.—DR. DONNE'S FIRST AND LAST STALL.

MANY noble and gifted men have been schooled for the honours and comforts of after-life by the sorrows, struggles, and hard labour of their early days. Their mellow autumn has come after a cold spring and a stormy summer. It is a joy to watch these men as they pass at length from their age of trial to their period of compensative freedom and repose. The sight inspires something like a renewal of that fresh enjoyment which the earliest touch of poetic beauty gave one's childhood when Watts' happy lines on "A Summer Evening" first fell on the ear. Who is not familiar with the picture? The sun rising in a mist, the droppings of morning rain, and, at last, the rich calm evening light.

"For now the fair traveller's come to the west,
His rays are all gold, and his beauties are best;
He paints the skies gay as he sinks to his rest,
And foretells a bright rising again."

This is a "moral song" made for children, it is true; but happy is he who has come to that childlikeness of spirit which finds refreshing pleasure in singing again the songs of infancy.

Among the many distinguished lives whose tranquil sunset might recall the simple melody which Watts thus gave to infant lips, none, to my mind, has richer and more holy "light at eventide" than that of Dr. Donne. His youthful career had opened with promise of clear sunshine. The smile of royalty had glanced upon him while he was in the service of the Princess Elizabeth, afterwards known as the Queen of Bohemia, or otherwise "The Queen of Hearts," and he had been honoured with permission at her wedding, which was on St. Valentine's Day, to offer that remarkable epithalamium, or marriage song, which opens thus, in his distinctive style:—

"Hail, Bishop Valentine, whose day this is,
All the air is thy diocis,
And all the chirping choristers,
And other birds, are thy parishioners.
Thou marryest every year
The lyric lark, and the grave whispering dove,
The sparrow that neglects his life for love,
The household bird with the red stomacher."

But clouds ere long gathered round his path; damp mists came over his home; unkindness from without; poverty, anxious care, personal and domestic affliction within; until his life was at its darkest, in the hour when his Anne was taken, and his heart and hearth were left in desolation. But even while the bitterness was full upon his soul, the clouds began to break from around him, and the tokens of a bright evening began to offer consolation to his chastened heart.

The Benchers of Lincoln's Inn were among the first to show their loving estimate of his worth. There was what Walton calls a "love-strife" between their liberality and his faithful services as their chaplain. Then royal favour opened his way to Germany, in connection with the embassy of Lord Hay; and after a time of pleasant relaxation at the court of his former mistress, he came back to enter into the quietness and ease of his last honourable days.

He was, on one occasion, invited to the royal table. The king was quite himself.

"Dr. Donne," said he, when he had taken his seat, "I have invited you to dinner, and though you sit not down with me, yet I will carve to you a dish that I know you love well; for knowing you love London, I do therefore make you Dean of St. Paul's; and when I have dined, then do you take your beloved dish home to your study, say grace there to yourself, and much good may it do you."

Well said, and well done, James! In this instance, at all events, you proved something like a claim to the courted honour of being called "The Solomon of the age."

Ecclesiastical honours and emoluments now followed one another, as if they were hastening to compensate the new Dean for the privations and hardships which he had so long endured. He proved himself equal to his position. His character rose above the touch of envy; and his life ministered joy to those who loved him.

"I always rejoice," said the king, "when I think that by my means he became a divine."

Thank you, royal sir! Who is not more and

more thankful, every time he reads a page of those sermons which were once heard at Whitehall and in old St. Paul's from the lips and heart of the saintly Dean?

In old St. Paul's he graced his first stall; and in old St. Paul's he found his last. Old St. Paul's is no more; but "St. Paul's Churchyard" remains. Did anybody ever go around it without meeting a cool breeze at one point or another? The unceremonious puffs that saluted me on my first visit seem to have made an impression on one's skin which has ever since rendered it liable to be touchy by anticipation whenever one gets to the pitch of Ludgate Hill, or catches the shadow of Peel's monument at the top of Paternoster Row. The breezy reputation of St. Paul's, like the distinguishing qualities of many other distinguished things in this world, has been accounted for long ago by those ghostly philosophers who used to take it for granted that whenever they failed to trace any remarkable effect to a visible cause, the cause must be somewhere within the borders of the spirit world; and for some reason best known to themselves, or most akin to their own style of character or thought, our old philosophers always found it most easy to discover causes for remarkable effects within the infernal rather than the celestial district of the spiritual region. Thus it is said that the archfiend, either in malice or in sport, once gave chase to the wind; but that after closely pursuing it all around London, he lost it at length in St. Paul's Churchyard, where, to the certain knowledge of every mortal visitor, it has remained ever since.

There is something curious about this early association of facts in nature with the character and movements of fallen angels. It is a traditional record of the world's primitive belief in Satan's personality, as well as his mysterious two-fold relation to the visible and invisible, the region of spirits and the world of matter—"the powers of the air" and the mortal "children of disobedience." But whether or not dark angels sweep along with the cold blast, or gather thickly in the hot thundery air, it is a fact that I met the old wind under the dome of St. Paul's, and was glad enough to reach the cathedral doors, hoping that there would be a warmer atmosphere inside.

In this, however, I was mistaken. At first there was a deep thrill, a feeling of awe, under the grand shadows of that roof. Then the

massive memorials of the dead, in gigantic forms of marble, all impressed me with ideas of vastness and beauty. Still, on looking through the extended space and gazing upward into the sublime vault, the grandeur gave a chilly feeling rather than a glow. There was the felt presence of massy proportions, harmony, and grace; but the feeling was cold, as if death were much nearer than life. I remember how different it was in Westminster Abbey. There, everything seemed to awaken a warm sense of association with past life. The forms of architecture, the shadows, the lights; all hushed and yet elevated and kindled the soul. In fact everything within us testifies in favour of what may be called the Christian style of architecture. The Grecian form of modern St. Paul's must be admired, as much as anything Grecian can be; nevertheless, it always disposes one to shiver. Some people have never yet found either their outer or inner man warm enough for any act of devotion within St. Paul's. My first reception was cold enough at all events. The cold, however, had a sort of witchery about it which enticed me into still deeper chillness, as if I were under an instinctive persuasion that what proved uncomfortable in a lower degree of its influence would become really pleasurable as its action upon me grew more intense. I must needs go down into the crypt. It seemed to be my doom to snuff the dank air of sepulchral retreats; or my calling, just then, to respond to the thrilling touch of those viewless forms which glide about in expressive silence among the sarcophagi of the mighty dead.

"This way, if you please," said the guide, as he turned towards a prostrate marble figure which lay among various broken fragments of ancient monumental effigies. "Here is the most perfect monument that was left from the great Fire of London in 1666; when the old cathedral was destroyed."

"Yes, indeed," I thought, while looking upon the unmistakeable form and features, "and it does appear fitting that 'the most perfect monument left' should be the monument of one of the most perfect men who ever graced the old cathedral with their presence, or hallowed its walls by their clerical ministrations or their saintly example." It was the effigy of Dr. Donne.

Alas! It was not cared for as it ought to have been; but cast aside seemingly, amidst the valueless memorials of forgotten times and nameless generations. Who would not beg to

be left alone to muse in silence over the up-turned face, with whose lines of sorrow and love, deep thought and reverent feeling, so many have become tenderly familiar during years of communion with the spirit of the sainted Dean; a spirit, which, though departed from the outside world, still breathes and speaks in the pages that he bequeathed to us? The marble, dusty as it was, and shamefully neglected, was still eloquent in the rehearsal of its own history; or in witnessing to the faithfulness of the records in which the materials of its history are preserved.

During the year 1631 there was somewhere in London a citizen of some note, whose daily business transactions were important enough, as he thought, to be noted, and whose literary attainments were equal to the work of jotting what was most interesting to him in a pocket-book. His name was Nicholas Stone; not an inappropriate name, as it happens that the work which has really immortalized him was a piece of stone-work. He was a worker in stone—a master sculptor. Happily for us, his pocket-book outlived him, and in it was just this insertion:—

"In 1631 I made a tomb for Dr. Donne, and sette it up in St. Paul's, London; for which I was paid by Dr. Mountford the sum of £120. I took £60 in plate in part payment."

Thank you, Mr. Stone, for your little account! You were not overpaid, certainly, as far as we can judge, even taking into account the variation between our times and yours as to the value of money; but your profits were tolerably good after all, as you have kindly shown by another entry in your pocket-book:—

"1631, Humphrey Mayor, a workman employed under Stone, finisht the statue for Dr. Donne's monument, £8."

Who was Humphrey Mayor? He ought to have had a monument over his own dust, for indeed he is the artist to whose skill we are most deeply indebted. All honour to his memory as an accomplished workman! How many a native genius and hard-working master of fine art has gone to his early grave in sorrow, without even a little memorial in the pocket-book of his better-fed paymaster or patron! Our stone worker, Humphrey Mayor, was aided by another artist whose name is lost, though his character is given in the title of a "choice painter."

Dr. Donne, in his last sickness, was persuaded by his physician, Dr. Fox, to submit to some measures for securing a faithful monumental

likeness of himself. The dying saint adopted his own mode of meeting the wishes of his friends, and the process has been described by that charming old biographer, Isaac Walton:—

"A monument, being resolved upon, Dr. Donne sent for a carver to make for him in wood the figure of an urn, giving him directions for the compass and height of it; and to bring with it a board of the just height of his body. That being got; then, without delay, a choice painter was got to be in readiness to draw his picture, which was taken as followeth: Several charcoal fires being first made in his large study, he brought with him into that place his winding-sheet in his hand; and having put off all his clothes, had this sheet put on him, and so tied with knots at his head and feet, and his hands so placed, as dead bodies are usually fitted to be shrouded and put into their coffin or grave. Upon this urn he thus stood with his eyes shut, and with so much of the sheet turned aside as might show his lean, pale, and death-like face, which was purposely turned towards the east, from whence he expected the second coming of his and our Saviour Jesus. In this posture he was drawn at his just height; and when the picture was fully finished, he caused it to be set by his bedside, where it continued, and became his hourly object till his death, and was then given to his dearest friend and executor, Doctor Henry King, the chief Residentiary of St. Paul's, who caused him to be thus carved in one entire piece of white marble, as it now stands in that church."

There is a kind of plaintive or melancholy quaintness in all this, but it was quite natural as marking a leading genius of that age; one who in spirit and manner was akin to such men as George Herbert, his correspondent and friend; one whose poetic powers gave their deep-seated life and their fantastic rhythm to his own laboriously condensed satires and other heavily gemmed poems, and from whose lips and eyes and heart there used to come those flashes of subtle yet mighty thought, and those rich and sometimes grand exhibitions of Divine truth which so deeply moved the souls who gathered beneath his pulpit in St. Paul's. He would not be a popular town preacher now. His thoughts are too deep, too refined, too numerous, too weighty; weak tomachs must have light food and but little at a time. Nevertheless, there are some yet living who would like to hear his living voice in modern St. Paul's, or anywhere else could

it be recalled. I remember how, in that cold crypt, I hung over the sculptured face of his monument, which is now treated as, perhaps, the preacher of these times would be who took him for his model; and how I tried to realize the opening of those closed eyelids, and the looking forth once more of the rapt preacher's soul through those melting eyes, whose mellow but searching light so often found its way into the very hearts of those who sat before him.

There I stood, inwardly calling up from the past the testimonies of those who had seen and heard him as "a preacher in earnest; weeping sometimes for his audience, sometimes with them." The graceful, comely form, and manly, gentle, and intellectual countenance seemed, at length, to live before me. One felt as if face to face with a rare impersonation of refined logic, winning address, majestic conception, seraphic feeling, comprehensive learning, and masterly diction; all in fine proportion and consistent unity.

Then there arose before the mind his massive stores of theological wealth, unworthily tinselled, here and there, with artificial fancies after the style of some of his favourite Fathers. Then his dignified manner of giving supreme importance to the great essential and most prominent doctrines of inspired truth; his peculiar mode of unexpectedly bringing out arguments against mischievous errors, so as to cast them down by a kind of resistless side-blow; and his way of occasionally startling his hearers by a sudden practical turn in the midst of a quiet exposition. One felt anew the charm of his wise counsels as they seemed to ooze from his massive sentences, or as they fell from his lips in a succession of pithy lines and strings of apophthegms, sparkling like gems in gold settings. Then his clusters of symbols, similitudes, and illuminations, still disclosing depths of thought beyond, like those forms of nebula which to the eye of deeper research are ever showing richer glories behind the constellations to which they appear somewhat akin.

How happily, sometimes, by an unlooked-for turn, he brings us close upon some heavenly prospect, or into the brighter presence of our loving Redeemer, so as to raise us to a clear and vivid realization of the nearness of celestial life. Who could fail to glorify God for his voice, while catching a little of the joy which filled his heart on Easter Sunday, 1627, as he preached about the "better resurrection," on some spot just above the cold, dark crypt

in which his neglected effigy lies? Who could forget the closing utterances of his memorable sermon?

"Beloved, there is nothing so little in Heaven as that we can express it; but if we could tell you the fulness of a soul, what that fulness is; the infiniteness of that glory there, how far that infiniteness goes; the eternity of that happiness there, how long that happiness lasts: if we could make you know all this, yet this '*better resurrection*' is a heaping even of that fulness, and an enlarging even of that infiniteness, and an extension even of that eternity of happiness; for all these, this fulness, this infiniteness, this eternity, are in all the resurrections of the righteous, and this is a '*better resurrection*.' We may almost say it is something more than Heaven; for all that have any resurrection to life, have all Heaven: and something more than God; for all that have any resurrection to life have all God: and yet these shall have a *better resurrection*. Amorous soul, ambitious soul, covetous soul, voluptuous soul, what wouldst thou have in Heaven? What doth thy holy amorousness, thy holy covetousness, thy holy ambition and voluptuousness most carry thy desire upon? Call it what thou wilt; think it what thou canst; think it something that thou canst not think; and all this thou shalt have if thou have any resurrection into life; and yet there is a *better resurrection* . . . a *better resurrection* reserved for them, and appropriated to them *that fulfil the sufferings of Christ in their flesh*, by martyrdom, and so become witnesses to that conveyance which He hath sealed with His blood, by shedding their blood; and glorify Him upon earth (as far as it is possible for man) by the same way that He hath glorified them in Heaven; and are admitted to such a conformity with Christ, as that (if we may have leave to express it so) they have died for one another. Neither is this *martyrdom*, and so this *better resurrection*, appropriated to a real, actual, and absolute dying for Christ; but by every suffering of ours, by which suffering He may be glorified, is a degree of martyrdom, and so a degree of improving and bettering our resurrection.* In a word, to do good for God's glory brings us to a good, but to suffer for His glory brings us to a *better resurrection*; and to suffer patiently, brings to a good, but to suffer cheerfully, and, more than that, thankfully, brings us to a *better resurrection*. If all the

* Compare Heb. xi. 25, 26; ii. Cor. i. 5-7; Phil. iii. 10, 11; i. Peter iv. 13; ii. Cor. iv. 17.

joys of all the men that have had their hearts' desires were concentrated in one heart, all that would not be as a spark in his chimney to the general conflagration of the whole world, in respect of the least joy that that soul is made partaker of, that departs from this world immediately after a pardon received, and reconciliation sealed to him for all his sins. No doubt but he shall have a good resurrection; but then we cannot doubt neither but that to him that hath been careful in all his ways, and yet crossed in all his ways; to him whose daily bread hath been affliction, and yet is

satisfied, as with marrow and fatness, with that bread of affliction, and not only contented in, but glad of, that affliction, no doubt, but to him is reserved a *better resurrection*. Every resurrection is more than we can think, but this is more than that 'more.' Almighty God, inform us and reveal unto us what this *better resurrection* is, by possessing us of it; and make the hastening to it one degree of addition to it! Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly to the consummation of that kingdom which Thou hast purchased for us with inestimable price of Thine incorruptible blood! *Amen.*"

EARTHLY STORIES WITH HEAVENLY MEANINGS.

BY THE EDITOR.

VI.

THE TEN VIRGINS.

"Then shall the kingdom of Heaven be likened unto ten virgins, which took their lamps, and went forth to meet the bridegroom. And five of them were wise, and five were foolish. They that were foolish took their lamps, and took no oil with them: but the wise took oil in their vessels with their lamps. While the bridegroom tarried, they all slumbered and slept. And at midnight there was a cry made, Behold, the bridegroom cometh; go ye out to meet him. Then all those virgins arose, and trimmed their lamps. And the foolish said unto the wise, Give us of your oil; for our lamps are gone out. But the wise answered, saying, Not so; lest there be not enough for us and you: but go ye rather to them that sell, and buy for yourselves. And while they went to buy, the bridegroom came; and they that were ready went in with him to the marriage: and the door was shut. Afterward came also the other virgins, saying, Lord, Lord, open to us. But he answered and said, Verily I say unto you, I know you not. Watch therefore, for ye know neither the day nor the hour wherein the Son of Man cometh."—*ST. MATT. xxv. 1—13.*



HE main truth which the Parable of the Ten Virgins is intended to illustrate is the future Advent of Christ; and, in connection with this, the fitting attitude of His disciples in the prospect of that event.

The framework of the Parable—"the Earthly Story"—is very simple. Its sublimity lies in the spiritual truth—"the Heavenly Meaning"—which that frame-

work sustains. Christ's similitudes made small things appear great. When He taught, the most ordinary circumstances of daily life became vocal with the mysteries of the Gospel kingdom.

In the celebration of Oriental marriages, the more important portion of the nuptial ceremonies were performed at night. The two companies met at the bride's residence, and both of them went thence in procession to the house of the bridegroom, lighted on the way with torches or lamps, serenaded with music, and surrounded with every demonstration of joy and gladness. The torch consisted of a small cup filled with rags and resin, and affixed to a rod that it might be held aloft. Since each member of the procession carried such a lamp, "the many separate lights dancing and crossing each other, and changing places as the bearers advanced on the undulating and tortuous path, imparted great liveliness to the joyful nocturnal scene."

The Parable represents a procession of this kind, assembled at the house of the bride's father, awaiting the coming of the bridegroom and his friends. There seems to have been some unusual delay in the appearance of the bridegroom. Lange's conception is that he was coming from a considerable distance, and some unexpected hindrances had occurred on his journey

The young companions of the bride—a selected ten—closely corresponding to the bridesmaids at our marriage feasts,—anxious to discover signs of the bridegroom’s approach went forth as the evening advanced to meet him; and according to the custom of the time, and without danger to health in the warm climate of Palestine, they lingered in a group by the wayside.

“Waiting long without employment, the maidens would stand and sit and recline by turns. Each holds a tiny torch in her hand, or has laid it on the ground by her side. As the night wears on, the conversation, that had at first been animated, gradually dies away, and one by one the wearied damsels drop over into snatches of slumber. Before midnight they have all sunk into a continuous sleep. At midnight a cry arose, apparently from some more wakeful watcher in the neighbourhood, ‘Behold, the bridegroom cometh; go ye out to meet him.’ At this alarm the whole band awakes simultaneously, and spring to their feet. Each maiden hastily snatches up her torch: not one of them burns brightly now; some are flickering low, and some are altogether extinguished. In a moment all those nimble young hands begin to ply the work of trimming the expired or expiring lamps. All alike are able to touch them skilfully, but the main want with every lamp is a new supply of oil. Some can supply that want at the moment on the spot, while others cannot. Those who had brought from home a supply of oil in separate vessels, found it easy to make the flame of their torches burn up as brightly as ever; but those who had neglected to provide such a supply could not, with all their efforts, revive the dead or dying light. ‘Give us,’ said the five improvident maidens, ‘give us of your oil, for our lamps are gone out.’ The more thoughtful, and therefore provided, watchers, while they pitied their sisters, were afraid to part with any portion of their own stores, lest they should be left in the same hapless condition ere the procession should close. Go to them that sell, and buy for yourselves.’ Alas, this was now the only alter-

native! Away went those foolish virgins, at the dead of the night, on the hopeless errand of buying oil for immediate use in the shops of the neighbouring town. ‘And while they went to buy, the bridegroom came.’”*

The resource they adopted was the only one that remained to them, but it proved of no service whatever. The irrevocable mistake had been made in their not supplying themselves with oil when they might have done so; and the neglected opportunity could never return.

“They that were ready went in with the bridegroom to the marriage: and the door was shut.” And when at a later period the five foolish virgins who had gone in search of oil returned and sought admission to the festival, their plea was rejected; they could not now be recognized as the true friends of the bridegroom. “Afterward came also the other virgins, saying, Lord, Lord, open to us. But he answered and said, Verily I say unto you, I know you not.”

Such is the scene which the Parable depicts. Nothing could be more simple in its character and details. Yet how sublime and piercing—how calculated to arrest the attention of the auditors, and stimulate every slumbering conscience into activity—is the solemn application of the truth, which it was our Lord’s purpose to illustrate and enforce by this “earthly story”:—

“Watch therefore, for ye know neither the day nor the hour wherein the Son of Man cometh.”

The Parable seems to suggest four main reflections, which we shall notice in succession:—

I.—The Son of Man, the Lord Jesus, the Bridegroom of the Church, will come again.

II.—The members of His Church are called to “go forth to meet Him.”

III.—In order to this going forth to meet Him, it is essentially necessary they should have a supply of what is equivalent to “oil” for the lamp, namely, grace in their hearts.

* “The Parables of Our Lord.” By the Rev. W. Arnott.

IV.—There is a danger of self-deception as to the possession of this grace in the heart.

The first thought, then, is this: *The Son of Man, the Lord Jesus, the Bridegroom of the Church, will come again.*

We say not *when* He will come again; for the Scriptures reveal it not. Indeed, did we know when He will come, there could be no exhortation to "watch." The call to watchfulness implies our ignorance of "the times and seasons." This ignorance is in fact the very ground on which that watchfulness is urged upon us,—*"Watch therefore: for ye know not what hour your Lord doth come."*

Watchfulness for the Second Advent is to be the watchfulness of expecting faith, not the curiosity of calculating speculation. Many, we fear, have set themselves to calculate the "times and seasons," who have failed to estimate the sinfulness and bitterness of sin, or the preciousness of Christ as the Saviour of sinners. The Son of Man will come as the "Bridegroom" of His expecting Church. It is the personal and experimental knowledge of this endearing relationship between Christ and His Church, which alone can issue in a Scriptural anticipation of His coming—a truly Christian faith in the Second Advent.

We need scarcely remark that this Advent of Christ must not be confounded with the day of death's advent. This were to introduce again the idea of the *time when* He will come; whereas the *fact* of His coming, not the time when, is the food of a Scriptural and expecting faith.

He *will* come again! The time and many of the circumstances of His coming we cannot determine; there are mysteries connected with futurity which finite mind may not penetrate or attempt to solve. But on this simple but glorious assurance—"He *will* come again—we may rest the faith of the soul. So doing, if Jesus is "precious" to us, whether it be our lot to see Him descend to our world *before* we "sleep in Him," or to awake on the Resurrection morn, and, with the vision of glorified and spiritual

bodies, behold Him drawing nigh, we shall in joyful anticipation realize even *now*, as Christ would have His people realize in *every* age of His Church's history, the Advent itself. *Believing* that "He will come again," the absorbing interest of the great event will bring it near. Faith annihilating intervening time, we shall feel the influence of the doctrine on our spiritual being is as great *as if* we had the actual evidence that the event was *close at hand*.

Let us pause amid the activities of the busy passing present, and, looking into the unknown but certain future which lies untrodden before us, ask ourselves, Is not this faith in the Second Advent worth possessing? All human anticipations of earthly good must be bounded by the line of mortality, and "there is but a step between us and death." *Death will come!* O sad and mournful thought!—too sad, too sorrowful, for man to allow his mind to dwell upon it, unless he is able to add that other thought,—the Conqueror of Death cometh too! *He will come again!* O blissful thought! too full of joy for mortal expression—"joy unspeakable, and full of glory"—when, by faith, "though now we see Him not," we nevertheless realize the *fact* of the Bridegroom's Advent, as the hope of His expectant Church!

The members of Christ's Church are called to "go forth to meet Him."

This "going forth to meet" the Divine Bridegroom may be regarded as the test of our faith in His coming. It reminds us that faith is "dead" if there be no corresponding activity of the soul demonstrating its existence and vital energy. If our faith in the Advent be a living and a Scriptural faith, it will prompt us to think much about it. We shall be led to withdraw our thoughts, at fitting seasons, from other objects of interest in order that we *may* think about it. There will be times of meditation. Otherwise there can be little real anticipation,—*"going forth to meet the Bridegroom."*

A parent who knew that his long-absent child was coming to his home from a far land, would necessarily, if his heart were

right—a parental heart,—he often “going forth to meet him.” But if, on the contrary, he permitted himself to be engrossed and absorbed with the passing and surrounding engagements, the business and pleasures, of life, so that scarcely a remembrance of his approaching child flitted through his mind from day to day, we should be sure there was little love, because there was thus the evident absence of anticipation.

So is it with the Church and her faith in the coming Bridegroom. If the faith be of the right kind, faith working by love, faith generating and deepening love, there will often be the spiritual desire which “hastes unto the coming.” Recognizing Him as our Saviour, “the Chief among ten thousand, and the altogether lovely”—as “of God made unto us wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption,”—we shall find Him so precious, that His Advent, the day of His coming, will be a day of days in our anticipation; and faith will bring it so near that we shall never cease to look for Him. Our instant prayer will be, “Lord Jesus, come quickly.”

Thus we shall “go forth to meet Him.”

In order to this “going forth to meet the Bridegroom,” it is essentially necessary we should have a supply of what is equivalent to “oil” for the lamp—namely, grace in our hearts.

Oil, whether employed to anoint a person or to feed a flame, is a Scriptural type of the Holy Spirit. This is its clear signification in the Parable. “The oil which the wise virgins carried in their vessels, as distinguished from that which burned in their lamps, points to the Spirit as a Spirit of grace and supplication dwelling in a believer’s heart. All experienced convictions and made profession, as is indicated by the lamps lighted and borne aloft; but some had nothing more than convictions and professions, while others had passed from death unto life, and had gotten their life through the Spirit’s ministry, ‘hid with Christ in God.’”*

“We believe in the Holy Spirit, the Author and Giver of life.” We believe that

spiritual life can only be derived from the Fountain of life itself.

Any mistake here must be fatal. Nothing but the oil of Divine grace can possibly sustain light in the soul, as light is sustained in the lamp, when the True Light, the Lord Jesus, is revealed from Heaven. False lights—“sparks of our own kindling”—will then be utterly extinguished—become invisible, just as the stars become invisible in the meridian light of day. The religion of impulsive feeling—the religion of ceremonial formalism—the religion of Pharisaic self-righteousness—the religion of self-confident morality, which only makes the sepulchre fair without,—can prompt no joyous welcome to the Bridegroom of the Church when He comes: for in “the presence of His glory” every secret thought will be manifest, and the hidden things of darkness revealed.

Let none, then, trifle with this momentous question of grace or no grace. Knowledge, gifts, profession, will not avail if grace be absent. Let us test ourselves by such inquiries as these:—Am I the subject of *pardon*ing grace? Do I know anything of the blessedness of “the man whose iniquity is forgiven and whose sin is covered”? Am I humble enough to acknowledge myself “a debtor to mercy alone,” my hope as a sinner resting on the atonement of my Saviour? And am I the subject of *sanctify*ing grace? Am I conscious of the strivings of a spiritual nature longing to “perfect holiness in the fear of the Lord”?

As a motive to stimulate us to this kind of scrutinizing inquiry, we notice, as the final lesson of the Parable,—

The danger of self-deception to which we are exposed, as to the possession of grace in the heart.

It is evident that the foolish virgins were thus self-deceived. They were professedly the friends of the bridegroom. They all went forth with the purpose of meeting him. They all had lamps, which doubtless burned at first with equal brightness, and which they intended should be burning when the bridegroom came. The line of demarcation between the foolish and the wise, only became apparent when the lack of oil in the

* Rev. W. Arnot.

vessels of the former was discovered. Up to that moment they were self-deceived.

So is it in spiritual things. There may be an outward profession—an avowal of a Scriptural faith,—and even an apparent advance in Christian experience, and yet the root of the matter may be lacking. In the “time of tribulation”—the testing, sifting, dividing time—there may be a falling away; manifestly proving the absence of the grace of God in the heart, and showing how true it is that “One part of the Church is living, while the other lives only *in appearance*, because it lives only *to appear*.” *

A difficulty has been thought by some to arise from the statement that *all* the virgins slumbered and slept whilst the bridegroom tarried. This slumbering is supposed to imply a common fault,—the wise and the foolish equally erring; and it has been urged that this favours the view that even the foolish virgins represent true, although defective, disciples. We cannot, however, admit either the interpretation or the inference derived from it. The fact of their “all” sleeping may, by way of *illustration*, point to the painful truth that the disciples of Jesus do often slumber sinfully at their post like their worldly neighbours; but it does not *teach* that truth. Their slumbering seems to have been perfectly natural and justifiable under the circumstances of delay in the arrival of the bridegroom’s procession, and is best regarded as a mere incident in the Parable, bearing no special spiritual significance. But if any lesson is to be gathered from it, Calvin appears to suggest the most reasonable and profitable one. He conceives the sleep that oppressed the waiting virgins to intimate the necessity that lies on all—and therefore on true disciples—of going down into the ordinary affairs of this life. Disciples in the body cannot be occupied always and only with the expectation of their Lord’s appearing. “Sleep and food, family and business, make demands on them as well as on others, which they cannot and should not resist. If the coming of the bridegroom be delayed till midnight, the virgins must slumber: and this is not a special

weakness of individuals; it is the common necessity of nature.” It certainly was not the virgins’ “slumbering” which caused any of them to be unprepared when the bridegroom came; nor are they unprepared for the coming of the Son of Man who by the sudden advent of death are surprised, it may be, in an hour when every power and faculty of body and mind are absorbed in the affairs of this world.

No; the dividing line depended simply on the possession or non-possession of oil to kindle afresh the lamp when the bridegroom came: and the unexpected discovery of their need by the foolish virgins when it was too late to seek a fresh supply, impressively warns us against the danger of self-deception as to the possession of grace in the heart,—to which *we also* are exposed.

It is possible for us to have “a name to live” as professing disciples of Christ whilst we are spiritually dead. It is possible to go on from month to month, and year to year, flattering ourselves that all is well with us, and suddenly—it may be on the near approach of the end of life—to discover that we are strangers to the grace of God.

With terrible faithfulness the Parable portrays the lamentable issue of such a case of self-deception. The foolish virgins, finding their wise companions had nothing beyond the necessary provision for their own lamps, went to seek a supply of oil from those who sold. “Afterward” they came to the door, and earnestly sought admission, saying, “Lord, Lord, open to us.” But the Lord answered from within, and said, “Verily I say unto you, I know you not.” It was hopeless seeking now, because it was *too late*!

The spiritual warning bids us “make our calling and election sure” whilst the day of grace lasts. The possibility of our being left to invoke the name of Christ in vain at the hour when heart and flesh are failing, should indeed lead all to seek Him “while He may be found”—to call upon Him “while He is near.” The application of this main lesson of the Parable, as it is given by Arndt, depicts no imaginary scene: every faithful pastor could verify it.

* Lange.

"Perhaps," he writes, "the breaking heart grasps at the Bible; it has only spikes and nails, but no balm of consolation. Perhaps the dying man calls in those who have the care of souls; the words of comfort slide over the ears, while the Holy Spirit seals none of them upon the heart. Perhaps he partakes of the Holy Supper; yet the feast is to him not a feast of blessings, but an eating of judgment. Perhaps he prays to the Lord himself: the Lord answers, 'I know you not.'

"Oh, it is sad to be so near Heaven, and yet to be lost—to be almost saved, and yet altogether lost. Were it not the Lord who speaks here, Jesus Christ, the Life Eternal, the Judge of the living and the dead, our feeling would be mightily to resist the terrible conclusion of this Parable, which cuts all and every hope clean away, and leaves not an *If* or a *But* behind, nor any other possible interpretation. But He speaks; and before His words every mouth is silent in fear and adoration. He writes into our breast with a glowing iron pen the warning word—therefore 'Watch: for ye know neither the day nor the hour wherein the Son of Man cometh.' Short is life; fleeting is time; quick is death; long is eternity. Therefore what thou desirest to do, do it quickly."

But let us not forget, however solemn

this warning of the Parable may be, it is nevertheless designed to win. The Lord by "the terrors of the law" would "persuade men." The voice from an open Heaven refuses to promise *any* grace to those who, deceiving themselves with a nominal profession, are secretly and really delaying the soul's decision for God till a "convenient season:" but that same voice proffers *all* grace *now*. "The end of the foolish virgins is unveiled in order that we may be wise unto salvation in the beginning of our days." "The lighthouse reared on a sunken reef flings its lurid glare far through a stormy air and over a stormy sea, not to teach the mariner how to act with vigour when he is among the breakers, but to warn him back, so that he may never fall among the breakers at all. Even so the end of the lost is revealed in the Word of God, not to urge us to utter a very loud cry when the door is shut, but to compel us to enter now while the door is open."

The Gospel is thus in this Parable. It places before the eye of faith the true Bridegroom of the Church, who "loved it and gave Himself for it." And, if we learn to say, "He loved *me* and gave Himself for *me*," we shall be of the number of those who "love His appearing;" and, loving His appearing, we shall not fail to watch for His coming.

CHRISTMAS.

AN Englishman likes in a general way to have his finger in every pie. In the rough impetuosity of his character, or in the pride of his island home, or in the belief of the superiority of his own beloved institutions, he thinks it his privilege and duty to express, at least within the circle of his own friends, his approval or disapproval of the proceedings of his neighbours. But at Christmas time, surrounded by his boys and girls from school, and shut in with his curtains drawn down, and his fire blazing on his comfortable hearth, he is content, for the nonce, to dismiss all reference to the events of either foreign or domestic politics.

Christmas and the things of Christmas alone occupy his mind. His thoughts are for a brief interval concentrated on the reunion of families, the gathering of friends, the interchange of good wishes, the oblivion of petty offences, the opportunity for reconciliation, the general amnesty of trifling grievances which have arisen either from a temporary misinterpretation of actions or from the frailties of human imperfection, and on the sympathy extended to poorer neighbours. Recollections, too, of the past, remembrances of old friends, of departed relatives, and of long-forgotten circumstances, blend themselves in happy conjunction with the enjoyment of the present, and help to enhance the value and to impart a keener

relish to the realization of existing blessings.

Christmas thus observed is an exclusively English institution. No other nation under the wide canopy of heaven honours it with a like commemoration. In France and in other foreign countries the observances of New Year's Day eclipse the solemnities of Christmas; that is, the flight of time, the inauguration of a new civil year, supersede in the popular mind the deeper obligations of the Christian festival. This is pre-eminently the case in Scotland, where Christmas obtains the least possible amount of consideration, and New Year's Day alone finds a place in the habits and rejoicings of the people. America, too, has lost much of the pure religious feeling with which this anniversary is kept in the mother country; while the very expression of good wishes on New Year's Day, yet so effective in Old England as being confined to friends and neighbours, loses much of its value and significance in the United States by its being degraded into a mere ceremony of hurried and unmeaning visits. Long may our present national mode of observing Christmas be continued and preserved, as bearing witness to two valuable points in our national character—viz., the importance we attribute to the element of *family and domestic life* as stereotyped amongst us, and the firm hold which the objective truths of *religion* retain upon the national mind. Any other observance of Christmas than that which prevails would imply a diminution of these two distinct peculiarities, the retention of which gives strength and excellence to our national characteristics.

All honour, then, to all that tends to give dignity and pre-eminence to this high festival. Our kings and princes, it is true, no longer hold their Christmas entertainments in public, nor sit with their crowns upon their heads at the feasts provided with courtly pomp for their great nobles and retainers; but yet there are many outward emblems of national festivity which mark out this season with tokens of special honours. The temporary cessation of the current of business, the universal holiday, the ornamentation of houses and decoration of churches, the more largely exercised charity, the extended interchange of sympathy between rich and poor, are all signs and symbols of a festival fraught with elements of good, and laden with healthy and healing influences. If too many exclude from their thoughts the idea of promoting, in their obser-

vance of this festival, the "glory of God," yet do they promote, even unconsciously to themselves, "peace on earth, and goodwill towards men."

Many of the most curious of our ancient legends are connected with our national observance of this festival. The Glastonbury Thorn, for instance (which, according to popular belief, originally sprang from the staff of Joseph of Arimathea), was said to bud annually on the 24th of December, to break forth into flower on Christmas Day, and to cease flowering with the twelve days of Christmas. Our great national dramatist, too, bears witness to the kind of religious veneration entertained by the common people for this season:—

"Some say that ever 'gainst that season comes
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
The bird of dawning singeth all night long.
And then, they say, no spirit dare stir abroad:
The nights are wholesome; then no planets strit
No fairy takes; no witch hath power to charm;
So hallow'd and so gracious is the time."

Taught by our Reformed Church a purer theology, we are enabled to discard the traditions of these legends. Their spirit, however, remains with us. We, like the fabled thorn of Glastonbury, may allow our deeds of charity, our larger alms, our universal loving sympathy, to bud forth and blossom in greater profusion, and may assist in contributing to the wants and in mitigating the sufferings of those around us. We may realise the blessed influences of this season in our forgiveness of wrongs, in our reconciliation with those from whom we may be temporarily estranged, in our heaping coals of fire on the heads of enemies by deeds of kindness and liberality. We may be grateful for that light of an open Bible and of a pure Scriptural faith which at once enables us to reject all profane fables and superstitious observances, and yet teaches us to commemorate "the hallowed and gracious time" of our Christmas festival by deeds of charity, and by the exercise of a wise and wide beneficence.

The season thus employed will ever abound in blessing, and in streams of refreshing comfort to our land. It will not only tend to the union of families, the promotion of friendships, the growth of a general goodwill; but it will assist the counsels of the statesman and the plans of the philanthropist, in softening class prejudices and party animosities, in narrowing the chasm between the rich and poor, and in

binding together the various classes of society by ties of mutual obligation in the bestowal and reception of kindnesses.

All honour, then, we repeat, to our English method of celebrating this festival. At every

fireside gathering may peace and joy and love be Christmas guests, and every good wish be realized which we can frame for ourselves or for our friends.

G. F. T.

THE BIBLE AND OUR FAITH.

BY THE REV. S. WAINWRIGHT, VICAR OF HOLY TRINITY, YORK; AUTHOR OF "CHRISTIAN CERTAINTY," ETC.

CHAPTER X.

MIRACLES.

"Truth incontestable! in spite of all
A Bayle has preached, or a Voltaire believed."
YOUNG.

WHAT is a miracle? A contradiction. An impossibility. A violation of the law of nature. Nature is a miracle. Everything is a miracle. There is no miracle. There cannot be a miracle. It would be a miracle if there were a miracle.

A strange tangle truly. And yet these are but a tithe of the contradictions so loudly and incessantly vociferated when we speak of the Christian miracles as attesting the claims of Christianity. Let us examine them. They cannot all be true (without a miracle!) But is there any truth in any of them?

"Things done in a hurry are seldom done well." But it is in the highest degree desirable that our examination of this subject should be "thorough." It should be thoroughly well done, because done once for all. The truth of the Christian miracles is a foundation-truth; and we cannot always be relaying the foundation. Nor can we submit to be liable to continual alarm for the safety of our superstructure, imperilled (according to the alarmists) by the insecurity of our foundation. We will, therefore, take measures to be thoroughly satisfied on that head, once for all.

And, first, as to the meaning of the controverted word. Dr. Samuel Clarke defines a miracle to be "A work effected in a manner unusual, or different from the common and regular method of Providence, by the interposition of God Himself, or of some intelligent agent superior to man, for the proof or evidence of some particular doctrine, or in attestation of the authority of some particular person." Other definitions shall be noticed as

we proceed, but this is quite sufficient to start with.

It may be asked, however, Wherein does the miracle differ from the ordinary course of nature? For that, too, is wonderful. The fact that it is a marvel of continual recurrence may rob it of our admiration; we may be accustomed to regard it with a dull, incurious eye; yet, not the less on that account, does it remain a marvel still.

To this question it has been replied that, since all is thus marvellous—since the growing grass, the springing seed, the rising sun, are as much the result of powers which we cannot trace or measure, as the water turned into wine, or the sick healed by a word, or the blind restored to vision by a touch—there is therefore no such thing as a miracle, eminently so called. We have no right (it is said), in the mighty and complex miracle of nature which encircles us on every side, to separate arbitrarily a few facts, and say that these are wonders, and all the rest mere processes of nature. We must confine ourselves to one language or the other, and say either that all is miracle or none.

But this, however deep and true it may at first sight seem, is, notwithstanding, most shallow and fallacious. In itself, and in its purposes, there is abundantly sufficient to distinguish the miraculous (so called) from the ordinary. Not indeed that we can admit the distinction sometimes made, that in the miracle God is working immediately, while in other events He is leaving the work to the operation of the laws which He has established. For this distinction has its root in a dead, mechanical view of the universe, altogether opposed to the truth. The clockmaker makes his clock and leaves it; the shipbuilder launches his ship, and others navigate it; but the world is no mere piece of curious mechanism, to be dis-

missed from its Maker's hands as soon as it has been constructed, and only from time to time to be reviewed and repaired. Apart from that vital energy by which it is sustained, and that active superintendence by which it is governed, the world would at once sink not merely into that chaos, but even into that nothingness, from which it sprang. Without the constant operation of that parent Spirit who "renews the face of the earth," all created things must "die and return to their dust."* He—none less, and none other, without pause and without cessation—still "upholdeth all things by the word of His power."† And thus He speaks, "My Father worketh hitherto, and I work."‡ And to speak of "laws of nature," and even "laws of God" (in the same sense), is to surrender ourselves to an illusion of language, and to hide the real verity from our own eyes. Laws of God exist only for us. But, viewed in relation to Himself, all His laws are simply the expression of His Will. Augustine was right: "It is the will of God that constitutes the nature of things."§ Each "law of Nature" is merely what we have learned concerning His Will in that particular region of its activity. To say, then, that there is more of the will of God in a miracle than in any other work of His is incorrect. Shall we attempt to magnify the miracle, as a manifestation of the presence and power of God, by depreciating that manifestation which is furnished in the ordinary processes of nature? By no means. All is wonder. To make a man is at least as great a marvel as to raise a man from the dead. The seed that multiplies in the furrow is as marvellous as the bread that multiplied in Christ's hands. Wherein, then, lies the difference? In this: the difference of manifestation.

THE miracle is not a GREATER manifestation of God's power than those ordinary and ever-repeated processes; but it is a DIFFERENT manifestation.

By those, God is speaking to all men, always, and everywhere. They are a vast revelation of Him. "The invisible things of Him are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made, even His eternal power and Godhead."|| Yet this language, from its very vastness and universality, may miss its aim. It has no speciality. It lacks peculiar

and personal significance. But the miracle, claiming the special attention of those in whose sight it is wrought, speaks to them in particular. The voice which in nature speaks to all the world, now addresses itself directly to them, and singles them out from the crowd. It is plain that God has now a peculiar word to which they are to give heed—a message to which He is bidding them listen.

There belongs, therefore, to the essence of miracle, an *extraordinary Divine causality*. The unresting activity of God, which at other times hides and conceals itself behind the veil of what we term natural laws, is in the miracle unveiled. It steps out from its concealment, and the hand which works is laid bare. Beside and beyond the ordinary operations of nature,* higher powers intrude and make themselves felt; higher, not as coming from a higher source, but as bearing upon higher ends.

Yet while thus affirming it to be of the very essence of a miracle that it should be "a new thing in the earth," we may not overlook the fact that the natural itself may become miraculous to us, by the way in which it is timed, or the ends which it is made to serve. There may be in it so remarkable a convergence of many unconnected causes to a single end; it may so meet a crisis in the lives of men, or in the onward march of the kingdom of God, that, while plainly deducible from natural causes, we may be justified in terming it a—providential, though not an absolute—miracle. In other words, the natural may be lifted up into the miraculous, either by a peculiarity in the time of its occurrence, or by the purposes which it is made to fulfil. It thus becomes a "wonder" for us, when not a wonder in itself—a subjective, though not an objective miracle.

For example: there was nothing miraculous in the simple fact that swarms of flies should infest the houses of the Egyptians, or that flights of locusts should strip their fields, or that a murrain should destroy their cattle. But the occurrence of *all* these plagues, their intensity, the manner and order of their succession, their close connexion with the word of Moses which foretold them; with Pharaoh's trial, then proceeding; with Israel's deliverance, then approaching; their sudden and extra-natural disappearance, not less than their unavoidable infliction,—these are the par-

* Ps. civ. 29, 30. † Heb. i. 3. ‡ John. v. 17.

§ "De Civitate Dei," 21, 8; "Dei voluntas natura rerum est."

|| Rom. i. 20.

* But not opposed to them. In the language of the greatest theologians, *præter naturam*, and *super naturam*, but never *contra naturam*.

ticulars which procured for them their Scriptural designation of "the signs and wonders of Egypt."* It is no absolute miracle to find a coin in a fish's mouth,† or that a lion should meet a man and slay him,‡ or that a thunder-storm should happen at an unusual period of the year.§ Yet these circumstances may be so timed for strengthening faith, for punishing disobedience, for awakening repentance; they may serve such high moral purposes in God's moral government, that we at once, and justly, range them in the catalogue of miracles without waiting for a minute discrimination between the miracle absolute and the miracle providential. Especially have such events a right to their place among miracles strictly so called, when, as in each of the forementioned instances, the final event is the seal of a Divine message; for then they claim that place as prophecy, i. e., as miracles of foreknowledge if not as miracles of power.||

To all this, however, the enemies of Christianity have a very short answer. Despising all definitions and deriding all distinctions, they pertinaciously assert that "all miracles are impossible." And thus they pretend to prove it:—

"Our modern world, after centuries of research, has attained a conviction that all things are linked together by a chain of causes and effects which suffer no interruption. The totality of finite things forms a vast circle, which, except that it owes its existence and laws to a superior power, suffers no intrusion from without. This conviction is so much a habit of thought in the modern world, that in actual life the belief in immediate Divine agency is at once attributed to ignorance or imposture. . . . The proposition that God acts sometimes mediately, and sometimes immediately, upon the world, introduces a changeableness, and therefore a temporal element into the nature of His action. Now, since our idea of God requires an immediate, and our idea of the world a mediate, Divine operation, and since the idea of combination of the two spheres of action is inadmissible, nothing remains for us but to regard them both as so permanently and immoveably united, that this operation is for ever and everywhere twofold, both mediate and immediate; so that

we must say—God acts upon the world as a whole immediately; but on each part, only by means of His action on every other part; that is to say, by the laws of nature."*

Such is Dr. Strauss's statement of those ripe results of German metaphysics by which its able and laborious professors have tied up the hands of the Most High God Himself, and reasoned away all His power ever to work a miracle again. Their decree is just as absolute, and more severe, than that procured by the Persian satraps; and if Daniel were sentenced a second time to the den of lions, neither God nor angel could be suffered to interfere for his deliverance. The reasoning which achieves this mighty result is so ambitious as to grasp the whole universe, and the vast circle of "the whole totality of finite things."

Without daring to follow it in this lofty flight, let us try its consistency in an easier form, just as astronomers work out the law of gravitation in the problem of two and three bodies. Let A, B, C, stand for three parts, which compose the whole universe. Now the theory is this: that God acts on A, only through the medium of His action on B and C; on B, only through His action on A and C; and on C, only by his action on A and B. Every one of the three is further from Him than the two others, since He acts on it only through the medium of His action upon them.

Or, to vary the illustration: there are three individuals, the first in succession of our race—Adam, Cain, and Enoch. We wish to account for their existence, without the admission that all were created—which is fanatical—or that one was created, and the others derived from him by natural generation—which is both fanatical and partial. So we invent the ingenious hypothesis that each of them is both grandfather and father to the two others. All the three are thus immediately from the hand of God; but each one of them is from Him only by his being son and grandson with two others. Archimedes said, "Give me a fulcrum, and I will move the earth;" and verily these German metaphysicians have found out a singular fulcrum whereby to uproot the Gospel from its foundations in real history and consign it for ever to the land of dreams.†

Here, for the present, however, we must pause.

* Psalm lxxviii. 43; Acts. vii. 36. † Matt. xvii. 27.

‡ 1 Kings xiii. 24.

§ 1 Sam. xii. 16, 19.

|| Archbishop Trevelyan's "Notes on the Miracles of our Lord," Preliminary Essay, p. 14.

* "Leben Jesu," vol. i., pp. 71—73.

† Rev. T. R. Birks' "Modern Rationalism," pp. 14—17.

Pleasant Readings for our Sons and Daughters.

"MAKE TO YOURSELVES FRIENDS."

A STORY FOR THE CHRISTMAS HEARTH.

BY MRS. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

IT was four o'clock in the afternoon of a dull winter day, that John — sat in his counting-room. The sun had nearly gone down, and in fact it was already twilight beneath the shadows of the tall, dusky stores, and the close, crooked streets of that quarter of Boston. Hardly light enough struggled through the dusky panes of the counting-house for John to read the entries in a much-thumbed memorandum-book, which he held in his hand.

A small, thin boy, with a pale face and anxious expression, significant of delicacy of constitution and a too early acquaintance with want and sorrow, was standing by him, earnestly watching his motions.

"Ah, yes, my boy," said John, as he at last shut up the memorandum-book. "Yes, I've found the place now; I'm apt to be forgetful about these things; come, now, let's go. How is it? haven't you brought the basket?"

"No, sir," said the boy, timidly. "The grocer said he'd let mother have a quarter for it, and she thought she'd sell it."

"That's bad," said John, as he went on, tying his throat with a long comforter of some yards in extent; and as he continued this operation he abstractedly repeated, "That's bad, that's bad," till the poor little boy looked quite dismayed, and began to think that somehow his mother had been dreadfully out of the way.

"She didn't want to send for help so long as she had anything she could sell," said the little boy, in a deprecating tone.

"Oh, yes, quite right," said John, taking from a pigeon hole in the desk a large pocket-book, and beginning to turn it over; and, as before, abstractedly repeating, "Quite right! quite right!" till the little boy became reassured, and began to think, although he didn't know why, that his mother had done something quite meritorious.

"Well," said John, after he had taken several bills from the pocket-book, and transferred them to a wallet which he put into his pocket, "now, we're ready, my boy." But first he stopped to look up his desk, and then he said, abstractedly to himself, "I wonder if I hadn't better take a few tracts."

Now, it is to be confessed that this John —, whom we have introduced to our reader, was in his way quite an oddity. He had a number of singular little *penchants* and peculiarities quite his own—such as a passion for peking among dark alleys, at all sorts of seasonable and unseasonable hours; fishing out troops of dirty, neglected children; and fussing about generally in the community, till he could get them into schools or otherwise provided for. He always had in his pocket-book a note of some dozen poor widows who wanted tea, sugar, or candles, or other things, such as poor widows always will be wanting. And then he had a most extraordinary talent for finding out all the sick strangers that lay in out-of-the-way upper rooms in hotels, who, everybody knows, have no business to get sick in such places, unless they have money enough to pay their expenses, which they never do.

Besides this, all John's kinsmen and cousins, to the third, fourth, and fortieth remove, were always writing him letters, which, among other pleasing items, generally contained the intelligence that a few hundred dollars was just then exceedingly necessary to save them from utter ruin, and they knew of nobody else to whom to look for it.

And then John was up to his throat in subscriptions to every charitable society—had a hand in building all the churches within a hundred miles; occasionally gave four or five thousand dollars to a college; offered to be one of six to raise ten thousand dollars for some benevolent purpose; and when four of the six backed out, quietly paid the balance himself.

and said no more about it. Another of his innocent fancies was, to keep always about him any quantity of tracts and good books, little and big, for children and grown-up people, which he generally diffused in a kind of gentle shower about him wherever he moved.

So great was his monomania for benevolence, that it could not at all confine itself to the streets of Boston; the circle of his relatives, or even the United States of America. John — was fully posted up in the affairs of India, Burmah, China, and all those odd out-of-the-way places, which no sensible man ever thinks of with any interest, unless he can make some money there; and money, it is to be confessed, John didn't make there, though he spent an abundance. For getting up printing-presses in Ceylon, for Chinese type, for boxes of clothing and what-not to be sent to the Sandwich Islands, for school-books for the Greeks, John was without a parallel. No wonder his rich brother merchants sometimes thought him something of a bore, since, his heart being full of all these matters, he was rather apt to talk about them, and sometimes to endeavour to draw them into fellowship, to an extent that was not to be thought of.

So it came to pass often, that though John was a thriving business man, with some ten thousand a year, he often wore a pretty thread-bare coat, the seams whereof would be trimmed with lines of white, and he would sometimes need several pretty plain hints on the subject of a new hat before he would think he could afford one. Now, it is to be confessed the world is not always grateful to those who thus devote themselves to its interests, and John had as much occasion to know this as many another man. People got so used to John's giving, that his bounty became as common and as necessary as that of a higher Benefactor, "who maketh His sun to rise upon the evil and the good, and sendeth rain upon the just and the unjust;" and so it came to pass that people took them as they do the sunshine and the rain, quite as matters of course,—not thinking much about them when they came, but particularly apt to scold when they did not.

But John never cared for that. He didn't give for gratitude; he did not give for thanks, nor to have his name published in the papers as one of six who had given fifty thousand to do so and so; but he gave because it was in his heart to give, and we all know it is an old

rule in medicine as well as morals, that what is in a man must be brought out. Then, again John had heard it reported, that there had been One of distinguished authority who had expressed the opinion that it was "*more blessed to give than receive*," and he very much believed it—believed it, because the One who said it must have known, since for man's sake *He* once gave away ALL.

And so when some thriftless, distant relative, whose debts John had paid a dozen times over, gave him an overhauling on the subject of liberality, and seemed inclined to take him by the throat for further charity, John calmed himself down by a chapter or two from the New Testament, and then sent him a good brotherly letter of admonition and counsel, with a bank note to enforce it; and when some querulous old woman, who had had a tenement of him rent free for three or four years, sent him word that if he didn't send and mend the waterpipes she would move right out, John sent and mended them. People said he was foolish, and that it didn't do any good to do for ungrateful people, but John knew that it did *him* good; he loved to do it, and he thought also on some words that ran to this effect, "*Do good and lend, hoping for nothing again*." John literally hoped for nothing again in the way of reward, either in this world or in Heaven, beyond the present pleasure of the deed; for he had abundant occasion to see how favours are forgotten in this world; and as for another, he had in his own soul a standard of benevolence so high, so pure, so ethereal, that but One of mortal birth ever reached it. John felt that do what he might, he fell ever so far below the life of that *spotless One*, that his crown in Heaven must come to him at last, not as a reward, but as a free eternal gift.

But all this while our friend and his little companion have been pattering along the wet streets, in the rain and sleet of a bitter cold evening, till they stopped before a grocery. Here a large cross-handled basket was first bought, and then filled with sundry packages of tea, sugar, candles, soap, starch, and various other matters; a barrel of flour was ordered to be sent after him on a dray. John next stopped at the dry goods store and bought a pair of blankets, with which he loaded down the boy, who was happy enough to be so loaded; and then, turning gradually from the more frequented streets, the two were soon lost to view in one of the dimmest alleys of the city.

The cheerful fire was blazing in John's

parlour, as, returned from his long wet walk, he was sitting by it with his feet comfortably encased in slippers. The lamp was burning brightly on the centre table, and a group of children were around it, studying their lessons.

"Papa," said a little boy, "what does this verse mean? It's in my Sunday-school lesson: '*Make to yourselves friends of the mammon of unrighteousness, that when ye fail they may receive you into everlasting habitations.*'"

"You ought to have asked your teacher, my son."

"But he said he didn't know exactly what it meant. He wanted me to look this week and see if I could find it out."

John's standing resource in all exegetical difficulties was Dr. Scott's Family Bible. Therefore he now got up, and, putting on his spectacles, walked to the glass book-case, and took down a volume of that worthy commentator, and, opening it, read aloud the whole exposition of the passage, together with the practical reflections upon it; and, by the time he had done, found his young auditor fast asleep in his chair.

"It's clear," said John, "this child plays too hard. He can't keep his eyes open in the evenings. It's time he was in bed."

"I wasn't asleep, pa," said Master Henry, starting up with that air of injured innocence with which gentlemen of his age generally treat an imputation of this kind.

"Then can you tell me now what the passage means that I have been reading to you?"

"There's so much of it," said Henry, hopelessly, "I wish you'd just tell me in short order, papa."

"Oh, read it for yourself," said John, as he pushed the book towards the boy; for it was to be confessed that John perceived at this moment that he had not himself received any particularly luminous impression, though of course he thought it was owing to his own want of comprehension.

John leaned back in his rocking-chair, and began to speculate a little as to what he really should think the verse might mean, supposing he was at all competent to decide upon it. "'Make to yourselves friends of the mammon of unrighteousness,'—that's money, very clearly. How am I to make friends with it or of it? 'Receive me into everlasting habitations!' that's a singular kind of expression—I wonder what it means! Dr. Scott makes some very good remarks about it, but somehow I'm not exactly clear."

Well, thoughts will wander, and as John lay with his head on the back of his rocking-chair, and his eyes fixed on the flickering blaze of the coal, visions of his wet tramp in the city, and of the lonely garret he had been visiting, and of the poor woman with the pale, discouraged face, to whom he had carried warmth and comfort, all blended themselves together. He felt, too, a little indefinite creeping chill, and some uneasy sensations in his head like a commencing cold, for John was not a strong man, and it is probable his long wet walk was likely to cause him some inconvenience in this way. At last he was fast asleep, nodding in his chair.

He dreamed that he was very sick in bed, that the doctor came and went; and that he grew worse and worse. He was going to die. He saw his wife sitting weeping by his pillow—his children standing by with pale and frightened faces—all things in his room began to swim and waver and fade, and voices that called his name, and sobs and lamentations that rose around him, seemed far off and distant in his ear. "Oh, eternity! eternity! I am going—I am going," he thought: and in that hour, strange to tell, not one of his good deeds seemed good enough to lean on; all bore some taint or tinge, to his purified eye, of mortal selfishness, and seemed unholy before the ALL PURE. "I am going," he thought; "there is no time to stay, no time to alter, to balance accounts, and I know not what I am, but I know, O Jesus, what THOU art. I have trusted in Thee, and shall never be confounded." And with that last breath of prayer, earth was past.

A soft and solemn breathing as of music awakened him. As an infant child not yet fully awake hears the holy warblings of its mother's hymn, and smiles, half conscious, so the Heaven-born became aware of sweet voices and loving faces around him ere yet he fully awoke to the new immortal LIFE.

"Ah, he has come at last; how long we have waited for him—here he is among us—now for ever—welcome!—welcome!" said the voices.

Who shall speak the joy of that latest birth, the birth from death to life! The sweet, calm, inbreathing consciousness of purity and rest, the certainty that all sin, all weakness and error, are at last gone for ever—the deep, immortal rapture of repose—felt to be but begun—never to end!

So the eyes of the Heaven-born opened on the new heavens and the new earth, and wondered at the crowd of loving faces that thronged about him. Fair forms of beauty.

such as earth never knew, pressed round him with blessings, thanks, and welcome.

He spoke not, but he wondered in his heart who they were, and whence it came that they knew him—and soon as the inquiry formed itself in his soul, it was read at once by his heavenly friends.

"I," said one bright spirit, "was a poor boy whom you found in the streets; you sought me out, you sent me to school, you watched over me, and led me to the house of God, and now here I am." "And we," said other voices, "are other neglected children whom you rescued." "And I," said another, "was a lost, helpless girl—sold to sin and shame; nobody thought I could be saved, everybody passed me by till you came. You built a home, a refuge, for such poor wretches as me, and there I and many like me heard of the Saviour, and here we are." "And I," said another, "was once a clerk in your store. I came to the city innocent, but I was betrayed by the tempter. I forgot my mother and my mother's God. I went to the gaming-table and the theatre, and at last I robbed your drawer. You might have justly cast me off, but you bore with me, you watched over me, you saved me. I am here through you this day." "And I," said another, "was a poor slave-girl—doomed to be sold on the auction block to a life of infamy, and the ruin of soul and body. Had you not been willing to give so largely for my ransom, no one had thought to buy me. You stimulated others to give, and I was redeemed. I lived a Christian mother to bring my children up for Christ; they are all here with me to bless you this day; and their children on earth, and their children's children, are growing up to bless you." "And I," said another, "was an unbeliever. In the pride of

my intellect, I thought I could demonstrate the absurdity of Christianity. I thought I could answer the argument from miracles and prophecy; but your patient, self-denying life was an argument I never could answer. When I saw you spending all your time and all your money in efforts for your fellow-men, undiscouraged by ingratitude, and careless of praise, then I thought 'there is something Divine in that man's life,' and that thought brought me here."

He looked around on the gathering congregation, and he saw that there was no one whom he had drawn Heavenward that had not also drawn thither myriads of others. In his lifetime he had been scattering seeds of good around from hour to hour, almost unconsciously, and now he saw every seed springing up into a widening forest of immortal beauty and glory. It seemed to him that there was to be no end of the numbers that flocked to claim him as their long-expected soul-friend. His heart was full and his face became as that of an angel as he looked up to One who seemed nearer than all, and said, "This is Thy love for me, unworthy, O Jesus! Of Thee, and to Thee, and through Thee are all things. Amen."

"Amen!" and, as with chorus of many waters and mighty thunderings the sound swept onward, and died far off in chiming echoes among the distant stars, the sleeper awoke.

We have called his name simply *John*; but he of whom we write hath long since been called to that "new name" which the Lord giveth to him that overcometh. Let us follow in his steps.

"He who marks from day to day
With generous acts his radiant way,
Treads the same path his Saviour trod—
The path to glory and to God."

COMPLIMENTS.

HOW far may one consistently with truth and honour employ *compliments* in his intercourse with society?

This question requires us to fix the meaning of a compliment. Is it anything different from *flattery*? Flattery may be given by means of a compliment, and yet there are many compliments that are true, well deserved, and sincere. Both compliment and flattery belong to the element of *praise*. Every one holds that it is right to praise, if it be rightly

done. But when one is praised for things not meritorious, or which the person has not performed, or for qualities not possessed, or when the praise is out of proper proportion to desert or fact, it is flattery. And yet this does not hit the precise moral element that determines it. Violation or exaggeration of the truth of facts may be an indiscretion only. It must be done intentionally, it must be done insincerely, and for a purpose. Flattery is praise insincerely given for an interested purpose.

A compliment is usually praise delivered in some unexpected and beautiful form. A compliment is praise in an art-form. It may be a mere intimation, a graceful comparison, or an inference made or implied. It is praise crystallized. It bears about the relation to praise that proverbs do to formal philosophy, or that form does to poetry.

Compliments may then be Christianly honest. Several exquisite instances are to be found in St. Paul's letters and speeches. That men employ them deceitfully, flatteringly, affords no just reason against a sincere and honest use of them. On the contrary, there is all the more need of showing by their wise use that a perversion is unnecessary.

But there is a benevolence in compliments. It tempts one to look for agreeable traits among his friends, and not for faults. There is among the young of our time an impression

that caustic and critical things are smart and genteel. It is supposed that dashing wit, unscrupulous cuts, and sometimes an abrupt and rude demeanour, are signs of gentlemanly freedom. This is a sad declension from the polished and kind gentilities of former schools of good manners.

But a habit of saying agreeable things in an elegant way, if it does not degenerate into falseness, will work benefit upon the speaker; sweetening his mind, turning him back from bitter and hateful things, and inclining him to the way of kindness. It will confer great pleasure on the object, since nothing can be more agreeable in the minor scenes of life than suddenly to receive praise for well-doing, in a form that pleases at once both the moral sense and the taste. A man, however, must be kind, of good taste, and thoroughly honest, to use compliments without danger—to himself.

THE CHRISTMAS TREE.

A SONG FOR THE LITTLE ONES AT OUR OWN FIRESIDE.



HERE are trees in the land, both fair
and grand,
In the field, or the vale, or the hill:
There's the stately oak and the silvery
beech,

And the willow over the rill.
But search as you may, for a year and a day,
Never a one will you see,
Be it grand or fair, that can compare
With our glorious Christmas tree!
Then Hurrah!—to the tree that we love,
A merry song sing we!
To the tree, all trees of the world, above!
Hurrah for our Christmas Tree!

You may search if you please far over the seas,
You may read in the cleverest book,
But you never will know, wherever you go,
Nor find wherever you look,
Be it thick, be it tall, be it thin, be it small,
Of low or of high degree,
Any plant with the fame of so noble a name
As that of the Christmas Tree!
Then Hurrah! to the, &c., &c.

Did ever you know in the wide, wide world,
With all its fruits and flowers,
Apple, cherry, or pear, a tree that could bear
Such marvellous fruit as ours?

Wherever you've been, no fruit have you seen,
No! and you never will see,
Though you look where you will, and go look-
ing on still,
Like that of our Christmas Tree.
Then Hurrah! to the, &c., &c.

Oh, who can declare what its branches bear
For all good girls and boys?
For on it there grows, in clusters and rows,
A wonderful harvest of toys,
And dolls ready drest, in their beautiful best,
Such dolls as you never did see!
And goodies as well, too many to tell,
Are the crop of our Christmas Tree!
Then Hurrah! to the, &c., &c.

And its tapers as bright as the sweet starlight,
Throw out a hundred gleams—
And pray do you know any tree that can show
A fruit of silver beams?
And so we declare, contradict if you dare!
That all the world must agree,
Such a tree there is none, 'neath the moon or
the sun,
As a glorious Christmas Tree!
Then Hurrah! to the, &c., &c.

Windsor.

S. J. STONE, B.A.

THE VELVET SLIPPERS.

BY OLD AMOS.

ONCE upon a time there was a little girl living in a village, and there came to her a man of a very venerable appearance, and offered to her one of three things which he set before her. One was a book, by which she was to understand all things, all mysteries, all knowledge, and all sciences; another thing was a wand, by which she would be able to compel implicit obedience everywhere—from everybody to her in everything; but the most remarkable of all was a pair of velvet slippers, which if she put on she was to carry peace everywhere as she moved—all disorder, all noise, were to fly before her—she was to bring quiet into every family in which she entered. And she was so sensible that, without thinking a moment about the other two, she chose for the present from the old patriarch the velvet slippers. She was wise enough to see that knowledge and power are of little value without peace.

As soon as she put them on, she seemed as if walking on the wind, she moved over the earth so noiselessly; and she did not hurt her feet as she moved along; and it seemed as if all things made a way for her as she moved—nothing resisted her. The velvet slippers were like a second instinct to her. It is true that wherever she went peace went with her, but *the slippers told her what to do*. If it were unwise to go into a certain house, the slippers nipped her feet, as a hint not to go. Sometimes she was about to speak, but the slippers gave a nip, as much as to say, "Hold your tongue;" and so she held her tongue. Somebody who saw her going along the street called her "Cheerful Silence;" for her face was always bright and kind, but she made no more noise than a rose makes in growing. Old Agnes Pepper, the postman's wife, the most notorious old gossip in those parts, left off in the very middle of a scandalous story, and hobbled grumbling away, if she saw Cheerful Silence coming down the street. Old Tom Punshon, who never opened his mouth without an oath, put on quite an amiable face, and said, "Good morning, ma'am," as he saw her approaching. But what was most remarkable, Jack Welsby, who behaved so badly to his wife, after the velvet slippers had crossed

his threshold two or three times, was seen taking his wife out to church; a few nights after I heard him and his wife, in their rough way, actually singing a hymn by the fireside.

You have no idea what a deal of good that pair of velvet slippers did to the village. Somehow everybody seemed to be smitten with the idea of minding their own business; there was less beer drunk by a great many gallons, and the "Spotted Cow" was almost emptied every night. Old Mr. Wurley, who was called "The Parish Newspaper," seemed now never to have any news to tell, although he always had something pleasant to say. Miss Glibby, at the chandler's shop, now never served out scandal with the ounces of tea. There was a great deal less evil seen, and infinitely less heard of; and all through this pair of velvet slippers. It was not so much what the young lady who wore them said, that kept the people in awe; it was what she did not say. Story-tellers, if they were making mischief, felt there was a sort of quiet, uncomfortable power in her mild eyes. All scandal seemed to her like a shower, or a mist, on a bird's wing; it never entered into her—she shook it off, and went on her way forgetful of it. She healed a great number of family disputes, but she usually did it by saying nothing—but simply going to the house and filling it with her spirit.

Now this sounds very much like a fairy tale; but it is not too good to be true. One of the most decided proofs of a holy nature is the disposition and the power to produce peace wherever you go. The world is one great scene of turmoil and war; there are wars in families—wars in nations—wars in villages—and wars in the heart; and in the midst of all this, *the Christian* is to go with peace. He is to be a peacemaker. *His life is a walk and a conversation*; and in the walk which he is to pursue, *he is to make "straight paths for his feet," and to see that they are shod with the Christian's slippers, "the preparation of the Gospel of peace."* (James iii. 18). The Christian is to sow the seeds of peace that he may get the fruits of righteousness. "The fruit of righteousness is sown in peace of them that make peace." A man will be just as much a Christian as he has peace within him. He will not be able always

to command peace without him, because offences will come, and there are many to whom the very peace of his own nature will be an irritation and an offence. There is nothing more annoying to a passionate and envious man than the spectacle of peace in the man he envies; and if he can only arouse him to some hasty act or word, how gladly he says, "Ah! I have stung him at last." But if the Christian cannot always command and compel peace around, he will add no more oil to the flames of passion and discord; he will use oil, not as a combustible, but as an emollient. "And the work of righteousness shall be peace; and the effect of righteousness quietness and assurance for ever" (Isa. xxxii. 17). And is it not a great thing in the midst of all the wrangling in the world to be able to say, Well, *I* never added to it—I never joined in the cry—I never mixed in the affray—they made a great noise, but *I* never helped them—I was in the crowd, and obliged to go through it, but *I* never added to the uproar—the uproars always ceased as *I* came nigh, for they saw *I* did not like it, and tried to stop my ears against it! If you act thus, you will go through the world so quietly, it will be as if you wore *velvet slippers*.

But the work of some people in the world is very different to this; they live to make a noise—to fume and to foam. The story is told of Diogenes, the Cynic, that at Corinth or Abdera, I forget which, when the city was in a great turmoil, and people moving about in great confusion, he went into the city and rolled an empty tub about, that, as he said, they might see that he was not idle. But the tubs rolled about by many people are not so innocent as that of Diogenes, for they are full of envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness; and as their tub rolls they spill these over the city or the village.

There is in the world gratuitous mischief-making. I knew an unpleasant man once who, I believe, assailed and abused an inno-

cent man, because he thought he added to his respectability by it. A black chimney-sweep, fresh from the chimney, ran up against a rich miller, and bragged about it all day. "You see," said he, "this white came off Miller Jones this morning, as he and I were walking down the street together." A little further on he said, "I can't bear the look of this white flour on my black jacket; this is what comes of walking with Miller Jones." A little further on he said, "I wish Miller Jones would mind where he went, and not be so fond of leaving his flour on me." Meantime, Miller Jones, who had meditated at the time the giving the chimney-sweep a good thwack for his carelessness, had gone home and brushed out the black soot from the neighbourhood of his more honourable flour, and thought no more about it. But it was such an honour to the chimney-sweep to have even had an opportunity of running against a miller, that he abused him many a day.

If a man's character is very low, it seems to him to reflect some credit to rend a hole in the character of a man who stands high. Whenever a man comes to me with such a tale, I always say, *that man has a hole in his coat somewhere*. Men whose unholy dispositions are their curse, seek to sow strife wherever they go; and what a character, to be able to say late in life, "Well, I have not done much, but I have sown a good quantity of nettle-seed: any rate, and I know it will grow." How different the thoughts of that man or woman who is able to say, "Lord, I am a poor weak-wicked creature at the best, but I have sought to be sustained by Thy grace, so that I have soiled no character—been no tale-bearer—I have sought to make peace wherever I have gone, and, remembering how much might be said against me, to have little to say against any one else!" Thus instead of having the feet shod with iron, how much better to walk through the world in **VELVET SLIPPERS**.

CHRISTMAS PIE.

THE following appeared in the *Newcastle Chronicle*, 6th January, 1770:—

"Monday last was brought from Howick to Berwick, to be shipped for London, for Sir Henry Grey, Bart., a pie, the contents whereof are as follows: 2 bushels of flour, 20 lbs. of butter, 4 geese, 2 turkeys, 2 rabbits, 4 wild ducks, 2 woodcocks, 6 snipes, 4 partridges, 2 neats' tongues, 2 curlews, 7 black-

birds, and 6 pigeons: it is supposed a very great curiosity, was made by Mrs. Dorothy Patterson, house-keeper at Howick. It was near nine feet in circumference at bottom, weighs about twelve stones, will take two men to present it at table; it is neatly fitted with a case, and four small wheels to facilitate its use to every guest that inclines to partake of its contents at table."

THE CHARITY OF THE POOR.

BY J. L. W., AUTHOR OF "BYGONE DAYS IN OUR VILLAGE."*

Then out an' spak' bold Thomas true,
As he grasped spear in hand,
Cries, "Willie, ye maun tarry here,
While by your cause I'll stand.

"Your mother was my ae sister,
We grew up side by side;
An' to her son I'll faithfu' be,
Whatever fate betide."

SCOTTISH BALLAD.



OUR father's lang in getting hame the day, Teena," said Mrs. Oliver, addressing her eldest daughter, who was busy preparing a savoury stew that simmered upon the fire. "It's near five o'clock, an' he used aye to be here about three."

"He had to gang roun' by Mireside wi' some sacks," answered the girl, "an' he said he would be langer; but that's him now, I hear the sound o' wheels."

"Ye'd better put the kettle a wee bit nearer the fire, to let it be fairly boilin', an' mak' him a cup o' tea; he likes ane when he comes hame cauld an' weary." And, so saying, Mrs. Oliver continued her darning, leaving her daughter to prepare the evening meal.

A few minutes after this conversation, the door opened, and a stout, healthy-looking man, in the prime of life, entered, and was heartily welcomed by mother and daughter; while a chubby fair-haired child, throwing away the doll with which she had been playing, trotted to meet him, exclaiming joyfully, "'At dad, 'at dad;" adding, "an' Ovey (Rover) tae," at the sight of her playfellow, a large mastiff, who followed close to his master's heels.

Gideon Oliver lifted his little girl in his arms, saying, "Has Isa been a gude bairn when dad was away?"

"Isa been gude, very gude," answered the child in her broken speech, drawing at the same time her dimpled hand through his hair.

Mrs. Oliver had risen upon her husband's entrance, and began to unfasten the wrappings from his neck, exclaiming, "Ye are late the day, Gideon; but Teena says ye had to gang to Mireside afore ye cam' hame. It's very stupid o' me bein' feared when ye are a wee abint your time, but I canna help it, ye are as regular as the clock for ordinar'." Then per-

ceiving a sad expression on his face, she added, in an anxious tone, "Has ony ill happened ye, Gideon, for ye look wae?"

Gideon Oliver turned away his face for a moment to brush a tear from his eye; then, quickly recovering himself, he placed in his wife's hand a letter, which she received in silence, and read the following words:—

"Dear Sir,—It is my sad duty to inform you that your sister Mrs. Fairlie died this morning, after a protracted illness, which she bore with Christian patience and resignation. While upon her deathbed, she requested me to mention her wish that you should come and make all necessary arrangements regarding her funeral, and also her desire that one of her children might be placed under your care, hoping that each of her late husband's brothers would adopt one of the remaining three. I trust that after all the debts are paid, there may be a little left over, to assist in defraying the expense of maintaining and educating the children till they are able to support themselves.

"However, all these matters can be talked over when we meet.

(Signed) "JOSEPH BRAIDWOOD.
"Brampton Schoolhouse."

It was some minutes before Mrs. Oliver could speak, after reading the letter; at last, the first burst of grief past, she said, as if addressing herself,—

"Puir wee Ellen, she canna be mair than ten months auld, she was born about the time Sandy died. God help the motherless infant!"

That evening, after the children were asleep, Mrs. Oliver drew her seat near her husband, who sat in silence by the fire, and entered at once upon the subject of Mrs. Fairlie's death; for well the true wife knew how tenderly her husband loved this sister, and how sorely his heart was bleeding for his loss.

"I wish I had gaen to see Peggy this simmer, Gideon," she began; "but it was a lang way to Broadlands, an' I didna well see how I could leave the bairns; an' then I seem to ha'e nae heart for anything sin' our wee laddie died; but if I had kent she was sae ill, I wadna ha'e let anything stop me."

"There's nae use vexin' yoursel' refleekin',

* "Bygone Days in Our Village." Edinburgh: William Oliphant and Co.

Mary," said her husband, kindly. "Peggy wrote that she couldna expect ye to gang sae far frae hame an' leave sae mony bairns. It's me that's been to blame; I might ha'e gane an' seen her, puir thing. But what dae ye say about us takin' Ellen? She will soon be auld enouch to toddle about the house wi' Isa; only another wee ane will gi'e ye mair wark, an' ye havena been a'thegether strong this while back."

"Never think on me, Gideon," answered Mrs. Oliver; "I wad dae muckle for Peggy's bairns. We gaed to the schule thegither, an' learned our lessons aff the same book, an' mony a day we played thegither by the burn-side at Auld Shiels; an' then, when we were bits o' lassies, not ower fifteen, we gaed away to Thurwill Fair, an' hired oursels to the same master. Do ye mind it, Gideon? It was there, tae, we attended Mr. Clark's sacrament. I was a thochtless crater in thae days, never heedin' anything but dress or folly; an' mony's the warnin' I got frae Peggy to mind that there was another warld besides this ane. A' the time o' the table service, when Mr. Clark was addressin' us, I saw the tears drappin' frae her een; an' the first serious thought I ever had was when she made me kneel down beside her in the plantin' as we cam' hame frae the kirk that day; an' then, oh, how she did pray for us baith!"

"She was aye a by ordinar' lassie sin' ever I mind," answered Gideon, "an' no like any o' the rest o' us. I wonder where she got sic genty ways as she had. I never saw anybody could equal her, except yoursel', Mary."

"Dinna mention us in the same breath, Gideon," replied his wife; "I just wish I was half as gude as she was. I dinna ken what was about her, for nane o' the young men durst use ony freedom wi' her; and even on the harvest-rig, or at the buchts in the mornin', where sae muckle folly used to gang on among the lads and lasses, her manner checked a' kind o' nonsense. An' then, though she was sae bonny, that never seemed to uplift her. I mind ae nicht, at Hillend, after we were dune wi' our wark, we took a saunter up the burn-side frae the house, and sat down on the bank aboon the washin' pule. We hadna been lang there when Willie Gourlay (our master's son) cam' up wi' some heather in his hand, which he put into Peggy's cap, an' tellt her to look at hersel' in the water, an' see how bonny she was, sayin', 'I saw the laird's daughters when they were dressed for a ball the other nicht, Peggy; but

for a' their ribbons and brooches they didna look half as well as you.' Instead o' bein' the least carried wi' his praise, though she liked him sae well, she only was vexed, and said cannily,—

"'Ye wadna mak' me proud, wad ye, Willie? I ha'e as little right to be vain o' my face as the peacock has o' his grand feathers that he is aye spreadin' out for admiration; we didna mak' oursels.' Oh, Gideon, I whiles think if she had only marryt Willie Gourlay, they wad baith ha'e been happy, for Willie wad ha'e travelled ower the whole world, I believe, for ae kind blink o' her e'e."

"What can ye say about it, Mary," replied Gideon, sadly, "than just it had been ordered otherwise by Ane wha canna err? Ye see Peggy had her ain share o' independence, an' she couldna stan' his mother an' sister's lookin' down on her; but mony a vexed heart she had, especially after Willie 'listed, an' gaed aff to the Indies. Then we a' advised her to marry Robert Fairlie, thinking he was a grand match for her, besides bein' a clever, active man, though I doubt, after a', he wadna be worthy o' her. But nane ever heard Peggy complain. If she had sorrows, she keepit them to hersel'. Ye havena tellt me yet, though, what ye think about us takin' wee Ellen."

"I am loth to part them, Gideon," said his wife. "Do ye no think we could keep them? Ye ken the Fairlies are a high, proud kind o' folk, an' sair my heart misgi'es me if Peggy's bairns wad be well lookit on amang them. But mind this, Gideon, if they should come, an' if they should ha'e ony siller, no ae penny o' it is touched by us. I wad never ha'e it said that Gideon Oliver made his sel' rich at the expense o' the orphan bairns."

"It winna do, Mary," was the reply. "Dinna ask me, for it vexes me to refuse you ought. Ane is as muckle as ye can well manage wi' our ain. But as it is likely I may bring the wee lassie away wi' me, some o' the lads frae Black House had better meet me at the town on Friday nicht; the coach gets there about seven o'clock."

It was a stormy and bleak winter day when the friends who were to conduct the remains of Mrs. Fairlie to her last resting-place met in the farmhouse of Lochhead.

After a short prayer by the old and venerated minister, the mourners began to form themselves into a procession behind the hearse, which moved slowly forward to the churchyard, the "God's acre" of our ancestors, where man

is the *seed* that the "Lord of the harvest" will raise up *in glory* when "time shall be no more."

The snow, which had been falling for some days, was now drifted into wreaths here and there over the melancholy expanse. Sometimes the air was calm, not a murmur heard of tinkling rill or rushing stream, for all were frozen up in winter's icy embrace; again the wind came in gusts, shaking the leafless trees in its fury, and scattering in every direction the dazzling masses of snow.

The heart of Gideon Oliver was desolate indeed when he saw the clods thrown into the grave, and the skilfully out turf smoothed over the mound which contained all that was mortal of one so well-beloved.

Turning to leave the place, his eye recognised a stranger standing near, his form muffled up in a military cloak, which half concealed his features. This stranger, like himself, seemed absorbed in grief, and started as Gideon laid his hand upon his shoulder, and inquired if he were not William Gourlay.

"Who asks my name?" was the surprised reply.

"Gideon Oliver," answered his companion.

In a moment the other stretched out his hand, and grasped the hard palm of the carrier's in his own; then sinking his head upon his breast, he groaned bitterly. After a few moments' silence, Gourlay, who by steadiness and ability had earned promotion from the ranks, and now enjoyed the position of lieutenant, spoke, and said, "I am indeed William Gourlay. You will wonder to see me here, but a few words may explain all. Arriving lately in Scotland, after ten years' absence in foreign lands, a restless longing seized me to see your sister, though lost to me for ever, and to take one look at the face which had been the load-star of my life,—the face of my first, my last, my only love. I came here this morning, but only to have the sad privilege of following her remains to the tomb; and now I go forth a wanderer, without a home, to lay my bones on some distant shore."

"Dinna speak that way, Mr. Gourlay," said the kind-hearted carrier; "ye have still youth on your side, and ha'e ye nae sisters that need your care? Dinna be sae cast down; try to say, 'The Lord gave, and He hath taken away: blessed be His name.' Humble yourself under His hand, and He will lift you up again; bend to His will, and you will find that it has been good for you to be afflicted. Gang hame to

your friends, Mr. Gourlay, and rouse yourself like a man. Had Peggy been to the fore, she wad ha'e gi'en you the same advice."

"Friends!" said the soldier, bitterly, "I have no friends. Have you not heard that few are left now of my father's house? Ten years' absence has emptied our dwelling, filled our burying-place in the churchyard, and scattered the survivors over distant lands."

"Puir chiel!" said the carrier, wiping away the tears that were flowing freely over his rough cheeks—"puir chiel"! say ye sae? then I am wae, wae for ye. I am rich, for I ha'e a wife and bairns. Come an' see us, an' Mary will be a sister to you. Do ye mind o' her? She was Mary Innes lang syne—Peggy's friend and neighbour when she served at your father's."

"Yes, I do remember," answered Lieutenant Gourlay. "Ah! could I forget aught, or any one connected with those times? I loved your sister, Oliver," resumed the soldier, "as man never loved woman; but my family were proud, and they parted us for ever. Since that time it seems as if the sap were dried out of my heart, and my right arm were withered. But one word before we part—*her* children?"

"They will be provided for," was the reply. "But will ye no come wi' me? I canna think on ye gain' away sae desolate."

"Not now, Oliver, not now," groaned the poor man. "Farewell, my friend; and if we should never meet again in this world, may we all meet in a better." And so saying the soldier hurried from the spot.

Gideon Oliver slowly and sadly retraced his steps to the house, where a party of friends were already assembled to consult about the disposal of the children, as well as to make arrangements for winding up the business connected with the farm. A place was soon made at the table for the new-comer, and the conversation was resumed by the eldest brother-in-law of the deceased, who asked if any one present knew the extent of the debts; for Mrs. Fairlie's illness following so soon after her husband's death, these matters had been neglected.

Mr. Braidwood, the schoolmaster, replied, that as far as he was aware, from what Mrs. Fairlie told him on her deathbed, after everything was cleared, there might be a matter of £50 to each of the children.

"Then who amongst us is to take the children?" inquired the first speaker. "I understand my sister-in-law wished each of their

uncles to receive one. I have no objections to the eldest coming with me; she may assist her aunt in household matters. Her money will go so far to maintain her; for I would consider it unjust to my own family were I to adopt a stranger, even though that stranger were my brother's child."

Gideon Oliver heard this cold, unfeeling speech with flushed cheek and kindling eye; then starting to his feet, he exclaimed, "Gentlemen—for ye are a' gentlemen that are here, an' I am but a puir man—no fit company for you, I'll warrant some o' ye are thinkin'. I ha'e heard Mr. Fairlie's offer—so ha'e ye a': now hear mine. I will tak' a' the bairns—not ane, but a',—yes, a'," he repeated, seeing the company looked one to another. "They are my sister's,—the sister I liked best, now a saint in Heaven; an' wha, I wonder, has as gude a right to them? I canna promise to bring them up leddies, but I will try and bring them up Christians." Then turning to the schoolmaster, he said, "An' you, Mr. Braidwood, will see that the money is put into the bank in the name o' the bairns; no ae penny o't will be touched by me, as I hope to lay my head in peace on my dyin' pillow."

After a pause, the silence of which seemed to imply the assent of the friends present, the minister rose, and seizing the hand of the carrier, said, "Gideon Oliver, you have made me proud of my country this day. The children are yours, and may the blessing of Him who is the orphan's shield and the widow's stay be with you; but your wife?"

"I will answer for her; she will take them to her heart as if they were her ain: an' right glad she will be. It was her proposal that I should bring them a' hame wi' me; but I wadna listen to her, for she hadna been strong, an' I couldna think o' her bein' toiled. And now, gentlemen," he continued, turning to the company, "I will bid you gude day and be aff, for we've a lang journey afore us, the bairns and me;" and so saying, Gideon left the apartment.

Friday had been a day of excitement in the carrier's cottage; the children wearied, and counted the hours till evening would come and bring their little cousin; and even Isa asked, before going to sleep, that she might be awaked before "Dad and wee Elie tame hame."

"That's them now, mother!" cried little Gideon, as he rushed to the door. "I ken Daughtie's fit; an' see, Rover kens it tae, for he's waggin' his tail." Then turning quickly,

he exclaimed, "Fast, Teena, bring a chair! here's father an' a hale cart fu' o' bairns; an' the snaw's been fa'in' thick upon them, for the're a' as white as doos."

Few words passed between Oliver and his wife until the children were all safely in bed, after which Gideon related the sorrowful events of the past day, saying, as he concluded, "Ye will be glad for ane, Mary, that I brought them away; ye said the puir things wad be ill lookin' on amang their father's friends."

"Gideon Oliver," answered his wife, fondly, while a tear moistened her soft, gentle eye, "I am prouder o' ye this nicht, my husband, than I was that day I stood wi' ye afore the minister, an' heard ye vow to protect and cherish me till death should us part. Glad I am—mair than glad. This is the first time my heart has been light sin' our wee laddie's death. The Lord has restored fourfold that which He took away. Oh that He may enable us to be faithful to this great trust!"

Returning to my native place after the lapse of some years, I enjoyed many pleasant ramblings amongst the poor, accompanied by the minister's wife, in whose hospitable dwelling were passed some delightful weeks of that summer.

"Come," said that friend to me one day, when the fineness of the morning tempted us to leave the house for a wander in the fields, "let us visit a dying-bed, that we may learn how to die when our time comes."

"Then it is the deathbed of a Christian," I answered.

"Yes," was the reply; "but you shall see and judge for yourself."

A few minutes after this conversation we were threading our path through a coppice wood, which soon opened into a tract of moorland, rich with ferns and furze, interspersed at intervals by knolls covered with crab and bramble bushes. As we sauntered on, the lark quivered upwards, flooding the air with melody, contrasting pleasantly with the hoarse croak of the raven, which flew heavily along, brushing the heath with his wings. About the middle of this moor stood a few scattered cottages, the most distant of them being that to which we bent our steps. We were met a few yards from the door by a comely young woman with an infant in her arms. The mother's face bore traces of weeping, and at the sight of my friend the tears gushed forth afresh. She preceded us quietly to the house, and led the way into a beautifully clean and orderly

apartment, rendered fragrant by the rose-tree that clustered round the window. Upon a bed lay a woman apparently about fifty years of age, supported in the arms of an interesting-looking girl, who, dipping a handkerchief in water, tenderly bathed the forehead of the sufferer.

After a few moments' conversation with the sick one regarding her health, Mrs. Cameron inquired, "Is your trust in your Saviour as firm as ever, Mrs. Oliver?"

"I know that my Redeemer liveth," was the answer.

"And you have no fear to enter the river?" was again asked. "You know there is 'no other way to the gate.'"

"No," said the woman, "for you remember the promise, 'When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee,'—though I like to read it best leaving the *will be* out o' the verse. I aye think the learned men that looked ower the translation o' the Bible should ha'e let it stan' 'I with thee,' and that made the promise no sae muckle for the future as the present time; now it's the present I need. But ye were speakin' about the river: I think I am already on its brink, and waitin' quietly till a post 'ill come with a letter to me, as it did to Christiana and her company; then I'll prepare to gang across, hoping for 'grace to help in time of need.'"

"Do your children come often and see you?" inquired Mrs. Cameron.

"Yes, bless them, puir things," was the response, "they are a' kind to me. Mony a time I think the gude-man an' them wad put the hairs o' their head aneath my feet to serve me."

"And so they should," said my friend, "you have been faithful to them."

"Dinna say that, Mrs. Cameron," cried Mrs. Oliver, "I have been at the best but an unprofitable servant; I tried to do my duty to them, but have sadly failed. However, I can

die in peace; for I think that ane and a' o' them are seeking the Pearl o' great price, an' will meet me an undivided family in Heaven, where Peggy will see her bairns again."

A spasm coming upon the sufferer shortly after this, we left the house accompanied by the young girl, who had given up her post by the bed to her eldest sister.

"Your aunt will not survive long, Ellen, I fear," said my friend.

"'Deed we expect naething but death, ma'am," answered the poor girl through her tears. 'An' what will we dae without her? Oh, how kind she has been to us a'! We never kent ony difference between us an' her ain; 'deed I think she made, if onything, rather mair o' us. Then she span a' our olaes, just as she did my cousin's; an' when my sisters were in service, mony a time she gi'ed them a five-shilling piece, saying, 'Young folk are aye needin' lots o' things.' When Ann was married she got the same providing as her ain daughters; an' we never kent but my uncle had ta'en her siller to pay for't—it wad only ha'e been richt if he had; but instead o' that, the whole o' it was gi'en into her hand, capital and interest, on her marriage day. But I canna tell ye o' a' they ha'e dune for us. Oh, Mrs. Cameron, my heart is like to break when I think o' losin' her!"

A few days after this, a note was placed in my friend's hand telling her of the death of Mrs. Oliver. It did not surprise us; for we felt, when we last saw her, that her days were numbered and her useful life nearly finished.

She rests in peace till that day when the vision shall be fulfilled: "And I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God; and the books were opened: and another book was opened, which is the book of life: and the dead were judged out of those things which were written in the books, according to their works."



Science, Art, and History.

THE HAVANA.

(See *Frontispiece*, p. 621.)

THE island of Cuba was discovered by Columbus in the year 1492, but it did not submit to the jurisdiction of Spain till 1511. In the year 1762 it was captured by the British, but restored to the Spaniards again in the following year. In 1850 and 1851 a band of United States' adventurers made piratical attempts upon the island; but they were repulsed, and their leader, Marasso Lopez, executed.

Cuba is the largest of the West Indian islands, and is situated at the entrance of the Gulf of Mexico. It is about double the length of England, with a varying breadth of from seventy-four to one hundred and thirty miles. Its area, including its dependent islands, is about 33,000 square miles. A chain of mountains extends from east to west along the whole length of the island, and divides it into two parts. In the south-east these mountains attain an elevation of about 6,900 feet above the level of the sea. Great fertility, however, exists in the valleys, and the sides of many parts of the mountains are covered with dense forests. The *huita*, a kind of rat, is the only indigenous quadruped; but amphibious reptiles, as the alligator, tortoise, and serpents, abound. Birds are numerous, and rich in their plumage; whilst the rivers and coasts are well supplied with fish. The productions of the island include ginger, long pepper, and other spices in abundance; aloes, mastic, cassia, manioc, maize, cocoa, potatoes, yams, and bananas. Tobacco grows to great perfection; also sugar, coffee, cotton, and indigo. In the plains large flocks of cattle are reared. The population is estimated at 1,000,000, of whom about a fifth are whites, and the rest free coloured and

slaves, divided into nearly equal proportions. The Havana, or the Havannah, which in Spanish (*Habana*) signifies "the harbour," is the capital of the island. It is situated on the north coast, at the mouth of the river Lagida. Our Frontispiece gives a view of the entrance to the harbour, which is one of the best in the world. It is capable of holding commodiously one thousand ships: but has so narrow a channel, that only one vessel can enter at a time. This channel is strongly fortified; the city is also surmounted with works, all furnished with heavy artillery. A square citadel of great strength is erected near the centre of the town; and here is the captain-general's palace, where the treasure is deposited. The city contains a number of fine churches, two hospitals, a dockyard, lazaretto, and numerous public buildings. An aqueduct supplies the shipping with water, and turns the saw-mills in the dockyard. The town stands in a plain on the west side of the harbour; and the houses, which are elegant, are mostly of stone. The great square is a fine ornament of the place. The cigars which are manufactured here, and bear the name of the city, are celebrated throughout the world. The manufactures also include chocolate, straw hats, and woollen fabrics. The trade of the port is chiefly carried on with the United States, Great Britain, Germany, and Spain. The population is about 130,000, of whom half are slaves. The city has been frequently attacked: it was taken in 1536 by a French pirate, but ransomed for seven hundred dollars. It was subsequently taken by the English, by the French, and by the buccaneers. In 1762 the British took possession of it, but restored it in 1763.

OLD CLOTHES.

WHEN the hawker working the suburban district comes by with his barrow blooming with flowers, and petitioning for old clothes, old hats, and old boots, &c., in exchange for them, the bargain seems so one-sided that most people are only too glad to begin the barter. We all get so sick of frowsy old clothes, that it seems almost a mercy to get rid of them at any price; but to be able to translate them into geraniums and fuchsias, &c., to exchange musty, fusty gabardines for fresh odours and rainbow hues, is more than anybody ever expected to do.

The coster who initiated this subtle method of weeding our wardrobes must have had a special insight into female character, ever ready to exchange the solid and useful for the brightly decorative—at all events, this almost poetical method of filling old clothes' bags deserves to be mentioned as one of the most abundant means of building up a trade which has now assumed enormous proportions. The great dealers into whose hands our cast-off skins ultimately fall have arrived at the dignified position of merchants. The value of their exports to foreign countries makes no inconsiderable item in our annual trade returns. The streams of old clothes that hour by hour are seductively drained, either by floral exchange, attractive advertisement, or by the downright pestering of "Old Ikeys," culminate in the great old clothes' mart in Houndsditch, where Hebrews most do congregate.

This inodorous spot has been so often described in popular works, that people are now pretty familiar with it, by name at least. But having described the fierce contest which ensues over the mounds of old clothes therein daily deposited, our social statisticians seem to have had enough of them, and have proceeded no further. But the true interest in the story of old clothes begins just at the point where they leave off. To the question of what becomes of them, we might answer that the greater part of them are now about to set out upon their travels, to enter new circles of society, and to see life, both savage and civilized, under a thousand new phases.

Those that are intended to remain in this country have to be tutored and transformed. The "clobberer," the "reviver," and the "translator" lay hands upon them. The duty of the "clobberer" is to patch, to sew up, and to

restore as far as possible the garments to their pristine appearance; black cloth garments pass into the hands of the "revivers," who rejuvenate seedy black coats, and, for the moment, make them look as good as new. The "translator's" duty is of a higher order; his office is to transform one garment into another—the skirts of a cast-off coat, being the least worn part of the garment, make capital waistcoats and tunics for children, &c. Hats are revived in a still more wonderful manner; they are cut down to take out the grease marks, relined, and appear in the shops like new ones. The streets surrounding the old clothes' market are full of shops where these "clobbered" and "revived" goods are exposed for sale; and really a stranger to the trade would not know but that they were new goods. There is a department of the market itself also dedicated to old clothes, male and female, "clobbered" and "revived." It is a touching sight to see the class of persons who frequent the men's market, and turn over the seedy black garments that are doing their best to put on a good appearance—the toilworn clerks, who for some social reason are expected to apparel themselves in black, and the equally careworn members of the clerical profession, chiefly curates, whose meagre stipends do not permit of the extravagance of new suits of clothes.

The ladies' market is a vast wardrobe of silk dresses, but if we are to believe the saleswoman, the matrons of England are more thrifty than we gave them credit for. "Servants come here to purchase, sir! No, indeed, sir, ladies worth hundreds of pounds," was the reply we got to our inquiries as to the class of purchasers. Black cloth clothes that are too far gone to be "clobbered" and "revived," are always sent abroad to be cut up to make caps. France takes the best of these old clothes for this purpose. The linings are stripped out, and in this condition they are admitted duty free as old rags. Russia and Poland, where caps seem to be universally worn by the working population, are content with still more threadbare garments to be cut up for this purpose.

The great bulk of our cast-off clothes of all kinds, however, find their way to two markets—Ireland and Holland. The old clothes' bags of the collectors may, in fact, be said to be

emptied out in the land of Erin, as far as the ordinary order of clothes go, while to Holland only special articles of apparel are exported. Singularly enough, the destination of the red tunics of the whole British infantry is the chest of the sturdy Dutchman. There seems to be some popular belief or superstition in that waterlogged country that red cloth affords the best protection against rheumatism; consequently these jackets all find their way to the land of dykes. The sleeves are cut off, and they are made to button in a double-breasted fashion; thus remodelled, they are worn next to the skin like a flannel waistcoat by all careful Dutchmen among the labouring classes.

The Irish chiefly favour corduroys, and we suspect the worn-out legs of British pantaloons of this material are cut off, and converted into breeches for Pat. Where he gets those wonderful swallow-tailed coats with brass buttons is a puzzle to all the dealers; it is very certain they do not come from this side of the Channel, and it is equally clear they are remnants of costume two generations back.

Our readers will perhaps have noticed the special avidity the dealers in old clothes evince for all kinds of regimentals, full-dress liveries, Volunteers' uniforms, beadles' coats, &c. Anything specially splendid in this line is marked by the collectors as a sportsman marks any rare and brilliantly plumaged bird, and ultimately it is sure to be bagged by them. One of the largest dealers in London in these showy dresses once said to us, seeing a Guardsman going along the street,—"A thousand to one that coat comes into my hands." Really the inevitability there appears to be about the destination of these regimentals, if known to their wearers, should make them very uncomfortable. The dealers would, if they could, strip them off their backs just as an eel-woman skins an eel. A Lord Mayor's footman's full-dress livery is viewed by these gentry with wolfish eyes. These are the great prizes of the profession—and their barbaric splendours are destined for a special market—the South Coast of Africa, where nature puts on her most gorgeous apparel, and the great ones of the land are determined to have something to match. Travellers often tell us of the marvellous appearance of the chiefs of these parts when in full mufti; but we scarcely expected to find our old clothes' dealers the regular *costumiers* of these sable dignitaries, transmitting regimentals, laced liveries, and cocked

hats, as regularly to them as a London tailor sends his clothes to his country customers. And Mumbo Jumbo will not be put off with inferior articles; the slightest blemish in colour or inferiority in cloth is instantly detected and rejected by these semi-savages; hence the greatest care is necessary in catering for their wants.

It is just possible that the Lord Mayors for these last dozen years would be able to recognise their own splendid liveries on the backs of a council of these potentates if they could ever be got together for any purpose whatever. We ourselves saw an assortment of well-preserved liveries of the heir to the proudest throne in the world just being packed for exportation to the grand destination of all fine liveries we have just mentioned. It should be some solace to the parish beadle that his clothes, instead of descending in the social scale like those of ordinary civilians, are destined to flame upon the back of some autocrat who holds the lives of thousands of men at his disposal, instead of only being the emblems of terror to poor parish boys.

The vast majority of the scarlet coats of our officers that are a little worn, find their way to the great annual fair at Leipsic. There is a belief in the trade that the destination of this bright scarlet cloth is the cuffs and facings of the civil officials in the Russian Government. However this may be, the fact of second-hand regimentals finding their way to the great German fair is undoubted. The pepper-and-salt great-coats of our infantry go to our agricultural districts and to the Cape, but the heavier and more valuable artillery cloaks find their way to Holland; and that country and Ireland absorb between them the cast-off clothes of the police.

There is one odd item of old clothes that has a singular history. There is still a certain class in the community addicted to the use of silk-velvet waistcoats. This class is generally to be found among the well-to-do tradesmen of country towns. The longevity of a black silk velvet waistcoat is proverbial; it will not wear out. After adorning the respectable corporation of some provincial grocer until he is thoroughly tired of it, what does our reader think is its ultimate destination—the pate of some German or Polish Jew! In obedience to a Rabbinical law, it is not considered right by some of the more conscientious Hebrews to go uncovered, and these second-hand waistcoats are bought up to make skull-caps for their use.

But old clothes, after they have served the purposes of two or three classes of society, are yet far from closing their career; when they have seen their worst, they take altogether a new lease of existence. As old Jason was renewed, in ancient story, by being ground in a mill, so are our garments in the present day. When old clothes are too bad for anything else, they are still good enough for Shoddy and Mungo. Batley, Dewsbury, and Leeds, have been described as the grand centres of woollen rags—the tatterdemalion capitals, into which are drawn all the greasy, frowsy, cast-off clothes of Europe, and whence issue the pilot cloths, the Petershams, the beavers, the Talmas, the Chesterfields, and the Mohairs in which our modern dandies disport themselves.

The old rags, after being reduced to the condition of wool by enormous toothed wheels, are mixed with a varying amount of fresh wool, and the whole is then worked up into the fabrics we have mentioned, which now have the run of fashion. It is estimated that Shoddy and Mungo supply the materials for a third of

the woollen manufactures of this country. Here is a grand transformation. No man can say that the materials of the coat he is wearing has not been already on the back of some greasy beggar. In one corner of the "animal products department" in the South Kensington Museum, the visitor can see hundreds of specimens of this shoddy and mungo—a perfect resurrection of the old clothes from every country in Europe. The cast-off wardrobes of civilized man by a law of commerce are sucked into this country, and mainly into this metropolis, and in return we distribute it in perfect fabrics, destined to go once more the round of civilization; woollen fabrics are hard to die, and, for all we know, clothes are thus ground up over and over again.

The final destination, however, of all old clothes is the soil; when art can do no more for much-vexed woollen fibre it becomes a land rag, and here as a manure it yields its final service, aiding in the production of food for the veritable body which it once clothed.

T.

THE HOUR-GLASS.

THE use of the Hour-glass can be traced to ancient Greece. In Christie's Greek Vases, one is engraved from a scarabæus of sardonyx, in the Towneley collection: it is exactly like the modern hour-glass.

Bloomfield, in one of his rural tales, "The Widow to her Hour-glass," sings:—

"I've often watched thy streaming sand,
And seen the growing mountain rise,
And often found life's hope to stand
On props as weak in wisdom's eyes:
 Its conic crown
 Still sliding down,
Again heaped up, then down again:
 The sand above more hollow grew,
 Like days and years still filtering through,
And mingling joy and pain."

The Hour-glass has almost entirely given place to the more useful, because to a greater extent self-acting, instrument; and it is now seldom seen except upon the table of the lecturer or private teacher, in the study of the philosopher, in the cottage of the peasant, or in the hand of the old emblematic figure of Time. We still sometimes see it in the workshop of the cork-cutter. The half-minute glass is still employed on board ship; and the two and a half or three minute glass for boiling an egg with exactness.


Preaching by the Hour-glass was formerly common; and public speakers are *timed*, in the present day, by the same means. In the

churchwardens' books of St. Helen's, Abingdon, date 1599, is a charge of fourpence for an hour-glass for the pulpit; in 1564 we find in the books of St. Katherine's, Christ Church, Aldgate, "paid for an hour-glass that hangeth by the pulpit when the preacher doth make a sermon, that he may know how the hour passeth away—one shilling;" and in the books of St. Mary's, Lambeth, 1579 and 1615, are similar entries. Butler, in "Hudibras," alludes to pulpit hour-glasses having been used by the Puritans: the preacher having named the text, turned up the glass; and if the sermon did not last till the sand was out, it was said by the congregation that the preacher was lazy; but if, on the other hand, he continued much longer, they would yawn and stretch till the discourse was finished. At the old church of St. Dunstan-in-the-West, Fleet Street, was a large hour-glass in a silver frame, of which latter, when the instrument was taken down, in 1723, two heads were made for the parish staves. Hogarth, in his "Sleepy Congregation," has introduced an hour-glass on the west side of the pulpit. A very perfect hour-glass is preserved in the church of St. Alban, Wood Street, Cheap-side; it is placed on the right of the reading-desk within a frame of twisted columns and arches, supported on a spiral column: the four sides have angels sounding trumpets; and each end has a line of crosses *patées* and *fleurs-de-lis*, somewhat resembling the imperial crown.

JOHN TIMBS, F.S.A.

Leaves from the Book of Nature: Descriptive Narrative, &c.

SHELLS.

HE Carinaria form a remarkable group of mollusca. They were formerly known to collectors as Venus's Slipper and the Glass Nautilus.

The body of the animal is sub-cylindrical, elongated, transparent, dotted with elevated points, prolonged posteriorly, and furnished towards the upper part of its extremity with a sort of fin, which performs the part of a rudder. A reddish, thin, compressed, semicircular fin, beautifully reticulated, and furnished with a kind of sucker, rises from the belly, nearly opposite to the point on the back occupied by the shell; and with the aid of this fin it floats along. The head is capable of contraction within the body, and is provided with a retractile proboscis.

Other varieties of shells are remarkable in a different way. Some are very large in size. As an example of this we may mention those which have been made to form fonts in one of the churches in Paris. Speaking of one of these, the eminent naturalist, Dr. Johnstone, says:—

“When shrunk within its shell you might well deem any animal that could hide itself there, all too small and weak to carry about a burden larger and heavier than itself; and that safety might be here advantageously exchanged for relief from so much heaviness of armour,

and from such an impediment to every journey. There is in my cabinet a fine specimen of *Cassis tuberosa*, which measures fully ten inches in length, and upwards of eight in breadth; another of *Strombus gigas*, is nearly one foot in length.

“Yet,” continues this distinguished naturalist, “though the weight of the former—the *Cassis tuberosa*—is four pounds, two ounces, and that of the latter—the *Strombus gigas*—is four pounds, nine ounces, the mollusc creeps under this load with apparent ease. Nor are you much surprised when you see it actually in motion, for the seeming disproportion between the contained animal and containing shell has disappeared.

“On issuing from his shell, like eastern genii freed from their exorcism, the animal has grown visibly—has assumed a portlier size and more pedestrious figure. The body has suddenly become tumid and elastic, the skin and exterior organs stretched and displayed; the foot has grown in length and in breadth, and, with additional firmness, it has acquired the capability of being directed, bent and modified in shape to a considerable degree, as the surface of the road traversed may require.”

Examples of shelled creatures will be found in the annexed engraving.

A THOUSAND AND ONE STORIES FROM NATURE.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

BY THE REV. F. O. MORRIS, B.A., RECTOR OF NUNBURNHOLME, YORKSHIRE, AND CHAPLAIN TO HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF CLEVELAND, AUTHOR OF A “HISTORY OF BRITISH BIRDS” (DEDICATED BY PERMISSION TO HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN), ETC., ETC.

THE DOG.

CXX.

We had a pointer in the country, some years ago, which exhibited many most interesting traits of instinct. She was fed regularly at certain periods, but it frequently happened that she obtained food in the interval unknown to us in the field, and was disinclined to eat. She used to watch her opportunity, and if the meat was in a solid form, such as bread, bones,

&c., she went and buried it, intending to discuss it gastronomically at a more convenient season, or preparing for an evil day. As the dog grew old, this habit increased upon her, but without the corresponding good memory, so that frequently after she was dead, the gardener would dig up large pieces of bread, mouldy and black, which she had interred months before.

Jess (for such was her name), though a



SNAIL SHELL. XOQ, SHOWING THE SNAIL. OSTREA HYDUS AND SPON-
 IN ITS EARLIEST STATE. DYL'S DELIBERATE. GLASSY CARINARIA.

most vigilant watch-dog—in which capacity she was occasionally employed—was a great coward, and never ventured to bark at any one until within the walls of the park; and then, as if to exemplify the proverb that “every cock crows best on his own dunghill,” she would bear competition with any of the canine family. She distinguished quickly between the welcome and unwelcome guests,—i. e., beggars and visitors to the family, and would vary her barking according to the character of their apparent wardrobe, imitating many others of a higher race! though she never neglected to give timely warning that one kind or another was approaching. She was much attached to several members of the household, and could with difficulty be restrained from following them to church. To prevent this, she was tied up during the hours they were away. After a few Sundays they were chagrined and surprised to find Jess at the church-door, about two miles distant, waiting their arrival. This was repeated frequently, until she was watched; when it was found that, waiting until they were out of sight, she slipped the strap, which she had discovered to be too wide, by pulling it over the head by means of her feet, and then followed them to church. But in order to avoid detection and the risk of being sent back, she would slink behind hedges and walls until within a few yards of the church, when she turned round with a fawning exculpatory grin on her countenance, which defied punishment.

CXXI.

During the mayoralty of Mr. Alderman Hale, his coachman at the City Mews had a dog, “Rough” by name, and something of the terrier by nature. He was extremely attentive to his master, but, strange to say, would never go out when the ordinary carriages were used; only on state occasions would his dog-ship condescend to go, with the best horses, richly caparisoned, and the state carriage. Then would he work his ears about, twitch his nose, and take his place in front of the *cortège*, and remain until the ceremony was completed.

CXXII.

A dog near Inverness was in the habit of going regularly every morning to a baker's shop in the town for a roll. One morning, instead of the customary halfpenny, a large smooth horn button was given to it. For some time it declined taking it, but finding that none other was forthcoming, it took it

between its teeth and trotted off. The baker, seeing it coming, threw down a roll and picked up what he supposed was a genuine coin of the realm, for the animal, sagacious in the artifices of deceitful man, would never part with the money until it had received full value. On finding out his mistake, he turned round to see if the little swindler was there, but was not a little amused to see it, on looking out of the window, scampering home along the street with the bread between its teeth, instead of remaining, as was its wont, to eat it in the shop.

CXXIII.

Shepherds have always curious and interesting stories to tell of what they call the “wiseness” of their favourite dogs, among the most sagacious of their kind. A shepherd, a most observant and intelligent man, told me that he had received a dog from his brother, living about fifteen miles off, which, though a most excellent animal, did not suit him. It had become attached to him, and showed no signs of caring to part from him; until the shepherd one winter night, when speaking to his wife about it, happened to say, “Well, I don't think she will do for me, so I will just send her off to-morrow morning with the post-gig to W——.” The dog was lying dozing under the table at the time, and on hearing this started up, uneasy and whining; shortly afterwards it went to the door, and was not to be seen that night. Suspecting the cause of this sudden departure, the shepherd sent word to his brother, and learnt that the dog was found lying at his door the next morning waiting for admission.

CXXIV.

A gentleman belonging to the staff of the Royal Victoria Hospital, at Netley, took a long walk in the neighbourhood of Southampton last week, accompanied by his dog, a fine Newfoundland. In the evening he missed some letters from his coat pocket, and his dog. The latter did not surprise him, as his dog often wandered from him in his walks. The next day the gentleman felt annoyed and puzzled at the loss of his letters, and he thought it possible he might have drawn them out of his pocket with his handkerchief during his previous day's walk. He resolved, therefore, to repeat the walk, for he might have dropped the letters in an unfrequented path, and they might be there still. About four miles from the Hospital he came suddenly upon his dog

lying on the ground, with the letters close by. The dog must have lain by the side of the letters for sixteen hours, including the whole night. The animal has been re-named "Postmaster-General." An artist has sketched the Postmaster-General guarding the letters.—*Dundee Journal*, 1867.

THE GOOSE.

CXXV.

Our Chinese goose took to a duck and her young brood and protected them, and ran at every one and everything that attempted to molest them. She would not let the gander come near, and went about with them on land and water.

THE BULLFINCH.

CXXVI.

A bullfinch abstained from singing ten entire months, on account of the absence of its mistress. On her return, it immediately resumed its song.

THE HEDGEHOG.

CXXVII.

A hedgehog was once taught by an inn-keeper, who lived in Northumberland, to turn the spit in his kitchen, and would come when called.

THE MARTIN.

CXXVIII.

The following extraordinary circumstance is said to have occurred some years ago on the banks of the Seven, in Fifeshire; and Father Bougeant, the advocate for the existence of brute language, adduces it in favour of his proof:—

A sparrow finding a nest a martin had just built standing very conveniently for him, possessed himself of it. The martin, seeing the usurper in her house, called for help to expel him. A thousand martins came full speed, and attacked the sparrow; but the latter, attacked on every side, and presenting only his large beak at the entrance of the nest, was invulnerable, and made the boldest that durst approach him repent of their temerity. After a quarter of an hour's combat, all the martins disappeared. The sparrow thought he had got the better, and the spectators judged that the martins had abandoned their undertaking. Not in the least. They immediately returned to the charge, and each of them having procured a little of that tempered earth with

which they make their nests, they all at once fell upon the sparrow, and enclosed him in the nest to perish there, though they could not drive him thence. "Can it be imagined," asks Father Bougeant, "that the martins had been able to hatch and concert this design, all of them together, without speaking to each other, or without some medium of communication equivalent to language?"

THE BEE.

CXXIX.

A correspondent of the *Glasgow Herald* transmits the following: "On Sunday morning last I had the pleasure of witnessing a most interesting ceremony, which I desire to record for the benefit of your readers. Whilst walking with a friend in a garden near Falkirk, we observed two bees issuing from one of the hives, bearing betwixt them the body of a defunct comrade, with which they flew for a distance of ten yards. We followed them closely, and noted the care with which they selected a convenient hole at the side of the gravel walk, the tenderness with which they committed the body, head downwards, to the earth, and the solicitude with which they afterwards pushed against it two little stones, doubtless 'in memoriam.' Their task being ended, they paused for about a minute, perhaps to drop over the grave of their friend a sympathizing tear, and then they flew away."

THE HAWK.

CXXX.


A few days ago, as Mr. Macgillivray, farmer, Ballachroan, Kingussie, was taking an early walk through his fields, he observed a hawk evidently intent on pouncing on a lark, which showed every sign of being fully aware of the evil designs of its more powerful antagonist. Alarmed at the near approach of the foe, the poor little bird alighted at Mr. Macgillivray's feet, who lifted it up in his hand, and thus rescued it from the fangs of the hawk. The little lark was carefully carried home and placed in a cage. In the evening of the same day, Mr. Macgilvray, naturally thinking that the coast was clear, gave the lark its freedom; but no sooner did it wing its flight, than down came the hawk with the rapidity of lightning and pounced its claws in the back of its innocent and defenceless victim, carrying it exultingly to its retreat.—*Inverness Courier*.

Songs of the Garden.


BY MRS. ELLIS, AUTHORESS OF THE "WOMEN OF ENGLAND."

XII.

Sleeping Flowers.

LEEP, gentle flowers, your peaceful sleep
Beneath the wintry sky;
The storms that rock the restless deep,
Shall sing your lullaby.
Through raging blast, and falling shower,
Through the long starless night,
While winds blow round the leafless bower,
And snow falls cold and white;
Sleep, while the angry tempests blow,
No fear can break your rest;
Sleep, where your couch is spread below,
Safe on your mother's breast.
A watch is set around your bed,
An eye that never sleeps,
Above the earth that hides your head,
Its constant vigil keeps.
He in whose hand are storm and rain,
Sweet calm and sunshine too,
Who gives nor smiles nor tears in vain,
This time appoints for you;—
A time to hide the faded cheek,
A time to bow the head,
When rosy blush, and sunny streak,
And golden tint have fled.
Who giveth joy when smiles are best,
Tears when we need to weep,
He giveth to the weary rest,
To His belovèd, sleep.

Footsteps in the Snow.

OW all the wintry earth is still,
Her face looks cold and pale,
No wind is wandering on the hill,
No whisper in the vale;
No sound of fluttering leaf is heard
In all the wasted bowers,
No farewell song of lingering bird,
No sigh of summer flowers.
Look, maiden, from the lattice low,
Thy faithful watch is long;
See, there are footmarks in the snow,
The step is bold and strong;

Through biting frost, and piercing cold,
Towards one point they come,
Like sheep that seek the sheltering fold,
Or birds returning home.
Of all those footmarks in the snow,
Not one is turned away;
But does the trembling maiden know
How long those feet will stay?
For she has seen them come before,
Mid welcomes kind and true;
And she has seen them leave that door
When summer skies were blue.
Hark! there are voices in the hall,
And hurrying to and fro,
And one she hears above them all,
Whose path was in the snow.
He stamps the white shower from his feet,
He shakes his tangled hair;
Oh, sunny glow was ne'er so sweet,
As that wintry meeting there.
At once she feels—at once she knows—
What words could never tell—
The healing of a thousand woes—
The pang remembered well,
The shadow o'er her sunny hours,
By other eyes unseen,
Tears shed amid the garden flowers,
When summer leaves were green.
But stir the fire this wintry night,
And spread the plenteous board,
And sit within the crimson light,
All hearts in sweet accord.
The aged father's faded brow
Grows bright with pleasant thought:
Ah! little does the old man know
How much that hour has brought.
And now the hope of happier times
Gives zest to present cheer,
While ring the merry Christmas chimes
From tower and belfry near.
And all within that peaceful home,
Share in the genial glow;
For who can tell what joy may come,
With footsteps in the snow?

The Home Library.

Oliver Wyndham. A Tale of the Great Plague.

By the Author of "Naomi." London: Jackson, Walford, and Hodder.

As stated on the Title-page, "This story originally appeared in the monthly numbers of OUR OWN FIRESIDE, during 1866." We are greatly gratified by its reappearance as a Christmas Annual. The author of "Naomi," of course excels in this department of literature, and as far as our taste goes, we confess we even prefer "Oliver Wyndham" to "Naomi." As the tale was carried on from number to number, it passed under the notice of several hundred reviewers in the columns of the newspaper press, and the highest opinions of its merits were repeatedly expressed. We shall rejoice if its circulation in its present attractive form rivals that of "Naomi."

Peter Bedford, the Spitalfields Philanthropist.

By WILLIAM TALLACK. London: S. W. Partridge.

Mr. Bedford had the happy talent of "parlour preaching," which Dr. Watts, in one of his works, remarks, "has sometimes done more for Christ and souls in the space of a few minutes, than by the labour of many hours and days in the usual course of preaching in the pulpit." His life was one of systematic philanthropy, especially directed to the amelioration of the unhappy condition of the Arab and criminal population of London. His labours commenced early in the present century, and the brief sketch of his biography, which Mr. Tallack has very ably drawn up, abounds with the most interesting matter. Dark as some of the aspects of society still are, it is no small cause of thankfulness to notice what a happy change has been brought about in the character of our criminal code by the energetic and persevering efforts of such men as Peter Bedford. We commend one picture of

THINGS AS THEY WERE FIFTY YEARS AGO.

"It must be remembered that, previous to and during the period of the Regency and of George the Fourth's reign, not only was there a great deficiency of popular education, but the crimes inseparable from ignorance and poverty were punished with the most indiscriminating severity, and a Draconian code of worse than heathen barbarity existed. In those days upwards of a hundred crimes, some of them very trivial, were punishable capitally; as, for example, stealing one shilling from the person, five shillings from a shop, letting water out of a fishpond, or being in the company of gipsies for a twelvemonth. So frequently was the fatal sentence executed, that, throughout the 'good old days' of George the Third and of the Regency, London fully deserved the name

given by a popular writer, 'the City of the Gibbet,' and there was at least a foundation for the satire of Dr. Johnson's lines—

"'Scarce can our fields, such crowds at Tyburn die,
With hamp the gallows and the fleet supply.'

Rewards were offered to 'thief-takers,' who systematically prompted and suggested the robberies, for the betrayal of which they were to receive the 'blood money.' The dimly-lighted, tunnel-like streets at night courted the operations of the footpad and the burglar. Neither gas-lights nor any well-organized police lent their preventive aid. Instead of the latter, there were by night the imbecile old watchmen or 'Charlies,' who at intervals waddled round their beats, in the least dangerous thoroughfares, and, loudly calling out the hour, at once disturbed the sleeper and gave notice to the thief to suspend or conceal, for a few minutes, his work of plunder. But most of the night these wretchedly incompetent defenders of the public safety were soundly sleeping in their heavy sentry boxes, which occasionally some passing robbers or drunken sparks would turn round, with its opening closed against a wall, and fixing it in this position by stones, leave the incommode occupant to get out as best he could. And well if only so; for at times box and 'Charlie' were both turned upside-down, or else together thrown into some deep and unsavoury ditch.

"The administration of justice was often a libel on the very name. The author of 'Old Bailey Experience' states that at that court, 'For several sessions I made a calculation of the average time which each trial occupied. I never found it (the average) exceed eight and a half minutes, notwithstanding many cases engage the Court occasionally a whole day.' Fifty or sixty prisoners were kept ready in the dock under the Court, and their cases 'knocked off' with bewildering and most indecent rapidity. They became alarmed and nervous, lost all coherence of remonstrance and of defence, and found themselves condemned before they knew what had occurred. The same writer says, 'Fully two-thirds of the prisoners on their return from their trials cannot tell of anything which has passed in the Court.' Often men on being returned after trial and sentence to prison would exclaim, 'It can't be me they mean; I've not been tried yet.' One metropolitan 'Judge' was famed for despatching sixty or seventy trials a day! Such 'trials,' and with such a code! At the Old Bailey Sessions on Wednesday, February 16, 1814 five children of from eight to twelve years of age were condemned to death—viz., Fowler, age 12, and Wolfe, age 12, for burglary in a dwelling; Morris, age 8, Solomons, age 9, and Burrell, age 11, for burglary and stealing a pair of shoes!"

The Apostles of Jesus. By MRS. CLERE. London: Hatchard and Co.

This Authoress has ably performed her purpose, to produce a book "giving an account of all that is known of the Apostles, written in a style suitable for youthful readers."

The Arab's Pledge. A Tale of Morocco in 1830.

By EDWARD L. MITFORD, Ceylon Civil Service. London: Hatchard and Co.

A well-written tale founded on tragical facts, illustrating the character of the people of West Barbary, as well as the state of oppression under which the Jews of that country suffered five and twenty years ago, when the author resided in Morocco. Much incidental information is given as to manners and customs.

Sabbath Lays. London: J. Nisbet and Co.

A little volume of simple but genuine poetry, "suggested by Passages in the Church Service." We shall be glad to aid its circulation by our recommendation.

"Sermons from the Studio." By MARIE SIBBEE. London: Jackson, Walford, and Hodder.

Evidently the writer of this volume is an artist as well as an authoress. The sketches are really gems. The Rev. T. W. Aveling, in his introductory remarks, states that the volume originated in a suggestion, made by him to his young friend, that she should write a series of papers on Art and Religion, "showing that the love of Art was perfectly compatible with the love of God; that he is the truest artist—whether painter, sculptor, or musician—whose soul, expanding to noble proportions by the enthusiastic love of his profession, aims, if possible, to discover the highest type of beauty—to embody his grandest conception—to realize his loftiest ideal; and that these yearnings after perfection can never be satisfied, until he finds it in the God-Man of Nazareth and Calvary." We hope to quote an extract next month. The publishers and printer have certainly done their part well in the getting up of the book.

Clerical Experiences of Total Abstinence. Edited by the Rev. THOMAS ROOKE, M.A. London: W. Tweedie.

Whatever opinion each may entertain as to his or her duty with reference to the giant evil of intemperance, there can be but one feeling as to the credit due to the five or six hundred of our clergy who have become total abstainers. Such men as the Dean of Carlisle, Prebendary Ellison, the Rev. J. W. Bardaley, the Rev. G. T. Fox, the Rev. Dr. Hewlett, the Rev. R. Maguire, and the Rev. Stopford J. Ram, would not take this step without the deepest convictions as to the importance and necessity of the Temperance movement. They assuredly claim and deserve an audience, and therefore we heartily invite our readers to ponder the "Clerical Testimony" contained in this volume—the contributions of "many men of many minds."

Mr. Bardaley's case is remarkable. He writes:—

"If the question be asked me why I became an abstainer, I gladly avail myself of Topsy's reply in

answer to Miss Ophelia's question, 'Who made her?' 'I never was made—I grewed;' and say, 'I never became an abstainer—I grewed.' As the eldest of seven sons, and speaking as their representative, I can say that we never remember to have seen a wineglass in our parents' hands. And although the seven sons have reached that period when personal responsibility takes the place of parental, yet in manhood they continue firm to those principles which they learned in childhood."

As one of his reasons for Total Abstinence Mr. Bardaley assigns, *the great danger of moderation, so called.*

After dwelling upon the painful evidence of this danger in the case of the poor and uneducated, he thus refers to the case of the educated:—

"Within the space of two years to have known that a clergyman had perished by his own hand in the public market after a drunken revel—to have seen a man of university distinction, but the victim of intemperance, shoeless, begging his bread from door to door—to have been summoned to the assistance of a third, who had been found in a neighbouring public-house unable to depart, because stripped by his companions in debauch,—such facts were proofs that when once God's grace is withdrawn, there are no depths which the educated man, equally with the untutored, may not reach. I had been ready to speak of the danger generally; but such cases made me tremble and say, 'Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall.' Upon my mind the conviction was indelibly engraved as with a pen of iron, that *although it be not sinful to partake, yet is it safer to abstain.*"

As a second reason Mr. Bardaley urges *the duty of abstaining for the sake of others, i. e., on the grounds of expediency.* He says:—

"The question, I felt, was a most important one, and one upon which it especially became a young man entering the ministry to be fully persuaded in his own mind. Upon careful and prayerful examination certain passages seemed to speak with no uncertain sound. Without quoting at length, I would merely enumerate such passages as Romans xiv. 7, 22, with xv. 1—6; 1 Corinthians vi. 12; viii. 8—13; x. 23—33. To my mind these passages taught, without any exception, that in certain circumstances, when certain things were lawful, yet such things might not be expedient, and that under such circumstances the rule of conduct was to be determined by the example of Christ, who pleased not Himself. The result was, that whilst I felt unable to condemn others who differed, yet I was convinced that to me it would be sin to take as beverages those intoxicants which so unquestionably were my neighbour's stumbling-block. My determination, therefore, was to abstain, that whether I ate or drank I would seek not mine own profit, but the profit of many, that my liberty should by no means become a stumbling-block to those that were weak; and that I would therefore drink no wine, lest I should make my brother to offend. My prayer was, that the God of patience and consolation would grant me to be like-minded toward my brethren, according to Christ Jesus. It has subsequently been my lot to labour in different parts of the vineyard, and not unfrequently to receive the assurance that my example has not been in vain."

The volume comprises the Testimony of Twenty-eight Clergymen, and, apart from the great question discussed, is full of interest.

